



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains youngwriter-sproject.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. To read about the project: ywpblog.ywpvt.net

UPCOMING

Poetry Slams with Geoff Hewitt

All ages — everyone welcome

APRIL 15, 2009

7:00 p.m.

Harwood Union High School
Sponsored by: Waterbury Public Library

APRIL 24, 2009

6:30 p.m.

Aldrich Public Library

For more information:
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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, "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.

What happened?

By Sarah Wells

U-32 MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

You could make me laugh when I wanted to cry.
You made me smile when I thought I never would again.
You were there for me and I for you.
You begged me not to go at night, just so we could talk some more.
I felt so secure, so safe.
You'd enter my dreams and help me sleep at night.
I believed you when you said you loved me.
Then one day, when I turned, you were gone.
No warning.
Not even a chance to ask, "What went wrong?"
Some nights, when I just can't take the silence,
I sit in the dark and think of what we had, what I let get away.
We pass each other and you don't spare a glance.
I can't help but wonder what I did wrong.
If I could go back and do it again, I would.
I'd be your friend, even though I know you'd break my heart.

Satisfying loss

By Rosie Kreis

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org

When I turned it was gone.
There I was in New York City ... It was the weekend of my birthday and I was visiting my sister. It was my first time in a big city. ...
... When my flight finally arrived at LaGuardia Airport at roughly 12:15 a.m., my sister met me at the airport and we began our journey back to her apartment. From the airport we took a bus to a train, to a cab, to another train and then walked three blocks to another bus, only to find that the last bus had stopped running 30 minutes earlier. By now it was 1:30 and I was exhausted and starving. I set my coat and bag down to rest while my sister went across the road to Dunkin Donuts to get us a snack. When she came back, I went to pick up my coat and it was gone.
I looked all around the area where I had set it down. Nothing. I figured I was tired and had placed it somewhere else, but it was nowhere to be found. ...
The next day, while we were out sight-seeing, we ended up in the same area we had been the night before. It was there that I saw a street vendor selling various items. A purse caught my eye so I decided to take a

closer look at the kiosk. I liked the purse and was about to buy it when a coat hanging in the next row jumped out at me. It was my coat! Of course I couldn't prove it, and I'm not one to make a scene, so I put the purse back and left the kiosk satisfied, knowing what had happened to my coat and disappointed that I was so close to getting it back but couldn't.

When I turned

By Kelby Bell

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

When I started walking
You held my hands and let me lead the way
And when I turned you were gone
When I started to ride a bike
You gave me a great push
And when I turned you were gone
When I started school
You came my first day
And when I turned you were gone
When I faced hard decisions
You were there
And when I turned you were gone
I learned to walk with you
When you left, I was independent
I learned to ride a bike with you
When you left, I let go and took a risk
I learned to go to school alone
When you left, I gained a new experience

The first one

By Ben Duff

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

When I turned, it was gone. I was ten and on my first Youth Deer Hunt with my dad. I had just dropped a buck and when I turned around after giving my dad a high five, the deer was gone. It is the worst feeling when you realize a deer could have gotten away, and it was no different then. The chase was on, and I wouldn't rest until I had a tag on the deer. I followed the blood trail like mad, but my dad was finally able to talk some sense into me and we stopped to let the deer lie down and bleed out. It seemed like we followed the trail forever that day before we figured out where the deer would be and went back to camp to regroup. As it turned out, the deer had run from where I shot it to a small patch of woods in the middle of a corn field right in back of camp.
We stopped and rested for a while and came up with a plan to get the deer. My cousin and his nephew went out to the patch of woods and jumped the deer, which came running out into the field where I was standing. It ran right up over a hill to where I

couldn't see it and my dad dragged me after it. It was kind of hobbling, not really running and it finally fell in the middle of the field. I got to it after it fell and put in a last shot to finish it off. My hunt was over by 11:00 on the first day of youth season. I was happy with my spike horn.

Since then, I have shot five deer, but only one hunt means more to me than that first hunt. That is the five pointer I shot with my bow last season. Firsts are always the most important, and no matter how many deer I shoot, I will always remember these two hunts the best.

A moment

By Siena Facciolo

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Leaping through the tangy grass, sweet from purple rains and folded songs. Smiles bouncing and laughter echoing through the mist, cutting into the flowery air. A crinkle in the eyes of a bluebird, a rustle in the smoky stillness, a delicious aroma wafting down the runaway stream—these make the golden afternoon.

Blending into the deep sky, behind the towering trees and wise faces, is a rainbow. It is still, but ever-moving, shimmering in the rosy sunlight. Turning, catching tear drops, glistening with dusty love and new reminders. This is the ballad, the perfect moment. Finding beginnings, uncovering ends, shining like a fallen star. This may be our time or your mind or his heart. It may be that street or this world or my home.

Maybe that golden afternoon was a spinning, kaleidoscope dream of yesterday, or a tattered cloth, loved by a young girl and kept for no real reason except for the love held in it. Remembrance. A life. Maybe. When I turned, it was gone.

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.