

9-9-09

By **ALYSEN SMITH**
Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 8
9-9-09.

To many people,
Those are just numbers
with which many things can be done.
But no, as fun as it sounds
to write meaningless numbers,
those particular numbers have significance
to me.
Those nines happen to be the due date
of my third cousin.
Therefore, the number nine
means quite a lot to me.

Lexi Rosen

By **LEXI ROSEN**
Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7
This is my name
It's got nine letters in it.
That must mean that it's important.
It's one less than 10
and one more than eight.
It must mean that I'm a movie star.
Me, Lexi Rosen on the Hollywood sidewalk
with my nine-letter name.
I am Lexi Rosen, a seventh-grader
not a movie star,
just a plain old person
with a plain old name,
but one day, after I finish school,
this person, this name can become
famous!

Baseball's nine

By **JIM WINSLOW**
Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 8
Nine is the number of innings in a regular
baseball game. It's arguably the most
suspenseful inning of them all. It's when
clutch hitters come out and win the game.
It's when star pitchers show their skills by
striking everyone out. It's when that last
beer is popped at parties... and later
spilled. It's when dreams are made and
crushed. It's when the crowd stands on its
feet cheering for its favorites. It's America's
pastime... It's nine.

Number 9

By **ALEXANDER LALUMIERE**
Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7

The number nine means absolutely
nothing to me. It's not in my locker combi-
nation, it's not in my street address. The
number nine means nothing to me. So I
don't care about the number nine.



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: ywp-blog.ywpvt.net

TODAY

is

VERMONT WRITES DAY

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.

Ninth best poem

By **SKYLER AMBROSE**
Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
9 is the best!
9 is the age I
was in one of
the best, best
grades: 4th! (not
too young and
not too old!)
9 is my lucky
number! Why?
well, 9 times
a fortune
cookie said so!
9 that's how many
times Smokey
can live!
(he is my cat, you know!)
September, my birth
month, is the ninth
month!
9 is the last digit in the
number line!
9 IS THE BEST!!!!

The number 9

By **ABBY HARVEY**
Christ the King School, Grade 8
9 years ago I walked through the school
doors to await another day.
I never knew that in the future that
would mean so much to me.
I was in Pre-K then. I never knew how
lucky I was to be sent to such a great
school.
Now, just a few months away from
starting high school, I'm not sure if I can do
it. Some part of me just wants to go back 9
years to naptime, snacks and toys, while
another knows I must move forward in my
life.
I hope that in 9 years, I will look back
and thank all those who have helped me
accomplish my dreams.
9 years really makes a difference.

Sun moon stars rain

By **SHANIA PERHAM**
Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
The sun shines and gives us light
The moon shows it's time to tuck our blankets
warm and tight
The stars shine and twinkle at night
The rain is falling; drip-drop, drip-drop —
What a great sight
Different weathers and different colors
That's the way of nature.
*("Sun moon stars rain" from "Anyone lived
in a pretty how town" by e.e. cummings.)*

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)*

DEADLINE NEAR!

Applications due **APRIL 1** to
attend Champlain College Young
Writers' Conference, **May 29-31**.
For more info go to:
[champlain.edu/Young-Writers-
Conference.html](http://champlain.edu/Young-Writers-Conference.html)

GENERAL WRITING

Listen, and hear us

By **CASSIE EURICH**
Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8
Listen.
What do you hear?
To those with closed hearts
and minds locked tight,
their ears are blocked,
they hear nothing.
But there are those special few
who listen,
really listen.
For everyone speaks
in their own way.
Through words in ink,
through a song,
or a riddle,
the way they act,
the things they do,
sometimes even
just the way
they look at you.
Some even dare to say aloud
what most of us
are screaming inside.
So listen,
what do you hear?
We all scream
that we are frightened,
confused people
who want protection,
who want support,
who want to fit in,
or who want to stand out.
Who want just to be told
we are important,
we are special,
we are wanted.
We scream that
surrounded by people,
we are still lonely,
we are afraid.
But to help
you must first hear the cry.
So listen,
what do you hear?
For it's not what you hear
but rather the fact
that you continue to listen,
to reach out.
So open your heart,
unlock your mind,
unplug your ears,
and listen.
What do you hear?

Sadness

By **JESSE SHIRLOCK**
Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 4
Sadness is
As pale as a teardrop
Crying outside in the cold.