

Reflects hard work

By Sophie Hale

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

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.

On the other side it's smooth, unlike the front, with a square sticker that says "Sophie Hale" on the first line. On the second, "Bars 9.4." Then, connected to the circle, a thick ribbon striped red, white and blue, which once hung around my neck when I was called up as "first place." That feeling was so priceless. Everyone was cheering, clapping and screaming for me. I just couldn't help but smile.

So, it hangs on my wall next to my bed. Even though my gymnastics career is over, I still love to look at it every morning when I wake up. My first place gymnastics medal.

My heart

By Kayla Mazza

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

It goes all on its own, sometimes hurting and all alone.

It is as red as a cherry,

and as sweet as a blueberry.

It feels on its own, never holding back.

Joy, sorrow, anger and love all in a pack.

Can be as rapid and wild as water,

or as gentle and caring as a potter.

It can be as fine as a line,

or as sharp in attitude as a pine.

Always going at its best...

Until I will forever rest.

—my heart

MORE ...

writing, songs, podcasts,
forums, comments

youngwritersproject.org

An old friend

By Sarah Wells

U-32 MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

You're the one who caught all my tears.

You let me talk for hours without interrupting me.

You let me hold you until I drifted into sleep.

Years have come and gone, and we've grown farther apart.

I no longer search for your soft embrace to end my fears.

If ever I lose my way,

if ever I need a friend,

I know you'll be waiting

for me to hold you once again.

—stuffed animal

Brightens any day

By Kasey Jones

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

It brightens almost any day,

Gives you hope, fear, happiness and love.

In a room full of white it's the one that stands out.

It surrounds everything and anything, but people don't care about this.

They want things bigger and better.

I would be the happiest person alive if I could just see one every day.

It holds energy and light just waiting to get out.

It's the biggest thing, yet the smallest.

It resembles almost every holiday

With its charm and harmony.

And some day I would love to share the thoughts, wonders and mysteries of a flower.

My precious

By Shannon Dwyer

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

Soft, comforting, loving, warm and colorful. It has been with me since the first week I entered the universe. Before it was mine it belonged to my older brother, Connor. He was four at the time and thought he was a "big boy" and it was "too girly," so he gave it to me. Ever since then I rarely let it out of my sight. I cuddle up with it as I fall asleep, wrap myself up in it when I am sad. It puts a smile upon my face when I snatch it from the dryer all warm and clean. I love my nun-night and I always will.

It's my blankie!

Music

By Amanda Parker

OXBOW HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

Excerpt: full story at youngwritersproject.org

You relate to me

No matter what I feel

You have what it takes

To make me feel so free

You know the words to peel

The edges of my wounds

When I am hurt and down

You have what it takes

To make me smile

When my day has been perfect

You don't ask me questions ...

My song

By Ashleigh Simpson

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

It's beautiful,

a work of art

really.

It's comforting to touch

the sanded, smooth, glossed wood.

Its many keys

shown in black and white and

perfectly in tune,

are yet another comfort.

And when I sit down

on that bench,

check my posture

and finger positions,

it feels like home.

I'm in a world of my own,

where I feel comfortable,

and alive with endless energy.

I can let my feelings go

and make a song.

I close my eyes,

take a deep breath,

and let the music flow.

Let it flow through me,

through my fingers,

and into those beautiful keys

of my piano.

Relating with dogs

By Kelby Bell

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

How would my neighbors describe me? Hmmmm...

The truth is that they see me when my dog is pulling me down the road and I'm screaming "DASHA!! Slow it down!!" and they usually wave and I hope they don't expect a wave back as I'm grasping the leash with everything I have. And there are other times when I go out to get the mail and their dog runs out full force at me and expects to be patted, and of course I can't resist. But here comes my neighbor yelling "Bear, come on back in," and then she looks to me and gives me a nod of the head as if to say, "Hi."

The truth is the only encounters I have with my neighbors are through our dogs, so what do they think of me? Probably, "Here comes that girl with her dog," or "where did Bear run? Probably, next door to see the neighbor girl."



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

UPCOMING PROMPTS

Advertising. How does it affect you? How does it affect others? If you want, write about an ad that you find really annoying — or compelling. *Alternate: Through the window....* Use these words in a story or poem.

Due Friday

VERMONT 2059

Special Prompt: 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