

My lucky season

BY KYLEE PHILLIPS

Poultney High School, Grade 8

It was spring softball season and I was ready for all the games ahead. We had practiced long and hard. We took an hour a day to practice the sport that we loved best: softball. We practiced catching, throwing and batting.

It was our first game and we were all psyched up, ready for anything that came our way. We saw our fans cheering for us out there in the bleachers, and then we knew what we had to do...WIN THAT GAME. We went out there and played our hearts and souls out, and we did win that game. We were so proud, and so were our fans, coaches and parents.

As the season wore on we were undefeated, we remained proud. We knew that we could not get cocky and think that no one could beat us. We came close to losing a couple of games, but we played until the game was over. I could not have been more proud of my team. They showed as much passion for the sport as I did, and I knew they wanted to play this fantastic sport. At the end of the season we were undefeated. I felt so lucky to have a team like this to play with. They put in as much time, effort, heart and soul as I did.

I was so lucky to have this sport. I hope I can always have a team that is this dedicated to softball, as I have been since I was in kindergarten. I am a very lucky person to have such good teammates.

Cold winter morning

BY MAYA REDINGTON

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5

My eyes open
Wind howling
Toes cold
All white outside
Trees whistling
The feeling
The cold feeling
Not doing
Getting up
Not possible
Getting out
From under covers
My bare feet
If get up
Need to
To get up
Up off bed
But can't
Can't move
Too cold
Cold
Cold
Cold!

A winter day

BY SCOTT MESSER

Benson Village School, Grade 8

Snow falls through the air,
Sending little shivers down my back.
The sky is covered in gray,
Clouds layered on clouds.
The snow gets deeper,
Turning my toes into icicles.
The snow mounts up,
Ankle-deep, knee-deep, thigh-deep.
Light penetrates the falling snow,
Inviting me toward its warmth.
A house appears in the distance,
Barely distinguishable from the snow.
The house looms in the light,
Beckoning to me with warmth.
All at once I see a light, hear a voice,
And I'm inside, away from the torrent of snow.

Can't think

BY GABRIEL GOODHUE

Benson Village School, Grade 8

Ahhh! I can't think of anything!
I think I am losing
My touch.
Please end the horrible night!
Night, I mean day! Ahh!
I'm so confused,
I can't count to two!
One, three. Ahh!
Phew! class is over,
Thank goodness!
The teacher looks
At my notebook and says,
"Hey, great job!"
What? I wrote a poem!?
What is this about?!

You know what,
I guess I still have
My touch.

My mom

BY MARALYNA RHEAUME

Benson Village School, Grade 8

Sweet as nectar
Loving and caring
Playful as puppies
Happy and fun
Calm as water
Bold and strong
Pretty as a sun set
Tall like an oak tree
Branches on the tree
Hugging me

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Green

BY KAITLYN LAROSE | Poultney High School, Grade 8

"I've never seen such a brilliant shade of green!" I said as I passed the meadow of green grass that I always visited, where I liked to relax and listen to the sounds of nature. I kept walking, past the grass and the sweet smelling flowers, until I had walked all the way home.

The next day, as I awoke from my slumber, I heard a sound in my head — a sound that only I could hear. It sounded, well . . . evil. I thought I was hearing things. So I just ignored it.

I rode with my mother to school and she dropped me off. As I walked through the halls, I heard people saying words like "bulldoze" and "demolish." I thought they were talking about people bulldozing an old building to put in a new one, so I just kept quiet for the rest of the day.

As I walked home I thought I should go to my meadow and listen to calming sounds. When I got there I saw nothing. No birds. No trees. No flowers. And no green grass. I turned to my left to see a baby bird on the ground. Dead. Looked like it had fallen from its nest and then been run over by a car. A small tear came to my eye as I quietly buried that baby bird in the dirt. I cried some more. Then I gathered my belongings and left my meadow — the same meadow where I had relaxed and listened so many times was gone.

I'll never see that brilliantly green grass again, just like that mother bird will never see her baby again, and bees won't be able to pollinate because it's all gone. Nothing left . . . Nothing but memories of my meadow.

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UPCOMING EVENTS

VERMONT WRITES DAY III
MAY 5, 2009

Students, teachers, staff write for 7 minutes about **FARMING** for more:
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POETRY SLAMS!

Friday, April 24, 6:30 p.m.
Aldrich Public Library

Tuesday, May 12, 6:30 p.m.
YWP Offices
Champlain Mill, Winooski

Poetry

BY AMANDA GOKEE

Rutland High School, Grade 11

Break out into song
everyone.
Make something to express
to show
to give.
Capture the light
Give it a name you can hold.

It is in your hands
like the bird — maybe a sparrow
sometimes the foolish mockingbird.
Like energy,
always
changing
form,
taking new meaning
belief, justice, grace

Though the words rest
on the smooth page
becoming impatient,
the pen dances away
spindly legged, pointed
making music,
ballerina of her art.

"Don't throw me away,"
she calls out,
sweet desperation etching
into her lines
"I am timeless; I know no form."
Simplicity of the senses, layered
appeal to me with options
take my first amendment
and shower it into
Fireworks!
illuminated to create.