

Welcome to my home

By Elizabeth Bousquet

Peoples Academy, Grade 12
Jambo!

And welcome to my country,
My country, my continent, my world, my home.

A home ravaged by
War,
Famine,
Conflict,
Disaster,
Disease.

The tangible diseases.

Malaria,
Cholera,
Typhoid,
TB,
AIDS.

The intangible diseases.

Hatred,
Violence,
Exploitation.

My home is mine.

But somehow it has fallen into the hands of others.

Others who think they know how to fix.

When all they do is break and leave.

Some stay and plead with the world to open their eyes.

Open their eyes to a crisis.

But all they seem to see is desert and fear.

A fear of what they could never hope to understand.

My home is beautiful but it has been broken,
Broken from the inside and also from the outside.

Broken homes,

Broken people,

Broken governments and distorted power,

Broken families

And spirits about to reach their breaking point.

And so I say again,

Jambo!

And welcome to my home.

Africa sun

By Molly Duda

Peoples Academy, Grade 9

Sun beating down, radiating heat

Heat warming the back of hippos

Hippos lounging in the oversized puddles

Puddles home to both miniature and massive creatures

Creatures rampaging further than the horizon

Horizon that broadcasts reds, maroons, and oranges

Oranges, strawberries, raspberries combined in a blender

Blender which unites all the colors

Colors adding to the palette

Palette of existence in Africa

Africa sun begins all.

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Accepted

By Amie Schiller

Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 10

The lonely girl
sits alone in the corner,
slowly nibbling away at her PB&J,
watching...
Waiting.

All she wants
is someone,
anyone,
to sit with her,
or to talk with...
Someone to make the loneliness
go away.

Don't get me wrong,
she doesn't necessarily need
to be popular,
just....
accepted.

There I said it.
Accepted.
Was that so hard to say?
No.
Well...
at least not if you are not the lonely girl.

Finally!
Someone walks over
and sits with the girl.
They watch each other,
analyzing...
waiting.

When the first move is made
a word on the lips of that somebody...
the thick tension,
that has built up like a fog,
suddenly evaporates,
leaving a rainbow
in its place.

The lonely girl,
has finally,
finally
been
accepted.

Embarrassing

By Brendan Mulholland

Ripton Elementary School, Grade 6

When I was six, my mom signed me up for ballet lessons along with my twin sister Meghan. Then my mom called my dad to tell him the news. My dad told my older brothers, Sean and Malcolm. They teased me about it. After a few lessons I kind of liked it. Then we had a recital in front of a thousand people. I was the only dude in the group. I got through it OK, but it was the most embarrassing moment of my life.

The soccer fall

By Ella Bankert

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 4

My most embarrassing moment was when I tripped and fell on my face! This was during a soccer game when no one was in my area. It was embarrassing because after I fell someone went by me and scored a goal! I feel ashamed of what I did now.

The lone voice

By Kyesha Forrest

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

One time that I was embarrassed is when I was in kindergarten. We were having a performance and the kindergarten through third graders were singing for an audience of our families, friends and teachers. I sang out too early and everyone laughed! I just kept singing until I realized I was the only one. My parents still have that tape and we laugh when we watch it, even to this day.

Bad memory

By Ben Conneman

Spaulding High School, Grade 9

The most embarrassing thing I have ever done was when I was a young kid and I had to go to the bathroom. I walked into the first bathroom that I could find. Something was odd; all the toilets were the sit-down ones. Then, while I was washing my hands, this really attractive young lady walked in. She asked me, "Why are you in here?"

So I said jokingly, "Well, it's a bathroom. Why do you think?"

She said, "This is the girl's bathroom, so you probably shouldn't be in here." My face was so red from blushing and I was so embarrassed that I started to cry. I ran out

of the bathroom and found my mom and told her what had happened. She laughed and I told her I wanted to go home. But in the end I learned something: before I ever go into a bathroom I really need to look to see if it is the guys or the girls.

Embarrassed

By Jah Robertson

Burlington High School, Grade 11

What changes a person?

The smile that fades

was once so sunny,

now hidden away.

Who determines your mood?

Who says what is right?

Who decided day

would be brighter than night?

What makes them laugh

when you hold your head high?

Is it guilt or truth

in those tears in your eyes?

They laugh out of fear,

ignorance,

Too enveloped

to discover, figure out, know.

So don't be embarrassed

to be the unique you

because I'm not embarrassed

When I am called geek.

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