

Torn

By CAMERON BRUSA

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 7

"I'm stuck," I whispered as I looked back towards my feet. My orange jumpsuit seemed to have caught on the fence that I was crawling under. This was bad. "What?" John asked in a voice that was way too loud.

"Shhhhhh," I replied. John was on the other side of the fence from me, still within the jail complex. "I'll try to get my pant leg loose. You keep watch for any guards."

"OK, but what if one comes? What should I do?"

"I don't know. Scream, run, play dead — whatever you feel like," I said in an overly sarcastic manner. My pant leg was still caught. I continued to pull...

"Man, are you almost done?" John asked in a worried tone.

"Don't worry, I'm just about there."

The tugging was useless. I bent over and bit my pant leg.

"Freeze where you are, and put your hands in the air!" I heard a man yell from the other side of the fence.

"Can I scream now?" Johnny asked. Of course he was being sarcastic, but it didn't sound like it. I tore the part of orange jumpsuit that was caught on the fence. I was free. I could run as fast as I could and the police would never find me. But John was still in there, helpless and pinned up to the fence. Oh, God help me, what do I do?

The big dig

By MIKAYLA GERACI

People's Academy, Grade 12

I opened the door, and the sight opened my mouth. It's days like these I wished I lived south. Dad said I'd need a plow

But I rolled my eyes and said I knew how. Snowdrifts up to my knees,

"Can you bring me a shovel please?"

My car was buried in a wintry delight

Except I cringed at the very sight, School started so soon — I wouldn't arrive until noon!

Dad and I kept digging away, It felt like it took an entire day.

Finally a path was clear, he started the engine and said "Hold on Dear!"

We twisted and turned until the clutch was burned

Finally we were out of the driveway, "Good luck kid, is all I have to say!"

Oh, Vermont snowy days, and being at that school age.



THIS WEEK: "Stuck" & "India"

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

Choosing sides

By KATELYN IRELAND

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 7

"She's on my side!"

"No! She's on mine, right?"

Here I am stuck in this position. What do I do? Whose side am I on? I look back and forth at their furious faces. I take a huge breath, turn around and walk away, leaving them in the dust.

NEXT PROMPT

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

Submit at:
youngwritersproject.org

Rescued

By CHANTAL LEFEVRE

Barre Town Elementary School, Grade 4

When I was little I got stuck in the back seat of my dad's car. I got into my booster seat and fell sideways because I was looking out of the window. Then I could not get up. My dad came and helped me up.

When we got home I fell over again because I was looking out of the window, again. After my dad unbuckled me I got up. I knelt on the seat and fell in the big gap. Then I cried and my mom hurried out to me and so did my dad. They both helped me up.

I wish I was still very, very little!

Out of control

By JULIE LAFLAMME

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

I pulled the gears and the car started to roll back. My body froze.

The car was moving faster and faster backwards. I didn't know what to do. My mom was already sprinting and screaming "Jump, Julie. Jump!" after me. I knew why too. There was a big cliff at the end of the road and we didn't want the van to reach it.

I was pretty scared to jump out of the car but that was the only thing to do. I opened the door and jumped. It was all so fast. My body was shaking and I was covered in blood. My mom came running up to me in tears. We turned to look at the car and watched it swerve into the woods. It was a miracle.

India

By SELMA IBRAHIMOVIC

Spaulding High School, Grade 11

To me, India is an exotic country. The music, the land and the people carry a strong spirituality. The high-pitched, high-energetic music automatically gets me in a mood of happiness. The outfits and the style overall are lively. Brightly colored clothes and gold accessories complement brown skin. India also reminds me of people who have a strong religious background.

I've never been to India, I do hope that one day I do because pictures, videos and people portray it as a very friendly, beautiful and happy country.

Night market

By GABE OTTER

Main Street Middle School, Grade 8

The evening air, thickly saturated with heady scents of freshly ground spices, dances through the night. A worn path of cinnamon dust snakes into the darkening dusk. Brightly colored tents rise up on either side of the trail's wavy shoulders. Billowing fabrics draped across cottonwood beams enclose racks of wooden boxes overflowing with gritty magenta and auburn powders. Sturdy wooden staffs slant on the tent's cloth walls, fixed with emerald pods tethered by fraying string. Glowing glass lanterns hanging from protruding beams cast a dim radiance onto the path below. Gray shadows bob and stretch against the linen's gleaming folds.

Soft voices echo into the darkness, a hazy cloud mumbling above in the muggy pitch. Out from the night, choruses of shrill chirping blend with the faint chatting of the path's revelers. A smoldering luminary bathes the face of a man staring upward into the pale façade of the moon, gentle eyes enraptured with its luminescent beauty. His russet complexion shines golden with the lantern's flame. Silky warm breezes tousle the dark hair that falls across his face. His name is called from amidst the crowd, and his gaze is snapped back to earth. The man leaves the lantern's aura and is lost in the dark throng of people. The night breeze blows tenderly through the dark stalls, grazes the trampled dirt path. It whistles softly through the nighttime.

My true home

By MAHIMA POREDDY

Main Street Middle School, Grade 8

When I think of India, I think of my home there. I was born 12 years ago in India and lived there for seven years. Whenever the thought enters my mind, I can almost smell the spicy chicken with cloves, ginger and cinnamon that my grandmother makes. I can feel the Sprite run down my throat from its special glass bottle. I see the times I've spent with my family at home, like Diwali, the Festival of Lights, when my family lit sparklers and I was afraid of the fireworks that spun on the ground. I also see my wonderful little cousin as a baby, sleeping on my lap. I see funny times like that same cousin following me into the bathroom. I see sad times like walking away from almost all of my family at the airport.

When I think of my true home, I think of India, the place where I started my life.