

Ocean

By OLIVIA CHRISTIE
Fairfield Center School, Grade 7

I sat in the car hours and hours on end
Restless, unable to sleep
Occasionally, I would express my excitement
With a smile and nod toward my friend
next to me
“Almost there,” called a motherly voice
from the front seat
“Excited?”
Yes, I thought to myself, yes I am
excited,
Sea air crept up my nose
At that moment
Nothing had ever smelled so amazing
We drove into a sand-filled parking lot
Squealing with excitement
I took off my shoes
My feet slipping in the squeaky sand
And then I saw it
It was the most brilliant shade of blue
I’d ever seen.

Shades of blue

By OLIVE LACROIX SOUCY CAPONE
Fairfield Center School, Grade 8

The ocean
Waves lapping on the shore
Seagulls crying
Shells sparkle in aqua waters.
The sky
Always there above me
White clouds
Bright sun
One seamless blue canvas.
The flowers
Blooming in the spring
Peeping through the snow
Bursting from buds
Tender petals lightly tinted blue.
His eyes
They stole my heart
They looked into mine
They sparkled in the sun.
The sun that rested in
The sky
As we walked beside
The ocean
Gazing at
The flowers
On my blouse.
All these things
I looked
And saw blue.
It was
The most brilliant color
Blue I’d ever seen
But what was it?
The ocean?
The sky?
The flowers?
No.
It was and ever will be
His brilliant blue eyes.

Spring

By MCKENNA BENJAMIN
Swanton Elementary School, Grade 6

spring is cool
spring is fun
spring is pretty
there are lots of things to do in spring
camping,
boating,
fishing,
cool games to play
enjoy spring!

THIS WEEK: “Blue” & “Photo Prompt”



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. For 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.

JOYOUS DAY



Alexandra Harris, Essex High School, Grade 11

My dog sleeping

By MIKAYLA GRISGRABER | Swanton School, Grade 6

Does your dog bark or do weird things while it is asleep? Well, I am going to tell you how weirdly my dog sleeps. First of all let me inform you of my dog’s name, it’s Mary Jane.

Mary Jane is really weird and hilarious when she sleeps. She will bark, growl, run, wag her tail and do anything you can think of. She will start to growl, and then one minute later it turns into a bark. Then next thing you know she is barking, running and wagging her tail all at the same time.

The last time she did these things I woke her up. When I shook her stomach to wake her up, she got up quickly and went charging right into my desk. It was hilarious and the good thing about it was that she didn’t get hurt. From now on my family and I never wake her up when she is sleeping.

Why I hate slides

By SAMI JABALLAH | Milton High School, Grade 11

When I was about ten I went to daycare with my good friends Matt and JP. The daycare had a huge back yard with volleyball, a swing set, a slide, pool — everything. JP, Matt and I were the cooler kids — so cool, that we could throw the football across the whole yard.

So we were playing football one day, and it was very windy. Matt yelled “Go deep, Sami!” So I went deep. As the ball sailed through the air I had to keep my eye on it, so I turned around, still running backwards. Little did I know there was a little plastic slide right behind me. I caught the ball, but then tripped backwards, right over the slide.

I felt fine, but as I pulled myself off the ground, I felt a shooting pain going up my arm. I quietly sobbed to myself, not being able to let the other kids see one of the cool kids hurt. So I went the whole day with an ailing arm. When my father finally picked me up he noticed my swollen arm. Turns out it was broken.



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

Age

By REBECCA VALLEY
Bellows Free Academy, Grade 10

She was becoming accustomed to the soft whistle of wind that echoed through the room on those rare occasions when the door opened. It was habit; a slight turn of the head, indifferent eyes and the clutch of jacket against skin.

Skin that used to ache with softness, with pale beauty. *I used to be so stunning.* And now her world was the scent of nicotine and charred coffee, of rings left on wooden tables by sweating glasses. Of almost-silence.

Happy Birthday. A whisper in her mind’s eye. She awoke this morning to age creaking in her bones, age reflected in the crevices on her cheeks. Age a running river eroding her well-being, cracking tissue and bone along the way. She awoke only to carefully brush once-glamorous waves from her face, to painstakingly button the stiff uniform of a woman lost to time. *Don’t worry about those brains, baby.*

The crack of door frame, and the swivel of neck. Suffering in brilliant eyes, colors fading by the second. A young man, the slouch of back and gentle taste of youth, accompanied by that lightest breeze. *My time is up.*

MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING AT:
YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG

NEXT PROMPTS

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. **Due Friday.**

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