

Underworld monster

BY REBECCA WILLIAMS

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

One sunny day, my mom told me to go
light the fire down in the basement.

“OK,” I said.

When I got down there I heard something
skitter across the floor. I said, “What
was that? A mouse, maybe?”

I went over to the fireplace and opened
it. A monster jumped out!

I screamed so loud my mom came
rushing down the stairs. Wen I turned, it
was gone, vanishing into thin air.

Gone

BY JORDAN EMRICK

Rutland High School, Grade 11

There I was found within the sun,
Warmth surrounded my life.

But then came a bitter cold day,
It took my breath away.

I turned and it was gone, the light, the joy,
the warmth.

Here I am with no place to go.

I wish for the warmth of a new day to
shine upon me.

To surround me with the thought of hope,
Hope for a new day, where we can live in
a new world.

What I saw

BY NOAH BEAUCHAIN

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

I thought I saw something.

It was large,

Hairy,

Pink.

When I turned, it was gone.

Lurking through the forest,

It ran from shadow to shadow.

I crept forward.

There! I saw it.

It was coming nearer.

It was closing in on me.

When I turned, it was gone.

Smashing down trees,

I couldn't hear a sound.

It was coming nearer.

It was closing in on me.

When I turned. . .

Ha! It was my baby brother.

What a laugh!

Daddy's song

BY CORY ANN DINSMORE

Oxbow High School, Grade 12

I went back and forth on the swing

Getting muddy in the spring

Knowing just where I belonged

But when I turned, it was gone

Running in between the trees

Falling, scraping up my knees

Listening to my Daddy's song

But when I turned, it was gone

Never caring about truth

Busy basking in my youth

Sad to say that before long

I turned around and it was gone

In honor of 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 them, 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.”

Greenest of green

BY JACKSON DONOVAN

Spaulding High School, Grade 10

She is as smart as Harvard's dean,

She ranks above the best like a queen,

She is unheard of and never seen,

She is the greenest of green.

She tries to keep her beauty,

She is run down by earth's cruelty,

She is wearing away truly,

She is no longer the greenest of green.

She is small and in between,

She is known for being green,

She has everything to flaunt,

She is my beautiful Vermont.

Go green

BY AVNI NAHAR

Frederick 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.

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 serious-
ly 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 con-
cert. 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?



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Missing

BY CONNOR WAY

Spaulding High School, Grade 9

When I turned around it was gone. . . .

My skateboard! My baby!

Who cares about the girlfriend? I need my
board.

Kick flips, shuv-its, 50-50, board slides.

I need them, I miss them. . .

I need the rush of running away from the
blues after a great session.

I need the feeling that I'm flying, free.

The only way to solve my pain is to find
my love,

To find my passion,

To find my board.

I'm searching for my baby.

She's not under the bed, not under the table.

She's nowhere to be found!

I look in the bathroom. I look in the walls.

I look up high but I'm not that tall!

I look in the bedroom and there I see

My girlfriend with my board —

Board in one hand, saw in the other.

She looks at me and says, “The board or us?”

I sit down and think long and hard.

I remember the kick flip off the 5 stair.

But then our first kiss.

So many memories, so hard to think.

She's giving me a bad look, the saw is getting

closer.

So now I'm out here with my friends,

pulling doubles off an 8,

Still running from the blues,

Not a care or a girlfriend in the world.

A dragonfly

BY SHANNON COLLINS

Mater Christi School, Grade 6

I've never seen

such a brilliant shade of green

The detail of its wings

The sound of flapping rings

Flying so fast

It lands at last

Its eyes staring

the colors it is wearing

It may cry but never lie

A dragonfly

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