

People

BY OLIVIA BLOOMER

Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7
Some people are like butterflies
They flit across a crowd
Others are like roaring waves
Reckless and loud
Some people are like rivers
Following the sea
What a boring world it would be
If we were all the same
I think we can all agree.

That's what love feels like

BY MARLEY ZOLLMAN

Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7
What is love?
I can't be sure.
I can honestly say
I have never truly experienced the joy it brings.
Having someone to hold hands with,
To be yourself around, and to say
That you have someone special to be with.
I look at love;
It's all around me, how can I not
Be engulfed by it?
Just dancing all around me,
Taunting me.
I want it.
I want to have the cheerfulness it
Brings its victims,
Victims of brutal, crushing love. Yet sometimes,
Such soft feelings of emotions pour out,
Pure happiness which I am in pursuit of.
Deep pools of love; I just want to jump in.
Sweet, airy love that makes
The world just a little
Brighter and makes the birds sing even lovelier
Than they ever have before.
The flowers bloom brighter,
The golden sun light shines
And you feel just about the happiest
Person in the whole world.
And I am pretty sure
That's what love feels like.

Time

BY MARLAYNA RHEAUME

Benson Village School, Grade 8
Time goes by so fast.
The hands fly by.
They look like blurs.
People are aging.
The wars are ending.
Peace is coming.
The ice is melting.
Oil is running out.
Technology is changing.
Making the world
A smaller place.
Making the world
A better place
For us to live.

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.

Broken heart

BY ROBERT KNOX

Rutland High School, Grade 12
The shattered pieces
Hit the ground again
And again you pick them up
And think that it will
Never be fixed
But then someone new comes along
And all the pieces fall back into place
Only to be shattered once again.

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!

Figure skating

BY CHLOE BURKETTE

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

Driving

BY PARKER WRIGHT

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8
I was ice fishing the other day with my dad and one of his friends. My dad's friend asked me if I wanted to learn how to drive. I said Sure. There wasn't anything to hit since we were in the middle of a lake and there wasn't anyone else out there. And there were two and a half feet of ice so I wasn't worried about falling through. He told me, "Hold on to the clutch and turn the key, then slowly release the clutch and press in the gas."

"What happened?"

"You stalled it."

I tried at least six more times before I finally got it. After a hundred yards he told me to turn around. When I turned I went straight into a two or three foot snow drift and got stuck. Then my dad had to drive over and pull us out with his truck. That was a good, new experience.

Unwelcome

BY RENATE ISVAK

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8
Sometimes people will ask me things that I don't want to answer.
What if I don't want to tell you?
What if I want to keep it to myself?
What if I don't want to lie to you?
What if I tell you the truth?
What if I end up telling you but it was a rhetorical question?
What if I am silent and you expect an answer?
What if I think it's not an obligation to tell you?
What if I don't think answering is mandatory?
I ask myself these things as you ask me.
You have probably asked that question ten or twelve times.
But you know what?
I am just going to wait.
And wait,
And wait.
For if I am silent long enough, you might figure out that your question is unwelcome.

Dull

BY LINNEA EDDY

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

Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains youngwritersproject.org, a civil, online community for students; and builds online classrooms for schools. For more see: ywpvt.net or ywpblog.ywpvt.net



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Vermont Writes Day II

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Listen

BY MARY REED RACKLIFF

Barre Town Middle School, Grade 6

Listen
to the roaring water
above you.
See
the animals high
in the trees
and low on the ground.
You
are in
the rain forest.
Oh, no!
You see a hungry leopard
the vines tangle you up.
The leopard is getting
closer.
The vines seem to just
let go of you.
Run!
You jump into the water
just as
the leopard
catches up!
You are safe.
A turtle floats past you
on its back,
sleeping.
A sloth is nearby,
chomping
on a fresh green leaf.
It is peaceful.
Nothing to harm you.
Look
at all of the birds
high in the trees
bright and colorful.
Listen
to the rainfall
around you.

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