

Keep it clean

By Kara Piergentili

Dummerston School, Grade 8

What does it mean to be green? Is your body green? Are you nauseous? To me being green means taking care of our planet and respecting this wonderful place. I myself have done some things to help reduce my carbon footprint.

Instead of reaching for a plastic water bottle I go for my eco-friendly, reusable water bottle. This helps reduce the pollution that plastic causes over the 1,000 years it takes to biodegrade (if it ever does).

Instead of using regular light bulbs, my family has installed compact fluorescent light bulbs in our house to help reduce air pollution. To keep warm in our house, we have cut down on gas and instead use a wood-burning stove.

One of the things my family and I have done to reduce our impact is to RECYCLE! We recycle whatever we can, whenever we can. Recycling is probably one of the easiest and most effective ways to be green.

Some people have this preconceived notion that going green is going to be hard, expensive, and time consuming, but that's not the deal. It is really the little things that help: fixing the leaky faucet, reusing bags at the grocery store, supporting locally grown products, etc. We only have one earth. Let's keep it clean the best we can.

The light

By Evelyn Hill

Middlebury Union High School, Grade 10

I saw a dancing light shining through the trees. Colors twirled around it, Purple gold and glimmers of silver. It lit up the sky, brighter than the fire Reflecting off the clouds that drifted toward the sea.

This light filled the world With all the love from a friendly smile, Or the love from the only kiss Hope streamed from it and filled the hearts of so many.

It pulled everyone's heads up to look toward the sky

Instead of looking down into caves. Everyone fell in love with this light As it warmed everything with its touch.

But one day we turned, And when we turned it was gone. Everything had faded back to darkness.

Trees had grown and covered the light and Everything became black once more.

No hearts lit up with love, no eyes showed signs of hope.

Nothing was left to look up to, only the fear and sadness were left, Because when we turned, the light had gone.



YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT

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Kermit on green

By Ossia Dwyer

Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

When I said it's not easy being green, I was telling the truth. How can I have a serious acting career when I am green? I can't do any green screen work, I wouldn't show up! I doubt anyone takes me seriously right now anyway. I starred in a show with a guy in a trashcan and a blue thing who talks to chickens. My girlfriend is a pig who walks on two feet!

As I said, there are limited jobs available to me. I have a pretty nice voice, if I do say so myself, but I could never do a concert. I am a frog, how could I reach the microphone or sign autographs? For now I am trying to make my way on e-bay, but there are not a lot of people willing to buy a slightly-used frog tuxedo or Miss Piggy's pig-sized pumps — priceless Hollywood memories, used by real stars!

I am a real star, right?

When I turned

By Riley Johnson

Dummerston School, Grade 7

I was out for a walk, listening to the chickadees talk and there was no more hushing, just a slight brushing; when I turned it was gone — a little baby fawn.

“Wow” I had thought, like the decoration I'd bought. As it trotted away, It seemed to sway, in a slight breeze, that began to make me wheeze.

“Oh no!” I thought, my inhaler I forgot. The last sight I saw, was a little deer paw, or, as the correct term, hoof, and all I heard was a poof; when I turned it was gone.

Gone

By Samantha R. Newell

Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 11

My brother was there for me
When no one else was.
He was the best brother,
And that was just because
He didn't have to be there,
He didn't have to stay.
And one time I turned,
And he had gone away.
He was not only a brother,
More like a really good friend.
He liked to protect me,
Because there are wounds he can't mend.
He simply loved me
But I had to let go.
As much as I love him
He needed space to grow.
But I really love my brother
And he has moved on.
All because I turned my back,
And then he was gone.

Go green

By Avni Nahar

Frederick H. Tuttle Middle School, Grade 8

Our environment is as delicate as glass;
Without it, our world will crash.
Antarctica melts, and penguins are dying,
But in their planes for one, businessmen keep flying.
Oblivious, they seem, to the times of today,
Even though their Blackberries are never too far away.
Climate change is happening, global warming is real,
And it seriously is a huge deal.
Our planet is warming up, too much, too fast,
And who is to blame? Us, and our past.
But how can we save it? What can we do?
Here, let me give you a clue.
Just be green, it's not too hard,
Otherwise, our planet will be scarred.
Unplug your phone, or turn off the TV,
Recycle your newspapers, shut down the PC.
Let your hair air-dry, and reuse old stuff,
Carpool with neighbors, or better, take the bus.
If, in twenty years, our earth is failing,
Would you want your conscience to be wailing?
So stop the crisis before it's too late,
Don't let Planet Dead be the future's fate
Plant a tree, walk to school
Keep our world's temperature cool.
Save the penguins, and the polar bears
Save the animals, and save our air.
So, these are my words of wisdom for the day
Heed them, and no one will have to pay.

The glance

By Theresa Glabach

Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8

When I turned,
It was gone.
That moment,
The look in their eyes,
All of it was just...

Gone.

I hesitated
For a moment.
Was it ever really there?
It had to be
I couldn't have
Just imagined it,
Could I?
There was something
In their voice,
It had to be real.
But what was it?
Jealousy?
No,
They knew the truth.
Anger?
Maybe,
But then why would they
Be talking so openly about it.
Regret?
No,
They had nothing to regret.
So what was
That look?
It lasted just
Two seconds,
If that.
And then
They put the smile
Back on.
It had to be real,
The pain
I felt from
That glance
Was real.
I knew that.
The way
I got so mad
At the person
For making them say that.
I know
That was real.
So why do I doubt
That glance,
That single look?
I know that look
In their eye,
Was so genuine.
Hate?
Very likely,
But that wasn't like them.
Distrust?
No,
They didn't even know.
I guess the mystery remains
Now that it's gone.
That simple look

Just gone.

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