

VERMONT WRITES DAY

On Tuesday, Feb. 9, 20,000+ students, teachers and staff all over Vermont stopped what they were doing to write for seven minutes. The suggested prompts were “purple,” “Afghanistan” and “I had the surprise of my life when I opened the door ...” Here are samples of what they wrote.

The many shades of purple

BY SUNNY DRESCHER

Hinesburg Community School, Grade 7

Purple

Many shades,
from delicate crocuses in the spring,
to a deep sunset in autumn.
You can fall into purple,
like a blanket encompassing you at night.

Lilacs so sweet
look so dainty and soft.
Purple is royalty --
kings and queens wear robes of the regal hue.
Where is the sight of the color most common?
Gardens
With lots of flora and fauna in many colors.
Purple is pure,
like an amethyst ring.
So breathtaking, you can see through to the core.
Purple is strong and solid.

Candy colors

BY MARGAUX VON BUREN

Mater Christi School, Grade 7

Bing! went the candy shop's door
The smell of sweet mint and treats galore
From gumdrops to skittles and penny candy too
To twizzlers and gummy bears and taffy so blue

This is a kid's dream to explore
Candy land with candy canes and a chocolate shore
And way in the back is the best part yet
The gumball machine and the lollipop set
The gumball machine makes a loud humming sound
The small lights that flash and twirl towards the ground
And as the gumball pops out and twirls down away
Stick it in your mouth and you can chew it all day
Now the best part are the lollipops
With all their colors and sugary tops
And the greatest thing is they stain your mouth
All the colors and shades of the sun in the south
I've never seen such a deep shade of purple on your tongue



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 helps select work for publication. 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

Rainbow of emotions

BY GIULIANA NUOVO

Mater Christi School, Grade 7

Happiness is golden,
Like glowing daffodils,
Swaying in the breeze,
Wild, loved and free.

Anger is purple,
Like sweet-smelling violets.
I have never seen
Such a deep shade of purple.

Sorrow is blue
Like dancing water,
Streams and oceans,
Crashing in the mist.

And together the emotions
Make a beautiful rainbow
That's shown throughout the world
In every human being.

Four

BY MATTHEW ANDREW

The Renaissance School, Grade 6

Four
Four minutes
Four minutes left
Four minutes left to get to shore
The swimmer's been stung by a box jellyfish
Waves of pain flow through his body
Blinded by venom, he senses that his world is fading
He breathes quickly, he can barely move
Poison's rushing through him
Only a shot of antivenin prevents death
He's got four minutes left to get to shore
Four minutes left
Four minutes
Four

Four times in a row!

BY SOPHIA LOTHROP

The Renaissance School, Grade 6

Every year my family goes on a camping trip, and every year something bad happens.

In 2006 our portable oven caught my dinner on fire so the rest of the trip I had cold food. This was bad because after a day of hiking I was really in the mood for a nice, warm dinner.

2007. We were swimming in a river not far from the campsite. My leg got cut on a rock in the shallow side of the river. The only thing going through my head was, *I have never been in such pain before.*

2008. While we were sleeping we left some food out. It got stolen by one of Mother Nature's wonderful gifts, raccoons! That was my breakfast and lunch. Well, what's next? I thought to myself.

2009. I got lost in the woods. “I swear, just my luck,” I told my mom. “What will happen next?”

She laughed, “What fun would it be if nothing went wrong?”

I looked at her with a strange look in my eyes. “Don't push it, Missy,” she said back. “OK,” as we kept walking.

The good thing is nothing bad has happened and I do have to say, even though it's hectic when things go wrong, it's fun once it's taken care of! I wonder if anything will go wrong this year. . .

Faking it

BY LUCY PAPPAS

The Renaissance School, Grade 6

Staying home today
I did not do my report
I'm faking the flu.

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. And 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.

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 shoots 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.

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)

