

Latest news



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.

MORE WEB: Check youngwriterproject.org for more selected student work.

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

I Don't LoVermont

By Ross Meyer

*Brattleboro Area Middle School,
Grade 8*

Have you ever seen the bumper sticker that says I LOVERMONT? I wish that they made one that has I DON'T LOVERMONT on it. In 10 years I hope to get out of Vermont. Vermont won't give me fun and an enjoyable, while successful, occupation. I want a major city that is also near my family.

The only town I like in Vermont is Burlington. The town has UVM, which would give me a chance to go to sports games and it is a decent size. The thing is that it's so out of the way. The only major city that I would be near is Montreal, and I don't want to go to a city where they call just normal ham, bacon. What I want to do in the future does not lead me to Vermont. I want to do something connected to cars. Preferably sports cars, whether it's engineering, owning a business or something beyond that. I don't think I can pursue those while having fun in Vermont. ...

Vermont does have many things that I will have to get used to not having in cities. I would crave the fresh, crispy smell of the air during the fall, and the scent of recently cut grass in the summer. The smell in the cities of the sewers and bus exhaust are disgusting. ...

(For full essay, go to:
youngwritersproject.org)

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.

Unfiltered

By Melissa Ayn Soule

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 10

Unfiltered expression is the purest form of relationship.
Society, that monstrous social strata
Winding
Binding
Stealing freedom on the sharp and steely wings of conformity
Grating in a serrated caress against individual thought.
We all want
Need
Lust
And shake away truth like yesterday's air
Meaningless in utmost importance.
For who can challenge
Break
Flee
The jaws surround from every orifice
The word unique becomes something you say
When there is nothing to say.
That girl who stands on the edge if it all
The world
Her world
Fades away into the nothingness she stared at for so long
Reliving the blackness if only
To find where the light began.
Sunshine particles drift; unfiltered.
I write. The door beckons.
How socially absurd.

Scared

By Logan Turner Renaud
Dummerston School, Grade 6

I went for a walk in the woods. I was in the dark part of the woods when I sat on a log and rested. All of a sudden I had an uneasy feeling. I got up and started walking. Then the woods got really quiet and I felt I was being watched. I began to get really uneasy. I started to run back to my house. When inside the wind began to blow.

Terror

By Katherine Botelho
Chelsea Public School, Grade 11

Screaming
Crying
Anxious
Running
Escape
Dread

Anxiety

By Emma Berkowitz
Charlotte Central School, Grade 5

A swift, cold breeze nuzzles over my cheeks as the performer asks the crowd to give him a hand. My hand shoots up. To my surprise he chooses me. I smile at my friend Emma, and she smiles back. Curious as to what might occur, I see the man pull out a unicycle. He sits on it and then instructs me to sit on his shoulders. All of a sudden fear strikes me, but I don't back out. So I do as he

instructs. Little do I know he will start moving. As he peddles rhythmically, I feel it tilt, and I let out a scream of fear. He scolds me kindly. We take a few laps around as the crowd wildly applauds. Deep joy fills my heart. This frightening experience made me braver than ever.

Terrified

By Kourtney Stratton
Edmunds Middle School, Grade 7

Have you ever had that horrible feeling that you were being watched? The feeling that sends your body into a terrible shivering fit and makes your hair stand on end? I have, but it didn't turn out to be my overworked imagination. ...

It was the spring of 2008. I was in Oldsmar, Florida heading towards the great saltwater lake that eventually ends up spilling into the Florida Bay. I was taking the railroad tracks which were the quickest and most beautiful way to get to the lake. The tracks were surrounded by woods and a pond that had the prettiest gators you could ever see. ... Then I felt as if a shadow had swept over me. ... I got that feeling: shivers were racing up and down my body, leaving the hair on my arms standing straight up. I heard a branch snap and I could swear I heard a muffled cry for help. Without any warning, my legs started pumping and I shot forward, heading in the direction of my home. ...

(See full story on the Web: youngwritersproject.org)