

Chop! Chop!

By Moya Cavanagh

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 9

In seventh grade,
I stood still
in front of my class.
74 pairs of judging eyes
watched
as chop! Chop! Chop!
Went the scissors,
my ponytail came away in my hand.
That day,
I showed 74 self-centered 13-year-olds.
Showed them
that the world wasn't all about them.
'Cause somewhere out there,
I knew there was a little girl with cancer.
That little girl just wanted to get better,
she wanted to heal.
No one knows better than a seventh grade girl
how important your hair is.
And so, chop! Chop! Chop!
Went the scissors.
If I could share what I had to make someone
happy,
If I could give someone trying to be strong
a little more strength
to help them heal themselves,
And if I could show that
to a class full of seventh graders,
get them thinking,
I knew the world would be a better place
tomorrow.
So, chop! Chop! Chop!
Went the scissors.
Step through time to yesterday,
my sister walked through the door,
ponytail in hand,
smile on face,
beautiful gold blond hair cut away.
And as she proudly showed me
what she had done
to help another person in need,
I couldn't say a word,
because chop! Chop! Chop!
the scissors had taken all her beautiful hair
away.

Vain, selfish, horrible me.

I only saw the loss.

Only later did I see the beauty in her choice,
the beauty in her holding out that ponytail,
the beauty in her giving what she had
to somebody else who needed it.
as I considered my blindness,
I ran my hands through my long, dark hair
and chop! Chop! Chop!

I remembered
the glorious feeling of knowing

That in that moment,
I was doing something purely good.
And that was beautiful.

Two rocks

By Sasha Duchac

Renaissance School, Grade 4

On Isle Au Haut I have two special rocks
as big as garden sheds. They are next to each
other and in that way they form a small, nar-
row, snug cave. If you know how, you can
climb up the rocks.

One night it was late and I did not want to
go to sleep. To make the day last, I left our
campsite and climbed up one of the rocks. My
dad came looking for me. He didn't appear to
be on his guard, but should have been since he
had just played a trick on me. When I saw
him, I slid down the rock and hid in the cave.
My dad climbed up on the rocks to get a better
view of the terrain and find me. I thought,
"Pay back time! This is going to be exciting!" I
kicked off my toehold, and leaped up at my
dad; he nearly jumped out of his skin and
screamed. I screamed back. We laughed all the
way to the campsite. It was time to go to bed,
but we had fun!

Ace

By Jensen Elliott

Charlotte Central School, Grade 7

Confusion. Absolute chaos. People run-
ning and screaming at one another to get
into costume, and to have their micro-
phones on. Hair gel making my arm hair
stand on end, and makeup covering my
hands. The smell of hairspray is every-
where, 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 seem-
ingly 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 profession-
als.

Own words

By Henry Harder

Renaissance School, Grade 4

One day I was sitting in class, and our
teacher told us to write a story in our
own words. She said, "Remember, you
should always use your own words
instead of copying other authors' words."
Well, I took it literally. Here is the story:

Gurgle wurp

*Gurgle wurp mubbubl bgo foesha
meegzbelkx! Batosh...Kaga!! Xurperrt murp,
geoolgemplezoxkxkelpertemleyzoobre.*

EHT DNE!

Did you like it? What, you want trans-
lation? Oh, I'm sorry. There isn't any.

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 sea-
son 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!

UPCOMING EVENTS

POETRY SLAM

Today, 6:30-8 p.m.

YWP Offices, Champlain Mill
for more and for stream:
youngwritersproject.org

PODCASTING WORKSHOP

Thursday, May 28, 5-7 p.m.

YWP Offices, Champlain Mill
advanced sign up required:
youngwritersproject.org

VERMONT 2059

Submissions due May 29

Envision your town in the year 2059
best submissions will win cash prizes
and potential public presentation.

Young Writers Project is an inde-
pendent nonprofit that engages stu-



dents to write. We
believe strong writing
skills are essential for
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ates [youngwriter-
sproject.org](http://youngwriter-
sproject.org), a
safe online commu-
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young writers.

YWP also builds
Digital Writing

Classrooms for schools. Early sign
up ends **May 29**. For more, go to:
ywpvt.net.

Little puppy

By Oonagh Cavanagh | *Browns River Middle School, Grade 6*

I'll always remember
those puppy eyes
opened wide with fear.
I'll remember why
and it'll weigh me down.
Taking him away
from everything he knew
his family
his home.
His little mouth
let out a sound
that could shatter hearts.
Little puppy,

mine.
In a blue recycling bin.
First grade.
Or was it yesterday?
As he moaned
in the agony of his loss,
I lay my hand across his head.
Although
I was still afraid of him.
Little puppy,,
don't be worried
if you only knew the love
that was coming soon.

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