

## Sledding

**By Ally Atkins**  
*Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 3*

One day  
On my driveway  
With my friend  
Sledding  
Down a steep hill  
The sled  
Went out  
Of control  
Panic  
Eyes wide open  
Like full moons  
A wall of snow  
Hit our face  
Blurry  
Burning  
Stinging cold  
Rolling off  
The sled  
Into the snow  
Cold shivers  
Down my body  
Sneaked down into my boots  
Making wet  
Sticky socks  
lying there  
Like broken  
Statues  
Staring at the  
Blue sky  
Scared  
*Inspired by Valerie Worth*

## The closet

**By Beatrice Shlansky**  
*Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 3*

In a dark closet,  
Noises CREAK,  
BOOM BANG,  
What's that?  
I try to fall asleep,  
Something dark,  
White,  
It's coming at me,  
What is it?  
Is that you?  
Oh, yes it is!  
BOO!

## In the Barn

**By Grace Smart**  
*Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 3*

I walk into the barn  
I see a faint light  
My kayak in the corner  
A rat scatters across the floor  
With bread in his mouth.  
The bats squeak in the night  
A barn owl screeches  
I feel like I can't breathe  
Like exciting and scared  
All mixed together.

## Three minutes of my life

**By Meghan Cook**  
*Rick Marcotte Central School, Grade 5*

"It's time to move you," said the nurse.  
"No, not yet!" I wailed.  
I was at the big, terrifying hospital waiting for eye surgery. An inch-long stick had poked me in the eye and made itself very comfortable in there for about a week! So I needed surgery. When they said it was time to move me, my heart froze and then skipped a beat. I knew it was time for my surgery.

When they rolled me into the hallway people were staring at me as if it were my last day to live. This did not make me feel any better; it made me feel as though something terribly wrong was going to occur.

"Take a left turn here," the nurse told my mom. I had wanted her to come with me, and have her be there when they put me to sleep with gas. Mommy had to wear a white suit and blue hair net from the hospital because the room they were taking me to for surgery was sterile.

We took a left and entered a long hallway with hospital beds lined up against the walls, like the one I was lying in.

I was being as strong as I could, but the anxiety was even stronger and was controlling my whole body. I felt like I was going to explode! If I did not scream, my head felt like it was going to pop off, but I calmed myself down and thought, "I am not going to feel a thing. All I am going to do is breathe in, then fall asleep. Trained professionals are doing this, nothing bad will happen."

But as they wheeled me into a horrifying, ugly white room with blue equipment on a white table, my heart pounded and I got a lump in my throat. Doctors were making me feel worse, they were staring at me like hungry cannibals (or at least it felt like that from nervousness. It was eating me alive!).

The last thing I remember is them putting a mask on my face and saying, "Breathe." I looked up at Mom and she said, "It's OK!"

Then I drifted into a forced sleep.

## Scared

**By Nolan Viens**  
*Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 7*

Around 2 p.m. I'm always scared. Not scared like how someone might be afraid of a ghost, but nervous, knees shaking, palms sweating. I'm geared up as well. The two don't mix. I'm trying hard not to confirm the fact that I'm scared. People don't know it. It's because of my expression. It's mean-looking and tough. That's what my team tells me. But the fact is, I'm scared out of my wits. In my mind I know I'll win because I'm a true wrestler.

## What is that?

**By Brittany Bowen**  
*Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8*

Creak!  
Look up  
Look down  
Look all around  
I'm scared  
I hear you  
Stealthy steps  
Coming up the  
Stairs  
I'm scared  
You reach the top  
My door is  
Closed  
You come closer  
I'm scared  
You push open my  
Door with your  
Head  
I can't breathe  
I'm terrified  
You come onto  
My bed  
You lick my  
Hands  
I am so  
Dumb  
You are my dog.

## Hot Cocoa

**By Megan McIntyre**  
*Monkton Central School, Grade 4*

As small crystals fall slowly  
I race down the hill  
With the wind whistling in my face  
Visions of hot cocoa dancing in my head  
With marshmallows bobbing in it  
I reach the bottom of the hill  
SPLAT!  
I tumble over and giggle  
I get up to see where my friends are  
They are giggling, too.

## Splat...

**By Christopher Prado**  
*Colchester Middle School, Grade 7*

A fat water balloon tossed on a hot summer day  
Watery applesauce flung from a baby's spoon  
Melting ice cream slipping from the cone  
An unsuspecting bug meeting a windshield head on  
A delicate egg tossed from friend to friend  
An aimless bird flying into a second story window  
SPLAT!

## A Raindrop's End

**By Adrienne Moran**  
*Browns River Middle School, Grade 6*

I hear the whipping air,  
Whoosh by me as I go,  
I am very aware,  
My end has come, Oh, no,  
My friends are all around me,  
Fear is in each eye,  
Being brave is the key,  
And trying not to cry,  
I hoped it wouldn't come to this,  
And that the cloud would just stay light,  
But then we said goodbye and kissed,  
Hello to the night,  
Then I saw my target,  
A tiny little mat,  
It was outside a market,  
Good bye, Oh, my, splat.

## Splat!

**By Taylor Bresnick**  
*Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 4*

I was baking a cake  
With butter, flour and more.  
Just like that  
It went splat  
On my yellow cat!



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