

Students write about **FEAR** & express **OPINIONS**

CHALLENGING FEAR



BY MAGGIE SULLIVAN
Milton High School, Grade 10

I had pictured this moment so many times before in my head, so that now that it is actually in front of me, at my fingertips, it almost doesn't seem real.

There is a slight breeze, faintly ruffling my fair hair. It would probably make a good photo op, like the models who have fans put by the camera to make their hair look wind touched. Nothing in their pictures is ever genuine. Is anything?

It's so high up. I can see everything below me. Tiny specks.

There was that saying, that if you dropped a coin off the top of the Empire State Building and it hit a person walking by, it would kill them. Myth Busters probably did an episode on that, but it's too late to go back and watch it. It's too late to see if it's true or not. Too late for anything.

I take a small step forward.

I have wanted this for so long. Not because I am unhappy, not because I want to die. Because I don't. I don't want to die. I fear death in a way I cannot explain. When I picture this moment, I see faces before my eyes that beg me to back off the ledge. But I just want — need — to know what it's like. Need to know what it's like that very last second. It is a desire that has overpowered my soul since I can remember, a curiosity that quite literally killed the cat.

This is it. I take my last step forward, and I am falling ... falling ... falling.

The first second is overwhelming. My stomach drops as my body does, but that is the only unenjoyable aspect of

what I am doing.

I let go of the rope attached to my harness and swing my legs up, intertwining them for dear life on the rope. Even with my body stretched out like this, perpendicular to the ground, I am nowhere near touching it. I am flying horizontally away from the climbing wall from where I jumped.

As my ride on the zip line comes to a slow, I am grabbed by someone and directed to the ladder.

"How was it?!"

Too many words rush through my body: amazing, beautiful, breathtaking, stunning...

My hands sweat with adrenaline as I shakily unclip the carabiners. I want to cry.

Never have I experienced such a thing. Never have I understood what it meant to die. Never have I fulfilled such a strong desire.

Never has abandoning fear left me so breathless.

Sis

BY OLIVIA BLOOMER
Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7
Ghosts and ghouls are scary
Witches and warlocks may be frightening
But nothing's more scary than my sister on a Monday morning.

My old house

BY SHIRLEY MUZZY
Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7

My old house was weird
No matter where I went the house would creak
The first night I was there, something about it
Not only made me wonder but also made me think
What if?
But how?
WOW!

I had so many questions for there were shadows when I woke up
And there were noises before I fell asleep at night
And in the corner of my eye I would see people walking
My brother felt it too
Then the day came when something strange happened
My sister would talk to someone for hours in the night
(We had never mentioned anything about this before)
Then she told me that she had met someone
And he would never say his name
She told me that he would stay in her room every night to protect her
From the evil people that lurked around us... one of them was his mom
He told her that he was killed by his mom
Slit in the throat

I never believed her and you might not either
But something about it sounded weird and for her to make that up...
I don't think she did — she was only five then
My brother, mother and I got curious
So we looked the house up online and it turned out that
A very long time ago there was an old lady living in that house with her son
We found out that after she killed her son she killed herself too
We lived in that house for one year and five months
We're not there anymore

And it still freaks me out that we were even near a spot where someone was murdered
(This is a true story!!)

(These pieces were created during the seven minute write on Vermont Writes Day.)

Listen to me!

BY ALYSSA LUBOW
Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

Listen to me!
I'm "talking" to you because I'm hungry, just get me food!
Bark, bark, bark!
Listen to me!
I am "talking" to you because I need to go for a walk!
Bark, bark, bark!
Listen to me!
I am "talking" to you because I am tired, can you get me a bed?
Bark, bark, bark, BARK!

Listen

BY KYESHA FORREST
Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
Listen to me, I have something to say.
I have something to ask.

Why do you always ignore me when I need to talk?

You are always there when my brother or sister need you, but never when I do.

I have something to tell you and it's more important than what they have to say.

Do you know how it makes me feel when I'm talking to you and you put up your finger to say "shh" or "quiet?"

You don't even let me complete my story without interrupting at least once.

I guess I should find someone else to talk to until you decide to listen.

I'm not a little kid with made-up, unimportant stories to tell you anymore. So, just listen to me!

Listen to me!

BY DANNY CAVAN
Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
When a rattlesnake rattles, he's saying, "Listen to me! Stay away from me! I'm venomous."

So, when a herd of bison come, he rattles and the bison know to go around him.



VERMONT WRITES DAY UPDATE

At least 51 schools — and some 8,000 students did the seven-minute write. YWP has sent 150+ selected "Dear President Obama" letters to Washington. We'll let you know if we hear back.

**NEXT VERMONT WRITES DAY
MARCH 17**

Check youngwritersproject.org or vermontwrites.ywpvt.net for details as the day approaches.

Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit dedicated to creating a generation of confident, passionate Vermont writers.