

Mother's hug

BY ALYSSA SZUCH
Saxtons River Elementary School, Grade 5
when sadness occurs,
a mother's hug cures.
when you step on glass from a broken mug,
All you need is a mother's hug.
Do you contain a bug?
It won't be a disaster,
It will heal faster
if you cure it with a mother's hug.

Four years & forever

BY RYAN MILLER
Fairfield Center School, Grade 8
The summer months go by so fast,
The summer months go by so fast,
you look back and vacation's passed.
The months of sun
and summer fun
are done.
Instead a new journey begins,
a new homestead, a place to fit in.
First impressions and 400 new peers,
that's what I'm in for the next four years.
All through the summer,
the school year lurks ahead.
The start of high school won't escape my head.
It's hard enough picking the right school,
and I know they tell me that I'll—
"You'll love it," they say,
but I'm not sure that's how I'll feel
on my first day.
The new kids
and the new teachers,
What will it be like?
Middle school
or bleaker?
I'll be there for four long years,
and slowly my life will start changing gears.
High school is a time of great change.
It probably won't be easy,
but it's a coming of age.
The coming four years will likely go fast,
but the memories and lessons I learn will last,
forever.

NEXT PROMPT Due Friday

Submit at: youngwritersproject.org

Blue. "It was the most brilliant color blue I'd ever seen..." Work that phrase into a poem or a story.

Alternate: Photo Prompt. Write a story about photo to right.

(For full-sized photo go to: youngwritersproject.org)



THIS WEEK: "Faking It" & "Four"

Each week students respond to prompts provided by Young Writers Project. Best work is submitted to youngwritersproject.org by students and teachers from Vermont and New Hampshire. A team of students help select work. For more student writing go to youngwritersproject.org. Students are welcome to join and share additional work on the site.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences for their best work.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org — a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools.

For more go to ywpschools.net.

AUTHOR FORUMS

With a grant from the **Vermont Humanities Council** YWP is happy to announce a series of in-person and online workshops with Vermont authors.

The first session is 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. March 20 with author **Erik Esckilsen** at Champlain Mill. Online participation follows for two weeks.

For more: youngwritersproject.org

Fours in NASCAR

BY BRAD PILETTE
Northfield High School, Grade 11

The number 4 is not very popular in NASCAR's top series, but maybe it should be. NASCAR driver Jimmie Johnson has won four NASCAR championships in a row, which is virtually unthinkable. A very slim number of NASCAR drivers have won four championships, but none have won four in a row.

Jimmie Johnson and his teammate, Jeff Gordon, both have the number 4 in their car number. Jimmie Johnson's number is 48 and Jeff Gordon's is 24. And they both have won four championships in NASCAR'S top series. And the all-time winning leader in NASCAR, Richard Petty, also had the number four in his number (his number was 43).

It's kind of cool that NASCAR'S top series has so many fours involved with its top drivers, yet so few drivers choose to display the number four on their cars.

The lies I tell

BY AIDEN PICHETTE
Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 9

I lie to keep myself alive, to keep myself awake
I lie to make the dreams stay down and to continue to be fake

I lie to keep him close to me, to keep him in the dark.

I lie to ensure that Cupid aims and shorts true to the mark

I lie to hide who I really am and lie to beat that girl down

I lie to mask the pain and tears, to rise up from the ground

My pain brings hope and grants me wings to fly so far away.

Running from my hope and fears, keeping them at bay.

I'm not who you suppose I am, I'm not that girl at all.

The real true me, I push her down, laughing as she falls.

Four wishes

BY HALEY HARDER | The Renaissance School, Grade 6

I lie alone in the grass, looking at the moon and stars. I listen to the crickets chirping. Although they make noise, I do not. I am silent, thinking about the tiny sliver of hope that I might see a shooting star. I also hope that if I do see one, it will grant me a wish. I hold my breath, waiting for something to happen. Finally, I see something streak across the sky. A shooting star! Just as I am

about to make my wish, I see another one. Then another. Then another! Wow, I think, four wishes. But I realize I only have one. I wrack my brain for others, but nothing comes up.

I sigh, then say, "I wish that next time I see a shooting star, I won't be alone." Maybe then, I'll be able to complete my four wishes.

Untitled

BY CHRISTINE REILLY
Twin Valley Middle School, Grade 8

That's right I like HIM...
although at the same time I hate myself for liking him.

How do you describe this? ...
So she asks me, "Who do you like?"
I answer "No one.."

It's a complete and utter lie. I do like some one...

I like him.

But so does she.

She is my friend — my best friend —
so I lie

To protect our friendship, but mostly my heart.

I couldn't bear to see the day when he found out..

all because he's so popular, and I'm not.

She is.

She is everything I'm not: skinny, popular
and pretty

So it looks like she won him ...all because I lied.

"Sick" day

BY CHRISTOPHER CADORETTE
Northfield High School, Grade 11

One day, I woke up and just didn't want to go to school. I was really tired, and I just didn't have the motivation to do work. So, like any healthy teenager, I called my dad and told him that I wasn't feeling well and that he should let me stay home. Then, I suppressed a fake cough and waited for his answer. He told me that I could stay home, and that I should lay low and relax. I was pretty excited, and we finished our conversation.

As I hung up the phone, I reached for the power button on my Xbox360 to turn it on. Then I hopped out of bed and went downstairs to get some breakfast. I made some English Muffins and poured myself a glass of Apple Juice. Then, I went upstairs and started playing Xbox.

Soon after, my dad called again. The volume on my T.V was too high and as I picked up the phone, there was an in-game explosion that could be heard through the receiver. My dad told me that it didn't sound like I was relaxing. I said that I got bored, and started playing. He said that I should turn off the game, so I turned off my T.V. Then we said our goodbyes and I turned off my phone.

I turned the T.V back on, and started playing again. However, I didn't realize how fast the time was going, and before I knew it, my dad was standing in my doorway asking me why I was still on the Xbox. Then he noticed the food wrappers and empty glasses and said that I must have been feeling just fine to eat all the food I ate.