

# Week 29 -- Writing prompts: "Lyrics" and "premonition"

## My little red rose

By Miranda Scott  
MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

my little rose  
was blood among snow  
she sang of the truth  
and she spoke of the lies  
slowly she danced  
into the night

oh, no, where did she go?  
oh, no, where did she go?

my little storm  
was a frightening sight  
he plucked my little red rose  
locked her up, hid her away  
now she will never know

oh, no, there he goes  
oh, no, there he goes

first one drop  
then followed another  
her heart was falling to pieces  
her song and her words  
were lost in his pitiful greed  
now there's no little red rose

oh, no, all alone am I  
oh, no, all alone

my little rose  
was blood among snow  
she sang of the truth  
and she spoke of the lies  
now she is dead  
and so am I

## The giant cat of Sumatra

By Christianna Gomez  
FAYSTON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GRADE 6

(To the tune of "When the Saints Go Marching In")

Oh, when the cat  
Goes marching in  
Oh, when the cat goes marching in  
Oh, he attacks all of the people  
When the cat goes marching in

The giant cat  
Of Sumatra  
The giant cat of Sumatra  
He takes them in until the cat catcher  
Gets him then he is done for

Oh, you are wondering what his name is  
This kitty's name is Gaspar Waffles  
But you can just call him Waffles  
Because that's the name he goes by

Now I am saying goodbye  
But be careful of this kitty  
You never know when he will attack!  
I would be careful  
Unless you want your feet chewed  
To the bone  
Oh, when the cat comes marching in.

## Normality

By Cassidy Kearns  
LAKE CHAMPLAIN WALDORF HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

I don't know  
just what I'm doing  
But I'm doing it  
all the same  
Going through life  
simply being  
All I can do  
is just play the game

And this life just can't be normal  
There's no time for rationality  
And it's starting to be harmful  
It's a different kind  
of normality

No one knows  
What's really happen'ing  
They only care  
about themselves  
They hide away  
from all their problems  
Put their dignity  
Upon their shelves

And this life just can't be normal  
There's no time for rationality  
And it's starting to be harmful  
It's a different kind  
of normality

And this life just can't be normal  
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It's a different kind  
of normality

## If only

By Katy Rutkowski  
MOUNT MANSFIELD UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

Rings of tears From Circles of Black. Girls who Can't imagine that Somebody else Hurts, too, that He meant something To anyone but Them. Crying alone Out in the hall Ignored by the Crush of people around her.	Pushed on my way I wish I could tell her It'll be alright. But that would be A lie, and We both Know it. Instead she cries On my shoulder My shirt soaking up the Pain and lost love. If only he knew What she thought. If only this dream I had Never came true.
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## BLIND ANGLE



SEAN WAGONER, Essex High School

This photograph is from a series by Wagoner focusing on lighting and the picture angle: "I used high contrast and purposeful lighting to create a strong balance between light and dark and to bring out the object that I was focusing on in each picture, though in a somewhat abstract sense due to the angle. My hope was to create an interesting picture that you could look at for a bit, figuring out what the picture was all about."

## Superstitious

By Devin Suozzi-Rearic  
CHAMPLAIN VALLEY UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

I had a  
dream once that he  
died.  
I told it to  
everyone so it  
wouldn't come  
true.  
Then I'd  
listen to him  
breathing at  
night to  
make sure he was still  
alive.

I was so  
paranoid, so  
superstitious.  
I wish I could  
say I'd lost  
faith in my  
superstitions,  
but I can't.  
I think I will  
always be this  
way, no matter  
how many times they  
fail me.

## Premonition

By Will Roberts  
FAIRFIELD CENTER SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I feel a premonition  
Something that I don't like  
Not thoughts or superstition,  
An aggravating spike  
It pierces my thoughts  
It alerts my conscious mind  
A glimpse of major future acts  
Good or bad I'll find  
I speak of what I see  
But people laugh and tease  
They make me feel so sad inside  
Their trust I try to seize  
And then it happens, fast  
With sound and misery  
What bad did happen, then and there?  
I wanted them to see  
Now that this strange deed  
Has happened like I said  
They believe that I was true  
And tears they have to shed  
Regret now fills the atmosphere  
Like slowly falling snow  
For not seeing that I was right  
Has cost them, dearly so

## Let the world fade...

By Veronica Kovacs  
WOODSTOCK UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

I hear music when you talk.  
It soothes scars within me;  
So keep on speaking  
as I fall asleep.  
If only a voice  
was left behind  
then I'd rather sleep  
and keep it in mind.

Sweet dreams  
of you and I;  
Don't wake me up  
and say goodbye.  
Don't wake me up  
unless you are there;  
Tell me you love me  
please tell me you care.

## GENERAL SUBMISSION

### Twigs

By Daniel Wyman  
MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

We feed from the same earth  
spring from the same tree  
yet I shiver to think the same lifeblood  
is shared between you and me.  
You offer yourself to the worms  
change colors absent of fall  
and drink the most toxic of rain.  
From my branch I don't know  
whether to shield you with my leaves  
or let the corruption course through your capillaries  
as you dissolve inside and out.

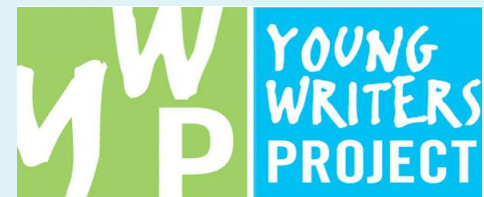
### Lyrics last forever

By Chloe Dickinson  
WOODSTOCK UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Completing a melody  
Developing the harmony  
The essence of a tune  
Brings meaning to the room.  
The core of winded silence  
Remembered from a distance  
Forever live the lyrics  
A music maker's physics.  
Staying where song has ceased  
Bringing comfort, even peace  
Lasting lifetimes now and then  
The ringing words will never end.

## How to submit

Works can be in response to our prompts or general writing; the work can be fiction, non-fiction, essays, poetry -- any genre. To submit work for potential publication, register at [www.youngwritersproject.org](http://www.youngwritersproject.org), and follow the instructions on how to submit.



YWP is an independent nonprofit dedicated to helping students write better and gain an audience for their best work. YWP offers writing prompts, workshops, Online Writing Centers and [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), a safe Web site where students share writing, comment on each other's work and get feedback from college mentors. The Vermont Business Roundtable is funding our core work, but we need your donations to continue our work. Go to our Web site and click "donate" for more information.



## On the Web

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

APRIL 29: WE BEGIN AN INTERACTIVE FORUM WITH DOUG WILHELM, AUTHOR OF "THE REVEALERS" AND "FALLING." DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!

Check out the Web site for more student writing – blogs, forums, podcasts, commenting, a Writer's Library and the 2008 prompts. Register and log in to participate!

## Feeling good

By Julie Boyd  
WOODSTOCK UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

I have a good feeling about today  
Everything is going to be great  
There's something sweet in the air  
A song in my heart moving me on  
Toward the good day I feel coming

## Whim

By Hannah Reichel  
DUMMERSTON MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Ever since I was little  
I've had fleeting images.  
I see them with the eyes of one  
just seeing  
just passing by.  
Then this image  
one day  
appears.  
It happens again  
and I realize  
that I know it  
I've seen it before  
and then I am no longer just looking.  
There was the U-Haul truck  
going south on 91  
past the cornfields  
and I knew this moment  
had already been lived.  
There was the doll  
I chose  
and looking into her eyes  
at her dark chestnut hair  
I whispered,  
because I knew,  
Carmen.  
Four months later  
there was a call  
my cousin was born  
a world away in Germany  
dark chestnut hair  
and round eyes  
Carmen.  
Sometimes  
I think it's just coincidence  
sometimes perhaps a daydream.  
Now  
I see mostly fleeting images,  
light  
as a sparrow,  
there, then not.  
But in the beginning  
I was  
maybe three  
I told my mom  
that her friend  
was going to die  
in a car accident,  
a whim  
really  
I just knew  
all of a sudden  
I felt it.  
And some days  
I want to know  
if it'll happen  
but I cannot speed  
up life  
or the coming of death.  
It is only to be found  
in the future  
and perhaps  
someone knows  
the same for me.