

## An anchor

**By Isabella Fenn**

*Charlotte Central School, Grade 8*

The last time I saw you  
you were wearing a ring  
Made out of woven string  
by careful fingers.

I always liked it there.  
It was comforting,  
a promise that things  
would stay the way they were.  
But when I turned  
it was gone.

It disappeared  
in a puff of smoke.  
I didn't even get a chance  
to say goodbye.

The ring was there  
solid and concrete.  
An anchor, firmly grounding me  
in the present.

I want it back  
so badly.

I wonder where the ring is now.  
In a box, perhaps  
or in the trash.  
Or just forgotten.

Maybe you still wear it  
as a reminder.  
Take it off  
if you haven't already.

It's messing  
with my mind.

## Realized future

**By Kylie Edwards**

*Albert D. Lawton Intermediate School, Grade 6*

Look around the busy streets  
Car, car, car  
Look around the gas stations  
Spend, spend, spend  
Hear the roaring engine  
Hear the gas pump stop  
Look around the filthy town  
Our polluted little circle grows  
So what are we to do?  
The answer is screaming out!  
A silent voice, depends on choice  
All we need to do is act now

## 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.

## In honor of the trees

**By Alden Wheeler**

*J.J. Flynn Elementary School, Grade 2*

Once upon a time, not very long ago,  
there were some trees. Not many trees, but  
healthy trees - green trees. Those trees  
were taking care of people who were very  
poor. Those people loved trees and wanted  
to help trees in many ways.

One day there came a truck. Its driver  
saw the trees and thought, "What perfect  
trees to cut down."

The driver found the right kind of trucks  
to cut the trees down and, in no time at all,  
the trees were gone.

The people were very sad.  
The trucks went away with the wood.

Then the people decided to chase the  
trucks. They ran after the trucks, but they  
weren't fast enough.

They went home very sad.  
Finally, they went to a store and bought  
all kinds of tree seeds and one potted plant.  
They planted everything where the old

trees were. After they were finished they  
placed a plaque where the old trees had  
been. It said:

"In honor of other trees which are now  
cut down. We hope that these trees will be  
alive for as long as these trees can be.  
1990."

## The frog and the heron

**By Sam Burke**

*Mater Christi School, Grade 6*

There was a little frog  
Living on the moor  
Hopping through her little life  
Feeling life was such a bore.

She hopped from pad to pad  
Each and every day  
Hoping that she'd remain  
An unpreyed froggy prey.

One day a hungry heron  
Swooped down to make a scene  
But stopped abruptly with a crash  
Blinded by a flash of green.

The hungry little heron  
approached our froggy friend  
As she cowered in the cattails  
Assured it was the end.

The heron cocked his head  
"I've never really seen"  
He paused for a moment,  
"So many brilliant shades of green."

The frog froze in terror  
She wanted to just hop away  
She wasn't sure what had happened  
Had her cover just given her away?

The frog wasn't stopping  
Not for any man  
She had to re-camouflage  
And she had a plan.

She hopped to the campground  
Nearby, a green flash  
And according to her plan  
Bathed herself in ash.

She hadn't much time  
the heron was afoot.  
So she plucked up her courage  
Covered herself in soot.

The heron landed  
So very confused  
Startled that his senses  
Had been thoroughly abused

He shook his head.  
"It was such a pity  
I was just chasing that frog  
To say she was pretty!"



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds *online classrooms* for schools and after-school programs. For more: [ywpvt.net](http://ywpvt.net). To read about the project: [ywpblog.ywpvt.net](http://ywpblog.ywpvt.net)

## When I turned ...

**By Tasneem Sadok**

*Allen Brook School, Grade 4*

It was on the road in a bag. I walked over to it. Next to the bag was a sign that read, "Kitten for Sale."

"Oh, poor thing," I cried. I couldn't just leave it there. So I went over and peeked inside the bag. I heard the faintest meow. I took the kitten in my arms and gave her a soft pet. I ran inside crying, "Mamma, Mamma, look, look!"

"Oh dear," she said. "We'll have to take great care of her."

We became like sisters, that cat and I. One day, we went to play outside. I heard a meow and thought it was my cat, Tiger. But it wasn't. It was her mom and family. I called to Mom, "I'm playing with Tiger."

"Okay, Sweetie," she called.

"Tiger, I can play with you now." But when I turned, she was gone.

## 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 fear and sadness were left,  
Because when we turned, the light had gone.