

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

## Am I good enough?

By Andrew Richardson

CHELSEA PUBLIC SCHOOL, GRADE 11

My fear is not being good enough. When people 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 having 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 someone 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.

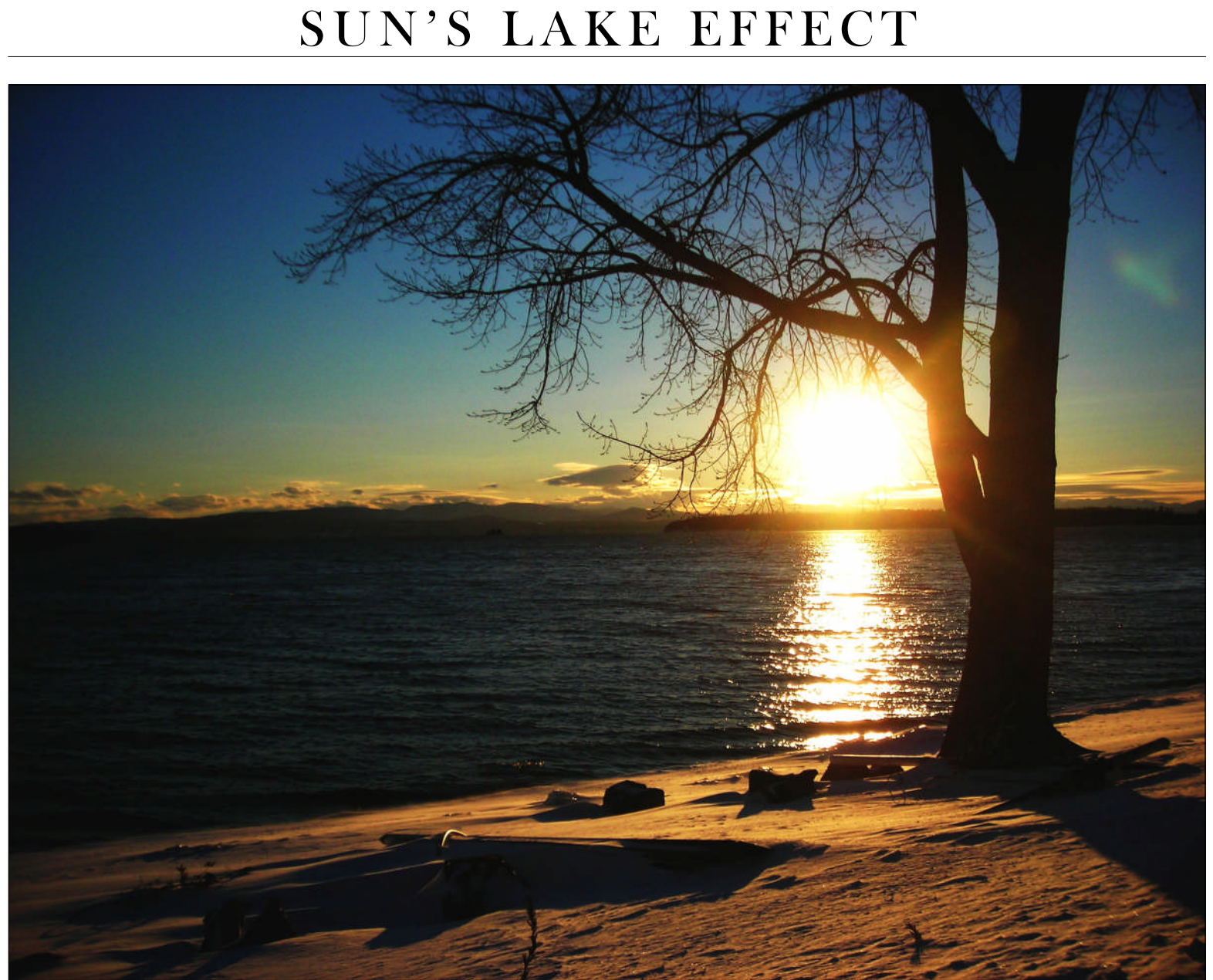
Why are we all easy targets?

## Fear

By Samantha Bonasera

CHELSEA PUBLIC SCHOOL, GRADE 11

Hands clapping  
Feet stomping  
Hundreds of eyes beaming down at you  
Your heart beats, pumping faster and faster  
Their big smiles, your big smile  
It feels like you have to walk a mile,  
just to get a light flashing  
Five more feet, splat  
No more clapping, no more stomping, silence  
You look up, then look down  
Your knuckles start to clench together  
Laughter and giggles appear in your ears  
You slowly get up  
Shake it off and grab the piece of paper with your name on it  
Walking away quickly  
You think to yourself  
What a great reward



Meg Koski, Essex High School

## 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 hamburger 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 attention turned into a hunger for me. Number Twelve is now a milking cow with eight hundred and seventy 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 ring-worm. Well, whatever you call it, or her, she still scares me!

## 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.

## 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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## On the Web at

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

THROUGH MAY 19: CHECK OUT THE INTERACTIVE FORUM WITH DOUG WILHELM, AUTHOR OF “THE REVEALERS” AND “FALLING.” DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY. BEGINNING MAY 20: ERIK ESCILSEN.

Check out the Web site for more student writing – blogs, forums, podcasts, getting and receiving feedback, commenting on the news, a Writer's Library and more. Register, log in and participate!

## GENERAL SUBMISSIONS

### A lost friend

By Julie Curran

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

The wind pushed the empty swing next to her. She was haunted by memories of the girl who was once always right beside her. She remembered all the times when they had sat there and talked for hours, laughing and joking. Or other times when they would just be there for each other and talk everything through. But she was gone now. She had found someone else to hang out with, to talk to, to comfort. She felt like she had just been punched in the stomach, but the feeling lasted for longer. A tear rolled down her cheek as the sky started spitting. Too absorbed in her thoughts to start the lonely walk home, she sat there, drenched all the way through. She waited. Wishing. Wondering. What happened?

### Sound of Dad's guitar

By Kayla Richardson

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

I walk in the apartment.  
I hear something  
Something I haven't heard in a year.  
It's the sound of Dad's guitar.  
I forgot how much I miss that sound  
That loud metal heavy rock sound.  
It fills my ears and gives me joy.  
I've always found it soothing  
But I don't know why.  
It's just something I love.  
I smile to myself, and listen  
To the sound of Dad's guitar.

### 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.