

Emotions

By Colleen Banister-Garvey
SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

I feel scared, scared about what might happen to my future. I started out so sure of what I wanted to do, but now I don't know. I've left my family and everything I know behind. But in return I get to live with people I want to live with.

I feel ashamed of how I've led my life so far, pushing people away, making everyone angry at me when I shouldn't have. Because now I have no one. I've hurt people to a point where I can feel the pain I have inflicted upon them. My heart has been broken too many times and it cannot be mended, it will take a long time to heal.

I feel angry — angry at the world for not listening. I feel angry at my parents for not understanding how I feel and what I believe is important. I'm angry at myself for making my life a living hell when it could have been close to heaven. I have had enough and I just want to be happy.

Grand slam baseball

By Michael S.
MORRISTOWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GRADE 5

I am really good at baseball. I love batting. My nickname is Ice Cream Man because during one game my mom said that if I won I would get ice cream and that game I hit a home run. Because of that home run my team won and every game after that when someone called me Ice Cream Man we won. That year I practiced so hard and long and it paid off. In the last game I hit a GRAND SLAM.

Night haunt

By Rosalea Grout
SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

As my eyes start to shut
I fling them open again
I'm not ready to fall into
darkness yet
because you're hiding deep
within the thoughts that rip
me apart every time I sleep
I wish you would just
Leave me alone
But you haunt me every night.

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 when 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.

Shouldn't

By Marlena Baker

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Just because you can't sing
Doesn't mean you shouldn't.
Just because you can't dance
Doesn't mean you shouldn't.
Just because you can't love
Doesn't mean you shouldn't.
The negatives in life should never let you down.

Listen

By Lynn Chlumecky

HINESBURG COMMUNITY SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Listen to what I've got to say
It may be important
It may be not
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

Accident (Excerpt)

By Gabe Otter

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Torrents of rain pelted the car like stray bullets. The windshield may as well have been frosted over in an inch of ice, for the steady stream of water pouring down it revealed only a blur of distorted shapes. To the left and right were thick conifers, such deep emerald hues, drinking up the much-needed moisture. Menacing, coal thunderheads filled the sky. The dashboard's neon lights eerily bathed a thin, freckled face in a dim maroon. Hooded eyes stared blankly at the road. The faint noise of the radio rumbled through the car's stereo and blended with the roar of the engine. The eyes glanced to the right, catching a flash of bright light in their peripheral vision.

Before Gordon knew it, an army of wailing ambulances and fire trucks went screaming past; the shock sent Gordon's blood pumping through his body at double its normal rate. He held his breath. As he veered around a sharp corner, the sirens and flashing lights still ahead, he knew something was very wrong. Matt's phone not answering; the ambulances. Gordon started to panic, and kept driving, hesitantly.

The emergency vehicles had stopped just a quarter mile ahead. ... He parked his car thirty yards behind a red ambulance and got out into the relentless downpour, leaving his jacket in the car. Looking down the line of stationary vehicles, searching for someone to talk to, Gordon walked briskly. He found a group of policemen standing in blinding yellow jackets. They exchanged shouts through the sheets of rain, then Gordon continued down the flashing line of trucks. ...Gordon broke into a jog. Craning his neck over the heads, he saw the wreckage.

A mud-caked red Toyota — Matt's — looked less like an automobile and more like a crumpled ball of paper. It hugged an oak tightly to its hood from which billowed dark, black smoke. Millions of shattered glass pieces were strewn across the soggy dirt road, sparkling with drops of water. Every window ... was smashed. Completely. Gordon ventured closer, could that be? A limp, pinkish shape hung over the edge of the passenger window, streams of deep red trickled down it. It was a hand. The ring finger of which had a big, twinkling gold ring fit snugly around it.

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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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