

.223

By Steve Longchamp

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

It was a normal deer season for me in Strafford, Vermont. I was 12 and had buck fever so bad I was liable to go Rambo-style on the first deer that I saw.

My favorite spot in the woods is a fallen log leaning against a tree, overlooking a saddle-shaped side hill. I always did, and still do, enjoy spending my day there, just waiting to see that elusive deer. I didn't care what I saw — I just enjoyed seeing all of the different animals. This day was different. I got out of bed, ate my breakfast and put together all of my gear. We left for our hunting spot and arrived at about six o'clock. I loaded my Remington .223 cal. single-shot rifle and headed out to my spot on the ridge. I sat down and watched the sun rise. The day was a perfect one. The clouds were like huge pieces of popcorn, the wind was just right. I thought that this would be just another normal day. At about eleven I ate my lunch. I had a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, a Pepsi and an apple. I got out my walkie-talkie and called my cousin Freddy to ask how the morning hunting went. He had no luck other than some deer signs he found; then he told me how the safety on his new rifle had fallen off so he had to drive all the way home and borrow my Grampa's old 7mm rifle. At around two, it happened. ...

Thirty days of night

By Cooper Densmore

BRIGHTON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GRADE 2

As I get ready for bed I hear bat wings flapping.
I see stars shining in the night.
I hear coyotes howling in the mountains.
As I wish upon a star,
I see it falling from the night sky.
I hear the wind whistling through the air.
I hear my fire crackling from downstairs.
I hear the gods yelling my name.
I hear cars driving on the dirt road.

You may not laugh, but I sure did

By Jessica Farnham

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

This is my funny story
Every time I tell it
I can't tell the whole thing without laughing
But when I look at the person I'm telling it to
They don't even look half amused
So here it is anyway
One day I was sitting in my friend's boyfriend's kitchen
And his 18-year-old brother comes in and opens the refrigerator
And says, "What is it you get from raw eggs and meat? Melanoma?"
And my friend's boyfriend says "Yeah Ethan, you get skin cancer from raw eggs."
But maybe the funniest stories are the
"You had to be there" ones.

Act 5: Scene 2

By Jasmine Carpenter

MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

I can feel the pain take over me.
I can feel you watching me.
Can't I just go away?
Can't you just let me take my heart back?
No matter how broken and torn
You may have been my love
But you were the only one to hurt me this way.
Can you see how much pain you caused?
Couldn't you see the time I spent waiting for you
To give up the act you did
I waited till I knew the show ended,
To pack up and leave.
Whether I wanted to give a standing ovation,
Or give you a slap in the face for the show you put on for me,
I acted like I didn't want this anymore,
So I could steal my heart back,
And hope for the best.

Where I Came From

By Connor McDermott

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

I ride my bike,
Through the mountain trails,
To the place where I came from.
A place taken from Dr. Seuss books,
And built out of Legos.
Where everyone drives their Hot-Wheels,
And listens to Jimi Hendrix.
A place where people say,
"Sorry, this is an adult movie,"
And "Smell my hand."
I am sat down in front of "The Three Stooges"
And given a bag of gummy worms.
But after the whiffle ball game ends,
And Mario runs out of lives,
It's "game over"
And I need to leave
The place where I came from.

Nighttime noises

By Abigail Nadeau

BRIGHTON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GRADE 2

At the nighttime I can hear my door
Slamming because of the wind.
I can see the glimmering stars out my window
I can hear deer fighting with their antlers.
I can hear coyotes singing
In the light of the moon.
I can hear bats soaring in the night sky!
I can hear clocks ticking in silence.
I can hear leaves falling to the ground.
I can hear little bug's wings.
I can hear cracking in the wood of the fire.
I can hear bats crunching on bugs.
I can hear crickets and frogs.
I can hear the fish jumping up and down.
I can hear the waterfall splashing.

Center Stage

By Bridget Dow

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

For as long as I can remember I've wanted to be on the stage, having all eyes and a shining spotlight on me. Now here I am living my dream on stage in front of hundreds of people. All of them came to see me perform. I peek out to the crowd, trying to remember the last time I performed in front of this many people. I think to myself never have I ever performed in front of this many. I am used to small crowds at cabarets or just small community things. This was big, my time to show the world what I'm made of. I want to get this over with, but at the same time I want it to last. This could be my only chance. If I don't get out there and do this now it could be the end.

I hear somebody on a loud microphone say my name and introduce me to the crowd. I tense up. My heart pounds, trying to remember each word I have to sing and what note to sing them on. So many thoughts are going through my head; my pianist tries to calm me down. She walks me to the entrance of the stage, gives me supportive advice, then leaves me to think as she walks onstage to take her place. I take a long deep breath, pick my head up and then walk on to the stage. I pay no attention to the crowd around me. I take my one last deep breath and look at my pianist; she gives me a smile then plays her first note. I wait for my cue to come in. When it gets to me I belt out my first note and carry on with the song. With no mistakes so far I feel good; I know that I can do this.

As I reach the end of the song I hold the last note. The crowd rises to its feet. I look around. Not one single person is sitting and everyone is cheering.

This has been my one dream and it has come true. I could not have asked for this to go any better. I did it, and now I want to do it everyday, all the time.

Saying goodbye

By Trey Hood

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

You have no idea what it's like. Going back to the house you're supposed to call home, only to find no family. To find your mom has locked herself in her room again. You go to your room only to cry into a pillow so no one hears you. As if anyone is around to hear you. You think of ways to end it all. You try to lock your emotions in a closet, so much the door busts off its hinges. You wish for the worst because there is no hope. She comes out only to go back again. And when she isn't there she's gone out. So you snoop around to uncover the truth, but the truth you find hurts more. When she comes home, she calls you in to talk. Tears filling her eyes, she cries. You hug her, and she begins to cry more. You hold her close to you, not wanting to let go. She begins to tell the truth, of why she was away for so long. She says she has to go away to get better. You cry, "Don't leave me again." She looks at you and smiles, points to your heart and says "I will always be there." You fall asleep in each others' arms. Only to wake up in the morning to say goodbye.

Author's note: I'm not trying to have people feel bad for me. My family and I got through the ups and downs. It takes time and dedication, no matter what, even if it means saying goo bye for a little while. I dedicate this to my mom, she's been sober for almost 5 years now. I love you Mom.



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. We believe strong writing skills are essential for success. YWP operates youngwritersproject.org, a safe online community for Vermont young writers. YWP also builds **Digital Writing Classrooms** for schools. Early sign up ends **May 29**. For more, go to: ywpvt.net.

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.