

# Week 24: “Pride;” “That is the Last Time I Will Ever...”

## A dilly of a dolly

By Emily Patch

RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

It was a long and tiring night. My mom and I were coming home from a long day at school or in her case work. Our home was being remodeled and the carpets were all up in our living room. All of the furniture was taken out of the living room in anticipation for the new wood floor, and all that remained was plywood for flooring. There was one thing in that room though; a bright red furniture dolly.

The little distraction of the red coming in the door gave me what I thought would be a good idea. I put down my jacket and ran up to it calling my mom over.

“Hey Mom! Push me on the dolly! It looks like so much fun!” I said.

“OK, but only if you push me after!” she replied.

With that, I got on the dolly facing out and waited for her to push me. I went across the whole 30 feet of my living room before she stopped. I got off and waited for my mom to get on the dolly for her turn. She turned around and got on it so she was facing me, and then I started pushing her.

“Faster! Faster!” she said enthusiastically.

How could I resist? I went faster. When we came to the end of the living room, I stopped the dolly, but mom didn’t stop. She didn’t step back to balance herself and she flew. Mom landed right on her back as if she were making a snow angel, and I ran up to her frantically worried that she had broken something. When I asked her whether she was OK, or whether I needed to call help, all she did was start laughing hysterically. She couldn’t stop laughing for a really long time even though I was still worried. When she had finally finished her laughter, I helped her get up. She was a little bruised, but she enjoyed the ride.

I will tell you one thing for sure; that is the last time that I will ever push my mom on a furniture dolly.



## CHILLING BEAUTY

Samantha Owen, a senior at Essex High School, says this about her photo project: “Winter can be a very interesting season when it snows. I used the snow in my photos to show the beauty and detail in nature that might be overlooked otherwise. The sparkling snow can be seen as a single snowflake or in masses that cover trees, mimicking the exact lines of the branches. I decided to take the original colors out of the photos and use a sepia tone because this seemed to bring out the photos’ features. I really wanted to share the different aspects and angles of winter that many people miss.”

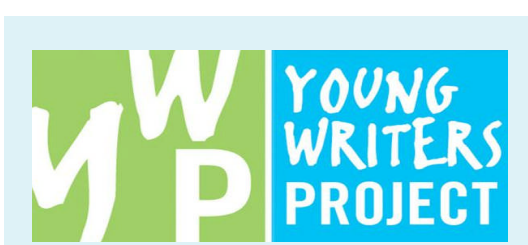


## The wisest child

By HANNA KINGSTON

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 9

The little child with the emerald eyes  
He lies in the grass and looks up at the sky  
And he sees not the moon nor the stars or the sun  
He sees empty space for him to fly  
He knows that a star is a great thing to be  
But he fears not the others who want destiny  
For stars are small and the heavens large  
And there’s room for us all to be seen



YWP is a grassroots nonprofit that helps students write better and gain an audience for their best work. YWP offers writing prompts, special projects and a safe Web site, [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), where students share their writing, comment on the news and each other’s work, participate in group discussions and work on projects. YWP is indebted to the generosity of the Vermont Business Roundtable which is funding its core work for the second year.



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CHAMPLAIN COLLEGE  
WRITING CONFERENCE

Don’t miss out on this year’s CC Young Vermont Writers’ Conference. Held on Memorial Day weekend, this conference is a great experience. **Deadline for applications is April 1.** Go to: [www.champlain.edu/write/](http://www.champlain.edu/write/) for more information and application forms. Or call: (802) 865-6451

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at

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

**CHANGE YOUR HIGH SCHOOL!** A special challenge on the site: Tell us one thing you’d change to improve your high school. Your voice matters: Educational leaders and the Vermont Principals Association are developing a program aimed at helping students get more voice in school decisions and curriculum. Your voice will help focus that project.

## That is the last time I make that mistake

By MIRANDA AXWORTHY | ESSEX HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

The distorted guitars and hardcore screams of metal blasted into my ears as I felt my ribs being slowly crushed. The people around me had decided to cram me into a space that was half my size, and they were relentless about keeping me there. The flow of the crowd was moving to the right and I had no choice but to go with them. I wasn’t even sure if my feet were on the ground anymore. In any case, I was completely at the mercy of the metal heads around me.

I sang as many of the words as possible by figuring out how the song was going. I had never actually listened to this band, but blending in was for my own safety. If the others in the crowd knew I wasn’t really into metal, I was doomed. As it was, I wasn’t quite sure if it was possible to survive the show. I suddenly realized that I couldn’t breathe, so I used all of my strength to push myself away from the guy in front of me so I could snatch a couple of quick breaths, but, almost immediately, the crowd shoved me back to suffocating.

Just as I was sure that things couldn’t get any worse, someone landed on me. You got it: crowd surfers. Oh, how I hate them. My neck was bent into an awkward position as the bouncers tried to get the guy off of the crowd. After what felt like forever, he was gone. I straightened up quickly, not wanting to be caught off guard again, but barely a minute had gone by, when there was another one. My face was pressed into someone’s back, and I couldn’t breathe for a few panicked moments, but then the weight lifted and air returned to my starving lungs.

The second song was ending. How many did they have? I was sure it couldn’t be more than

five, since they only had a half-hour set, but I didn’t know if I could last. The only reason I was there was because one of my favorite bands was next. After the fourth song, I heard the singer stop to talk. Unfortunately, this didn’t calm anyone down. I started listening to what he was saying.

“So, I’m sure you all have heard of something called...” he paused for effect before shouting, “THE WALL OF DEATH!”

Oh, no, I thought, although I had no idea what the wall of death was. I’m dead. I’m gonna die. Oh, I am so doomed.

As what could have been my last thoughts raced through my mind, a huge space opened up in the crowd, right next to me. I turned toward it and my eyes went wide as I realized what would happen. When the band started playing again, everyone was going to rush each other. The name didn’t help with the vivid image in my head. I turned desperately to the guy next to me.

“Get me out of here, man,” I begged. “I’m serious, I’m gonna get killed.”

He grinned and got me out of harm’s way, although I did receive some of the aftershock.

When the set finally ended and the band I wanted to see had played their time, I hurried out of the crowd and searched for my best friend, who had gotten separated from me. I hoped she was OK.

When I found her, we swapped stories. We agreed that it had been among the most fun, and most terrifying, experiences of our lives. Although it had been amazing, I made a mental note: That was the last time I was going to be in the second row of a metal concert.

## That’s the last time for an unscheduled nap

By BRIANA PATTEN | Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9

I had just come back from my basketball game that was two hours away, and after having one sub throughout the whole game, I was wiped out. Annoyingly enough, I had about two hours of homework, and three tests to study for, but I knew there was no way I could think until I got some sleep.

“Maybe I’ll just take a little nap, then get to work after.” Without taking a shower or turning off my light, I collapsed on my bed, and as I was falling asleep, I thought to myself, “O.K, I’ll just wake up in an hour and get the job done.” Obviously I didn’t wake up in an hour, and the next

thing I knew the faint sound of my radio alarm was coming into focus. I forced myself to open an eye and to my dismay found out it had been going off for 20 minutes. “Aw, man.” I scrambled into the shower and was back out before I knew it. There was now 20 minutes before we had to leave and still I hadn’t done any homework, eaten breakfast, or gotten my basketball stuff together. With a soaking wet head, I rushed to the car and we drove off to school. Of course I was late, and as I was getting my pass, I couldn’t help but think, “That is the last time I will ever ‘take a nap’ before I do homework.”

## What kind?

By RYAN CASSIDY

Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9

What kind of pride do you have?  
Is it the kind that leaves you feeling good inside?  
Or is it the kind that makes you lose your mind?  
The kind that puts a smile on your face  
Or the kind that leads you to scold everyone in sight  
Overall, the pride that you have shows the person who you want to be  
Not the person everybody knows you to be  
Take pride in what you do  
Which can be hard to choose  
Just be the person you want to be

## Troublesome pride

By EMMA SEAVER

Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

Pride can get you into trouble.  
If you’re too proud  
You could get hurt. Being proud  
of acing your science test  
and being so proud you can’t  
apologize  
are two different things.  
You ace a science test,  
You get a pat on the back.  
You can’t say sorry  
you get your teeth kicked in.  
Pride can be dangerous.

## Last time for love

By JOHN RIKER

Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9

This is the last time I will ever Love  
It’s like a glove  
It engulfs you and surrounds you.  
It drowns you in a pool with no bottom  
It is cold  
But we keep on stroking and hoping.  
But, no, we keep choking  
Love is the boy holding your head under!  
At last you give in and you sink  
Sink to the endless depths of love.  
As you sink deeper and deeper you search for that  
hand  
At last you understand.  
Love  
Is not to be understood!