

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

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.

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.

Sadie

By Caralie Panton

MOUNT ABRAHAM HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 7

I remember seeing her big blue eyes looking up at me, her soft black fur waiting to be touched. Her soft meow, saying I want to be held, or I'm hungry. Sadie is my bundle of joy and happiness. Seeing her the day she was born was the most memorable thing; it was love at first sight. I feel she is so close to me because her father, Mischief, died. I think this has drawn her so close to me and makes me give her all the love I can. Sadie makes me love, cry and laugh.

To me, she is everything I've ever wanted and she means the world. Sadie is the reason I live; she's the reason I love; she's the reason I cry and she's the reason I laugh. Sadie is one of the most important things to me in the world. Seeing her the day she was born has to be the most memorable beginning.

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 touch. 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.

Early Spring

By Bridget Iverson

MOUNT MANSFIELD UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 2

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 rumpled brow.
“It was time for a change of scene.”

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.

OVER THE TOP



KYLE BONIN, *Essex High School*

GENERAL SUBMISSIONS

Woe are those without the forbidden fruit

By Miranda Scott

MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

Turn a blind eye
To the blue sky
And you will never have to lie
About your blind faith
Turn a deaf ear
To the woods, dear
And you will never have to hear
The wolves beyond your pen
Follow me
And your life is filled with
Simplicity

You'll never have to speak
I am your thoughts
Dream of nothing
Don't live, just be
And all the other sheep
In time, will be as white
She's a blemish
She's a monster
She's fallen victim
outside our safety box
She is your nightmares

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.

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

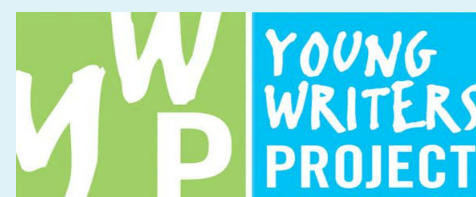
Mud: The best stuff in the world

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.



YWP is an independent nonprofit dedicated to helping students write better and gain an audience for their best work. YWP offers writing prompts, workshops, Online Writing Centers and youngwritersproject.org, a safe Web site where students share writing, comment on each other's work and get feedback from college mentors. The Vermont Business Roundtable is funding our core work, but **we need your donations** to continue our work. Go to our Web site and click "donate" for more information.



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/ for more information and application forms. Or call: (802) 865-6451.

On the Web
at

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.