

## Ouch!

By Quinn Kimball  
*Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6*  
 The pass,  
 The dive,  
 Ouch!  
 Spitting blood,  
 Walking fast,  
 Ouch!  
 Sitting,  
 Panting,  
 Ouch!  
 Driving,  
 Talking,  
 Ouch!  
 Emergency,  
 Stitches,  
 Ouch!  
 Black,  
 What happened?  
 Ouch!

## My two-toned poem

By Chelby Nystrom  
*Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 8*  
 I see my personality as two colors,  
 The first of which is bright, neon blue!  
 Out there and fearsome  
 As quick and bubbly as a thousand bouncy balls!  
 My friends see me as goofy and jittery.  
 I am sparkling and cheerful,  
 Bold and brilliant.  
 Then there is my other color:  
 Soft, leafy green.  
 A color straight out of nature.  
 Mellow and quiet,  
 Calm and considerate.  
 Nice and relaxed,  
 Tired and refreshed.  
 All at once...  
 Like I just dived into an icy, chill pool of clear water,  
 So calm and cool...  
 These are my two colors  
 Bright, eye-catching blue,  
 and light, airy, calm green.

## Black and green

By Haley Hopkins  
*Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9*  
 Green, like feeling happy  
 To brighten up your day  
 Green that always smiles  
 even when nothing could be worse.  
 Black, like emptiness  
 The color of my soul  
 Sadness  
 Anger  
 And nothing at all.  
 Green is the better side  
 The side I show the world.  
 Black I keep hidden  
 Like the shadows of my heart  
 Deep inside me  
 Furious from the start.



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds *online classrooms* for schools and after-school programs. For more: [ywpvt.net](http://ywpvt.net). To read about the project: [ywpblog.ywpvt.net](http://ywpblog.ywpvt.net)

## MARK YOUR CALENDARS MARCH 17, 2009 Vermont Writes Day II

YWP is encouraging schools, teachers, students and professional writers to take seven minutes out to write in school. For suggested prompts and more information, go to:  
[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

## Biking

By Nate Greene  
*Dummerston Middle School, Grade 7*  
 In the summer of 2008 I went mountain biking with Dak, our instructor, at the Putney Grammar School. We built jumps and gullies and also made the famous mud bog. Our group made up a competition to see who could get the farthest in the mud. We started at the top of a 15-foot hill down to the mud. I flipped over and planted my face in the mud. My clothes and face were covered from head to toe. My first impression of my face was that I looked like the mud man, a.k.a. "The Thing," the super hero.  
 Then we all went to the swimming hole down the road. All the muddy people were at the front when a car passed by. It was an ambulance. The attendants hopped out to see if we were OK, but before they got to where we were we jumped off our bikes and jumped 20 feet to the water. The rescue attendants yelled and ran to the edge. One tripped and fell. While we were joking, to our surprise it was the ambulance driver who fell into the water.  
 After that day we said it was the most pleasant ride we ever had.

## Figure skating

By Chloe Burkette  
*Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5*  
 Gliding like a dream  
 across the shiny, icy rink  
 skating sets me free

## The dust bowl

By Jessica Young  
*Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9*  
 Baby Elizabeth says, "Scary."  
 Mama agrees, saying, "Very."  
 The cloud is like a boom of thunder.  
 Rumbling toward them with no mercy.  
 Mama takes her inside, searching for something to hide under.  
 She wets down a sheet and yells to her boy Percy.  
 "Mama, what about the farm?"  
 "Percy, we can't protect it from the dust."  
 "If he doesn't cover up, the dust will cause harm."

"Percy, hold this over your faces. You must."  
 They sit there in silence as if playing hide and go seek.  
 The enormous cloud envelopes the house and the land.  
 When it stills, it is like a ghost town.  
 "Mama, will Daddy be OK?"  
 Mama just looks at Percy and frowns.

## Heroes

By Eden Hubert  
*Dover Elementary School, Grade 6*  
 So many marches.  
 Such a long time.  
 Slaving away in the hot sun,  
 song after song,  
 prayer after prayer,  
 day after day.  
 The thought of freedom is the only thing keeping them working all day long in the hot sun.  
 And then, to see a black man elected president of the USA,  
 It's unbelievable.  
 A man who will bring change and history to America.  
 He has a long road ahead of him,  
 But America is ready for Barack Obama.

## Dull

By Linnea Eddy  
*Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 4*  
 Boredom is  
 As gray as a rock  
 Slumping all around.

## The border crossing

By Zachary Merriam  
*Benson Village School, Grade 7*  
 "Grandma, how much longer is it to Virginia?" I asked. "About 16 hours," she replied. This trip was before Thanksgiving. We were going to Richmond, Virginia and I was getting really bored.  
 We left at 6:00 a.m. to see my uncle Johnny and my two cousins, Simian and Evan. I couldn't wait to see them.  
 When we got to Maryland I was so excited because I knew the president lives near there.

I wondered if I would see him. I couldn't wait to see the ocean. I had never seen the ocean before except in movies. I had never been so far away from home.  
 We went through so many towns and saw so many cool stores, over small bridges and big ones too. When we got to Virginia, I was so tired that I passed on supper and ice cream.  
 That was my favorite time I ever had crossing so many borders.

## Your eyes comment on the show of life

By Melissa Ayn Soule  
*Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 10*  
 The odd roundness to the vowels is what makes me turn;  
 "Hello."  
 And then words scramble round and round  
 Somehow missing that crucial synapse where they make sense.  
 Haha. Sense.  
 "What?"  
 That couldn't possibly have been out loud.  
 But now I'm caught in ocean eyes  
 Grinning at me like drowning chasms  
 Horribly wonderful.  
 My heartbeat pounds a soundtrack to my approaching demise.  
 Adrenaline infuses the moment  
 Pulsing through the seconds that pass  
 Too slow.  
 Blank as I survey maritime wonders  
 Gaping...  
 "Um, so..."  
 Wait.  
 Was that a catch of voice?  
 As nerves give way to a normal pace I step back.  
 See the way his fingers scrabble for purchase.  
 The frantic inner commentary settles to a distant chirp  
 Someone else's memory.  
 Smile, dear.  
 "Hi."

## Yellow and blue

By Samantha Russ  
*Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9*  
 Today I could be bright yellow,  
 happy, smiling, and mellow.  
 Or even bouncy, bold, and electric,  
 having fun with my friends, and just hanging out.  
 Or maybe I'll be a blue, a dark dreary blue.  
 Tired, lonely, careless and just blue,  
 just want to be alone.  
 Those are some of my colors!