

# Leaving you

BY TORI LEGRAND  
Fairfield Center School, Grade 8

This is it,  
This is the end.  
I love you a lot  
but our roads have to bend.  
Although it's hard  
and I don't want to leave,  
This is best,  
not just for you,  
but for me.  
I'll miss your smile  
and your hand interlocked with mine,  
Don't worry, we'll meet again  
every once in a while.  
I want you to know  
That I'll be here forever,  
Even if  
We're never together.  
I'm sorry  
but I'm leaving you.

# She is mean . . . and I love it

BY CHRIS BINGHAM  
Sheldon Elementary School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: full story at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))

... Oh my god! Did she just say what I thought she just said? She said yes. But then she said that one word that would kill me: "If."  
I thought, what is it? Is if a no or a yes? Is if bad or good? is if a kiss? I sure hope it's a kiss. I need one. I'm not getting any younger, you know.  
"If you buy me a pack of gum," she said.  
Wow, that's too easy. And guess what?  
I've got five bucks in my pocket right now, so I'll just go buy a slim pack of spearmint and give it to her tomorrow. Then, Oh, yes, that kiss will be mine.

When I get home I complete my homework and go down to the local gas station and pay the clerk about a dollar fifty for the gum.

When I awake next morning I am hoping for the perfect day with her; I have it all planned out. I will go over to her house at noon and give her the gum. Then we will go out to lunch at village pizza. Then we'll go to the shopping part of town and I will buy her a nice little teddy bear or something. Then at about seven o'clock I'll take her out to see what's playing. If I like it, I'll take her to see it; if not I'll take her out to dinner at the Peivinne and wish her a good night afterwards.

OK, it's noon now and I'm walking to her house on a mission. I knock on the door and give her the gum; then I realize she has just slammed the door in my face without a thank you. I decide to let it go...for now.

I awake the next day in a daze, feeling very hungry. So I go upstairs and get something to eat. I see my mom lying on the sofa and wonder whether I should tell her what is going on. I end up telling her the news. She gives me quite a reaction. I remember her exact words, or should I say, word: "Why?" Then she said something about being taken advantage of. I don't care what she says — I have my eyes on the prize. I leave the house to go hang out with my best buddy ... I don't tell him about what is going on; it does not really matter that much.

On the way home I go to her house to ask if she needs anything. She does. She wants four Almond Joys, king size. So I go back down to the store, buy the candy, go home, put it in the freezer and sleep 'til morning.

When I wake up I realize what I have to do... EAT THE CANDY. So I eat three, leaving one to eat in her face to show her that I, Christopher M. Bingham, will not be used for candy. I get on the bus and, about an hour later, start eating the candy right in her face. She moves her arm and pushes forward. Oh, my god; it hurts so much ...



# YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT

building a generation of better writers

Welcome to the eleventh 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* features 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](http://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:** Students' **General writing.**

## Black and white blossom



Stephanie Allen, *Essex High School*

## Supposed to be sleeping

BY AMELIA PARENT | Sheldon School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: Full story at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))

... It was the summer of 2001 and my fifth birthday was very close. That summer night was warm and the sky was filled with bright colors. Pink and orange streamed out of the sky, letting us know that the next day was going to be beautiful. The sun was slowly going down, becoming a darker orange. It slid behind the trees on the other side of the river and set behind the clouds ... On the other side of the sky, the moon was just waking up giving off a bright, luminous glow. ...

My mom was outside sitting on the porch watching the sun go down.... I was still inside watching the news with my father, but I wasn't the least bit interested, so I dozed off.

When I awoke, I felt tired and didn't even realize that time had passed so quickly. It was midnight and pitch black outside. I was still in sleeping mode.

I got up off of the couch and walked through the kitchen, into the mudroom and out the front door, thinking that my mom was still outside. I stepped onto the porch and shut the door behind me, forgetting that it locks automatically. ...

... Once I stepped into the darkness of the night and felt the chilly air I realized what had happened. I wheeled around to go back into the house but when I turned the doorknob and tried to push the door open, it wouldn't budge. ... A jolt of shock and fright raced through me. I felt terrified, not knowing completely what was going on.

I rang the doorbell, knocked on the door and started shouting for my mom to come and open the door. After I figured out what had happened I wasn't as frightened as before

because my extremely loving and protective dog, Sam, was outside with me. I stood on the porch for about 15 minutes in the silence of the dark night, except for every few minutes when I would knock on the door, ring the doorbell, or shout for someone.

No one came because my whole family was asleep on the other side of the house and they probably were not able to hear me. ...

Finally, I decided to sit down with Sam who was probably very curious about why I was outside and what I was doing. He was warm and he made me feel more comfortable. I patted his head and started tearing up, thinking of how scary this was for me. His fur was so soft and warm. It felt good against my now cold skin. I said, "Hi Sam." Just then, I felt a cool, wet tear slide down my cheek and I realized how unsafe I felt — I was trapped from my family! I couldn't be inside my warm, cozy house where I felt happiest. I was sad and frightened to be alone and outside in the blackness of the night where no one was with me.

I kept looking up at the door knowing that my dad sometimes gets up in the middle of the night to go check on the barn. I was hoping for someone to come soon. Just then, I looked up at the door for more than a few seconds because I thought I saw movement in the house. I then saw my mom walking in the kitchen towards the mudroom. I jumped up to my feet and looked through the door feeling full of excitement, ready to be rescued from the darkness of the night. Through the window, I saw my mom. I screamed with joy, "MOM!" ...

# The birth of a baby girl

BY CHLOE LONGE  
Sheldon School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: full story at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))

... It was the beginning of summer of 2007, and it was 3:30 p.m. as we pulled out of our driveway and headed to the hospital. I waited patiently in the car until we got to the hospital. I looked around in the car and saw magazines in the slot on the back of the passengers' seat. I saw my dad's brown hair from the back of his head and the many trees and houses outside of my window flashing by like when you see cars race by at a race track. I was listening to music on the radio as well as my dad's and sister's conversation. I could feel the soft, gray seat on the bottom of my thigh only because I had shorts on. I was getting a headache as well because our car still had the "brand new car smell" in it.

I was so excited and I couldn't wait to hold this little baby girl who now was going to be a part of my life. I could not stop thinking about who she was going to look like. That car ride for me might have been the longest car ride ever because I just wanted to get there. My dad made his annual, "stop for a drink" stop which made me mad because all I was thinking was, *How can you make a stop instead of going straight to the hospital?*

Morgan was holding her when we walked in. ... I looked at her, and she was the most beautiful baby girl I've ever seen.

... As each one of us took turns holding Maddison it was finally my turn. My mom told me to sit in a chair because she was so small, and she wanted me to be careful. She was in my arms and opened her eyes and looked at me. My heart was so full of joy. I couldn't believe that my niece was finally here and I got to hold her. She had a cute little pink hat on and smelled of newborn air that came out of her mouth. The smell of life overwhelmed me. She was so tiny it felt like if I tightened my grip on her anymore I would break her.

I looked around at everyone staring at me. Morgan and Charlie looked so happy and grateful and looked as if they were going to cry.

My turn was up for holding her, but I didn't want to let go. I bent down and kissed her on the cheek and I could smell that newborn life again and smiled as I handed her to my mom and she left my arms. So filled with happiness I whispered to myself, "I'm an aunt!"

## UPCOMING PROMPTS

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

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

**Lost.** Tell a story about losing something or getting lost. Write a story or poem about how you feel or how someone else felt because of a loss. *Alternate:* **Utopia.** What does your utopia look like? Provide images if you'd like. **Due Friday.**

**Stuck.** Describe a time when you found yourself in a tight spot. Tell us how you got there and what you did to get out of it. Or write a story about someone who is in a difficult situation. *Alternate:* **India.** What images come to mind? Write them down and tell us where those images come from? Do you think the images are accurate? **Deadline: Jan. 8**

Submit work at

[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)