

# 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.

## 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 left  
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.

### NEXT PROMPT

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

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

## My rules

**BY ZORA STEWART**  
Edmunds Elementary School, Grade 3

If you want to marry me here is what you  
have to do:  
Do my laundry every day  
Pay the bills and all the taxes  
Take me to the spa so I can relaxes  
Tend to my every need  
Plant all the garden seeds  
Feed all seven of my pets  
Use your money to pay the vets  
And never, never say I'm spoiled!  
So what do you say?  
Will you marry me today?  
Wait, where are you going?  
Oh pooh, why do they always say my rules  
are no good?



## 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 helps select work for publication. 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

**Vermont Humanities Council** YWP is sponsoring workshops with Vermont authors at YWP.

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

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

## The Rule

**BY KALSANG DOLKAR** | Lyman C. Hunt Middle School, Grade 7

Everyone  
Could see it  
Standing  
Or lying  
There.  
The teachers  
Had hammered it up there.  
They had  
Spoken to us about it,  
But it was still  
Surprising  
And  
Ridiculous.  
The Rule  
Was up there,  
Its wooden face  
Spelling out the  
Painted words  
We all  
Loathed.  
I stepped  
Back  
And tried to scream  
But no sound  
Could come  
Out of me.  
So I  
Ran.  
As fast,  
As quickly  
As I could,  
To the bathroom.  
Odd,  
But I had to get away  
From another  
Stupid,  
Arrogant  
Rule.  
I kicked at the stalls

And punched at the walls,  
But ended up  
With bruised knuckles  
And stubbed toes  
So I stopped  
And tried to think for a moment.  
The Rule  
Was still back there.  
It wouldn't go.  
So what could  
I  
Do?  
I was just another  
Girl  
With hopeless,  
Useless  
Dreams  
And wishes  
That nobody cared about.  
The Rule  
Would take over my life,  
And then  
Everyone else's.  
Head spinning,  
I walked out of the  
Bathroom  
And back to the procession.  
They all had not  
Noticed  
My flight,  
And were not noticing me  
As I came.  
Only one thing,  
Or should I say  
Person,  
Noticed me,  
And that was  
The Rule.

## River muse

**BY WILLA SEGAR REID**  
Edmunds Middle School, Grade 8

The bridge sprawls over the river's span. Despite the frigid air, the water underneath the rotting wooden slats rushes furiously, spilling over rocks and splashing up onto the already slick trusses. I guess all that movement is keeping the river from freezing. The wind howls, sad and lonely through the bare branches above my head. A few half-frozen strands of hair pull loose from my ponytail and flutter limply around my face. This place is so haunting, even in this bright sunlight. I shiver, and turn up the volume on my iPod so that it drowns out the screaming wind and the ominous sound of rushing water.

I slump over to the bank and sit on my favorite tree, the one whose trunk is bent at a 90-degree angle to the ground before it straightens back up toward the sky, forming a perfect, L-shaped seat. Leaning back, I try to concentrate on the familiar twang of the electric guitar. It resonates through my ears and bounces off the inside of my head, a perfect distraction from the present situation. I think about how long it's been since I've been to this spot, how it's changed — last time was in the summer. That's because for the last six months everything was fine, flowing smoothly as it should. I only bother to trek down here when there's really a problem that I need to ruminate on. Alone.

I shiver. I wish it weren't so cold. The wind slithers in through all the cracks of my sweatshirt zipper, curling around my chest and squeezing with icy fingers until it feels like I can't breathe. I want to go back to the house where it's warm. Cozy. Safe.

No. I grit my teeth as memories of the morning come flooding back; the bold confessions, the stunned silence following, silence that crushed our minds and folded uneasily over our ears. A single tear forms at the edge of my vision and freezes almost instantly to my wind-bitten cheek. I wipe it away angrily. I vowed not to cry. I will not cry.

I'm a coward. A lousy, godawful coward. I ran from the nightmare instead of trying to help, even though the damage had already been done. I ran from the tormented frenzy that had enveloped our world. In one moment, a single heartbeat, our lives had changed, and there was nothing we could do about it. That one moment had corrupted everything, and so I ran, grabbing only my iPod, nothing else — not even a jacket to cover my sweatshirt, and I would still be running if the bridge weren't rotten. I don't want to risk plunging to an icy death. Icy, yes. Icy spray. Wind-tossed waves. And cold. So cold...

**MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING AT**  
[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)