

# Your handwriting looks like summertime

By KATY TURNER

Bellows Free Academy, St. Albans, Grade 11

I do not know who you wrote those cartas for and I think it doesn't matter

right? — I think there's a bloody lot that doesn't matter

but even so I sipped on the anonymity that laced the letters' bodies, the secret stolen notes you hid among the corpses of words we all used to speak

(not corpses though, since they are alive, so alive and breathing even when you pressed your palms atop their chests and you whispered I'm sorry, I'm sorry, and they reminded you of augustnights and april mornings when you couldn't sleep)

we all used to etch them in hopes we wouldn't say more than we were supposed to;

when you speak too much you feel too little and weren't we all so afraid of that? weren't we all so lonely in our company? happy in our tragedies? and weren't we muses for the ink not the other way around? and it took over took control of everything except our eyes, and even so you let them open, let them shut and let them cry, and I wrote about that, too.

## Characters' feelings

By OWEN PELKEY

St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 4

We have feelings and animals have feelings too. Why can't characters have feelings?

I'd say Snow White sometimes feels happy, ecstatic, other times dejected. She sometimes craves something.

Cinderella sometimes feels happy, other times sad, depressed or excited. The Little Mermaid might sometimes feels happy, excited, sad.

Everyone has feelings, even animated people!

## Care

By INDIA HARVEY

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

I spend my winters warm by the fire While soldiers are in their army attire.

After a long day I go to bed

While soldiers go to sleep not properly fed.

They stay out in the cold and fight for us all

They are the ones who keep our country standing tall.

I don't think we appreciate how much they do

What they have to go through

I don't think many people even have a clue.

They fight for their lives like there is no tomorrow

Sometimes if they don't it brings their family sorrow.

We should know what it feels like for we are all connected

If anything happens to them we should all be affected.

We are sisters and we are brothers

We are supposed to help out each other.

They are helping us in god-knows-where

Now help them out by starting to care.



## THIS WEEK: General Writing

Each week students respond to prompts provided by Young Writers Project. Best work is submitted to [youngwritersproject.org](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://youngwritersproject.org) for details of the upcoming forums that begin in March.

The sessions are free.

## Swimmy powers

By NIKKI FROEBEL

BFA Fairfax, Grade 8

I would like to be able to breathe under water because then I could go into the ocean for hours to clear my head. If I wanted to go swim with the fishies and dolphins, I could.

It would be cool to just dive into the ocean with a light like a flashlight and go down near the bottom to see all the water animals. I would love to have that power and go swimming all day. Also, I could work for people who go underwater and discover new animals and objects. I wouldn't need an air tank.

*Thanks to Jonah Ibson's Language Arts students at Waits River Valley School who helped with this week's selection process.*

## Duffy Road

By BAILY CRAWFORD

Milton High School, Grade 11

I was twelve years old when I first met the farm at the end of Duffy Road. Since then we have fallen in love, and it has saved my life on numerous occasions.

It was Easter morning four years ago. The haze I see when I picture it now probably wasn't actually there — I've never seen that kind of fog outside my dreams and distant memories — but it gives the setting a mythical quality I must have subconsciously edited in to create a dramatic effect, significant enough to the importance of the moment.

My dad took my brother and I on a walk together while my mom was cooking a ham. I don't remember the exact point in the draw-out, disheveled divorce my brother and I were tiptoeing through at the time, but I do remember I was already turning rigid in the presence of my father alone. And I had already become frustrated with my brother's airy indifference. His footsteps parading through the puddles in an aloof simplicity that was already enviable to my heavy twelve-year-old conscience.

Duffy Road is precisely two point five miles long. I discovered that a couple years after meeting it, when looking for a five mile loop to run during track season. It stretches out behind my neighborhood and twists shallowly into the mountains. In its final curve it traces a small field, and comes to an abrupt halt at the foot of a very modest silo.

That morning the three of us introduced ourselves to the farm at the end of Duffy Road. My father brought us to watch the horses grazing in the shade of the barn. He rambled, and they trotted and listened with me. A white mare made eye contact with me. I was in love.

I visited that silo every day of the April vacation that followed that Easter. And hundreds upon hundreds of times following it. The silo stood in the rain along with me when I ran away. It protected me. The horses know my darkest secrets. They forgave me. That farm has been my escape, and Duffy Road has guided me home more times than I can count.

I find myself very lucky to have a savior as tangible as an actual place. My relationship with my father has distorted further, repaired itself, and distorted again, but two point five miles away I can always find a small patch of untainted peace. I have never met the owners of the property or discovered the names of the horses. But both are irrelevant and almost threatening to the sustenance of my secluded dreamland. My heart is bisected by Duffy Road, at the bottom, a modest silo.

## LAZY DAY



Emy Geer, Essex High School, Grade 12

## I envy the ground

By LIZA DUCHESNEAU

Milton High School, Grade 11

I envy the ground

For being so solid

For being so dominant

In not only its own life, but the lives surrounding

I envy the ground

For being so giving

For being so kind

But not holding grudges

I envy

the ground

For its knowledge

For being the muse

And for being so influential

I envy the ground

For not getting cocky

For being consistent

And for staying down to earth

I envy the ground

For its talent of discipline

For showing who's boss

Without taking sides

I envy the ground

For seeing it all

For keeping the secrets

And for protecting the lives

Of those who have done nothing but harm

## Wintertime

By GRACE BATES

St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 4

Snowman way up high

Everyone cozy and warm

Cocoa ready and hot!

### 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 had it changed. **Due Friday.**

Submit at:

[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

## 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.