

Winter wonderland

BY CODY O'CONNELL

Waits River Valley School, Grade 8

Walking
Through the
Snow.
Sounds beautiful,
It crunches
With every step
I take.
Crunch,
Crunch,
Crunch!
Pine trees,
Snow lightly
Covering the
Branches.
Icicles
Hanging off the
Tips of the
Branches.
The creaks
Around me,
I try to
Listen to
The barely
Audible noise
Of the pitter
Patter.
Looking at the ice
On the creek,
The bubbles
Beneath are
Moving awesomely.
A biting wind
Nips at my
Rosy red
Cheeks.
The wind
Blows the
Snow right
Off the
Pine tree
Branches.
I
Have never
Really
Taken in
The
Beauty
Of nature before.
I see
Two bluebirds
Flying after
Each other.
Blue against
White.
Ahhhhhh...
BEAUTY!!

Slippery ice

BY JULIA REMILLARD

St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 4

So fresh, so cool, ice!
Slippery, slippery ice shines in the light.
I ice skate through the wind.



THIS WEEK: General Writing

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 recently 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.

An event of the worst sort

BY REBECCA LAUREN MAHANY

Rice Memorial High School, Grade 9

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

I had seen my cat, Storm,
play with and bite the
Christmas tree lights
before that night.
And yesterday, I laughed
when Dad pointed out
the yellow glow in her mouth.
I want to travel through time
and snatch that laughter back.
And I want to unplug
those Christmas tree lights
so that the next event
would have never taken place.
My parents and I were talking,
about what I can't recall,
when Something Not Right
caught our attention.
It was Storm.
She writhed and flipped,
attached to the lights
somehow; I thought
the cord was strangling her.
Dad jumped up.
Mom jumped up.
Storm jumped around
trying desperately
to free herself, like
the one fish I had hooked
that wasn't a catfish
at my grandparents' house.
That fish, too, had
flailed futilely. ...

Simple beauty

BY ALEXIS PALMER

Black River High School, Grade 9

I sit on my window sill
Listening to the thunder rumble through the air.
In the glimpse of light produced
By the flickering lightning
I watch the drizzling rain drops
Transform into sheets of pouring rain.
Dark, unforgiving clouds
Replace the twinkling stars.
The sky's grayish black color
Blocks the pale moon's shine.
Everything is hushed —
The wind,
The rain,
Even the thunder.
Wind brushes the leaves of trees.
The rain lands on the grass below,
Thunder rolls away.
I begin to wonder how things so plain,
So simple,
Can be so beautiful,
Elegant
And mysterious.
I may never know.
I accept this fact
For if I knew;
Wouldn't that take away
The mysterious feel?

YWP thanks Jonah Ibson's Language Arts classes at Waits River Valley School for assisting with this week's selection process.

If only

BY NOAH KAHAN

Frances C. Richmond Middle School, Grade 7

Sometimes
As I look at my white walls.
Tears streaming down my cheeks
I smile
And think of the little things.
Dancing in the rain
Watching her smile
As the drops fall softer
And a mist spreads across the air.
I think of the little things
Like watching him laugh
As we run down the sidewalk
Screaming in laughter
Not
Caring
What
Was
Happening.
And the world just keeps turning
And the time keeps going
And I see these memories fade
Like the mist
Like the laughter
Like my tears.

NEXT PROMPT

Cold. Hate it? Love it? Write about an experience you have had with cold. *Alternate: Rules.* What is the silliest or most pointless rule you have encountered? Tell a story about how you got around it or got it changed. **Due Friday.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org

Snowmobiling

BY ABIGAIL SMITH

Frances C. Richmond Middle School, Grade 7

I ride through the sugar-coated woods,
a wonderland of enchantment.
Everything seems unreal.
I go beneath the trees,
rattling their branches.
I too
am coated in sugar.
I stop
and lift my face mask
revealing the magic of the moment.
The crisp winter air
pricks my cheeks.
It is silent —
The frozen streams
still the forest.
I begin to hear the subtle rumble
of my brother's sled
creeping up behind me.
It was nice to be able to admire the life of the forest
even if only for a moment.