

Boundaries

BY SAVANNAH LYNCH

Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7
Boundaries
come in
different shapes.
Small.
Big.
Medium.
Try
Something like
Beware
Of
Dog.
That's a
Boundary.
Or
Big
Brother's
Bedroom.
That's a
Boundary.
Or
My
Personal
Space.
That's a
Boundary.
Don't
try these
and
you won't
cross any
Boundaries.

There were 20 of them!

BY ARIANNA SARGENT

Rutland High School, Grade 11
There were 20 of them
Running around
There were 20 of them
Making different sounds
There were 20 of them
Playing games
There were 20 of them
With no names
There were 20 of them
Nobody knows what they are
There were 20 of them
They came from afar
There were 20 of them
What do we do
There were 20 of them
And one of them could be you!

Fish! 20 of them!

BY COLE BANKERT

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6
All over the place
Splashing, zooming, flying fish
There are 20 of them!

Florida

BY JOHN HART

Castleton Village School, Grade 7
Once I crossed the border into Florida. I was about to see my family for the first time in years. Although it was still a few hours away, I felt as if I was already there. I started seeing more and more palm trees as we drove farther south. I was so nervous that I hid my head underneath the blanket I had brought.
Once we got to Florida I hugged all of my family. Nonetheless, I was still nervous. That's what I thought Samuel De Champlain probably felt like while he was crossing borders, getting closer to the lake that now bears his name. He must have felt so nervous that he wanted to hide his head, too.

How did they get there?

BY ALICE COLE

Manchester Middle School, Grade 7
It was a sunny Monday and the air smelled as if it was the first day of spring. I was walking home from school like I usually do because I only live a few blocks away. I walked past Mr. Smith's freshly cut green grass and through Mrs. Curt's poolyard as a short-cut to my house. I ran past the old Victorian house on Pine Street because, well, it kind of creeps me out; what can I say? I slowly strolled by Stacy's café and inhaled the smell of the cinnamon buns she was baking for the afternoon. I bet you can guess why I was late for school that morning. I went through someone else's yard, but I have no idea who lived there.

I finally reached my street and right at the end was my house. I could see its yellow walls and the roof that was slightly slanted because of the last storm that involved a tree and the wind. I ran toward my house with my backpack in hand. It felt like it was going to fall but I ran anyway.

I stopped right at the foot of my driveway my mouth hanging wide open. I looked at my mother, who was in the doorway. She stopped and looked back at me, she was wide-eyed. I turned and looked behind me and counted with my fingers: One, two, four, eight, 20, yes that was right, there were 20 of them all surrounding around me. I ran inside and my mom looked at me strangely. I smiled back at her. "There were 20 of them," I said. My mom smiled back at me and she looked as if she were going to laugh any second.

"How in the world did 20 cats follow you all the way home without you knowing?" Now she was laughing and I was, too. I really didn't get how 20 cats followed me home. And then I remembered that in school that day I had made catnip in art class.

Twenty of them

BY CAROLINE LAPP

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 6
There were 20 of them, staring at me. There were 20 of them watching my every move. There were 20 of them looking at me up and down. There were 20 of them sparkling brightly. There were 20 of them making me nervous. There were 20 of them making my palms sweat. Twenty of them hearing every word I said. Twenty of them causing me to stretch my shirt in nervousness. There were 20 eyeballs staring at me as I presented my powerpoint report in 5th grade. They were the school board's eyeballs watching me. But now it is over, and I am happy that I did it.

I saw the perfect one — until I saw the rest

BY CHRIS KEYES

Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7
I hoist up the rubber-wrapped handle
Feel its cool metal with my fingers
Lift it up and test the weight
Stretch my arms to assess the length
Perfect in each category
This one will hit the line drives
Drag the bunts
Smash the home runs
I look down, as if to pity
Its competitors who have failed.
Then I look up
And see the second rack
Oh no, there are 20 of them
Another rack of 20 perfect-looking bats
Baseball bat heaven to one
A nightmare for another who has already chosen
I have to check them out
I might find a better one
Maybe this one wasn't perfect
After all
Each one is tested
Against the one I chose before
Its weight
Length and feel
But in the end
Nothing changes
I keep the one I had before

Because it's red

BY MORIAH CUSHING

Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 4
There were 20 marbles in a jar. One was swirly, one polka-dotted. One was striped red and blue. One had zigzags, blue and black. One looked cloudy. One looked crimson, another blue, and one looked multicolored, too. One looked gold, one silver and one bronze. One looked like amethyst, another like quartz, and one looked like a diamond. One looked like peridot, and one was red, white, and blue, and dotted with 52 stars. One had numbers, and one had words. One had skulls, and one had goo. Those are my 20 marbles!



UPCOMING EVENTS

VERMONT WRITES DAY
TODAY
MAY 5, 2009

YWP is encouraging schools to take seven minutes out of their day to write. We have three suggested prompts:

FARMING: Why is it important to the state of Vermont? Or what one thing could be done to save farms? Or tell a story about a farm or farmer you know.

VERMONT, 2059: Imagine your town in the year 2059. Tell a story, describe what it's like to walk downtown. What do you see?

POETRY: Share a poem.

YWP has *cash prizes* for top submissions to the **Farming** and **Vermont 2059** prompts. Students (or teachers) can submit entries at: youngwritersproject.org Or, students can post work (no log in needed) at: vermontwrites.ywpvt.net However, students MUST put their first names and last initial, grade AND the name of their school to be considered.

The cash prizes for the Farming prompt are generously donated by **St. Albans Cooperative Creamery** and **Cabot Cheese**.

The regular prompt due this week is the **Farming** prompt and those submissions will also be put in the mix for the *cash awards*! Winners will be announced and published in June, National Dairy Month.

Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit dedicated to helping students improve their writing skills.

YWP maintains a safe student Web site — youngwritersproject.org; builds and supports *online writing classrooms* used by schools and after-school programs; trains college mentors to provide feedback; and helps teachers integrate technology in their classrooms through workshops and a growing library of best practices and ideas on ywpvt.net.