

Dream

By Kaydee Bushey

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8
(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

I was in the middle of the Hawaiian forest, thinking about my journey here. I had just tripped over a tree root and scraped my leg. It was bleeding and it hurt pretty badly.

Back home in Vermont, my best friend Lily was sick with a deadly disease. There was no cure for her disease, but rumors were that a doctor in Hawaii had the antidote. She was said to be crazy, but that is why I was here.

The doctor's house was a small shack in the middle of nowhere. I reached the door and knocked loudly. But frankly I wasn't sure I wanted her to open the door.

Creeeak. There she was. A short woman with long gray hair and bright green eyes. "Hello."

"Hi." I said
"Would you like to come in?"

"Um, sure." I followed her into the shack. It wasn't like the outside of the house at all. On the outside, it looked like a broken-down piece of garbage. But on the inside, it was clean and looked kind of like a hotel room.

"Oh, just look at your leg; hold on while I get something for it. So how may I help you?" ...

Future

By Nikki Bunnell

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

I reached the door and knocked loudly. A troll with a hundred eyes and a thousand warts answered.

I cried,
He laughed
He asked for a password
"Peanuts."

He let me in
I went to the back and sat in a booth
A waiter came and offered me a drink
"No."

He came in
I walked to him and said "Come with me"
He followed

I led him to the garden
He asked who I was
I answered
"I am you in twenty years"

He laughed
I walked away
He never would know the fate of him
The fate of the world
The secret is.....

Trick or treat?

By Clay Gerke

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

One cold Halloween night I was trick-or-treating with two of my friends. ... We went to a big house and I knocked loudly.

A pumpkin man opened the door. The candy was in the other room so we walked in to some sort of a library. I saw the candy bowl and ran over to it but when I looked inside I almost screamed.

There were only Almond Joys and candies with coconut in them in the bowl. ...I was so disappointed that I yelled, "You disgust me!" and ran to the front door. But when I reached it I couldn't get out! I ran to the back door and I couldn't get out there either. Then the pumpkin man said, "If you eat the candy you may leave!" I thought to myself that I would rather stay there than eat that disgusting stuff.

I sat down on a couch. Suddenly the couch lifted up and walked over to the bowl of candy. Then the pumpkin man shoved my face in the bowl.

When I woke up I had coconut and almonds on my face. I got up and walked home. That was probably the weirdest Halloween I ever had.



YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT

building a generation of better writers

Welcome to the sixth weekly installment of great writing by area students as part of a partnership between the *St. Albans Messenger*, the Young Writers Project, area schools and the many talented young writers in our communities. Each week the *Messenger* will feature work from students in Franklin and Grand Isle counties.

Young Writers Project is a Vermont nonprofit dedicated to helping students improve their writing. Students submit work each week — responses to YWP prompts or general writing — and YWP selects the best for publication. YWP maintains a safe, civil Web site for students at youngwritersproject.org (where all work is submitted). And it creates Digital Writing Classrooms for schools to use as part of their curriculum. Thanks to support from **FairPoint Communications**, Digital Writing Classrooms are operating at Milton High School, Enosburg Falls Middle School, St. Albans Town Educational Center and Grand Isle School. Swanton School and St. Albans City Schools are also participating.

TODAY: Response to the prompts: "Door story" and "Kitchen Table."

H O B B I T S ?



Beth Towns, Essex High School

"Doors are representative of opportunities in life that can occur in the oddest places, one just needs to keep an eye out for them. I placed this door underneath a bench and made it small to suggest the opportunities that may be small and hidden, but rewarding."

Tasty treat

By J.P. Lebel

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

It was a normal night. My family and I were sitting at our table eating dinner. We were eating chicken, and out of nowhere a ladybug came and flew into our light. It fell off the light and landed on my dad's plate. My dad picked it up, popped it into his mouth, crunched down, chewed it up and swallowed the ladybug. Everybody sitting at our table yelled, "Ewww!" It was one of the cooler and more disgusting things I have seen my dad do.

Alien invasion

By Owen Bruning

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

One day my family and I were eating dinner at our dinner table. We were eating spaghetti with meatballs and sauce. I heard a weird sound coming from outside. It sounded like an airplane or a helicopter. The sound got louder and louder. I looked out the window and there was a dark shape flying through the night sky. It was distant, far away. It looked like some sort of airplane or flying machine. It got closer and closer and ominously approached our house. I could see that it was a spaceship shaped like a flying saucer, and was black and green. It landed in our front yard and strange creatures with weapons stepped out. Aliens! ...

Mouse

By Nick Coon

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

My family was getting ready to eat a good meal of lasagna and salad. There were some mouse traps under the sink. My dad decided to check to see if we had caught a mouse. Sure enough there was a mouse.

I was sitting at the table with my cousin and sister and my mom was getting the food out of the oven. My dad put the mouse in a plastic bag and told my brother to put it outside. Instead my brother threw it at my sister. It was funny. She started crying and slammed her plate on the table. The plate shattered and glass went flying everywhere. It got in the food. So my mom had to throw it away. Instead we ate ice cream for dinner — moose tracks ice cream.

The kitchen table

By Brent Legault

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

When we bought the table it was an antique. My mom's mom gave it to her. It was what she loved. After my mom got divorced she brought the table to her boyfriend's house. When I was little I took markers and drew all over it. This was bad for my mom because she had to spend all day trying to get the marker out. This table is over 36 years old and we've eaten on it and paid bills on it.

The kitchen table

By Nathan Jiwatram

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

It started one evening when we were sitting at the kitchen table eating dinner. There was a knock on the door and I went to the window to see who it was. What I saw was pretty shocking. Outside there was a helicopter on our front lawn, three or four of those big, black SUVs and fighter jets zooming around the sky. Standing at our front door was a man in a black suit with sunglasses.

You can imagine how shocked my dad was when he opened the door. The man in the suit had a blank face and just said, "I am the head of the FBI and I would like to take a look at your kitchen table." We all just stood there until I asked, "Why?" It was a reasonable question but the FBI guy just said, "It's top secret and I have a search warrant."

So we let him in and he went over to the kitchen table and looked at the food. We were having pizza and he asked if he could have a piece. I said, "Sure," but didn't know why he wanted some. He started eating it and looked around the room, then bent down and looked at the table. He did this for the next 10 minutes, and then said something into his radio.

The next moment he was out the front door. We could hear the airplanes flying overhead and see the helicopter preparing to take off. The man in the suit said something but we couldn't hear him because of the wind, so he came back and said, "I'll be back, so save me some pizza." Then he ran to the helicopter and jumped in. Ten seconds later it was quiet and looked like nothing had ever happened.

We all sat down as if nothing happened and had a nice dinner. About half an hour after the helicopter had come and gone our house was raided by an SWAT team that surrounded the kitchen table. The head of FBI came in and said, "We're confiscating your kitchen table because there is a government chip in it that activates a nuclear bomb!" Wow! that was unexpected, wasn't it?

"So you're telling me that there is a remote control in our kitchen table that activates a nuclear bomb?" I yelled at the man.

All he said was, "Yes." So they ripped out our kitchen table and took it away in a big truck.

UPCOMING PROMPTS

Franklin and Grand Isle county students: Send us your best writing!

We are looking for more great general writing or responses to YWP prompts. Here are the next three prompts:

Winter Tales. Tell a story about winter; it can focus on the season or the holidays — the weather, the outdoors, or the emotions. A dozen selections will be given dramatic presentations by Vermont Stage Company in early December. **Due Friday.**

School. What experiences in school have really engaged you? **Due Nov.20.**

Super powers. You've been granted powers never thought possible. What are they and what will you do with them? **Alternate: Excuses.** Write an excuse as to why you didn't do something that is so outrageous and funny that we have to accept it. **Due Nov. 27.**

Submit work
at our Web site:

youngwritersproject.org