

# “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 simply didn't have the motivation to do work. So, like any healthy teenager, I called my dad and told him 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 lie low and relax. I was pretty excited.

As I hung up the phone, I reached for the power button on my Xbox360. 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 back upstairs and started playing Xbox.

Soon after, my dad called again. The volume on my TV 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 had gotten bored and started playing. He said that I should turn off the game, so I turned off my TV. Then we said our goodbyes and I turned off my phone.

I turned the TV back on and started playing again. However, I didn't realize how fast the time was going. 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 have eaten all that food.

# 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.



# THIS WEEK: “Faking It” & “Four”

Each week students respond to prompts provided by Young Writers Project. Best work is submitted to [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org) by students and teachers from Vermont and New Hampshire. A team of students help select work. To read more student writing go to [youngwritersproject.org](http://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](http://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](http://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 Eskilsen** at Champlain Mill. Online participation follows for two weeks. For more: [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

## VERMONT WRITES DAY

*On Tuesday, Feb. 9 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 a few samples of what they wrote.*

## What is war?

BY CJ LUCEY  
Northfield High School, Grade 10

What is war?  
Death, bodies, explosions  
Heroes, teamwork, combustion  
Weapons, blood, pictures, dreams  
That is war  
People crying, loved ones dying  
It's a mess I can see — a mess we created,  
can't you see?  
I can see where buildings once stood  
What was once clear, open ground  
Now is concrete debris  
Wrecked artillery and cars  
Battle wounds and scars  
That is war

## The color of love

BY DANIEL ROWE  
Northfield High School, Grade 12

For most people the color of love is red, the color of hearts. For me, the color is purple. Let me explain why. A good relationship is a couple who never fights. A great relationship is when both partners push each other and make each other better.

My girlfriend and I hardly ever get into fights, but we can still have a short fit every now and then. I think that most people would get fed up with these little arguments and end their relationship. However, I believe that it makes us stronger. If red is the color of love when everything is fine, then add some blue to that for me. The blue is the spats we have to make us stronger. There can be no great relationships without a little push. Purple is the color of my love.

## NEXT PROMPT

**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 this photo:



**Due Friday**  
Submit at:  
[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

# Faking it

BY GRIFFIN CUNNINGHAM  
Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 7

*(Excerpt: Full poem at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))*  
... We go inside  
Up the back stairwell  
Nobody knows  
Where we are  
Except us.  
Open the cold blue metal door  
Just strolling through the school.  
But what we didn't expect  
Is her.  
We stare, hoping she doesn't see us.  
She does.  
The tooth, black as death we see  
as she curls her chapped lips into a sneer.  
The cold stare  
Pierces our soul.  
Scared is the only thing we feel.  
She says in her rugged voice,  
“Where are you supposed to be?”  
Each word  
Pierces the heart  
Like a spear  
Made of ice.  
I keep walking past,  
Thinking of what to say.  
I finally say  
With more confidence than  
I have  
“Outside.  
We are supposed to be waiting  
Outside.”  
She doesn't believe me.  
I can see it  
In her eyes.  
She says,  
“You've been wandering the halls  
For a while now.”  
She has seen us before.  
I keep walking, not looking back  
But wondering if you are still there.  
Are you in her clutches  
Or have you escaped?  
I am afraid  
To look back  
But I do.  
Because I can't leave  
When you are still back there.  
I see you though,  
Walking past  
The dirty cart of mops.  
We do not dare  
Meet eyes again until we pass  
The brick corner.  
As we near the green  
Central staircase  
We both look at each other  
And smile.  
Almost laugh.  
But I knew she would hear  
I know faking it  
Is not right. ...