

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

## Mud

By KATELYN ROBERTELLO  
Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9

If there's one thing I hate about Vermont  
That thing is Mud  
It's gross and brown, and it makes a mess when it gets on you.  
My mom hates the mud, too!  
She hates when it gets on the carpet and the floor.  
There is nothing you can do about the mud  
Mud is everywhere and you can't get away from it  
You can't do any sports with the mud around because the field sinks.  
Mud is just one of those things you have to deal with when the snow's melting  
And spring is on its way.  
So you might as well just ignore it and keep moving on!

## 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

## 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.

## 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

## 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.

## My sister's cure

By SOPHIE HOMANS  
Camels Hump Middle School, Grade 5

I stare out my window onto my family's farmland. My younger sister prances out the door like a newly born colt. She stumbles over a small stone in the dirt driveway. There ended up being more gravel in the driveway than my parents wanted. She is wearing the brand new yellow mud boots that I bought her as a Valentine's present. I gaze out and see the majestic landscape Mother Earth has made for us.  
My sister is starting to blend in with all the dirt and mud. She is covered from head to toe in splashes of it. I am sure that as soon as she comes racing inside her new yellow boots will look as old as she is. Her raincoat and hat will, too. The mud puddles she gallops in look quite enjoyable to me, but I like being warm inside the house. Her coat is covered with brown speckles and reminds me of my small pony. I see our cat walking as far away from her as possible. Her silky fur must not get ruined. Sis does not look like she is ready to come in for ages. Her blond curly hair is now covered with grits of sand. I could almost hug her because she is so adorable. I wouldn't dare to though. It would get me soaked.  
As she bounces up and down her curls look like springs, or like Slinkies walking down our stairs. Rain starts to fall and the drops streak her face. She starts skipping and then she falls. She falls on one of the way-too-many pieces of gravel. Now the tears are mixing with the rain on her face. Her small, cold, little hands reach up to dry her face. Her small brown eyes suddenly spot one of the puddles that keeps filling faster and faster. She springs up and is bouncing again.  
I would have to say mud is the best healing for my sister.

## OVER THE TOP



KYLE BONIN, Essex High School

## GENERAL SUBMISSIONS

### Wind

By MEGHAN BURROWS  
Crossett Brook Middle School

Soothing, cooling, refreshing. I run around the mound of dirt, catching it on my face. Its music on my skin, tingling, dancing. Dancing like there's no stopping: Salsa, Rumba, Cha-cha slide, Jass and maybe even hip-hop. It's electricity, lightning awakening your senses, making me energized, happy. It thrashes evil away from the world, protecting it like a cotton blanket. Wind.

The girls talk behind me, whispering words of hate and cruelty. I want to crawl up inside, but I am brave and whisper back words of punishment toward them. The wind wraps around my words of secret and throws them at the girls. The words hit them, killing their meanness. I love the wind for it protects me and makes me strong.

Many people hide from the wind. They hide like cows under a sapling during an earthquake. They believe that it's evil and carries death on its cold shoulders; that it has no mercy, no amnesty, no love. I do not care, though; I like the wind because the wind loves me. It's not evil; it is humble, it has love. It is love; it envelops it and scatters it throughout the world. It is what gives us love and mercy and comfort.

Comfort. It gives us comfort. It keeps us warm during rain; it keeps us cool though we're surrounded by the sun. It lets leaves float through the air. It floats like foam drifting on the ocean tides, breezy and natural. Wind gives us that fuzzy feeling inside, like scoring a goal or getting a good grade; it just makes me feel good. Its fingers drape around me like a mother's arms. Nothing can hurt me; nothing can touch me besides that wind.

Wind is the four letter word for light, for the brightness at the end of the tunnel. We pray for it, as a sign of hope, a sign of a new beginning. It's a fresh start. A blank slate, though it will be filled with wrongdoings and hate, there will be a new breeze and a new slate to come. Wind is light. I know this; it gives the forgiveness that we so

much need. Death, shame, guilt, tears. The wind flicks them away with a twist of its wrist. ...

I can't help but think where we'd be without the wind, without a cool breeze gently balancing on our foreheads. Without that breeze that we feel every day, where would we be? Where would we be if we couldn't dance under moonlight with a slim draft through our hair? Where would we be if we couldn't bask underneath a waft of cool air moving like silk on our bodies? I don't know, and I don't plan to.

Though people take it for granted each day, wind -- power, energy, cooling off -- it does not care. It does not care who stands on the hill to feel it sway by. It does not care who skips through it taking in its rays of heavens. All it cares about is being. It spends each moment as we do with our lives.

The wind has a life of its own. It goes where it pleases, where it wants to be. I want to be like the wind. I want to be free, not held back, not forced to live my life like a human being. I want to live like a being of the heavens, sent down by the worlds above us, just to bring good, like the wind. I want to live a life of the wind, to be whatever I want to be. When I'm wind, I can be a lion, king of the Sahara. I could be a small fish, swimming in the Caribbean; drifting through the currents. Wind can be what it wants -- free to live a different life of lives, learning a new one each morning. The wind is a new awakening. Each day I wait for it to catch through my fingers, drifting this way and that. I wait for it to pick up my skirt and dance around my knees, swaying to and from. It's as if it wants me to join it, to fly alongside it like a flying bird happy to be up in the skies.

In my breath, in my nostrils, filling them up with cool refreshing air. In my eyes, making them water, thirsty for rain. Its waves crash against me; I'm free with the air holding me in. Soothing, cooling, refreshing, holding. Holding tight.

## In the beginning

By ABBY CHRETIEN  
Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

In the beginning  
Everything was great.  
It felt amazing to like someone who  
Seemed to like me back.  
You made me laugh  
On those terrible days that made me cry  
And you always made me feel good about myself  
Because you knew how I really felt.  
But in the end  
The secrets  
The laughter  
And all those hours on the phone  
Meant nothing to you.  
It's too bad endings aren't as happy as beginnings.  
Oh, and by the way,  
You were a waste of minutes on my cell phone.

## A New Life

By JULIE CURRAN • Main Street Middle School, Grade 7

I start down an unfamiliar hall.  
Faces  
I don't recognize  
milling around me  
Everything seems

so weird.  
Eyes  
staring me down  
I don't know what to think.  
Room 3.

My homeroom.  
I open  
the door  
And begin  
My New Life.



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### DEADLINE APPROACHING: 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/](http://www.champlain.edu/write/) for more information and application forms. Or call: (802) 865-6451.

## On the Web at

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

**WIN CASH! WIN SOME VINTAGE CHEESE!** 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.