

VERMONT WRITES DAY

On Tuesday, Feb. 9 students, teachers and staff all over Franklin county stopped what they were doing to write for seven minutes. The suggested prompts were “purple,” “Afghanistan” and “I had the surprise of my life when I opened the door ...” Here are a few samples of what they wrote.

Afghanistan

By GRIFFIN KNAPP

St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 4

Afraid of what’s going to happen next. Looking all around. Trying not to show you’re scared.

Thinking,

“Why did I sign up for this?”

But then the memories of Home —

your family

and friends.

Saying to yourself

“I have to make it back for them.”

So you keep thinking about them

and trying to find a way to picture them in your mind.

But then you hear gun shots and you have to go — leaving your thoughts behind.

My uncle

By COLE BRACE

Swanton School, Grade 3

When I hear the word Afghanistan I think of my uncle, because he fights for our freedom in the United States. Also when I hear that word it makes me feel sad because he is going to be gone for 10 months.

Afghanistan

By CALEB TETRAULT

St. Albans City School, Grade 6

When I hear the word Afghanistan I think of painful things. Why? Because there is a war going on there. I feel bad for the civilians because they are in the middle of it.

If I had a chance I would try to save them all because they don’t deserve this. And they don’t have as much money as we do. And they don’t have as much shelter as us.

The dragon

By LILLIAN MCALLISTER

Swanton School, Grade 3

I had the surprise of my life when I opened the door and saw a dragon. The dragon was in my room jumping on my bed. Apparently I was disturbing it because it burned my hair. I was now officially bald. I put the dragon in the fireplace. It died. Now I had a different problem. I was bald. My mom came home. She said, “Let’s go buy a wig.” I said, “That’s a good idea.” We went to the mall and bought a wig. But when we were in there our town had an alien invasion. Everyone was gone but us. We searched for hours. Then we saw a UFO. We went inside. I kicked some alien butt. Then we got the key and unlocked everyone. I almost died from that hug. Then we had a giant party that never ended, and lived happily ever after.



THIS WEEK: “Stress” & “My Story”

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

YWP has received a generous grant from the Vermont Humanities Council to hold in-person and online workshops with Vermont authors.

Please check in at youngwritersproject.org for details of the upcoming forums that begin in March.

The sessions are free.

THE SPRINT



Sarah Flaherty, Essex High School, Grade 11

Sparkles

By XAVIER KM

Montgomery Elementary School, Grade 7

The snow sparkles in the sunlight, flashing light everywhere.

There is a crisp breeze gently rippling through the air, though cold enough to sting.

There is no sound, save the whistling of birds and slight crunching of small mammals.

There is a sweet, fresh smell on the air, like a new beginning from the dormancy of winter.

My skis make a slight swisssh as they glide over the ground.

The snow is freely falling around me, onto the groomed trail.

I ski more until I have reached my destination.

The field is filled with light, powdery snow, each flake a different sparkle.

Stillness

JADE DANDURAND

Montgomery Elementary School, Grade 8

A tree rips from the cold mossy earth roots dangling like a hundred tiny limbs A pebble skips into the deathly-still pond breaking the glassy surface and casting a thousand tiny ripples

A shadow falls across the barren land like a giant black blanket sweeping up the silence A silver piece of moon breaks the miles of night a small slice of forever piercing the horizon A orange painted sky stretches over it all an endless smear holding everything together

NEXT PROMPT

Elevator. You are in an elevator. The door opens and in walks an annoying type of person. Suddenly the elevator stops between floors...tell us what happens. (No real names, please!) *Alternate:* **Peeves.** What is your number one pet peeve?

Due Friday. Submit at: youngwritersproject.org

Falling

By RYAN PHILLIPS

Sheldon Elementary School, Grade 8

As I sit and read

this poem

I ask myself why?

Why write this?

I write to enable my

passion, my life,

my glory.

I write to tell people how I feel.

Poems are to me as apples are to trees,

you think you’re not going to fall,

but in the end you do,

you fall to the ground

and you can only rise again,

if someone is there to pick you up

pick you up high,

higher than before

higher than your tree,

higher than you ever thought you would be,

you feel like you can fly.

Then you get dropped,

back on the ground you

lie.

You wait to be picked up again,

then in the end,

you end up in the right tree,

no more

lying,

only flying

flying higher than your tree and then you

realize,

you’re not alone.

Love and stress

By OLIVIA PELLETIER

Fairfield Center School, Grade 7

The stress,

Terrorizing,

The coldness,

The unfortunate things that happen,

Death,

The trees that crash to my sides,

Like a steady drumbeat,

As I try to get over those who are lost,

The ones I loved

For so long.

As I get consoled,

By the ones I love now,

Momma, my dad, my Gramma,

Everyone I love,

Who loves me too,

Who helps me sew my heart back together

again

Whenever it breaks.

And the truth,

Which kills,

And makes you want to scream.,

This is my life—

Or some part of it

Dark heart

By KATE SYLVESTER

Swanton School, Grade 5

I’ve never seen such a deep shade of purple. It’s your heart, it’s as dark as a stormy night. So mean and bitter. Now that I’m gone I can’t feel that mean loneliness kind of feeling that you gave me when I was near. And no, I will never come back, for without you I am free. Without you, I am happy. Without your deep purple heart, and your mean, bitter soul I am golden. I’ve never seen such a deep shade of purple.