

Teenagers

BY SHEILA DRAGON
Sheldon School, Grade 8

Growing into a teenager is hard. Everybody says, "Hey, you're going to be a big teenager next year." But what do you care? As you grow up people around you change and you change, too. Guys change. They play new sports and meet new friends and turn into jerks that nobody wants to be around. But wait a minute, girls change, too. They dress differently and get new friends. Some of your closest friends slowly slip away until you have no one. You can try to talk to them, but it's no use. They just ignore you and pretend you were never friends in the first place. Most of them will stab you in the back and tell all your secrets and maybe even make up rumors about you. So are girls meaner than boys? If you think about it, we're all at the same level. Guys can get aggressive and can ruin your self-esteem, but girls do the same thing. Instead of a few punches, they say stuff that sticks with you forever.

Invisible bandit

BY FAITH SAMPSON
BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

I woke up Tuesday afternoon
Listened hard and heard the birds croon
Walked down the stairs, barely aware
of no eyes watching my approach
I hobbled to the kitchen, looking for food
and finally settled on toast
Sat at the table totally oblivious
to everyone continuing their mischief
I finally got annoyed and said, "Hi Mom!"
She looked around completely alarmed
I thought she was kidding
But then got to thinking
Why was she still not looking at me?
I waved both hands in front of her face
She looked like she was staring out into space
I ran to a mirror and looked for a reflection
I saw none at all and it caught my attention
This situation was not transitional
I knew that I had become invisible
At first I was scared and thought I was im-
paired
But I kept thinking for a while
and started to smile
Imagining all the things I could now do
sneaky and unseen
I could skip school and pull pranks
I finally felt serene
No more homework, fights or chores
No more sister telling me to, "Can it"
I would live free and always on the edge
I would become the invisible bandit

The beauty of snow

BY CARMELINE CUNNINGHAM
Swanton Elementary School, Grade 6

The season of winter is beauty in life.
The beauty of winter is family having fun
together outside: skating,
snowshoeing, skiing or snowboarding.
Christmas and Channukah.
NO school on snow days.
The smell of hot chocolate and cookies in the
air.
The snow — white, sparkly and magical.
The season of winter is long and cold.
The beauty of winter is the children laughing
with joy, playing in the
snow with sleds, snowballs, and snowmen.
The season of winter is simply joy!



THIS WEEK: "Stuck," "India" & "Super Powers"

Each week students respond to prompts provided by Young Writers Project. Best work is submitted to youngwritersproject.org by students and teachers from Vermont and New Hampshire. A team of students help select work. For more student writing go to youngwritersproject.org. Students are welcome to join and share additional work on the site.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences for their best work.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org — a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools. For more go to ywpschools.net.

YWP NEWS

MARK YOUR CALENDARS:

Vermont Writes Day 2010

Tuesday, February 9

A day for schools, teachers, students, administrators to STOP what they are doing and write for SEVEN minutes.

For more: youngwritersproject.org

CONSTRAINED



ALMIR CIBRA, *Essex High School, Grade 12*

Mind reader

BY NATHAN JIWATRAM
BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

One day in math class I was looking out the window wondering why there was a man staring at the sky. He had been doing it for 20 minutes. I was trying so hard to figure it out and suddenly the answer came into my head, almost like he was right next to me. The man's voice said, "I wish I could just fly away and leave all my problems behind." I looked around and saw that he was still sitting there. It was then that I knew I had the power to read minds.

At lunch I sat there eating and trying to read minds. It seemed so easy to do. The weird thing was that people thought something and then they said it. My friends thought it was amazing and creepy that I kept finishing their sentences.

That day in science class we had a test and I didn't study at all. As we started the test the teacher started filling in the answer sheet. Just then I had an idea. I ended up getting a 100 percent on that test. I knew this was the beginning of something that would change my life forever.

FOR MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING
GO TO YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG

A weird morning

BY NICOLE PEATMAN
BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

One morning I woke up late for school. I had barely enough time to get ready. Just as I walked outside I blacked out.

I woke up inside the girls' bathroom. I wondered how I had gotten there, but pushed the thought out of my mind and went to class. After school I made sure I was alone, except for my best friend. I told her to hold on to my backpack. I thought of being on top of the school, and the next thing I knew we were on the roof. We jumped off the school and I was flying! I turned around to see my best friend still hanging onto my backpack.

I use my powers for good. I help people who forgot their homework and I fly around the world. I can even teleport my family to wherever we are vacationing.

Empire State

By Nick Coon
BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

If I could have a power, I would want to be able to fly. I could go anywhere and I would never need to walk. I could get to places quickly. If I fell off the Empire State Building I could just fly. But why would I be on top of the Empire State Building?

India as I see it

BY OLIVE LACROIX SOUCY CAPONE
Fairfield Center School, Grade 8

Stepping onto crowded streets
Dust clouds the air
Cars rush past, making altogether too much noise
Sellers hawk their wares
An elephant trumpets
People shout.
Women wrapped in saris
Colorful fabric draped across their heads,
Their shoulders.
Red dye stains their hair.
Men with dark skin and black mustaches
Sell you a sandwich,
A fine pashmina scarf,
A ride to your hotel,
"Only a few rupees sir."
Children work.
They earn their way in life
Sometimes in desperate ways.
The air smells of dirt
Of poverty
Of the buffaloes that walk the streets
Of the cows that are treated like gods
Because they are sacred.
Spices burn the mouth
Spices ground,
Sprinkled
Into dishes with lentils
They call them dahl.
Precious saffron
Spices that once traveled the Silk Road
Now brighten the stalls
In crowded markets.

NEXT PROMPTS

General. Send us your best stories, poems or essays. **Due Friday.**

Cold. Hate it? Love it? Write about an experience you have had with cold. *Alternate:* **Rules.** What's the silliest or most pointless rule you've ever encountered? Tell a story about it and how you got around it or got it changed. **Deadline: Feb. 12**

Submit at:
youngwritersproject.org

Mind games

BY KEVIN FARMER
BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

I wake up. Then I realize that today is the day! I am having my surgery today. I run downstairs and my mom says, "Kevin it's time to go to the hospital." I hop in the car and we drive to the hospital.

When we get there we tell the nurse we're here to get my brain tumor removed and we go into the operating room. They drug me and when I wake up I ask, "Is it gone?" The doctors say it is but that there was a problem, a special medicine dripped into my brain by accident and there might be side effects, so I have to stay there for a few days.

The doctors leave and eventually a nurse bings in some food. My mom tells me I'm not supposed to move and then she leaves. I realize that I am very hungry, and think to myself, *I wish that I had the pudding from the tray.* All of a sudden, the pudding rises into the air and shoots toward me, landing in my hand. I think, *Awesome, I have telekinesis!* My mom walked back in to find objects flying across the room. I tell her about my discovery and ask her not to try and get rid of my powers.

We get home a few days later and the neighbor's cat is stuck in a tree. I bring him down with my mind and a little boy thanks me. After demonstrating my powers to the rest of my family, I go up to bed. My last thought is, *These past few days have been the best of my life.*