

Spoiler

BY NICHOLAS GAMBILL
Union Elementary School, Grade 4

I pushed the down button. I was at the movie theatre waiting to see the latest movie featuring Dirk Hansen, “Wormy Abyss.” I watched the numbers go up, the elevator doors opened and I walked in. I pressed the number 1. I was on level 3. I held the railing and that weird feeling happened as the elevator went down.

I looked around. It was your typical elevator — a silver rail, white buttons, number one glowing. The number 3 turned to a 2. The door slid open and a short man walked in. He had a head bigger than both of his hands combined, and huge feet.

He turned and looked at me. “Guess what?” he said. “I just saw the movie ‘Wormy Abyss.’ It was great.” He paused.

Just then there was a screeching noise. The elevator slowly pulled to a stop. Then he started talking again.

“Coleico, the Mexican bandit, goes through this treacherous canyon, then the sheriff comes and there’s this big battle.”

I thought to myself, *Why? . . . Why me?* Then there’s this big battle — wait, did I already say that? By the way, my name is Shorty Malone.” Nice to meet you. So then, Coleico gets shot in the arm. — Did you know that frozen yogurt isn’t as good as ice cream? — And then the movie ends with 60,000 worms arising from the darkness. And then Coleico dies!”

Slowly the elevator started moving. Shorty Malone had ruined “Wormy Abyss” for me! The doors slid open. I walked out. Instead of going to Theatre 9 I walked out the door, turned and walked home.

NEXT PROMPTS

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. **Due Friday.**

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.**

General. Send your best work in any genre. **Deadline: April 9.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org

THIS WEEK: “Elevator” & “Peeves”



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. To read 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.

YWP NEWS

The **Vermont Humanities Council** is sponsoring a series of workshops with Vermont authors at YWP. More at: youngwritersproject.org.

ALSO, **Win cash!** YWP is partnering with Bookstock, the Green Mountain Festival of Words, to offer five \$100 awards to young writers. **Deadline: May 1.** For writing prompt and guidelines go to youngwritersproject.org.

Too much stress

BY JAMIE HACK | Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

You know what really grinds my gears? School. I hate school. The homework, the teachers and the grades. They really tick me off. I have enough stress in my life and school just makes it worse.

“Jamie, I want you to stack some wood today. I know you have a lot of homework, but we need heat this winter.” What will I do on Friday? Hang out with Billy? Or hang out with Bobby? How should I spend the rest of the day? What should I spend my money on? How will I get all of my work done? It might sound lame, but these are the stresses in my life.

The homework is so boring. I would rather spend my time on Facebook all day. I mean, we get enough work at school and I don’t think we need to spend

our free time doing schoolwork. I don’t mind a little bit, but lots of homework just stresses me out.

The teachers are so annoying. “OK class. Let’s do worksheet Number Number 3,049.” Haven’t we done enough worksheets? They are better than taking notes or tests, but they don’t accomplish much in my book. Can we learn something in a fun way?

The grading is so stupid. If I get a ‘C’ or lower, than the parental police question me. “So Jamie. I was looking on Power School and I see that you got a ‘C.’ What happened there?”

It’s so hard on me to worry about my grades. I can’t take it any more!

Peeves

BY DAVID ANDREWS | Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

My pet peeve is when people chew and I can hear them
It does not make sense to me that they have to chew so loud

It really gets on my nerves
Even worse than that

Is when I ask them to be aware of their rudeness
Then with a mouth full of food they say to me,
as their meal falls out,
“Rude...I’m not being rude.”

Eventually I turn my head and try to
Out-chew them.

Sometimes they won’t notice until a chunk of burger falls by their feet
Oops.

Picky Percy

BY KIERAN EDRANEY
Berlin Elementary School, Grade 5
Picky Percy was mad as can be
“Why can’t I be perfect as I ever can be?
If I want a pony why does no pony appear?
If I want to be lonely why do no people disappear?
Oh, woe is me, Oh woe is me.”
And she always was as mad as mad as can be.

Elevator

BY ISABELLE FRANCKE
Union Elementary School, Grade 4

I was in the elevator and it stopped at Floor 7. I was getting more and more annoyed. Would 10 come without another interruption?

The person who got on was a pink lady. She was holding a hot-pink purse that matched her hot-pink coat, pants and nails. Sticking its head out of the purse was a chihuahua. The dog started barking madly. The lady said to me, “What are you looking at Missy?”

“Oh,” I said. “I was just thinking about how cute your chihuahua is.”

She grunted and replied, “He isn’t cute, he is ferocious and terrifying.”

All this time we had been going up, but now we were going down. I groaned as the numbers went down. 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . Ding! Now 3 . . . 4 . . . 5 . . . bark!

“Oh, Puddykins, do you want a treat?” the lady said, her voice dripping with honey. She moved toward the emergency button. When she was about to press it I screamed, “What are you doing, that button will stop the elevator!”

“No,” she said calmly, “it will give Puddykins a treat.” Then she pushed the button. The elevator halted between 9 and 10. Everyone was glaring at the hot-pink lady. We waited in the dark for the elevator to move. Suddenly, the lights came on and we went up and I got out.

From then on, the lady had to use the stairs. If she used the elevator again, she would be banned from the building.

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