

A forever moment

By Hannah Reichel

Dummerston School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: more at youngwritersproject.org)

... As Marieta approached the dog, walking through the fragrant garden and across the gravel drive, Estelle looked up, surprised yet unblinking. As the girl thumped to the ground with a heavy sigh, a scruffy mink was gracefully deposited into her lap. A welcoming gift, and a request to play. She ran her fingers over its fleecy fur, crusty and caked on the head, but warm and soggy on the tail. White stuffing, pillow-like, poked out the seams, waving in the breeze. There was a whine then from the expectant hound, so Marieta threw the mink—with all her might—into the field.

Seconds later, the tell-tale “squeak!” came from down the hill. Estelle’s head appeared above the grass, and, seemingly satisfied, she settled down in the shade. Marieta closed her eyes and leaned in on the dark trunk of the crabapple tree, brushing a curious mosquito away from her face. Her hand began to rub a rock, unconsciously... the comfort of rhythm. The dog looked across at the horizon, her wise eyes, the color of sand, taking in the world, the hairs above her eyes dancing, as if with fleeting thoughts. With each breath, the tags on her collar jingled, creating a melody in tune with the rustling leaves and swaying grasses.

Marieta reached down and removed the mink from the hound’s grasp, gently pulling her paws onto her lap. Esty looked into the girl’s face, and the whiskers on her face curled up, her smile. Marieta tucked her chin in between the soft ears and smelled the dog shampoo, the crunchy biscuits and the musty cloth of the toy mink. And at peace, they watched the last sunset of summer unravel....

Footsteps

By Savanna Rivera

Dummerston School, Grade 7

If you are going to follow someone’s footsteps,
Then make a right choice.

About whose you’re going to take.

If you’re going to follow someone’s footsteps
down the wrong path,

Then that’s just your mistake not mine,
so don’t blame me.

If you’re going to follow someone’s footsteps
down the right path,

we’ll become really good friends.

If you choose to follow the wrong path
then please don’t come back and

try to be friends with
the people you’ve lost.

If you made your choice I hope
you made the right one.

Follow the right footsteps and you’ll have
a great time.

Follow the wrong footsteps and you’ll go
the wrong way.

Harmony Korine: Inspiration at 1 a.m.

By Erin Waterman

Monadnock Regional High School, Grade 11

Alive

Awake

Renewed

I am everything in the rain

The air has the buzz of new life about it

And I am caught up in the moment

My heart skips beats

Like a stone on a lake

The plunge

By Allie Astor | *Albert D. Lawton, Grade 7*

Stay up late, “What will tomorrow bring?”

Only brave people would do such a thing

A Lake Champlain swim in the coldest season of the year

Most certainly can fill your heart with fear

Special Olympics Vermont is where the fundraising money goes

And raising awareness so that everybody knows

You and your friends helping a good cause

Definitely does deserve an applause

The next morning’s theme is happy birthday to you

Get up early, do what you need to do

Hop in the car and head to the lake

You have no idea what is at stake

Drink some cocoa, try to stay warm

Huddle with your pals, make a swarm

Head to the changing tent, get ready to go

Walk to the staging tent through the wind and the snow

Inside the tent watch other plungers dive,

The people inside the tent are coming alive,

Go team go, one and twelve and all the teams in between,

Wait, did I just hear Team 13?

It’s time to rumble, the flaps to outside are undone

We wait one second and then begin to run

Closer to the water every step we take

My whole body is already beginning to shake

We run into the water as a whole big flock

Splash! My body is filled with a whole lot of shock

Go under, come out

Too cold to even shout

Grab a towel and run

Thank goodness it is done

Go get into layers of warm clothes

Stand by the heater as the hot air blows

That was so fun, let’s do it next year

All my friends sound very sincere.

A memorable moment, that was sure one,

Now I look back and reminisce on all of the fun!

Ace

By Jensen Elliott | *Charlotte Central School, Grade 7*

Confusion. Absolute chaos. People running and screaming at one another to get into costume and to have their microphones on. Hair gel making my arm hair stand on end, and makeup covering my hands. The smell of hairspray is everywhere, seeming to seep from the walls.

I run my fingers through Tanner’s hair, catching every knot and slicking his hair to his skull. With Tanner keeping up a seemingly endless stream of complaints, I hear Megan yell as she stitches up someone’s dress. It is a madhouse before the musical starts. I have to leave to get into position to do the spotlight. I have a picture of everyone before the beginning, but as the lights go down and the actors come out, they look perfect — composed professionals.

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YWP Offices, Champlain Mill

advanced sign up required:

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Sunday time waster isn’t such a waste

By Dylan R. Giguere

Monadnock Regional High School, Grade 11

She looks sad there,

Worrying about the future.

She’s strong but still human.

As the breeze comes through the windows

It watches over us with a slight howl.

Slowly the sounds of the TV fade away,
there, I can hear her crying.

I hold her in my arms as she lets it out.

Maybe she didn’t mean to,

But I was happy she let me see,

Let me be there to make it better.

I can hear the birds over the sounds of her tears,

But they are not what I’m thinking about.

I tell her it’ll be alright as I make her promises

of the years to come.

I wipe her eyes,

Her makeup’s smudged and on my hands.

It’s here where we lay,

Waiting for time to catch up to us.

Nature’s Mona Lisa

By Meghan Grip

Newfane Elementary School, Grade 5

Water is like art.

It dances on the

spider’s web and glides

across its spindly strands.

It drips off of the maple leaves and shines

in the iridescent light.

The water carves through

mud banks and

snakes along the road.

And in its place it

leaves us nature’s

Mona Lisa.

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