

## Always there

By Megan Majonen

Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 10

The morning greets me, sun shining through my window. A glance thrown your way confirms that you are still there, quiet and still, blinking at me blearily in the dull light. A smile crosses my lips at the sight of your textured skin catching the creamy light and throwing it around carelessly. I get out of bed, off to take a shower, content in the knowledge that you'll be there when I'm back.

I come back from the shower, flopping onto my stomach. My bed bounces, and I face you cheerily. "Allright, time to check up..." Caressing silver surfaces, hinges smoothly open at my touch. Moments pass, and I wait patiently as you wake up, glowing with affection from the attention. A goldfish swimming in a sea of blue greets my waiting eyes, and my thoughts fly from one thing to another, never still in the morning.

You change your face for me, this time a multicolored skin. I go through the motions, and you change obligingly, switching from one thing to another as I direct. My time soon grows short, and again your hinges move. A click of contentment comes from you, and I get ready for school.

Ah! I almost forgot you! Lovingly, I pick you up, sliding you into my backpack. There, regrettably, you shall stay until fourth block. Darkness greets your eyes but the holes in my backpack let in reassuring light, and you blink away quietly to yourself, sleeping.

Again you awake in a new place. Sitting in front of me on my desk, you await my orders. The teacher asks us questions, and you help me answer the extra credit. You tell me, and I whisper the answer to the person next to me. We wait for someone else to say it because if we answer the teacher says it doesn't count, since I used you to help me. Oh well. But it's always fun to know if we're right or not...

When fourth block gets boring, I admire you. You're so interesting. Rough skin is fun to play with, and the letters scar your top, not unattractively. Unbent, you are a work of art, a smooth face, content, complying, with interestingly patterned clothes. Black and white with letters all over. I should find a shirt like that sometime; it would be quite awesome.

Also, throughout the boredom, I take you under my hands, and begin to let my creativity start to ebb and flow in class. Probably not the best time to do so, but it's alright. You make a calming noise, rather like constant rain pattering on a tin roof. However, you are so shy in class that you are mute.

When class is over, I get work and writing down, and you go back into my backpack, drained. You feel tired, and fall asleep again.

I bring you back home, put you on the couch with a smile, and plug something in. My hands run across your top, thinking, and I pull, making your reluctant hinges turn again. Once you're facing me again I demand few things from you but love you very much. My thoughts, my dreams, my loves and my fears appear on your face, black on white.

Homework also. French, English...so many things of mine are bored into your soul, and you store them quietly, as you have been asked to.

I request a song, and you start singing my favorites. You sound like a professional, perfectly mimicking CDs and any song I can think of and find...

We spend the afternoon together, and having done so, you stay by my side almost the whole time. Mother tries to separate us, and sometimes succeeds, but I'm always happy to see you again, and your glowing face at my return is more than enough. Not to mention that through you, I can know my friends' thoughts and what they're doing...Not in a creepy way, mind you, but normally.

At the end of the evening (or sometimes very early morning) I smile tiredly and put you up on the bedstand next to me. I tap your back, and you start singing, changing your face to psychedelic colors, spinning around in the darkness, and the song you sing softly puts me to sleep...

And the next day, we start our dance again.

*This is my Sony VAIO laptop. I got it for Christmas of this year and have loved it ever since. It is WONDERFUL! It sits by my bed at night, and I listen to music as I go to sleep. I never actually turn it off; I just put it to sleep during the day. I bring it to social studies class so I can take notes and sometimes goof-off a little and write. It's silver, has little grooves all over it, and the top of it says VAIO in that neat vaio sort of way.*

## My object

By Riley Johnson

Dummerston Middle School, Grade 7

It is rectangular, and it is a plug-in. You need a TV to use it. They make wireless controllers for it, and ones with cords. It has buttons on both sides of the controller, and there are eight of them (in total for both sides). There are certain shapes on one side, and on the other there are arrows. You can put up to two controllers in it and there are also two other slots for memory cards. You need special discs if you want to use it. Do you know what it is?

- a Playstation2

## A great companion

By Stephanie Brown

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 12

Worn and tattered, a faded brown. A birthday gift from my Grandpa when I turned six. He was going away for a while and thought I needed something to take his place. As I pulled it out of the balloon-printed bag, his plastic eyes peeked out from behind the fluffs of chocolate brown fur. He sat up straight, as if his big brown belly was holding him up. I thought it was the best present ever.

Over the years, he's traveled far and wide, from Florida to Italy, and everywhere in between. Stuffed in a suitcase or carried on board, this brown mass of fur is more traveled than most people. He was the one thing from home that I could bring with me, that made me miss my Grandpa a little less.

Now, years later, he sits in my room, lumpy from too many washings. His eyes are hidden by the matted fur, and his nose is worn into various shades of tan. He slouches so much it looks as if he's sniffing his brown potbelly.

He doesn't travel with me anymore, but stays safely on the couch in the corner. I've retired him from traveling for two reasons. One, I don't want to lose him. Two, time goes by so fast now that I'm older, I'm back home before I even realize I've been away from family. He's surrounded by numerous other furry friends, including "Grandma Bear," a copper-colored teddy bear with a green and blue plaid bow tied around her neck.

He's near and dear to my heart, and no matter how old and scruffy he gets, he will always be my "Grandpa Bear," worn and tattered, a faded brown.

## I can't live without it!

By Haley Hull

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5

There's an object that I can't live without. I'm allowed to use it when I'm not grounded, but sometimes I can sneak a peak even then. Even though I can't bring it with me when I go places, I can go home and have it entertain me. Everything that I could imagine is all swooshed together in a square-shaped box and all I have to do is turn it on. But when Mom and Dad walk in, quickly turn it off!

-my TV

## Riddle

By Maria Leech

Albert D. Lawton School, Grade 7

I have the right to believe that gravity Is stronger in one cozy nook of my room. It's a haven after a long day vertical. A perfect view of the surrounding neighborhood Can be seen from the nest.

I've watched snowflakes fall Christmas lights fade to jack-o-lanterns And drop-outs on the prowl after eleven. A jumble of mismatched fabrics Tossed about

Like a colorblind bachelor On his way to a job interview.

Polka dots, Stripes, Sesame Street, And dinosaurs.

Every Sunday brings a change of clothes. It has endured sleepless nights, Tranquil nights, And "too-much-birthday-cake" nights. If it could talk I'm sure it would scold The kids who jump on it.

During the day, While I'm away, It may have a chat with Mr. Teddy Or Grandpa Doggy.

I do wonder if it misses Me when I spend the night At Charlie's.

I know I do. It's saggy,

Lumpy, Squishy, And soft.

A cloud.

At quarter to ten it releases a gas Called Sleepytime.

It pulls me in like a black hole, Molding to every limb, This is my bliss.

## Tree

By Denali Nasta

Browns River Middle School, Grade 5

I sway in the wind leaves fall from my branches apples fall and rot in the grass until I am bare... and ready for winter

### UPCOMING PROMPTS

**Advertising.** We are bombarded with ads in newspapers, on the radio, television and on the internet. How does it affect you? How does it affect others? If you want, pick an advertisement that you find really annoying – or compelling – and write about it.

Alternate: **Through the window....** Use these words in a story or poem.

**Due Friday**



Young Writers Project is an independent non-profit that engages students to write. We believe strong writing skills are essential for success. YWP operates [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), a safe online community for Vermont young writers. YWP also builds **Digital Writing Classrooms** for schools. Early sign-up ends **May 29**. More at: [ywpvt.net](http://ywpvt.net).

### PODCASTING WORKSHOP

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

YWP Offices, Champlain Mill  
advance sign up required:  
[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

### VERMONT 2059

Envision your town in the year 2059 and tell us what it's like. Best submissions will win cash prizes and potential public presentation.

**Due May 29**