

Blue

By Eden Hubert

Dover Elementary School, Grade 6

I'm on my back, lying in a big, soft patch of grass.

Looking up at the sky.

Trying to make shapes out of whatever clouds pass by.

With my best friend right next to me.

"Look," she whispers, "that one's a fish."

"And that one is a dog," I reply.

And as I am on the ground, with my best friend right beside me, I whisper,

"What a brilliant shade of blue the sky is."

It's perfect.

One morning

By Madison Doucette

Dummerston School, Grade 7

I went outside to take my dog Chase for a walk. As soon as I got out of my garage I started to run and Chase started to run too when he realized I was heading for my tire swing in the backyard. I could hear myself panting when I saw Chase already at the swing so I walked the last couple of yards and sat down on the swing.

I used my feet to pull myself up the hill a little, but when I lifted my feet so that I could swing I forgot to put them in front of me so that when I came to the tree I could push off the tree instead of hitting it. So since I forgot, I ended up hitting my back on the tree. I got off the tire swing and lay down to try to not hurt my back too much because I had to be ready for a hockey game in an hour. But when I lay down on my back my dog attacked me! He licked my face until he finally settled down next to me.

I looked up at the sky and saw the color and said to Chase "I have never seen such a brilliant shade of blue."

Then my Dad came outside and said, "If you want to make it to your hockey tournament today we have to leave now." I told him I would head inside in just a minute. That's all he needed to hear because after that he went inside. I took one more minute to admire the sky's color, then got up and walked back to my house to help my Dad bring my hockey gear to the car.

A disgusting meal

By Isaac Mears

Union Elementary School, Grade 5

I encountered something new when I was six years old. My dad was cooking a pasta dish for my family's dinner. He was going to chop up some basil in the food processor but we didn't have any. He took care of that instantaneously. He went outside to the garden and picked all the spinach he could find. Then my father brought the spinach back into the house, chopped it up in the mixer, and served it on the pasta. It was the most abhorrent dinner I had ever eaten in my life. Subsequently, I never encountered that meal again.

students write
about ...

the color BLUE

&

FIRST ENCOUNTERS ...

The beauty of blue

By Maria Paula Mugnani

Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 12

The forest was quiet and thick on Old Abner Road. After having stumbled through the thick undergrowth for quite a long time, the split of two open paths in front of me was a welcome sight. Choosing the second, I crunched through the orange pine needles that blanketed the trails. The sun reflecting from the leaves of the trees made shadowy patterns that danced on the tree trunks.

After a short walk, I was pleased to find an open area surrounded by trees and a nearby stream. Perfect! I thought. This would be a great place for camping! The opening was littered with fallen branches and dried brush. The branches were thick but not as heavy as I expected. Halfway through clearing them out, a light bulb went on in my head. Why not build a fort?

I inspected the area and found a good circle of trees off to the side that would be suitable to brace the fort. Gathering branches would be easy; the hard part would be assembling the fort so it would not topple over the next day.

Half an hour later, I stood back and looked at my creation. The sides were uneven and it was not nearly as big as I had envisioned it. But I would have plenty of time to work on it some other day. By now I was hot and very sweaty. The water of the stream looked so fresh and inviting that I took off my sneakers, peeled off my socks and waded it. The water was refreshing and so clear that I could see the pebbles shining up at me. A tiny tadpole swam up near a rock by my foot.

"My fort needs a little decoration," I mumbled, more to myself than to the tadpole. "I have a box of old stuff from the house that I could use to decorate it. I think they must be in the garage. I guess I'll look when I get back home."

The tadpole fluttered its tail and came to rest on my big toe. Its tail tickled my foot, but I kept absolutely still. Like my father had taught me many times, I bent down slowly, careful to not twitch the foot the tadpole was on and move my hand gently so not to harm it. My cupped hands were nearly around it when it suddenly fluttered away. Slushing forward to follow it, I jabbed my foot on something underwater.

"Ow!" I shouted. Bracing my hand on a rock along the shore, I checked my foot. There was only a slight red mark.

Wading back in, I estimated where I had jabbed my foot. A little ways down, I found the culprit. As I reached down and plucked

the palm-sized rock from the stream, I stumbled back in surprise. I had never seen such a brilliant shade of blue. The rock was a rich blue that was smooth with jagged edges. I had never seen anything like it! The rock was almost transparent at some parts but still the same deep, dark blue. As I turned around towards shore, a glint in the water caught my eye. A couple feet down the stream, was another blue rock. And another and another and another! Whirling around I realized I was standing right in the middle of a treasure trove of pure blue sapphire.

'All these gems must cost a fortune, I thought to myself. If people heard about this, they would come with their drills, shovels and money, trying to buy the land and claim all the gems. The stream would be drained, the trees cut down, the forest section cleared, and dirt stream bottom dug up —no.

What of the little tadpole, my homemade fort, the pine needle carpet, the cool clear stream and the leaves whose shadows danced on the tree trunks in the sunlight of a summer's afternoon? All of it would be gone. All because of a streambed of precious rocks that people would have carved to hang on their necks or dangle from their arms. Is this what life should be like? Carving out the face of nature and scouring out its beauty and its creatures? No.

Smiling down at one of Mother Earth's many treasures, I replaced the sparkling gem in the stream, picked up my shoes and socks, and walked down the pine path towards my house, stopping to smell the flowers on the way.



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Vermont Writes Day II

YWP will be encouraging schools, teachers and students to again take seven minutes out to write. Prompts to come. Check in for more at:

youngwritersproject.org

Would you believe?

By Kayla Wood and Theresa Glabach

Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8

If you were there that first day at the Dummerston Elementary School you would have seen all the children from kindergarten through eighth grade running around on that little school playground. You might have seen all the shy little kindergarteners, meeting each other for the first time, and running around like little madmen. Did you know that they were playing tag? If you were focusing on them, you might have seen those two little blond-haired, blue-eyed girls running straight for each other without a clue in the world.

A thud would be heard, as the two girls in their clean, perfect dresses fell to the ground. Were you standing nearby? Did you expect them to cry? But look, no tears. With dirt in their blonde hair, and their tights a little dirty, they walked, holding their heads, toward a teacher.

If you were in the office that morning, you would have seen the two small girls, a little dirty, walk in holding their heads, and the nurse ushering them into her room. Then a few minutes later, you would have seen those same two girls walk out with ice packs on their heads, talking away. Who might have known that these two little girls were going to be best friends?

Did you follow the class inside? If you did, you would have seen those two little girls playing with the connecting blocks. It may have been brought to your attention that those two little girls, who had just met, were competing against the boys to see who could make a longer chain, and those two little girls were out of blocks. Did you laugh at how they met their classmates for the first time? Did you expect to see two innocent girls stealing the blocks from the boys?

They didn't know it, but those two little girls lived not a mile apart on the same road. They didn't know it, but in the future, they would stay up until 6:30 in the morning flinging gummy bears off the ceiling fan. They didn't know it, but did you? Did you see the instant friendship in their eyes? Who knew that so many adventures would come from the smack of heads on that very first day at school?

The tights have been thrown away, the dresses have been handed down, and all remnants of that day have been washed away, except for the memory of those two girls, and the friendship that was created that day. If you had been there that day that is what you would have seen, because those girls . . . were us.

Blue name, blue eyes

By Olivia Pintair

Allen Brook School, Grade 3

My boy is a small one,

I call him my bluebird,

I call him this name for his eyes.

I have never seen such a brilliant shade of blue.

His eyes thrash like the ocean

and sing like the birds.

They rain and cry like the open sky.

I call him my bluebird.

I call him this name for his eyes.