

The amazing dollar

By MADI GRABOWSKI

Mater Christi School, Grade 5

One day as I was walking down the street I reached in my pocket to see what I could find. I always have something in one pocket or the other.

I reached into my pocket and I felt many things. I took my hand out and saw the most colorful dollar bill. It was shiny, pink, green, orange and smooth. It was like a rainbow on a piece of paper. I was sure I hadn't seen anything like it before in my life.

As I kept walking I thought maybe I should spend it and see what it was worth. So I went over to the corner store and grabbed a soda. The man at the register said "Is this it?"

I told him, "Yup, this is it." He took the dollar bill and it was exactly the same amount as the soda. So I paid and walked out.

As I was walking the dollar appeared back in my hand. I thought that if this kept happening this would be the only amount of money I would ever need. That day couldn't have gotten any better. I just walked into stores, got what I wanted and then the dollar appeared. I couldn't even believe it was happening.

As I was walking I dozed off and the next thing I heard was, "Emily, wake up. It's time for school." I woke up and realized it had just been a dream. I was very disappointed. I knew that if my dream was true it would have been awesome!

As I got out of bed I noticed a colorful dollar bill on my bed. It was exactly like the one in my dream. I knew it was too good to be true but there it was. I got dressed as fast as I could and ran out the door. I bet you can't guess what I did that day...

What does it mean?

By LEX MANGAN

Browns River Middle School, Grade 6

The other day I reached inside my pocket

To find a tiny gold locket

I unlocked the lock

Inside was a little, tiny earth

With three little arrows

I studied it hard 'til my eyes did hurt.

Where did this come from?

Where, oh where?

A little figure moved and put trash in a bin

"What does it mean?" said little brother Quinn

"Yeah, tell us," said older brother Michael

I think it's telling me I should recycle.

NEXT PROMPT

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

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org



THIS WEEK: "Pocket" & "My town"

Each week Young Writers Project selects best work from students throughout Vermont. Students respond to prompts provided by YWP or send their best "general" work. A team of students helps select work for publication in this and eight other newspapers. For more go to youngwritersproject.org, a civil community of young writers.

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 and Bookstock, the Green Mountain Festival of Words, are offering five \$100 awards to young writers. **Due: May 7.** Details 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, **Sat., May 15. SIGN UP at youngwritersproject.org.**

Sunsets over Lake Champlain

By OLIVIA HOH | Homeschooled, Grade 7

By the time I was 11, I had lived in 11 houses, gone to four schools, lived in three states and had two fathers. Out of all the places I've gone and all the people I've met, nothing compares to Burlington, Vermont. Everywhere you go you're accepted.

Burlington is perfect because everything's in walking distance: the movie theaters, the mall, the schools, all the parks and the lake. We're close to Boston, New York and Canada. It's historic, friendly and you never run out of things to do.

In the fall, Burlington is crisp and damp, and in winter the snow covers everything. In the spring, the snow melts away and flowers start growing, and by summer it's warm enough to swim in the lake.

Burlington has little things that other places don't, and not just the location or the community or weather. It has beaches and

parks and art museums and little things that make it feel like home.

But out of everything here, my favorite thing is the sunset. I love to sit in the big tree in my backyard at night, watching the sun sink over New York's mountains. On different days the sky can be blue, purple, pink or even orange. It's different every day. The clouds are always soft, and they can change from pink to white or orange or gray. The whole sky can light up in so many different colors. The sun turns orange, and after a few minutes it sets and the sky gets darker, but still glows. Everything in the sky is reflected on the lake, making the whole city shine.

The author of "The Jungle Book" and poet, Rudyard Kipling, once said that our own Battery Park has one of the finest sunset views in the world. And who would know better than a poet?

The gift that keeps giving

By MEG SCAGNELLI | Rick Marcotte Central School, Grade 5

Many people have asked me what's in my pocket but, you see, I cannot tell because what is there is a remarkable, generous building idea that I call the gift that just keeps giving. Sometimes when people ask I say, "Well, if you really are curious as to what I have in my pocket, go do what you wish your neighbor had done to help you this morning. And then maybe you will understand what I really have in my pocket."

Do I always get a smile from the person to whom I told that? No, but if that person really does what I told them to do, they would see what happy idea they just gave to that person to keep giving.

You may be wondering why I keep this in my pocket? Well this ... this building idea may change the world someday and you'll be happy to know that it was not an act or reason that changed the world, but a simple idea.

The golden dollar

By DARCY LAVOIE

Mater Christi School, Grade 5

One day as I was putting on my coat, something gold fell out of my pocket. I picked it up and held it in my hand. It was about the size of a quarter. On one side it had a picture of a bird in flight. Its wings were spread out on either side of it and it had a curved beak. It looked very fierce. I realized that it was a bald eagle.

On the other side, it showed a picture of a lady holding a torch. She had a crown on her head and she looked serious. It was the Statue of Liberty.

As I held it in my hand, I saw the words "one dollar" printed on it. Then I realized what it was. A long time ago, on Easter, my grandmother gave it to me and I put it in my pocket. I forgot all about it until now. It's a golden dollar.

As I put it back in my pocket, I smiled to myself. I couldn't wait to use it.

Something strange

By AYLA CAMPISI

Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 9

I put on my favorite pants, went to school and hugged my best friend. Then, all of a sudden, I felt something in my pocket. I didn't want to reach in and find out what it was, but I knew it had to be done. I inched in a little more. ... I felt something wet. ... I reached in some more. ... I saw something green ... and found ...

A pickle. How weird, I thought to myself; then I ate it as a yummy snack.

A strange place

By CARTER MACKAY

Mater Christi School, Grade 5

There is something in my pocket.

I wonder what?

A piece of gum, an old apple core.

The strong stench was coming from my left pocket.

It smelled of dirty socks.

Every time I took a step it would make a crunching noise.

I heard a crack as though something broke.

I reached my hand down to find two slimy pieces.

I took one out and smelled something terrible, a moldy apple core.

I wondered.

How did a moldy apple core get into my pocket?

Suddenly it came to me.

I had been at lunch and the wastebasket was full so I stuffed it in my pocket and went to find the nearest wastebasket.

I must have forgotten all about it!

My pocket.

A very strange place.