

# Week 30: Writing prompts — “Fear” and “fishing”

## Fear’s way

BY RYAN CASSIDY  
Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9

Fear can be a thing that is only in our heads  
Like a nightmare while we're in bed  
You can have a fear of suffering  
Or a fear from fear itself  
Overall, fear is not fun for anyone  
You need to always remember  
To never let fear control your life  
Live life the way you want to live it

## Fear

BY ROBERT KNOX  
Rutland High School, Grade 11

Trying to hide	Really there
From something	Just another
That can't really	Hallucination
Harm me in	Just like always
Any way possible	I return to
But it still	My corner, shivering
Creates a sense	Wondering when these
Of panic in my head	Hallucinations
I try everything	Of you will
That I can	Finally end
Think of	And the fear that
But nothing works	Has taken root
You walk in the door	In my mind
And I get up	Will finally be
And run to you	Erased
But you aren't	

## I wonder why

BY CASEY CLIFFORD  
Rutland Middle School, Grade 8

I wonder why spiders scare me so much.  
Maybe it's their eight legs.  
Eight creepy legs.  
Maybe it's because they aren't furry.  
They are just ugly.  
Maybe it's because they spin webs.  
Sticky gross webs.  
Or maybe just maybe. . .  
It's because  
They are ugly,  
Creepy, eight-legged,  
Sticky, web-making  
Monsters.

## Tiny terrors

BY COURTNEY PERRY  
Bellows Falls Union High School, Grade 9

Eight spindly hairy legs  
Crawling on the ceiling  
While numerous tiny glinting eyes  
All focus on the railing.  
A slim pale hand is resting there  
The perfect landing pad  
The legs swing freely toward the spot  
A loud clear scream is heard  
"Get it off! Eww! Get it off!"  
She shakes her fingers in disgust  
Eight furry legs come to rest on the ground  
Many glaring eyes glance up in distrust  
Such a skittish little girl is she  
Her face could not be whiter  
Her friends are laughing long and loud  
As she faces off with a tiny spider

## Number Twelve!

BY DAMIAN COBURN  
Chelsea Public School, Grade 10

Deep inside I sort of see a cute little bunny or  
some other creature that is soft and fluffy and cute  
and ...

Snap back to reality. This beast, as I have  
learned to call it, just head-butted me into the wall  
for the seventh time in the past half hour and all I  
can see is not a little fluffy bunny, but fresh ham-  
burger packed and labeled, and on the label says,  
“What was once Number Twelve. Enjoy!” Well,  
that would be my favorite dream-come-true at the  
farm.

Number Twelve did not always act as if she  
was possessed by some dark force that I could not  
conquer without the use of kitchen utensils and a  
meat grinder. She was just an over-excited heifer  
that always wanted attention. Her need for atten-  
tion turned into a hunger for me. Number Twelve  
is now a milking cow with eight hundred and sev-  
enty pounds of brute muscle and ferociousness.  
Not only does Number Twelve have muscle,  
weight, and the intent to kill on her side, she has an  
ugly disease as I call it. It is not really a disease but  
ringworm. Well, whatever you call it, or her, she  
still scares me!

## Am I good enough?

BY ANDREW RICHARDSON  
Chelsea Public School, Grade 11

My fear is not being good enough. When peo-  
ple look at me I feel like a spectacle that everybody  
can point their fingers at whenever something goes  
wrong. I mean, I'm 16 years old. I should be hav-  
ing the time of my life but, no, I have to worry  
about who's saying what about me.

Why do I have to be perfect? Can't it be some-  
one else's job to take the heat for once? Am I so  
inadequate that I have to carry all of the negative  
energy on my shoulders?

I try hard to be adequate. I take everything I do  
to the extreme just so that when I got to bed at  
night I know that nobody, at this very moment, is  
going to be upset at me. But yet, I know I'm not  
the only one who has this problem.

Why are we all easy targets?

## SUN'S LAKE EFFECT



Meg Koski, Essex High School

## Afraid

BY REBECCA WHITE  
Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

I'm afraid to grow up  
afraid to move on without  
fully experiencing.  
I remember when I took  
being young for  
granted.  
I watch my days carefully  
like a cat ready to pounce.  
Keeping  
or at least trying  
to stay positive.  
I try to ignore, forget, vanquish  
the voice that tells me  
I'm wrong.  
But I'm afraid.  
Afraid that one day I'll wake up  
family-less and broke.  
A pointless life beyond  
checking for  
textual misdemeanors.  
Afraid to be  
alone.  
To grow old.  
Not for looks  
or posture's sake,  
But for time.  
We all have such  
a limited  
time.  
The hand that holds me  
slowly slipping loose  
the warmth in my fingers  
draining out.  
I'm afraid that I'll never get to say  
Goodbye.

## Fishing

BY ALICIA CERASOLI  
Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

We trample our way  
Through the tall grass, weeds and poison ivy.  
A little clearing waits  
Calm and still  
By the water's cool edge.  
Slowly  
Water  
T  
R  
I  
C  
K  
L  
E  
S,  
Running down the stream  
Bumping past rocks.  
I trace my finger through the water  
Letting it ripple softly.  
My uncle hands me a container  
With bold letters:  
CRAWLERS  
Is what it says.  
A monstrous cartoon drawing of a worm  
Lies still on the side of the plastic dish.  
I lace a squirming worm onto my hook  
Place the black plastic button  
On the fishing rod down  
And cast off.  
My hook gracefully swings  
Through the air  
And lands with a plump “bop.”  
The calm wind sways around me  
Just as I feel a soft tug.

## The ocean of false reality

BY NOELLEN NEISNER  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

Here he goes again  
That excited look in his eye  
The way he stands up straighter  
His body moves with his words  
As they come pouring out of his mouth  
His voice gets louder  
All who are around listen --  
The climax of the story!  
He wrestles the fish to the ground  
(His breathing becomes heavier)  
The fish thrashes around  
(His arms swing high and low)  
And finally it stops moving.  
The fish was so big  
He could barely lift its limp body.  
He believes his false reality  
He has tricked himself to believe his own lies  
Each time he tells this story  
The fish grows and  
This time is not the last time  
That he will wrestle the monster.

## I hate fishing

BY WARREN PALMER  
Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

Nothing ... not a bite ... not a strike ...  
not even a minnow swims in these waters.  
“Dead lake,” they should  
call it, not Deer Lake.  
Of course there's a small toad  
here and there, on land.  
After a few moments  
the sun is enveloped  
by the dusk.  
Still fishing, no hits yet  
and I'm getting  
a weird vibe of frustration and drowsiness.  
Silt clumps in the water like the food bits  
in a drain. I wish there was a trash  
disposal in this lake. My face red hot, I  
take one last cast, “Why do I even  
bother? I always get nothing  
when I fish.”  
I hate fishing.

## Fear's disgrace

BY MOYA CAVANAGH  
Browns River Middle School, Grade 8

Today Fear came to me  
a pretty young woman offering  
lies swathed in honey, which  
I never cease to believe.

Today Fear reached out to me  
with a soothing hand to ease away  
my apprehension.  
And when, as always, I had slipped  
Into her trap  
She flicked her wrist  
brought her hand back in a slap  
So that the pain and noise echoed from  
My cheek bone.

Today Fear came to me  
Swaddling me  
with lightning speed  
in bindings woven  
from my worst imaginings.



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Today Fear took me  
and the reasoning of her persuasive voice  
has festered in my flaws.  
Branding itself into my skin  
so she may forever remain the very  
definition  
of my disgrace.