

Week 26: Writing prompts — “Beginnings” and “mud”

Innocent beginning

By Courtney Perry
Bellows Falls Union High School, Grade 9

“For every new beginning,
There must be an end
This is inevitable
Though I do not know exactly when
I do know that it will happen someday, somehow
This beginning will end
I just don’t yet know how.”
You believe so completely
In the words that you say
I’ve never seen anyone
Speak quite that way
There’s no room for doubt
You have thought this all through
You’re so confident that you’re right
That no one can disagree with you.
But maybe there’s more
Than one answer this time
An alternate response
A happier rhyme
This adage may be cliché
But it’s why I’m still grinning:
“For every single ending
There’s an innocent beginning.”

Mud: The best stuff in the world

By Eden Hubert
Dover Elementary School, Grade 5

Mud, wonderful mud. Who would ever hate mud? Besides mother, I mean. The mothers are the ones who clean out the stains in their child’s favorite pair of jeans.

Mud is awesome in every kind of way. Adults always picture children in a pile of mud having fun, some little kids even eating it. But, ya know, mud is the stuff the Earth is made of. Mud, wonderful mud.

Beginnings of love

By Sarah Levine
The Grammar School, Grade 8

FINALLY
I know you feel the same way
I’ll love you forever
and a day
So buy me daisies
and kiss my lips
and watch the stars
'till away the night slips
Raise my hopes
erase my fears
climb every mountain
let loose your tears
Caress my soul
love me for me
I know you will
'cause we’ll always be
Stretch your wings
prepare to fly
'cause until forever
there’ll be you and I
A new beginning
no end in sight
the stars will smile
and hold us tight.

Getting stuck

By Theresa Glabach
Dummerston School, Grade 7

When you’re little it can be boring, hanging around a sugar house all day, every day, with nothing to do. That was when I discovered a wonder called mud! I would jump in it, trying to make the biggest splash possible; but like with everything, I wasn’t satisfied with the small puddles. I went over to the largest puddle, longing for the biggest splash ever. Then I jumped, with all I had, and watched, as the splash seemed to engulf me. I was so proud of what I had done. I took a step to begin leaving the mud, and my foot moved with ease. And I didn’t even get stuck, I thought. Of course, with my next step, my foot would not move. Just great, I thought, I’m stuck. I looked down to see how bad it was, and that was when I saw it. My foot that had moved was no longer in my boot. I yelled to my parents, but they were busy, so here came the family friend, Mark. When he saw what had happened he started laughing. He pulled me and my other boot out of the mud, and carried me inside, where I could explain what happened. Soon, I had on new socks, and my boots were as clean as possible. I headed back outside, making sure to give that puddle a wide berth; no way I was getting stuck again. Since then it seems like every mud season I get covered in mud, one way or the other, and that story is told again.

Muddy day

By Branden Taylor
Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9

You walk past a house and turn the corner to a field. The whole field is mud. You smile and run through the mud. Some of your friends show up and you all start to throw mud at each other. Everyone is dirty but no one cares. Eventually everyone stops throwing the mud and starts to make different things out of the mud. You make a mud angel while your friend makes a mud man. Your sister makes mud pies and your little brother makes a mud steak. You laugh at the fact that everyone is making mud food except for you and your buddy making the mud man. A few minutes later your parents call you in. Your mother laughs at you and, one by one, you all take a shower. But as you sit at the dinner table you just laugh because your sister made pie and your brother was eating steak. And in your dream you only dream of one thing, mud.

OVER THE TOP



KYLE BONIN, Essex High School

Observing in detail: An artist’s beginnings

By Melissa Soule • Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9

Time creeps by, each tranquil moment
Carving a deep notch in passing life
Like masterful hands divining a wooden face
Unveiling an orange sky by pulling back the cloudy blue peel.
The water, timelessly aged upon the earth
Reflecting a face much weathered by the years
The wrinkles like crevices in bark
Deep notches full of hidden life, markers of the past.
The earth, frozen in time by a brush
Immobile only partially through its yearly dance
Twinkling aged eyes of autumn
Forever gazing on garnered glories.
Watchful, the strong boat rows through calm droplets
Confidently striding in the cool friction.
Gracefully, empowered by arms strong and gnarled like the limbs overhead
Its prow a sharp knife.
Reveling in the quiet
The eerie silence a symphony to elder ears.
Noiseless, save the gentle patter of rippling wavelets
As though laughing at the distorted riot the world becomes in their path. Then, fading to calm.
Quieted, until naught but a weathered, wooden face remains
Mirthful eyes twinkling faster than any water droplet
Aged beyond recognition, yet now ageless in time
Finding new beginnings in an artist’s admiration.

Marking the beginnings

By Emma Redden • Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 10

The letter ‘t’ is the beginning of the first word of the story of my life,
written with the same zest and passion that fills my very days.
The small diamond shaped seed is the beginning of the most precious daisy in the field.
The tear slipping silently down my nose is the beginning of the realization of life’s imperfections.
The falling umber leaf is the beginning of the season of fire colors and sweaters.
The fluttering of my heartbeat is the beginning of a love that will take eternities to extinguish.
The first cry of a newborn baby is the beginning of a father’s recognition
of the meaning of a baby girl.
The first application of mascara is the beginning of a life of dainty eyelashes.
The sugar and butter sitting on my spoon is the beginning to the decadent cookie
that will soon visit my mouth.
The stroke of red paint is the beginning to a masterpiece of expression.
The falling rose petal is the beginning to the day you will never forget.
Each new breath is the beginning of the rest of your life.

Early Spring

By Bridget Iverson
Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 9

She stamps her foot like an angry child.
Fat cold tears
Run down her face
To thaw holes in her smooth white skirt
And turn the cloth to satin lace.
She spins on a heel
And her dress fans out
As she stalks to the purple sky
Tossing a glare past her thick pale hair
As her skirt drags through dark brown dye.
“You’re here too soon,” she spits in disdain
At the tall young man dressed in green.
Spring sweeps a bow to Winter’s rumped brow.
“It was time for a change of scene.”

Mud haiku

By Molly Mead
Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

Rain, drip drops on the
Softened dirt, soon to become,
Just a puddle. Mud.

Mud season

By Ryan Cassidy
Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9

Dirty disgusting mud
Oh, why are you so much fun?
Is it because it’s the beginning of spring?
Or because you’re not clean?
Puddles of it everywhere
Most of the time I don’t care
Because I know the dog days of summer are on
their way
For right now I’ll just play
Either in a truck or ATV
Mud season is the time for me

Tis the season

By Andrea Bizon
Mount Saint Joseph Academy, Grade 9

You can hardly move
The sidewalks are covered in mud and water
You can’t go anywhere
There is nowhere to walk
You are getting sick
The air is very dry
You want the snow to be gone
It has been here for too long
Mud season is a dreaded season
for all of these reasons



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CHAMPLAIN COLLEGE
WRITING CONFERENCE

Don’t miss out on this year’s Champlain College Young Vermont Writers’ Conference on Memorial Day weekend. This conference is a great experience. Application deadline is April 1. Go to: www.champlain.edu/write/ for more information and application forms. Or call: (802) 865-6451.

On the Web
at

youngwritersproject.org

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Cabot Cheese is again sponsoring our annual Farming prompt; entries are due March 28. Don’t miss out. The prompt? Write about farming in Vermont; base it on real observations and experiences if possible. Go to the Web site for more.

Check out the Web site for more student writing – blogs, forums, podcasts, commenting, a Writer’s Library and the 2008 prompts. Register and log in to participate.