

# Above the clouds

By LIBBY ANNIS  
Dummerston School, Grade 8

It was just like any other morning, waking up at 6:30 a.m. to go skiing, questioning why I chose to wake up an hour earlier than I have to for school on every weekend during the winter. Like every other morning, as soon as I asked that question I reminded myself that I love it more than I hate it.

I got dressed into my ski gear. Again, like every other morning, I asked myself how it is that I hate tight clothing but wear a neck-to-ankle spandex suit every weekend. Well I guess when you love something, stuff doesn't always make sense.

When I arrived at the mountain after a 40-minute car ride I wasn't very happy to see that the top was in a cloud. The only thing I thought was that on one of the only days we were able to close a trail for training we wouldn't be able to see any of the gates, but that's just how the life of a ski racer is.

About halfway up the mountain the fog started closing in, not to my enjoyment. But right before we reached the top of the mountain it started getting thinner and thinner until suddenly we were above the clouds. As I looked behind me my breath was just taken away by the view. It was as if I was looking out on a white sea with snow-topped islands coming up through the water. It was amazing how the air even smelled like the ocean.

When I looked above there was the most brilliant blue I had ever seen. It was a scene out of your wildest imagination, the way every day should look. What made the day even better was that it was probably one of the warmest days I had felt in a while. It was really like being in a dream that you never wanted to wake up from. I will never forget that day.

## NEXT PROMPTS

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

**Farming.** Do you farm? Have you ever worked on a farm? Visited one? Write about it. Do you know a farmer? Talk to her or him and tell their story. Try not to romanticize. Tell a story that describes the reality of farming today. **Deadline: April 23.**

**Rain.** Tell us a story about your best or worst experience in the rain. *Alternate: Phobias.* Heights, small spaces, thunderstorms, spiders. Do you have a phobia? How do you deal with it? **Deadline: Apr. 30.**

Submit at:

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



## THIS WEEK: “Blue” & “Photo Prompt”

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

The **Vermont Humanities Council** is sponsoring a series of workshops with Vermont authors at YWP. More at: [youngwritersproject.org](http://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 [youngwriter-project.org](http://youngwriter-project.org).

## The Chevy Chevelle

By JIM EVANS | Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8

While I was in Venice, Florida during my April vacation my family and I went to a muscle car show at a town right outside of Venice. The muscle cars at this show were some of the best I have seen in my life. Every single car there had had a full body restoration from the frame up. There wasn't a speck of rust on any of them. Every part on every single car was polished completely down. The chrome on the cars was so shiny you could see yourself in it. The muscle cars looked better than cars coming off the production line.

My most favorite car there was a 1970 Chevy Chevelle. The Chevelle had a 383 stroker V8 motor in it. It also had the most brilliant blue paint I have ever seen. The Chevelle was also unique because it had a hood scoop that had two black racing stripes going over it. That gave it a very personal look but I liked it. The exhaust was straight headers. When you put your foot on the gas pedal flames came out of them.

The owner of the Chevelle had it ripped down to the frame for the restoration. The car looked and sounded like you could burn rubber 'til the tires blew. I would love to have this Chevy Chevelle as my first car. I hope some day I will own my very own muscle car.

## My marble

By MADISON DOUCETTE | Dummerston School, Grade 8

*(Excerpt: Full story at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))*

I was walking with my little brother up my driveway on my way to my bus stop, which takes twenty minutes to get to. Sometimes I listen to him and try to be a nice sister, but on that day I just wasn't in the mood to listen to him ramble on about his new video game for his X-box 360. So instead of listening to him I just looked around at the ground or at the sky, and I even recall looking at my colorful Nike shoes. They were orange, blue, purple and yellow.

I hadn't realized how far we had already walked until it we came to the place in our path that can go two different ways. We took another left and started walking up the only hill on the entire trek, well other than my driveway. The hill was no bigger than a four-minute walk at a steady pace, on a straight road. On the final downhill I remembered that I had to wait for my little brother to catch up, so I sat down on a pile of rocks at the side of the road and waited.

I must have been day dreaming or something because when I looked down at my feet I found a blue marble. I was the most brilliant color blue I'd ever seen. I picked it up, cleaned it up a little and put it in my pocket. When I got on the bus I took the marble out of my pocket and showed it to my friend Riley...



Photo taken by Esther Bubley for the Office of War Information, April 1943.

## Waiting

By CHRISTINE REILLY  
Twin Valley Middle School, Grade 8

Waiting  
For what?  
I don't know...  
The neon sign outside the window of my booth flashes on and off  
I don't know if it's supposed to be that way or it's just broken  
“What am I waiting for?”  
The thought creeps into my mind.  
I honestly don't know  
For him?  
No.  
For something to happen?  
Maybe...  
I tap the cigarette in my hand and swirl the glass of water in front of me  
Then I continue to stare off into space  
Listening to the electric buzz of the neon lights,  
the click-clack of the waitress's heels on the floor,  
and the clattering of plates at the other booths.

## Nature's blue

By EMILY COUPER  
Mettawee Community School, Grade 6

Nature's blue is the mist on the sea,  
It's calm and peaceful, relaxing me.  
The bright blue splash on the butterfly's wings  
The bluebird sings like a trumpet for the kings  
The back of the dolphin, the skin of a shark  
The tiny blue caterpillar on a leaf in the park  
Nature's blue is not just a sight, but also a sound  
Up in the sky, on the ground, nature's blue is all around.