

# The Sea Said

**By Lauren King**  
*Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 9*  
 "I am busy," said the sea.  
 "I am busy making waves to shape the land's coast."  
 "I am busy holding many among all my seas."  
 "I am busy tossing shells to make the beach's sand."  
 "I am busy with movement as creatures live within me."  
 "I am busy with ocean spray coming from within me."  
 "I am busy being all, the one and mighty source."  
 "I am busy always watching, the world was started with me."  
 "I am busy," said the sea,  
 "and I shall always be."

# Myopia

**By Grady James Farnum Rendino**  
*Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 10*  
 I cycle through all the colors, one by one.  
 Bringing forth memories — Legos, cherry red (too few for the pyramid).  
 My first science project (mine!), green, meaning life.  
 Purple (mountains majesty) for my sister.  
 The yellow (that I never saw in the real sun) from all the storybooks.  
 Orange, mixed in tupperware (the perfect name for such an odd shade).  
 Blues, two; my very first school folder, and later, her favorite.  
 ... I never really came into contact with black or gray until I met the goths.  
 But that's just it — I'm cycling —  
 The colors won't stop coming now  
 Whirling by, faster than I can track  
 (but I'm not spinning (yet))  
 Nothing makes sense anymore  
 (someone spiked the punch of life)  
 Everything retires, fading from view  
 (at least it stopped spinning).  
 But now I'm swimming in a sea of myopia  
 My lifeboats — gravity, clarity, motor skills, even reality —  
 All betray me for another.  
 I drown.  
 My mind's palette finally fails  
 to paint your face.

# Bitter cold

**By Alyssa Saunders**  
*Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 4*  
 The cold weather is bitter!  
 The stuff in my nose is freezing!  
 The cold weather is not very pleasing!  
 When I woke up I pulled the covers  
 Over my head and shivered!  
 Oh, no! The cold weather is freezing!



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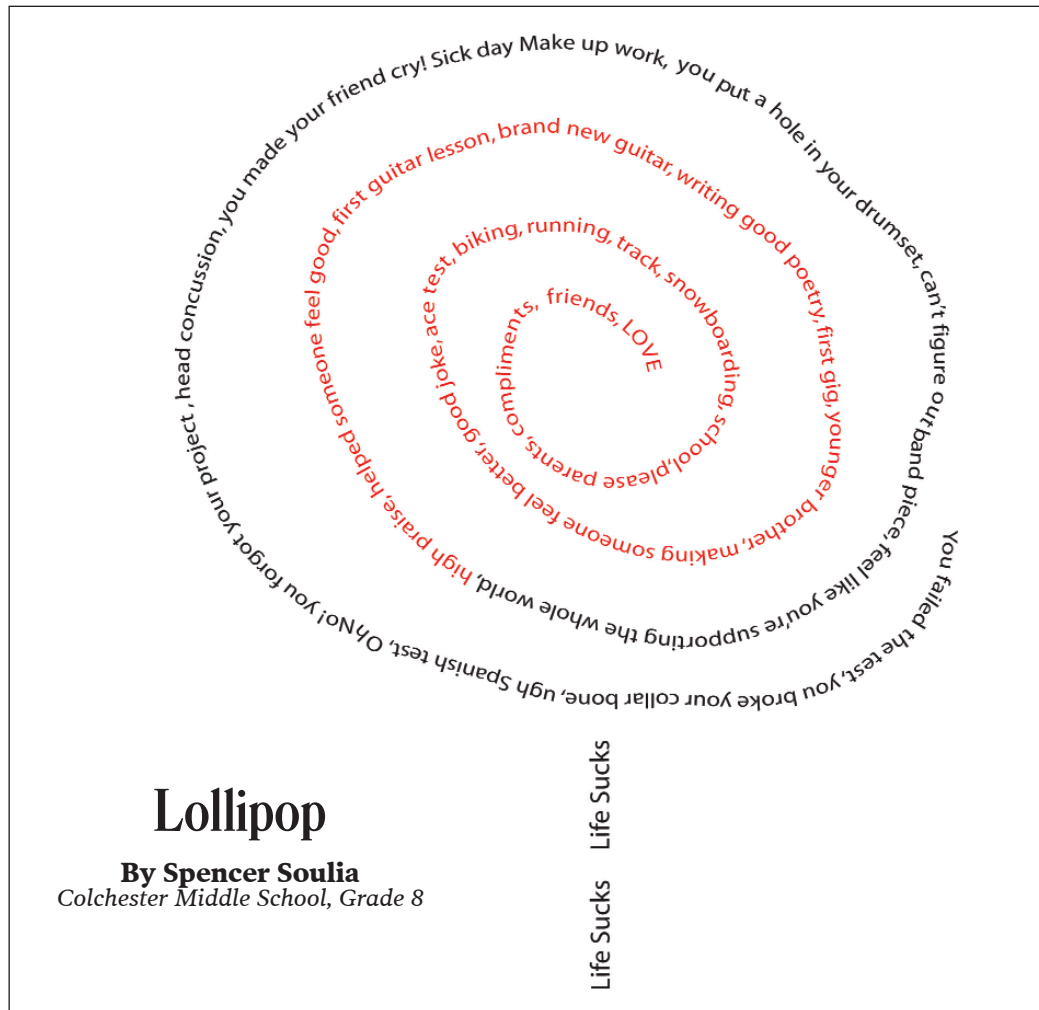
## MARK YOUR

## 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)



# Lollipop

**By Spencer Soulia**  
*Colchester Middle School, Grade 8*

Life Sucks  
 Life Sucks

# Secrets

**By Tess Jutras**  
*Browns River Middle School, Grade 6*  
 My deepest, darkest secrets,  
 I hardly ever tell,  
 My deepest, darkest secrets,  
 Are all in my head as well.  
 Maybe I will tell them,  
 I don't know if I will say,  
 Oh, maybe I will tell them,  
 Just give them all away.  
 I wonder when I will tell them,  
 Or how I will say,  
 So listen very carefully,  
 Every single day.

# Buster's ending

**By Aaron West**  
*Shelburne Community School, Grade 4*  
 When I was three I had a dog that was brown as a big old bear. I loved him so much. He was my only friend. I loved to ride him like the wind. And I loved the way I could lie on him like a big pillow!! He felt like a velvet blanket that was softer than the moon. He sounded more peaceful than a clock ticking.  
 But my most favorite thing of all was playing ball with him. When I threw the ball I imagined he was Big PAPI and I was Josh Beckett. Even though I could only throw the ball five feet he ran like a speeding bullet.  
 One day Mom came over and said,

"Aaron, we have to give Buster away." I was so sad I felt like I cried a whole pool of water. I asked why. Mom said, "He is just too hyper."

"Mom, I don't want to give him away. I can train him to do anything. I just want to keep him."

A few days later we drove for hours. The car was barely big enough so we were all crammed in three seats. We were hungry so we stopped to get a hot dog, then kept going. Buster's head was flying in the wind out the window. He looked like a blur we were going so fast. And his eyes were the best shade of blue -- bluer than the biggest blue sea.

When we finally arrived the man was there. I didn't think he was going to take very good care of Buster but he was outside raking leaves. Mom said Buster would love his new home because they had two yellow labs. On our way home Mom and I cried the whole way. My Dad said he would be OK. I knew he would but I just couldn't let my best friend go away forever. Still, I had to let his velvet soft fur go and his peaceful ticking — even more peaceful than a clock's ticking. When we got home we finally stopped crying. I asked Mom, "Will we ever see him again?"

"Probably not," Mom said.

Now Buster lives in France, I think. I don't get to talk about him much but I still love him.

# Listen

**By Lynn Chlumecky**  
*Hinesburg Community School, Grade 7*

Listen to what I've got to say  
 It may be important  
 It may not be  
 But I must tell you anyway  
 I can hear things that others cannot  
 Like how the wind whispers to me in sleep.  
 Or how kids on the bus seem to have one loud voice  
 If you listen hard enough  
 The fish in the stream talk to me  
 Just like two old friends  
 The conversations are joyful  
 I wish they would never end  
 The far-off birds call to me  
 Way up in the sky  
 If you listen hard enough  
 You can hear their soft whisper  
 Whispering secrets of unknown  
 Known to those of nature  
 Known to those who have been told  
 If you think I'm really crazy  
 Sit outside on the ground one day  
 Don't do anything, listen hard  
 And a worm just might have something to say.

More writing at:  
[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)