



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series. It maintains youngwritersproject.org, a Web site for students; and it builds Web sites for schools: ywvpt.net.

Thanks!

Last Tuesday, about 7,000 Vermont students at 50 schools participated in Vermont Writes Day, a seven-minute writing exercise. Students, staff, teachers and guests — including Gov. Jim Douglas — participated. An amazing amount of writing was produced.

Young Writers Project will be assembling the best of the “Dear President Obama...” pieces and will send them to the president. Here’s one:

*Dear President Obama,
I hope you are able to stop the war before 2010 because that’s when my Dad gets deployed for the third time.*

On his second deployment he got hurt badly, and I don’t want it to happen again.

*Thanks, President Obama.
Sincerely,*

D.J. HERRERA

*Grade 5,
Clarendon Elementary School*

Sounds fishy

BY LUCAS BENDIG

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 6

I go fishing in the summer at Tinmouth Pond. Just before dark, you can always hear the bass rising out of the water for bugs. They slam to the surface of the water. It makes a splatting sound. The louder the splat the bigger the fish.

So, I always cast toward the loudest splatting sounds. The best nights to hear the fish are the warm and humid ones because the mosquitoes are out and active. These warm summer nights are when I’m most successful.

Sometimes my grandfather and I go out on his boat. We don’t normally catch bass when we are in the boat. Instead, we usually catch pike. It is still fun to hear the fish jump.

Historical photo



Writers were asked to create a story based on this photograph taken by Lewis Hine, an investigative photographer who chronicled children at work in the early 1900s in factories, mines and farms. His work led to sweeping reform of child labor laws.

The missing shoe

BY KIRA MARGOLIS

Richmond Elementary School, Grade 1

(Excerpt; full story at www.youngwritersproject.org)

Chapter 1: The Shoe

Alice was 13, Samantha, 19, and Jessica, 18. One day Alice lost her shoe. She needed it. Her mother, whom they called Marmee, was sad when she heard.

So, Samantha decided to look for it. She looked everywhere. She could not find the shoe. Jessica helped, but she failed. Alice looked everywhere – out on the street, even in people’s houses because someone could have stolen it.

That night Alice looked out her window. Then she looked up at the stars. She saw a constellation. The stars formed a shoe. “My shoe,” Alice gasped. “How I wish I could find my shoe,” she said with a frown. Then she went to sleep.

When morning came Marmee said good morning to all the girls. First was Samantha, second was Jessica and third was Alice.

Chapter 2: Samantha Fell in Love

One day Samantha was walking alone. Then she met a gentleman. His name was Ron.

He had stolen the shoe. He told a lie that fooled Samantha. But Samantha heard him talk about how he stole the shoe.

When Jessica heard the news about the shoe, she told Alice. She was so mad that she wanted to go away to her room. But her mom stopped her before she got to her room. “Come downstairs and talk with me,” said Marmee. After Alice discussed the problem with Marmee she felt good and was happy that she could discuss anything with her mother.

Samantha, Jessica and Alice set out on an adventure to find the man and Alice’s shoe. ...

Chapter 3: The Solution

After they found the shoe everybody was happy. And so Marmee was happy too.

CALLING ALL RUTLAND WRITERS

Young Writers Project is looking for submissions from Rutland area schools. Here’s your chance to have your words published. Write based on a prompt or submit a general piece – a story, prose or poetry. Submit all work at:

youngwritersproject.org

NEXT PROMPTS

LYRICS. Create lyrics that could be put to music.

Alternate: “That is so annoying.”
Deadline: Friday.

They call us

BY ELLIE RAMSEY

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 7
One-two-three

that’s what they call us
the three musketeers
that’s what they call us
we do everything together
we can’t be pulled apart
we’re like sisters
joined at birth
no one can keep us apart
three peas in a pod
that’s what they call us
always together
no matter what
we have grow up together
triplets
joined at the heart
that’s what WE call us

Smile!

BY NINA CAVENDER

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 7

Anna looked into the camera, her eyes aglow. She, a modest mill girl, was being photographed! Her heart thumped loudly and quickly. Not knowing what expression to give to the camera, she peered over at Lily, her cousin, standing to her right. Lily’s face was serious, like she was trying to peer into the very soul of the camera. She then looked over at Mary-Ann, one of her closest friends. She was smiling a big, broad smile, obviously trying to look like she was happy. That was very far from the truth though. Mary Ann basically lived at the mill, never wanting to go home, for fear of her parents beating her.

Anna looked back into the camera and gave it a simple, blank expression, wanting to have a face of her own. The camera man, under the little black cloak that was attached to the camera, said “Smile!” and the bulb went off like lightning.

The end

BY GRACE CORBETT

Renaissance School, Grade 6

They stand,
Sheltered from the chaos beyond them.
As the war rages on,
A little bubble of hope drifts down from
The sky,
Telling them not to worry.
The clouds part and the sun shines on
The raised American flag.
The war is at an end.
Victory.