

Why are you like this?

By Jade Sanborn

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

You always looked happy
you were never sad
until one day.
You came in and cried.
I wondered why.
You saw the look on my face
of complete worry and concern.
You started to explain
what happened the night before
and I silently started to cry beside you.
In the midst of your story
I just sat there and thought,
“I have never seen
such a brilliant shade of blue.”
Your tears
still rolling down your velvet cheeks
twinkling in the light from up above.
I told you that everything
was going to be OK,
uncertain myself if it really would be.
I offered to let you stay with me
until things calmed down
and you just stared and smiled.
I asked “Why?”
and you replied,
“Nobody has ever cared as much as you
do,
so thank you
my very kind friend.”
So on that day
I had seen the most brilliant shade of blue.

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.

Most brilliant blue

By Ashleigh Simpson

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL,
GRADE 8

It was cold and icy, but also sunny. It
was a good day to venture out to a river
or a stream, just to explore the world.
When I arrived at the stream, the ice was
blue, a brilliant blue, the bluest blue I
have ever seen — a beautiful blue. With
the sun shining off the ice, it was a stun-
ning sight. I just stood there with a crisp,
gentle wind blowing in my face, taking it
in. No, I have never seen such a brilliant
shade of blue, nor will I ever again.

students write
about ...

the color BLUE

&

FIRST ENCOUNTERS ...

Land!

By Maddy Squier-Paine

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

We were all seasick and tired. Even
though the crew was feeling too tired and
sick to move another inch, we knew that we
had to keep going, and none complained.
It was July 16, 1609, and Captain
Champlain had been leading us over this
lake for two fortnights now. We were just
sailing along like we normally do when
someone shouted, “Land!” We all looked
over the boat to the starboard side where he
had pointed, and we saw a thin line of land
on the horizon.

When we got there, we met a group of
Indians, and as luck would have it, they
were friendly. Champlain started to com-
municate with them.

“We are here from lands far away and
we would be honored to explore these lands
here that are your home,” Champlain stat-
ed, as he looked toward the one who
appeared to be the leader of the tribe.

The Indian said that it would be alright
if they wanted to explore, and if they want-
ed to stay, they would be welcome to the
lands that were far enough away from his
tribe.

“We would eventually like to stay.
However, I would feel terrible if we did
nothing in return for you,” Champlain
replied, and the discussion of what we could
do in return for them began. We eventual-
ly agreed upon helping around their camp
for the duration of our stay. In a quick, yet
life-changing experience, Champlain and
the leader of the tribe shook hands and our
new life began.

Over time, we would find ourselves
helping them try to take over another
Indian tribe who called themselves the
Iroquois. Champlain got shot with an arrow
during one of those battles, forcing him to
go home to France. And to think it all start-
ed with a handshake of truce.

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 out-
side 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.

First time I saw it

By Michael Ducharme

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

The first time I saw a fresh sheet of ice
I knew it would be my life.

My brother’s hockey team was making
deep cuts in the ice. At that moment I knew
I wanted to play. I wanted to skate fast. I
wanted to shoot pucks. I wanted to win.

My first year I was terrible, but I didn’t
give up on the sport I was born to play. As
the years went on I kept getting better and
better.

Before I knew it I was on my way to win-
ning the state tournament.

We won it, and I was the captain of our
team and I scored in the final game too.

That same year my brother’s team won
it too. Next year I tried out for the Vermont
Glades.

I made it.

I’ve been on the team ever since and
look forward to playing varsity and college
hockey.

But I wouldn’t be what I am today if I
hadn’t seen the ice that first time.



Young Writers Project is an inde-
pendent nonprofit that engages stu-
dents to write. It provides writing
prompts for this newspaper series;
maintains youngwritersproject.org, an
online community for students; and
builds free online classrooms for
schools: ywvpt.net.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

MARCH 17, 2009

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

First encounters of the blue kind

By Matt Cecere

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I have never seen such a brilliant
shade of blue. The water shone with the
morning light, reflecting the landscape
with a vibrant blue-green. I thought I saw
something in the water; perhaps it was
nothing. But how could I be certain?
Nevertheless, it was true solidarity. For
once in my life, I was actually alone with
nature.

And then, the moment passed.

“Ah, there you are, Monsieur
Champlain,” said one of my comrades,
running up to meet me. “Hey! I’ve found
‘em!” he hollered to the rest of the group.
I remained silent, staring at the vast sea of
blue in front of me.

Once again he turned to me. “You
should remain with us, sir. There’s been
savages ‘round here! It’s for your own
safety, sir.”

I ignored his comments and once
again turned to the lake.

“Pierre, my boy,” I said turning to the
young sailor, “look how the lake mirrors
the trees and the shoreline. And the waves,
oh, how they ripple along the bright waters,
playfully frolicking in the sun. This is one
of the miracles of America.”

“Yes, sir, I see what ya’ mean,”
answered Pierre, now staring at the lake.

We stayed there for quite a while; I
lost track of time. We sat enjoying each
other’s company and the company of the
lake. It seemed as if I could stay there for-
ever, watching the humongous, blue,
aquatic mirror.

“What will you name dis lake, sir?”
asked Pierre, now sitting down, staring at
me with large, befuddled eyes.

“I’m not sure,” I admitted. “I’ll have
to give it some thought.”

Then there was a rustling in the bram-
bles behind us, causing me to spin
around. I instinctively grasped my rifle,
usually loaded and at my side. Aiming at
the bushes, I put my right hand on the trig-
ger, ready to fire at any moment.

“Ahh! Don’t shoot, Monsieur
Champlain! Don’t shoot!”

It was the rest of the expedition. I
watched as a group of close to 100 men
walked through the underbrush. When
most were within earshot, I smiled. A
new idea had just struck me.

“Welcome,” I said, “to Lake
Champlain.”

POETRY SLAM

A teen slam is scheduled for 6:30 to 8
p.m., Thursday, Feb. 19, at Studio Place
Arts, 201 N. Main St., Barre. Leading the
slam will be Slam Champion Geof Hewitt.
Teens are invited to come with two poems
they can recite in less than three minutes.