

# Rainy day

BY KYLE CHAMPNEY  
Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 9

Once upon a rainy day,  
I was tripping on this memory,  
of all the ones forgotten,  
locked deep inside a vault.  
Scratching at the walls,  
trying to escape,  
from their final resting place.

# Things I avoid

BY MAGGIE NOWLAN  
Main Street Middle School, Grade 6

I avoid pistachio ice cream  
I avoid gummy peanuts  
I avoid the creeps in front of the supermarket  
I avoid waking up  
Then I avoid going to bed  
I avoid pretentious people  
I avoid cliques, posses, packs and anything related  
I avoid truth  
I avoid lies  
I avoid wet socks  
I avoid bad haircuts  
I avoid crowds  
I avoid ax murderers  
I avoid cafeteria food  
And I avoid bratty toddlers  
I avoid the mafia  
I avoid killer whales  
And I avoid sharks  
I avoid boy bands  
I avoid fake bacon bits  
I avoid entitled people  
I avoid racism  
But if there's one thing I don't avoid  
It's avoidance.

## NEXT PROMPTS

**Farming.** Do you farm? Have you ever worked on a farm? Visited one? Write about it. Do you know a farmer? Talk to her or him and tell their story. Try not to romanticize. Tell a story that describes the reality of farming today. **Deadline: April 23.**

**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](http://youngwritersproject.org)



# THIS WEEK: “Avoidance” & “Intolerance”

Each week students respond to prompts provided by Young Writers Project. Best work is submitted to [youngwritersproject.org](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://ywpschools.net).

## YWP NEWS

**Vermont Humanities Council** has given a grant to YWP 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](http://youngwritersproject.org).** She will continue providing feedback online for several weeks following.

# Busted!

BY KIERSTIN DAWLEY  
Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5

“Time to put away your reading and take out your writing notebooks,” Mr. Morrison said cheerfully. I let out a humongous sigh and slumped in my chair. All I could think was, *I don't want to write.*

Mr. Morrison gave us our assignment. I had to write at least 100 words about avoidance. I hate writing. I have a hard time figuring out what I should write and writing hurts my hand.

First, I tried to find a way to avoid writing. I walked over to my bin to find my writing notebook. In order to find my writing notebook, I had to take out all of my books, folders, pens, pencils and papers. Once I found my notebook I had to put everything back in my bin. This took me forever (wink, wink). I gradually walked back to the table with my notebook and pencil. I sat down to write and suddenly my pencil broke (I may have accidentally been pushing too hard on purpose).

I slowly walked to the pencil sharpener, and as I started sharpening Mrs. Maxham walked in the room. Mrs. Maxham is a teacher who helps out during writing. I stopped sharpening my pencil and tried to sneak out into the hallway to get “something,” and I heard, “Kierstin, let's get going on your writing”.

“Do we have to?” I whined.

“Yes!” Mrs. Maxham replied.

I let out a gargantuan sigh because I knew that I had to work on my large avoidance piece. I had avoided the writing piece as long as I could, but now I was busted!

# Pudding

BY CHLOE HUTT VATER  
Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

The one thing I try to avoid is going to the grocery store. Every time my mom and I walk past the pudding aisle, I beg her for pudding cups. I try to sound desperate, but she always says no and just keeps walking. I ask again, but it doesn't work.

She tells me I can get the pudding mix in the box instead. What she doesn't get is that part of the enjoyment of the pudding is the actual pudding cup. When I try to explain that, she thinks I am just being lazy. I'm not being lazy; it is pretty hard to make the pudding. I mean first you have to read the directions, which is something I am not good at. Next I have to find the milk, and I usually spill it everywhere. I end up having little-to-no milk left for the pudding and no pudding cups. None of this would happen if I avoid the grocery store.

# Homework

By Conner Renee LaFrombroise  
Chelsea Public School, Grade 10

I avoid homework! I dread it, loathe it. Just the thought of writing a paper or a list of math problems makes me irritable. I put off every assignment until the last minute and try to finish them as quickly as possible.

I don't really mind doing work in school, but when they make you take stuff home and think critically on your own free time; to me that is the worst. We're already at school nearly seven hours five days a week! Teachers really expect more? But everyone has to go through it, and education is important, so I guess I'll have to stick it out until I graduate.

# Homework first!

BY ELIZABETH LAROSA  
St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 8

I didn't mean for it to get so out of hand. I have a perfectly good explanation for this.

You see I got home from school and I heard the outdoors calling me. I looked out the window, then back to my backpack bulging with so much homework that it looked like it would explode if I merely touched it. Back and forth I looked until I was dizzy. Finally, I abandoned my backpack and ran outside into the fresh air.

Hours passed and my mother called me in for dinner. During dessert she asked that dreaded question:

“So, is your homework done?”

“Yes, of course,” I lied, crossing my fingers behind my back.

“Oh, alright.” She replied.

Up until I went to bed, the PS2 became my idol. If Dad hadn't yelled at me to get upstairs to bed, I would've stayed there for the rest of eternity.

I crawled into bed and fell into a dead sleep, only to awake in a cold sweat. I looked down to the foot of my bed and saw my backpack. Breathing hard I reached out cautiously and unzipped it. **BAM!**

I was hit in the face with all of my undone homework. I was swamped, no, buried in the papers. Choking, I tried to finish them, but to no avail.

So that's why I'm here explaining to you how I almost got eaten by my homework.

**MORE GREAT WRITING ONLINE AT:  
[YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG](http://YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG)**

# Avoidance

BY ELOISE HIGGINS  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 12

The email has been sitting  
In my inbox for a while now.

I don't want to look at it

So I leave it as unread

And feel jittery every time

I log on and see that there is

(1 UNREAD MESSAGE)

Maybe it won't be there tomorrow

I tell myself.

Tomorrow comes and goes

And still the email is waiting.

I think that it was sent

Just for this purpose,

To make my nerves barbed wire with

An electric current strong enough

To knock out a full-grown elephant.

It tortures me with possibilities,

Bad and good.

I finally give in,

Click on the bold blue letters

And inside the email was...

To do.