

The blue flower

By EMILY SLOCUM
Northfield Middle School, Grade 6

It was so blue I could not believe my eyes. This was like nothing I had ever seen before. It was a flower, a great, big blue flower. It was the most brilliant blue I'd ever seen. The flower was so big, so blue, that I decided to pick it. I skipped down the path that leads to my house.

With the flower in my hand I got out a vase and filled it with water. I placed the big blue flower in it. Then I saw that the vase I'd put the flower in had turned blue. I didn't know what was going on. I thought I was dreaming but I was not.

It was getting late so I went to bed thinking about how that vase had turned blue. And I finally fell asleep.

When I got up the next morning, I went downstairs and to my surprise I saw that everything was blue! I didn't know what was going on or why this was happening. I looked over at the blue flower, and it had grown one-hundred times bigger.

I took that flower to my friend Beth because she is a science wiz. I thought she might know what was going on.

When I got to Beth's house she said that she had never seen anything like it before. She looked the flower up in a book that she had and found that it was a rare Brazilian blue flower. I called the local nursery and told them what I had found. They wanted me to bring it to them right away. They told me that everyone wanted this rare blue flower because it grows so fast and everything that it touches turns blue.

Beth and I brought it to the nursery right away. When we got there all the people who worked there came out to meet us. Everyone was in awe over the blue flower. One man offered me \$1,000 for it, but I said no. I planned on making my very own special showcase for this brilliant blue flower so everyone all around the world could see it. It will be called the most brilliant blue garden.

NEXT PROMPT

Bullying. Have you ever bullied anyone or been bullied? *Alternate: Cell phones.* Should they be allowed in school? Make the case for or against them. **Due Friday.**

Submit at:
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 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.

Beautiful butterfly

By KARA BAGG | Northfield Middle School, Grade 6

One day I got up and went outside to play. As I was playing I saw a bunch of caterpillars. I tried to catch one. I did not think I caught one but to my surprise I did.

The caterpillar I caught was ill so I put her in a glass that had holes in the top. The caterpillar stayed in that glass until she was feeling better and could move. I took her out so I could spend a little time with her. Then I put her back in the glass and went to bed.

The next morning I woke up and the caterpillar had made a cocoon. I waited until it hatched. Finally the cocoon hatched and I said, "Wow!" It was the most brilliant blue I had ever seen. This butterfly was not a normal butterfly. It was a beautiful blue. I thought it was exotic.

Then I remembered that my mom told me that if I ever see a blue butterfly it might be my great grandmother. I was hoping it was my great grandmother so I started talking to the butterfly.

Then one day I said to myself I better let her go. So I set her free. Then, just as if it were a kiss, the butterfly fluttered against my face. Then and there I realized it was my great grandmother saying thank you and goodbye. I waved goodbye and said, "Come back again some day."

The looking

By EMILY RICHARDS | Berlin Elementary School, Grade 5

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

... When the train arrived in Denver, Debbie went to the closest subway to catch a train because the place she was going was a few miles away. She didn't want to walk there and she didn't have a car with her.

She went into a restaurant in the station because the next train didn't arrive until 11:30 a.m. It was now 10:15 a.m. and Debbie was starving.

She went into a restaurant called Ron's Eats. She went in, opened her purse, grabbed a cigarette and lit it with her lighter. A man walked past the window right behind her and stopped and looked at her.

The man's name was Mr. Samuels. He was a detective for the Kansas police. He had traveled on the same train as Debbie.

Actually, he was following her. He picked up his phone, and called the station. "I think we found our suspect," he said to the person on the other end of the line. ...



Photo taken by Esther Bubley for the Office of War Information, April 1943. This photo was originally in black and white.

Her empty eyes

By KAY BUSHMAN
U-32 Middle School, Grade 8

There she sits
Cigarette in hand
Her eyes elsewhere...
He's gone,
Now she's got only shadows to comfort her
He's not coming by
The glass is half empty
The letter's still beside her on the bench
She thinks of where he must be
Sailing, somewhere far from here
With only a scribbled goodbye
The nights will be long, the days will be empty.

After famous

By NINA CAVENDER
Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

I dragged on my cigarette, and blew the smoke out through my pursed lips. How had I gotten myself here? I used to live in luxury, having butlers cater to my every move, eating the finest food, wearing the most expensive clothing.

Now I'm here, in this sad attempt of a town, in this dumpy diner, waiting for a cheeseburger. A cheeseburger! I could be eating caviar stuffed salmon. If only I hadn't done the thing I did. I would still be in the lap of luxury, making movies, being the poster girl for about every product imaginable. I could still be rich. But, I'm not. I'm in Jacksonburg, Ohio. Population, 37. I guess they can say 38 now.

When the waitress comes with my burger, I see her name tag: Flo (how cliché)...