

Through their eyes

By Rachel Lombard

Enosburg Falls Middle School, Grade 8

My neighbors see me
Through their windows
I don't know them
We don't talk
but they can see that
I'm a runner
That I'm a child
Who likes to scream
That I'm a bookworm
Who always reads
That I'm a fashion queen
New style every day
That I'm a worker
Outside in the yard
That I'm one of the populars
Friends always over
That I'm a busy bee
New projects everyday
That I'm a soccer star
Juggling in the yard
That I'm a sister
That I'm a daughter
That I'm a niece
I'm part of a family
A family they would like to meet

Old newspapers

By Megan Cann

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 11

The words don't fade, but the crisp whiteness they sit on does. It dims to the color of old car headlights. Frayed edges and print that rubs off with repeated foldings. The people aren't always smiling because they don't have instant playback to determine whether they should take another photo because someone blinked at the wrong time. Lives begin and conclude with little announcements that some keep tucked into an old scrapbook. The dusty musk smell is as unique as the smell of a dollar. I wonder if the ink was ever black, or if these antiques were always in a perpetual state of brown. This time, time won't tell.

Water

By Audrey King

Browns River Middle School, Grade 5

It falls,
It floats,
It rests,
It stays.
It's cold,
It's clear,
It shimmers,
It sways.
It's cool in the sun,
It's colder in shade,
Have you guessed what it is?
It makes my hair frizz.

The orb

By Josh Wolfstein

Renaissance School, Grade 5

It is there, flowing in the moonlight—the orb of the world's thoughts and wonders. It just sits there, glowing in the moonlight; I wonder what's inside of it. It shines brightly in the moonlight, changing colors between blue and purple. It grows luminously in the moonlight, waiting to be discovered.

A great companion

By Stephanie Brown

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 12
Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org

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 him 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. ...

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'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.

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

A writer's notebook

By Oonagh Cavanagh

Browns River Middle School, Grade 6

There is a place
that I call my own.
I can do what I want,
say what I want,
and most importantly
write what I want.
Here,
I can smile
or cry
laugh
or scream,
whatever I want
at my fingertips.
The cover is tattered
for it comes everywhere
with me.
I love it,
it comes on vacations with me
and on short car trips.
It keeps me company
I look back on old pieces
and laugh.
This is my own little world
confined to some paper.
This is my place.

Reflecting hard work

By Sophie Hale

Spaulding High School, Grade 9

Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org

It shows how far I've come, everything I worked for, for eleven years. Late night practices, getting home at 9:30 at night knowing I still had tons and tons of homework to do before I went to bed. The hardest thing was on weekends, choosing a three-hour practice over hanging out with friends or doing some other fun activity. Long car rides with the team, while traveling all over Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York, just to go out there and show what I truly did best. One chance, one opportunity to show everyone what I was made of.

It's a golden circle, etched with a girl doing a handstand on a beam and a girl swinging on a bar. It's bordered with something that looks like a leafy wreath, like what they wore on their heads at the Olympics in Athens....

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 prow 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, my bed.

Lock and key

By Sydney McIntire

Bradford Elementary School, Grade 6

A safe little place that can hold all my secrets and treasures. Rough carvings engraved on the front and top. Two elephants walk toward each other with nothing behind them but swirls and curvy lines. It is by me when I sleep and when I awake, holding pictures of all my favorite people. Just looking at it brings me to a different place. It makes me think of where it was made and what inspired the artist to carve it. It reminds me of sand and hot, rainy days. A sliding piece of engraved wood works as a lock. No one but me can enter, for I hold the key — a smooth series of sliding motions in a certain order. Once opened, I see the soft, red fabric covering top, bottom and sides. The velvet interior of my secret, beautiful treasure box.

My dad brought this treasure box back for me from Iraq.



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