

The smell of coffee

BY SAM PARKER
Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 7

Living in Waterbury is going to the pool in the summer, getting my gear for the pickup games at the diamond, and renting from the new Blockbuster Video King. Living in Waterbury is eating a delicious strawberry ice cream on free cone day at Ben and Jerry's, getting a bagel from KC's, and seeing the vibrant colors of the 4th of July fireworks. Living in Waterbury is one studio blasting their music, having the country club right up the hill, getting a little scare from Mr.B's haunted house, and the drifting scent of coffee wafting through the town.

We need a spark

BY NOAH THORNTON
Barre City Elementary Middle School, Grade 6

My town is Barre City. I think my town is acceptable. I just wish there was some place where people could hang out — kind of like a recreation center or a fun spot. The closest we get to a fun spot is Pizza Putt, but it takes about 45 minutes to an hour just to get there.

I think the old Ames or Lash Furniture stores would be two great places for a fun spot. There should be an arcade, dance floor, restaurant and more, for people who want to have fun, or who just want to get out of the house.

Other than fun, it would also get a lot of hood rats off the streets and teach them that vandalism isn't fun, a hangout place is.

In my pocket

BY THUNDER KECK
Main Street Middle School, Grade 6

In my pocket I have found
Things that are square
And things that are round
I've found jelly beans and chewing gum
And one time my grandpa's fake thumb
In my pocket I have seen
Two grasshoppers attached at the spleen
One was yellow and one was green
One was fat and one was lean
In my pocket I have heard
A horrible song sung by a bird
And in my pocket I have felt
A bird cage, a trash can and one fancy belt
I have a pretty big pocket



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.** Topic and guidelines 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.**

It's great to be a Hazen Wildcat

BY ALANA MAY | Hazen Union High School, Grade 10

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

...Year after year, there is one thing that not only the students can enjoy, but the whole community too. That would be our high school's sports program.

Baseball, softball, soccer, basketball and track are all offered at my school. We have a great sports program and many talented athletes. My high school excels in all of our sports but during the past two years our excellence has shown through our basketball program. Our varsity boys won the Division III state championship this year for the second year in a row. Because my town is so small and my community is so close, it was not only exciting for the players, but for the entire community too.

The two games before the championship were the beginning of the excitement. Face paint, posters, beads and t-shirts were seen everywhere as the fans showed up to support our boys. At the end of the last playdown game before the state championship, "We're going to the ship!" was all you could hear. The chant was heard from that game until the next.

On the day of the championship, dedicated fans were seen throughout the town, showing their Wildcat pride. Posters and huge signs were hung up on telephone poles. Business windows were covered with supporting words in hopes of getting our boys pumped up.

The night of the game, as the bus was on its way to Barre Auditorium, the team was greeted at a local business by tons

of fans cheering them on their way. The whole way to the game, a line of cars with cheering fans followed the bus.

At the game, "It's great to be a Hazen Wildcat!" was one of the many chants heard throughout the night as fans cheered our boys on. With one minute left in the game, "Repeat" erupted through the crowd of fans as our boys claimed the title of Division III State Champions for the second year in a row. The fans congratulated the players, being just as excited as they were.

We were proud to know that this was the first time Hazen has ever won a state championship two years in a row. But the excitement didn't end there. The fans followed the bus home with horns honking, signs and lights flashing and a police escort. As they pulled into town, they were met by a fire truck with its sirens going and lights flashing. Fans lined up the sides of the streets, screaming and cheering as the bus drove in. The boys crowded into the pizza place where they were rewarded with free pizza and cake.

Although the fans didn't win the championship — the basketball team did — the whole town came together as one to congratulate and support our boys. The whole town showed great spirit and support and came together to congratulate our superstars.

I'm proud to say I'm not only a Hazen Wildcat, but also part of such a great and loving community.

Tibbets

BY MYKALA WISWELL
Hazen Union High School, Grade 10

It was a hot and humid summer day when I decided I wanted to go for a cool swim. So I walked down to the beach, lay my shorts and towel down on some rocks near the water and then ran out into the waves that were crashing down onto the salty ocean surface. After about a twenty minute swim I got out of the cold water and dried off with my towel.

Still a little wet from being so close to the water's edge, I put on my shorts and started to make my way home. On my walk back to the house I noticed an ice-cream stand that I just could not pass by, so of course I stopped to get a rocky road ice cream to eat on the long walk back home.

When I reached into my pocket for my money, I felt something small, smooth and slimy. As I went to pull it out, it started to flop around in my hand, and when I pulled it out I realized it was not money, but a small, scaly, bug-eyed, hot pink fish with lime green stripes up and down and across its tiny body.

Paralyzed with confusion I held the fish out in front of me. Unsure of what to do with it, I completely forgot about my ice cream and ran home as quickly and carefully as possible. Once I got home I rummaged through the house to find my new fish, Tibbets, a fish tank.

When my mom asked how I got him, my only explanation was, "I found him in my pocket."

NEXT PROMPT

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?

Due: April 30.

Submit at:
youngwritersproject.org

My lucky day

BY AVA COCHRAN
Eden Central School, Grade 3

One day I was walking in the woods when I went to see if I brought a snack. I pulled something strange out of my pocket. It was green, with a stem, and had 4 leaves. What was it? It was a four-leaf-clover. How did it get in my pocket? I think a leprechaun, who thought I should have a lucky day, snuck it in my pocket while I wasn't looking.