

# Rules

**BY LIAM HACKETT**  
Saxtons River Elementary School, Grade 5  
Everybody tells me to keep my elbows off the table,  
Like it's impolite.  
But how is it impolite?  
Maybe I need to,  
Or just plain don't care.  
What's so bad about that?  
It's not like the Queen of England's over.  
So I just ignore them and keep them on the table.

# Snowflakes

**BY JULIA PLUMB**  
Shelburne Community School, Grade 6  
Little white flakes softly falling down,  
melt away slowly as they meet the bare ground.  
All are different and very unique  
Cold, frosty and extremely petite  
White fluffy flakes falling from the sky  
Pack them all together, make a snowflake pie.  
Cold and coming down as frosty fleets  
Falling fast and lying like sheets.  
Snowflakes, snowflakes falling down  
until they reach the cold, bare ground.

# Cold

**BY CERESE SANBORN**  
Spaulding High School, Grade 11  
Breathing is ragged  
Puffs of steam.  
Your skin is raw  
From windburn.  
Prickling in your hands  
From the snow.  
Cold trickling down your back  
From a friend's joke.  
Walk inside,  
Feel the burn.  
Fire blazing,  
Skin warming.  
Now the cold  
Is gone.

# Cold weather

**BY AVA COCHRAN**  
Eden Central School, Grade 3  
I love cold sometimes because you can go ice skating and skiing and do all sorts of things. In the winter it is easy to find deer beds and animal tracks. In the winter I also like to see icicles that look like frozen waterfalls. I see ice jams in the river.  
It can be a pain to dress in a lot of clothes. Sometimes it is too cold to go outside. When I do go outside when the temperature is very cold my cheeks puff up. I like it here in Vermont.



# THIS WEEK: “Cold” & “Rules”

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. For 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).

## YWP NEWS

With a grant from the **Vermont Humanities Council** YWP is holding a series of workshops with Vermont authors.

Author **Erik Eskilsen** will lead the first session on March 20, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., at Champlain Mill in Winooski. On-line participation follows for two weeks.

**ALSO: Win a cash award!** Writing challenge! For more about the contest and the forums go to [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

# Winter

**BY CHEICK DIAKITE** | Academy School, Grade 5

Winter is so fun  
I love how the snow comes down  
cocoas are good too.

# Cold day for sledding

**BY SASKIA BAILEY-DE-BRUIJN** | Brattleboro Area Middle School, Grade 7

The wind whipped my face as I trudged up the steep hill, my legs frozen. Every part of me felt as if it were made of ice. I couldn't feel anything; not my toes, not my fingers, not my face...

When I finally made it up the hill, I set the sled down and rested. It was the coldest January I had ever experienced, by far. When I thought of the warm, cozy house just barely in sight, I wondered why I had ever walked so far just to sled down the hill and then have to walk back up it even colder than before. Why hadn't I just stayed inside with my sister and watched a movie, drinking hot chocolate? Was it really worth the cold wind whipping around me, seeping through my winter coat and boots?

The snow was perfect for sledding. Not too powdery, but then again not too wet, sticking to the bottom of my Super Saucer sled. The first time down was always the hardest, with no path to follow. It was the slowest one too. As I slid down inch-by-inch I thought maybe it wasn't worth it at all. It was so slow and boring that I thought I would just go back inside when I got to the bottom.

But I didn't; the anticipation of the speed once the track was set in the snow, and the feel-

ing of flying, kept me going. I almost ran up the hill, and by the time I got to the top I was out of breath and nearly sweating.

As always, the second run was so much better. I flew down the hill with a smile on my face, just wondering how a movie and hot chocolate could ever be as thrilling...But then again the movie was one of my favorites, and my mom's homemade hot chocolate was so creamy...

As I walked up the hill for the third time, my feet were so heavy, my nose even more cold, my fingers stiff and wet. But I made it up, and when I started down the hill for the third time I enjoyed myself so much it seemed as if the hill was too short. I told myself, "One more time and then you'll get frostbite," but I went up, and down once again. I kept on telling myself that it was too cold but the other side of my brain told me to keep going up the hill and flying down.

I must have stayed outside for at least an hour — if not more — having a blast; racing down the hill and panting my way back up as fast as my legs would take me. It was a very cold but memorable January day.

# Chilly

**BY LAURA CASSETY**  
Main Street Middle School, Grade 7

I am a winter explorer  
Traipsing through a frozen wood  
The going isn't pleasant  
Snow-stung cheeks  
Wet mittens  
Itchy hat  
An insolent boot becomes detached  
But the foot won't slow down  
Now wet foot and mittens  
Snow crystals scrape against the bare leg  
Drawing red  
I put the wet foot  
Back in the bad boot

This explorer is done for the day

## NEXT PROMPTS

**General.** Send your best work in any genre. **Due Friday.**

**Pocket.** You have found something strange in your pocket. Describe it to someone who has no sight. Tell the story of how it got there. *Alternate: My Town.* Tell us a story or anecdote that reveals something about your community — why you like it (or don't), what it stands for, what it's known for. **Deadline: Mar. 26.**

**Bullying.** Have you been the recipient? What did it do to you? Have you ever bullied anyone? Why? *Alternate: Cell phones.* Make the case that cell phones should be allowed or should not be allowed in school. **Deadline: Apr. 2.**

Submit at:

[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

# Alone in the cold

**BY BRIANNA GEORGIA**  
Homeschooled, Grade 3

The orange winter sun slowly sank off into the other side of the world, leaving me all alone.  
With no light  
I felt the cold wind even more.  
It flew down my back and froze my nose.  
I so badly wanted for the sun to rise again and shine down upon my shivering body, wrapped up tightly in my warm red coat.  
But it was already dark, and I was alone in the cold.