

# Moon storm

**By Chelsey Anderson**  
*Essex High School, Grade 9*

Please, now, tell me if the stars do shine for me  
And please, now, pull me to the moon so I can see

Pushing, pulling, fighting, breaking,  
Laughing, hurting, healing, shaking,  
Holding, being, coming, leaving,  
Loving, laughing, smiling, sheathing...

Swords we thought we needed all along  
Unspoken words go to a silent song, because  
I'm not who I planned to become  
I'm losing battles I shoulda won

This bomb is voice, motion, time, light activated  
And I'm screaming for the world to hear  
I'm running from things I hold dear  
And getting away  
Time's moving faster than I can see  
I'll shine if you'll hold onto me  
But see me today  
'Cause I'm getting away  
I'm falling away

Yes, I still need you to come to my aid  
Colors all look like darker shades  
Please don't give up on me yet  
We still haven't lost this bet, but,

Balloons that should be red are turning black  
My castle just became a shack  
White lies transform to thunderclouds  
The lightning just struck  
And we're out of luck

'Cause bombs are voice, motion time light activated  
And I'm screaming for the world to hear  
I'm running from things I hold dear  
And getting away  
Time's moving faster than I can see  
I'll shine if you'll hold onto me  
But see me today  
'Cause I'm getting away  
I'm falling away

For all the times you shoulda kissed me  
Shoulda told me that you missed me  
I'll let you make it all up if you'll just  
Make this storm go away  
Make this storm go away

I wanna fly up to the moon  
I wanna see those red balloons  
I want this fuse to stop burning  
I want the clouds to stop churning  
I want to see your smiling face  
Without a frown stuck in its place  
I want to whisper in your ear  
Happy things, not things of fear

But my bomb is voice, motion, time, light activated  
And my voice is louder than you can hear  
I'm pushing things away that I want near  
I'm falling away  
Time's moving faster than I can see  
But you're beginning to hold onto me  
Keep me today  
I won't go away  
I won't fall away.



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

**MARK YOUR CALENDARS**  
**MARCH 17, 2009**  
**Vermont Writes Day II**  
YWP is encouraging schools, teachers, students and professional writers to take seven minutes out to write in school. Suggested prompts and more information, go to:  
[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

## Peachy

**By Shea Monsey**  
*Renaissance School, Grade 6*

Peachy  
The word irritates me  
Peachy  
It's a peachy day today  
Peachy  
It's too joyful  
Peachy  
I will never say it  
Peachy  
I will never allow myself  
Peachy  
How annoying it is  
Peachy  
When I hear it, it makes me cringe  
Peachy  
P  
E  
A  
C  
H  
Y  
The most annoying word

## Annoying

**By Allie Pashby-Rockwood**  
*Allen Brook School, Grade 4*

Have you ever gotten so annoyed that you want to scream? Well sometimes you just might have to. Everybody has to get annoyed at least once in their lives but not always for the same reason.

One thing that annoys me is waking up in the morning. Waking up in the morning is like a screech of a microphone bursting in your ear. You know you want to get up so you're not late for school, but there's something about the warmth and coziness that keeps you buried underneath the covers. To make it even worse, my mom screams from across the room yelling, "Get up, come on!" I don't like to get up, so then my mom has to march into my room and turn on the bright lights. Then all the darkness in my eyes gets brightened by the beaming lights.

Of course I do get up, but leaving the warm blankets, having the light shine in my face and hearing the loud screams from my mom is all very annoying.

## Hiccup

**By Brigham Francis**  
*Allen Brook School, Grade 3*

Hiccup  
Hiccup  
Hiccup  
Will he ever stop? I thought.  
It was Christmas Eve and my brother was hiccupping in his sleep.  
You think that would be annoying?  
Well... Ya!  
I waited there for a while.  
Then I went downstairs  
Tattling on something I didn't need to tattle on.  
I went upstairs with my Mom.  
She said, Sleep in my room on a mattress.  
OK, I said.  
I woke up in the morning  
And everything was OK.  
The next night...  
Hiccup  
Hiccup  
Hiccup...

## Waiting

**By Avni Nahar**  
*Frederick Tuttle Middle School, Grade 8*

I tapped my nails on the counter agonizedly, glancing up at the clock. 3:27. The woman in line in front of me talked on and on to the receptionist, about "different brands of...and lemon...Tylenol...for her?" I amused myself by thinking of all the meanings these words could have, and got bored in a second. I looked at the clock again. 3:29. I sighed loudly and she turned to look back at me with a huge grin.

"Hi!" she gushed.  
I gave her a curt smile and went back to tapping my nails. She giggled—sort of nervously, and continued her conversation. I stifled a groan. How much longer was she going to talk? It was 3:30 and I was supposed to be at someone's house. My mom was waiting for me in the parking lot, and I really didn't want to wait in this office any longer.

The lady looked back at me again, examining my face. When I shied away from her gaze, she continued her conversation. Abruptly, she turned back to me.

"Honey, where did you get your ears pierced?"

"Claire's." I replied without thinking.  
"Hmm. Now, you see, I want..." I tuned out again, imagining myself banging my head against the wall.

About fifteen minutes later—fifteen minutes!—she stepped aside to say, "Oh, Laurie, dear, I think this girl wants to talk to you."

The receptionist rolled her eyes. "I know, Marie, she's been waiting for twenty minutes."

"Has it really been that long?" she giggled. "Sorry dear," she said to me. "Whenever I talk to my sister, the time just flies by."

I smiled as politely as I could, finished up with the receptionist, and got out of there. As I left, I noticed Marie beginning to talk to the receptionist again, and I watched as another girl stepped up to wait. Looking through the glass front of the building, I saw the girl's fingers begin to tap on the counter.

## That is so annoying

**By Lauren Mazzotta**  
*Lake Region Union High School, Grade 12*

It annoys me to read spelling errors. I'm not saying I'm infallible (or a spelling bee champion), but so many mistakes are such simple ones. Spelling errors really distract me when I'm reading a piece of writing, and by that I mean any combination of words, regardless of how formal it is. I question if the author seriously did not know the difference between the forms of the word "there," or if they were writing in a hurry. Did they question the spelling as they wrote it out? Did it cross their mind at all? Did their cursor approach the word with any hint of doubt? Did they even care? Do I care too much? Probably.

## So annoying

**By Caitlyn McCain**  
*Rice Memorial High School, Grade 9*

That is so annoying,  
The way you mess your hair.  
That is so annoying,  
The way that you don't care.  
It is so annoying,  
When you drum your desk.  
It is so annoying,  
Talking during tests!  
You are so annoying,  
Strutting down the halls.  
You are so annoying,  
Making weird catcalls.  
Oh dear, it's so annoying,  
When you talk so fast.  
Yes, it's quite annoying,  
When you come in last.  
You know that you're annoying,  
When you're the subject of this rhyme.  
Because when you're annoying,  
You make me waste my time.