

Number 9

By Ed Dixon

Renaissance School, Grade 6

I wish I could throw a 9-pitch inning. Three strikes, three times in a row. It would be great to see the disappointment of my rival's best players after they were all struck out. But I haven't ever done that nor am I likely to, and it's no good dwelling on long lost dreams. No, that's just for nerds who dwell on the first time they got an A+. It is really hard for me to think positive; it's true and I don't like it. But I'm still thinking about nine reasons why it's better not to dwell on dreams:

1. You don't lose concentration.
2. You don't look really silly.
3. You don't get a feeling of emptiness.
4. Or hopeless longing.
5. Or depression.
6. Or disappointment.
7. You think life is worthwhile.
8. And good.
9. You don't want to die.

Number nine

By Becky Hemenway

Spaulding High School and Barre Technical Center, Grade 12

Some people say that cats have nine lives. Well, in my case, my family and I all say that my mom has nine lives. This is because my mom is very sick with cancer, and every time she ends up in the hospital the doctors say she is very lucky to make it. You know, maybe my mom really is becoming a cat; she does lie around all day sleeping on the couch.

Maybe I will come home from school one day and she will be catching some mice or birds.

Mia Hamm

By Oonagh Cavanagh

Browns River Middle School, Grade 6

She wears the number 9, black letters across her back. She gives us Americans pride and we look at her with admiration in our eyes. When her black cleats strike the ball, it's magic, fake grass and all. It's as if sparks should fly off the end of her toes. The ball hits the net, everyone hears it. People wonder How. Number 9. 158 goals, more than anyone else. Ever. Mia Hamm.



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains 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. To read about the project: ywpblog.ywpvt.net

My lucky number 9

By Joshua Ravenscroft

Albert D. Lawton School, Grade 6

The number nine is mostly mine, I have it with me all the time I feel its presence in my heart, Giving my confidence a jumping start Although some find it strange, I am not very likely to change When I have it I'll do fine, Just me and my lucky number nine.

Wearing No. 9

By Sophie Hale

Spaulding High School, Grade 9

The number nine, that red jersey, with a white 9. It's the number my brother wears. He's such a successful soccer player. It's his dream, the only thing he works hard for. I have never seen anyone try harder at anything. He does whatever he can to help out his team. I look up to him. We don't always get along, but he knows when it is the right time to be the bigger person, and, even though he doesn't always show it, he loves me and protects me. I have watched him through the years, on all the different teams he has played on. I've watched him with all the friends he has made. I have sat on the sidelines in my lawn chair just watching him play his heart out.

I remember a game he played against a Boston team last year at Tree Farm, in Essex. It was the first game he played in the Synergy (Football Club.) Within the first few minutes of the game he dodged four or five players on the other team and went down the field, passing back and forth to his teammate. Then he took the shot and made the first goal of the game. Everyone was cheering for him, even though he was new to the team and the parents knew little more than his name. But to see my brother out there on that field reminded me how far he has come. I sat there so proud, thinking, "Yeah, that's my brother!"

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TODAY

is

VERMONT WRITES DAY II

Join the statewide writing effort. Get your school and teacher to set aside seven minutes to write on three suggested prompts. Or join in the fun at vermontwrites.ywpvt.net

Go there to write, see the prompts or read other students' work.

Funny things

By Lauren King

Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 9

Funny things are everywhere, In the sky, or on a chair. Look around and then you'll see All the strange possibilities. A dog, a hog, a log — Oh, my. These would be funny to see in the sky. They may seem normal when seen at first, Until they are given a sudden burst. Up they go so very high, It's almost as if they could fly. Then you see a plane or a train Looking as if it is quite strained. Why is it strained? you may ask. Then you see it is balanced on a chair of glass. So strange they all seem, so out of place, It's like they are missing their very base, Put where they are not supposed to be, Making them look quite funny.

("Funny things are everywhere," from "One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish," by Dr. Seuss)

Broken promises

By Braeden Hughes

Westford School, Grade 8

While the wind turns the pages of the rain she sits by the fire in a cozy nook reading someone else's sorrow and pain turning pages of a luring book feeling agony of the slain, but somehow detached taking a faraway look separated by a pane made not of glass, but promises mistook

("While the wind turns the pages of the rain," from "A Rainy Morning," by Ted Kooser)

DEADLINE APPROACHING!

Don't miss the Champlain College

Young Writers' Conference, May 29-31.

Applications due: APRIL 1.

More at: www.champlain.edu/Young-Writers-Conference.html

GENERAL WRITING

Why I Write

By Ariel Engel

Essex High School, Grade 11

As someone
A few computers down asks,
"Why do I write?"
I ask myself.
Why do I write?
Am I making a
Difference
With my words?
Does anybody listen
Anymore?
Teens are mostly
Watching TV,
Playing sports,
Doing homework,
Or working at Hannafords.
I'm writing.
Is it because
I feel obligated
To let others know
Just what I feel?
Is it because
I no longer
Play in the band,
Run around the field,
Decline and conjugate and translate?
Why?
Is this
How I express
Myself
Best?
Because I can't draw,
I can't write lyrics
Or music
Or even sing well?
No.
I think I write
Because
Writing is cathartic.
At the end of the day,
Everyone is human
And everyone has
The same problems.
We're one.
I can relate to someone
I've never met,
Someone who lived
Hundreds of years ago.
Reading the work
Of other writers,
I can think about
Nature,
The city,
Theories and
Metaphors.
And humanity.
I can forget
What's wrong now
And reflect
On what could be wrong,
What has been wrong,
What will be wrong.
I can marvel
At the words of others
Just as I hope
That someday,
People will marvel at mine.
This is why I write.