

# Blue eyes

MEGHAN CLEARY

Frederick H. Tuttle Middle School, Grade 8

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

... We came up to the last bus stop, and just as I happened to look up over the brown vinyl of the seat I locked eyes with a boy who could only be described as, well, hot. He had light brown, silky-looking hair that naturally flipped out of his face. His eyes were shockingly blue, the most brilliant blue I'd ever seen; almost electric blue. He had to be new; I would have noticed him before otherwise.

We continued to look at each other as he made his way to an empty seat. He grinned ever so slightly as he sat down and dropped his gaze. My cheeks became faintly flushed and I looked down at my lap, hoping that neither he nor anyone else had seen.

After a long moment, I felt it safe to turn to my friends and ask them about him. They none too subtly looked over the seats to get a look at him. One of them even stood up while the bus was moving to get a better view. Fortunately he seemed to be absorbed in his own conversation and I don't think he noticed. They said they'd never seen him before, but that from what they could see — and these are their words, not mine — he was “smokin,” “fine,” and “spicy!”

I sat back in my seat, thinking about his blue eyes. The memory lasted all the way to school. When I realized that everyone else had already gotten off, I jumped up, grabbed my backpack and ran off the bus. I could see at least one kid laughing at me through the window, and it looked like he was beckoning his friends over to see.

As soon as I stepped down from the stairs, the angry bus driver closed the doors and drove off, leaving a cloud of pollution for me to cough on, muttering something about “those stupid teenagers.” I looked down at my feet, embarrassed into the next century, but peered up again when I realized there was someone standing in front of me. Yup, you guessed right, it was the cute guy from the bus.

I could only stare as he began to speak. Of course he had a perfect smile to go along with the rest of his features. “Um, hi. You wouldn't happen to be able to point me toward the main office would you? It's my first day and I don't really know my way around yet,” he said with a shy grin. His hair seemed to glow bronze in the sunlight.

I cleared my throat, hoping I would be able to use my voice; determined not to be my usual awkward self. Thanks to some kind of miracle I managed to answer him. “Uh yeah, it's right through here. I can show you if you want.”

“Thanks. A lot of people here look kind of scary. I was a little afraid to ask some of them,” he said, his blue eyes twinkling. I flashed one of my winning smiles and led him into the school, my eyes never falling from his.



## 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 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

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

## Routine

BY AVNI NAHAR | South Burlington High School, Grade 9

The waiter looked up as the café door swung open, the little bell jangling cheerfully. Once he saw who it was, he looked back down, going back to mopping his counter with the rag he'd used for the past ten years. The woman click clacked over to the corner booth that she always claimed, primly sitting down, legs crossed, bag in hand until she put it on the table. After a few minutes she picked up her bag again, pulling out a cigarette before tossing it onto the bench beside her. She held the unlit cigarette with two fingers and crossed her arms, her mind somewhere else. The waiter looked at the lady again, pausing from clean up to stare. She came in every day to the small restaurant, never getting there before 9, never leaving before closing time. She never ordered anything, but that was OK with him. They had a quiet companionship, he fancied. Silent, but it was there.

She never spoke, or read, or smoked while sitting in that booth. He often wondered what she thought about, sitting there by herself. He had only owned the restaurant for ten years, and he was sure this lady had been coming for longer. It must be some kind of

record, coming to a restaurant every day for so long, he thought. He could imagine her coming here with her mother as a little girl, and then with friends as she got older. He could imagine her coming on dates with men from around the city. But he had never seen that happen. Besides, he didn't like that idea anyway. He wanted this wordless woman to himself.

The waiter often wished he knew her. He could see himself strolling arm in arm with her, coming home together after closing time, he could envision her working in the restaurant alongside him. But he was never brave enough to break the unspoken rule of silence.

He was pulled from this reverie by the sound of her picking her bag up, click-clacking her heels across the floor until the sound stopped, in front of him.

“It's closing time.” she drawled, a slight accent tinging her words. He glanced at the clock — ten after ten, past closing time now. He nodded at the woman, and she turned to leave.

The bell jangled as the café door swung closed, and the waiter went back to mopping his counter.

## Mr. Blue

BY CHESTER BARBER | The Renaissance School, Grade 6

Mr. Blue was very blue. His feelings were blue. His clothes were all blue. He painted himself blue. His very essence was blue. He wore blue shoes with blue socks. His house was blue. All the walls were blue. Every day, for his job, he would drive a taxi but that was blue too.

His favorite season was winter, when things are frozen blue. He would stare up at the sky, unable to resist looking at the blue. As you can see, this man is very blue, and is often feeling blue. Do not let him be you.



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

## Meeting Mother

BY LINDSEY BRAND

Browns River Middle School, Grade 7

I walked in  
Wondering  
Could that be her?  
Her eyes  
Blank and staring  
Her legs  
Smoothly crossed  
A cigarette  
Gripped hard  
Between her fingers  
No sign of a smile  
Hiding in her face  
She looked lost  
Her hair  
Was a burning red  
Perfectly curled  
Into place  
Making  
Her pale skin  
Seem ghostly white  
I smiled  
It's her, I just knew  
It was my mom

### NEXT PROMPT

**DUE FRIDAY: Bullying.** Have you been bullied? 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.

**General.** Submit your best work. **Due: Apr. 9.**

**Farming.** Do you farm? Have you ever worked on a farm? Visited one? Do you know a farmer? Tell a story that describes the reality of farming today. **Deadline: April 23.**

Submit at:

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