

Flow'r

BY MATTHEW FINLAYSON

Frances C. Richmond Middle School, Grade 7

Through the words of my mouth, I shall give you sight twixt the mud of your vision, however brief. For on a trot in the wood, I found a subject of nature that was very pleasing to me. As I came 'round a bend, my gaze flashed across the flow'r of a jimsonweed. A white cream trump, a five pointed star. The folded wheel held my gaze with a deep purple and green eye. So out my hand came from my coat pocket and I plucked it, thinking of you.

But alas, you don't see the white-clad figure, so here, feel the softness of its petal that clings to your touch as you drag your weathered fingers across its face. Feel the spikes of the horns that erupt from the bell, each pointing to the next like a child's pinwheel. The folds of the shape run down the trumpet's side as contours and end in a leafy cover that shields the flower from rain and morning dew.

But now the flower time is ending and the flower will brown, but that doesn't make a difference to you. It shall curl, the edges first. You can feel it yet, for all flowers pass, when separated from their body. So now I place it into a book, and I shall close the pages and shelve the volume, so that later a person may find the limb and flow'r of the jimsonweed.

What it is

BY JUSTIN WOODS, GRADE 8

Haverhill Cooperative Middle School

It's nothing much, really.

Just a place my ancestors founded

A place where I grew up

And a place I'll be buried.

It's nothing much, really.

Mountains surround it

And remind you how small

You really are.

It's nothing much, really.

There's a general store

A hospital

And some restaurants.

It's nothing much, really.

The people are mostly friendly

There's always a familiar face

Always.

Maybe it is something.

Yes it is

It's where I started

And it's where I'll end.

Maybe it is something

It's the plot to my story

It's where I am

And where I'll come home to.

That's what it is,

It's my home

My safe place

The place where I can always find love.

It's nothing much really.

But yet, it's something.



THIS WEEK: "Pocket" & "My town"

Each week students respond to prompts provided by Young Writers Project. Best work is submitted to youngwritersproject.org by students and teachers from Vermont and New Hampshire. A team of students help select work. For more student writing go to youngwritersproject.org. Students are welcome to join and share additional work on the site.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences for their best work.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org — a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools.

For more go to ywpschools.net.

YWP NEWS

Win cash! Deadline extended! YWP is partnering with Bookstock, the Green Mountain Festival of Words, to offer five \$100 awards to young writers. **Due: May 7.** Topic and info at youngwritersproject.org.

ALSO: Phoebe Stone, author of "All the Blue Moons at the Wallace Hotel," will lead a writing workshop at YWP's headquarters, **Saturday, May 15. SIGN UP at youngwritersproject.org.**

My sister, Mary

BY COLETTE ANTON | Dover Elementary School, Grade 5

I slowly reached deep into my pocket and pulled out a number of ordinary items: a gum wrapper, a toy car, a bottle cap and something shiny. It glittered in the sun, reflecting on cars. It was a small, golden key.

I walked along the sidewalk until I reached my apartment building. I walked in, turned toward the elevator and pushed the number 8.

As I ascended, I tapped my foot impatiently. I always hated that habit.

I ran down the hallway, eager to enter my room. As soon as I reached the door, I burst out," Mary, Mary! Check out what I found!"

Mary is my twin sister. We both went through a terrible disease when we were five. I came out of the hospital a month later fine, but Mary was blind for life.

"What is it now, Annette?" Mary sighed.

My parents have been worried about Mary ever since she became blind. She was always unhappy; never did anyone see a smile on her face. She was always pale and she hated the sunshine ever since then because she could not see it.

"Mary, I found this key, look — uh, never mind," I said, feeling horrible about what I had just said.

"I need to try to go to sleep, Annette. I'm exhaust —" Mary began.

"But it's a magic key! It leads to a magical world!" I burst out.

This caught Mary's attention. She loved fantasy worlds and creatures. I had made fun of her for it since she was eight.

"Yeah, well, the world is called Minagon," I replied.

Mary sat up.

"Well, um, there are two sides of Minagon.

One side is where the season goddesses and the Good Lord live. That's the good side. And the other side is where the Evil Emperor lives. That's the bad side."

"Go on, go on," Mary said. Half of her mouth curved into what seemed to be a smile.

That fraction of a smile was all I needed.

I carefully articulated the rest of my story, describing every detail. Mary never looked bored or sighed once. She was at full attention throughout my entire story. I kept talking until our parents called us for dinner.

Dad was setting the table and Mom looked over at us. She saw Mary's bright smile and gazed, confused, at me, I just smiled, a smile identical to Mary's.

"Annette told me a great story, Mom. It was about this magical world called Minagon and...." Mary talked about my story all through dinner while Mom and Dad looked from Mary to me again and again and again.

After Mary went to bed, Mom and Dad entered my room and talked to me. "Thank you, Annette," Mom said," I never knew you were such a storyteller."

"It was nothing." I shrugged meaningfully.

"No, it was more than nothing, Hon. That story must have been amazing if it made Mary smile," Dad said, rubbing my hair.

"I guess it was, I said thoughtfully, I guess it was."

By 10:00 next morning, Mary had told everyone about my story and all the kids were begging to hear it. Again, one flash of Mary's smile was all I needed. I took a deep breath and slowly began," It all started with a small, golden key...."

Taichung, my hometown

BY ARIEL CHEN

Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

I was born in Taichung, and that is the place I have lived most of my life so far. Taichung is the third biggest city in Taiwan. Like every other big city, it is a very prosperous place. If you're a city boy or girl, Taichung is not going to let you down.

Public transportation is very busy in Taichung. People without cars can easily survive there. Take me as an example. I took buses to school every day and was hardly ever late. If I missed a bus, the next one usually came five minutes later.

The thing I most like about Taichung city is that there are a lot of night markets which stay open until two or three o'clock in the morning. When I was little night markets came on certain days during the week. On that day, vendors gathered together at a park and people could get all the things they want there: clothing, food, games, shooting balloons, fishing and all kinds of stuff.

Night markets changed as I grew older. Now they cover an area of several streets with lots of stores and vendors. They stay open in the evening until three-ish in the morning. My friends and I often hung out there to go shopping or go out for "dinner." Dinner is not like going out to a restaurant. Walking along the streets you can smell the gorgeous smells of food. Things are amazingly delicious, cheap and most of all, they aren't very big meals so we have space in our stomachs for various dishes.

The reason I love my hometown so much is because it makes me really warm. There are lots of convenience stores that are open 24 hours. When you are driving in a dark midnight, the convenience stores are always there, keeping people company.

Taichung is a very warm place to live in, physically and mentally, and I guess you could say it is a city that never sleeps.

NEXT PROMPTS

Rain. Tell us a story about your best or worst experience in the rain. *Alternate: Phobias.* Heights, small spaces, thunderstorms, spiders. Do you have a phobia? How do you deal with it? **Deadline: April 30.**

Dreams. Nightmares, happy dreams, day-dreams. Write about a dream you have had. Or, write about your dreams for the future. *Alternate: Poetry.* Write an ode, limerick or a shaped poem. **Deadline: May 7.**

Success. Write about a time you succeeded at something you worked really hard on. *Alternate: Memorial Day.* What does this holiday mean to you? Do you do anything special, or do you just sleep in? **Deadline: May 14.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org