

St. Albans

BY KATIE RAINVILLE
Saint Albans Town School, Grade 8

In the small town of St. Albans there are not many people, which is good. No big stores like Walmart and no fancy restaurants. Everyone gets along in this small town. St. Albans is calm like the waves at the ocean.

At the end of April we celebrate the wondrous Maple Festival. The festival includes many well-crafted floats, a talent show and stomach-wrenching rides, but also calm, easy rides. The best part is the maple cotton candy.

There isn't a lot to do in St. Albans but there are things you can find to do, whether it's going to the lake, taking a drive or going to the park. It's all a blast.

Another thing in St. Albans that I like about this town is all the fall foliage. The trees give off beautiful assortments of leaves, from red to orange to yellow and green leaves.

I also like the delicious maple syrup. It is so tasty, sweet and extremely STICKY. That is why I love the small town Saint Albans.

Nostalgia

BY REBECCA VALLEY
BFA St. Albans, Grade 10

i occasionally
Remember
who you are.
that you live here, nearby
but just out of reach.
i put you there,
on that horizon line.
so i could
Forget
you.
i occasionally
allow you inside
and it
Kills
me. the memory is a flood.
i lost you long ago.
it was not a mistake
because i have seen perfection,
i have held the hand of
Love
and it warmed me,
warms me still.
i am not sorry.
you always thought i wasn't quite good
enough.
and now you are looking in the
Mirror
and i am standing behind you
just out of reach.
always out of reach.
i won't come running back
this time.

Earthquake!

BY COLLIN MANAHAN
St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 4

If I was involved in an earthquake like the ones in Chile and Haiti, I would evacuate my house and go where there is open land. I would try to bring water and food. I would think about shelter. I would help my family and others if I could. I would make a plan for the days ahead.

Once it was safe, I would return home and see how much damage had occurred. I would check on my grandparents who live nearby. I would start to repair my house.



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

Vermont Humanities Council has given YWP a grant to hold in-person and online workshops with Vermont authors. NEXT UP:

Phoebe Stone, author of "All the Blue Moons at the Wallace Hotel," will be at YWP's headquarters, **Saturday, May 15. SIGN UP at youngwritersproject.org.** She will continue providing feedback online for several weeks following.

BUNDLED



Courtney Lachaussie, Essex High School, Grade 12

Dear Vermont

BY KATY TURNER | BFA St. Albans, Grade 11

"Cassadaga, oh yeah; that's where you're gonna find the center of energy, and they've got those in Arizona, too."

Dear Vermont,

I'm sorry for what I've said about you. I'm sorry for everything I've ever done (well not everything) underneath your sky and green mountains. For my slurs and slights and lies and the lines I muttered to persons only my eyes have seen. I do not speak French. Vermont. The moment I discount the wave-power of words is the moment I throw out all my pens, but that has neither kept my lips fastened nor my mind from humming and whirring. We are not machines but we can have mechanical failures, I realize this.

I'm sorry for slaying at my roots. I apologise for unlocking all my chains. I'm sorry for holding my head at anything but grounded and for choking in German and begging to leave. For sitting in the middle and core and heart-strings of Church Street and cutting, scraping at the bricks and not saying a thing about what you've placed in my skull and what I've stolen as well. I'm sorry for deriding your ice and for crying in your weeping summers and for making myself sick in whatever else is left. For promising my trees and your trees and their trees that I will leave for so long, so long, and for doing so next year, too. You can be home but you cannot be now for always, I'm afraid.

WIN CASH! DEADLINE EXTENDED! Young Writers Project and Bookstock, the Green Mountain Festival of Words, are offering five \$100 awards to young writers. THE TOPIC:

Write a story, poem or essay about a vivid memory or experience involving a building — real or imagined. The building can be a character or a setting that is a key part of the plot, mood or theme. 750 words.

Due May 7. Submit and more info at youngwritersproject.org.

In my pocket

BY OLIVE LACROIX SOUCY CAPONE
Fairfield Center School, Grade 8

My pocket
Blue denim, sewn onto my jeans
I threaded the needle
I smoothed the fabric
I made my own pocket.
It's got some lint
And an eraser, just in case.
I keep my thumb drive in it
A hall pass so I don't get in trouble
Some money — just a dime.
A hard candy from Halloween
I'll probably give it to a friend.
I've got a paper clip
Some crayon stubs
A handful of pencil shavings.
What's this?
A piece of paper;
Crumpled,
Dirty,
Trampled,
Mud-stained,
Roughly shoved into my beautiful pocket.
What is it exactly?
A note
Written to a friend?
Homework
Never turned in?
A poem
About the beauty of the oak tree?
A love letter
That I never delivered?
A drawing
Of a hand grasping a book?
Or just a plain piece of paper
Waiting to have writing?
Its edges are smoothed
By constant wear.
It's slightly torn.
It must have come from the playground
It tastes of salt and dirt
At one point it was blue
Now it's faded.
How long has it been in my pocket?
Since the pocket was sewn
Since last week?
Or this morning?
No,
I remember now.
It was given to me by someone.
They walked fast
And spoke loudly
They shoved it roughly at me
And told me it would save my life.
But it was nothing really
They were just kidding.
It's just a piece of paper
With a scribbled note
That says
"Hi."
For such a small message
It is nice to read
And know that they thought
It was important
Or at least important enough
To end up in my pocket.

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.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org