

Africa

By CHLOE BURKETT

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

A desert full of life
Facing unknown danger
Racing with the wild and tame
Imaginary oasis calls from afar
Children without mothers
A desert full of life

Africa

By DESIREE DUPREY

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 6

Animals running in the hot breeze,
Frightened children crying with tears,
Rain is what some children may want,
Intelligent children everywhere,
Candles being lit in the darkness,
A child with a belly filled only with hunger.

This is what **AFRICA** is like to me.

Africa?

By SAVANNAH LYNCH

Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7

Africa?
Hmm...
Bright eyes,
Dark, gorgeous skin,
Dance, dance, dance.
Africa?
Hmm...
Little food,
Dying disease,
Sick, sick, sick.
Africa?
Hmm...
No home,
Guerilla war,
Fear, fear, fear.
Africa?
Hmm...
S.O.S.,
Somebody there,
Help, help, help.
Africa?
Hmm...

Africa

By EVA KAMMAN

Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 4

When I think of Africa I think about giraffes with spots all over, eating grass on a desert. I think about lions prowling for food in the jungles, their long manes bristling.

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.

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 with a group, including Meghan, I kind of liked it. Then we had a recital in front of a thousand people. I was the only dude in the group. We 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 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.

Wrong lane

By DRAKE HULL

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 6

My most embarrassing moment happened at our local bowling alley, when I was with two friends.

It was my turn to bowl and I decided to use the lightest ball I could find so people who were watching would think I was strong. The finger holes were really small but I managed to fit my fingers in. As I wound up, my finger got stuck and the ball went flying into the air. I knocked down most of the pins but it was too bad that the ball landed in the lane next to us!

Most of the people forgot about it, but at the time, I almost died of embarrassment.

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