

Where did it go?

By ABIGAIL HARRIMAN

Lyman C. Hunt Middle School, Grade 8

Brother, where
Did it go,
That special bond
We always had?
Tell me
Where did it go?
Sledding down
What seemed like
Mountains.
Playing games
Late into the night.
Tell me
What happened,
Brother.
Why can't we go
To each other
Like before?
Why can't we
Have days to
Just ourselves
Like we used to?
Brother, where
Did it go,
That special bond
We always had?
Tell me
Where did it go?

Laugh and cry

By RACHEL NOROTSKY

Rick Marcotte Central School, Grade 5

Laugh
Fearless, bold
Giggling, howling, laughing
Love, smiles, pain, tears
Hurting, bawling, weeping
Burning, stinging
Cry

The owl

By THOMAS DALEY

Shelburne Community School, Grade 4

I have yellow eyes
I soar at night
With brown wings
I'm nocturnal, like a bat
With toenails so sharp
They can pick up a rat
Like it was a piece of bark
When I hear something behind my back
My head does a complete 180
And I
Close my eyes
Light! From a watcher!
But I stay calm
I turn around
And
Soar to the sky
What am I?

THIS WEEK: GENERAL WRITING



Each week, Young Writers Project receives several hundred submissions from students all over the state. With the help of some anonymous students we select the best for publication here and in eight other newspapers. This week, students submitted general writing — work they had done on their own or for assignments at school. Some of the pieces were created on student blogs at youngwritersproject.org, a safe, civil online community of young creators.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences for their best work.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org — a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback; and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools. For more go to ywpschools.net.

YWP NEWS

DON'T MISS! Phoebe Stone, author of “All the Blue Moons at the Wallace Hotel,” at YWP’s headquarters, **Saturday, May 15. SIGN UP at youngwritersproject.org.**

This workshop is part of a series of writing workshops with Vermont authors made possible by a generous grant from the **Vermont Humanities Council**.

Savor the flavor

By MAGGIE MILLER

Mater Christi School, Grade 5

I took the first bite,
With my eyes shut tight
And the juice dripped down my chin
With a grin, but then I hit the pit
and bit my lip
I started to weep but I didn't make a peep.
I opened my eyes and sighed to say...
I have never seen such a deep shade of purple
as the plum I just ate!

And so cold

By MADELINE BESSO

Browns River Middle School, Grade 7

And so cold
As cold as ice melting in my hands,
your love slipped from my grasp like water,
a trickle of gold from that river of treasure,
it was gone.
And so cold
And so cold
I sent it too late.
My love, my life, my promise
you were already gone before it arrived.
Your heart couldn't stay with me
and now it's blackened, cruel
And so cold.

**MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING AT
YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG**

Boarding

By CHARLOTTE OUELLETTE

Westford Middle School, Grade 7

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

... The wind in my face was thrilling. I felt like I was flying, mostly because of the fact that my arms were straight out in front of me like Superman, except that they were holding onto a handle. The boat bounced in the air over a wave, and so did I a few seconds later. As my knees turned towards the boat's wake, I got a firm grip on the handle and the board soared over the wake like a gull. I enjoyed the smooth water outside the wake for a few moments, then flew back over inside the wake. I was having the time of my life!

I looked around and saw the beautiful scenery I had seen every day that week. The sun's sparkling reflection on the lake looked just like diamonds. The clouds' shadows on the green mountains surrounding the lake were absolutely fascinating to look at. I looked back at the boat and saw Dad driving it. When he got a chance, he looked back at me and smiled. Mom was sitting on a bench in the back of the boat, taking the shift of spotting me. She smiled and waved, and I waved back to her with just one hand grasping the rope. My brother was sitting on the front bow, looking back at me with his usual blank expression, but I could see a smile hidden there. I knew that he loved this place just as much as I did.

I took my free hand and reached down lightly to touch the sparkling blue water of Lake George. I splashed water up at my face, and its coolness felt wonderful in the wind. I put my hand back on the handle and swerved back and forth inside the wake, and that's what really did it. ...

Football

By JULIAN SEGAR REID

Edmunds Elementary School, Grade 4

Mom thinks football is boring
but I love to see the Patriots scoring.
The TV's on loud
for the whole crowd
but not as loud as Mom's snoring.

My dream

By LIZ BROWN

Edmunds Middle School, Grade 7

My dream is that
I could be on The Cod right now
Jumping off the sand dunes
Running so fast along the beach
my hair whipping straight back behind me in a
thick cloud
Playing baseball in the field with me at bat
I wish it was 70 degrees
the perfect temperature —
not too hot
not too cold
I wish I was running fast in the field
I would feel fast, free, alive, happy
Later, lying under the stars
knowing there's a whole different world
out there
I would feel
peaceful, calm
I wish I was giving piggy-back rides
more walking, more running
I would not be tired
I would be smiling, jumping, laughing
not worrying or fretting
just loving life for what it is

Cat

By MYA RENDALL

Shelburne Community School, Grade 4

She creeps like a shadow
Within the depths of the halls
Purrs like a baby sleeping
Her eyes are as black as night
With no moon or stars to
Sparkle the night with brightness

The shark

By ANDREW BRUCE

Shelburne Community School, Grade 4

Big as a street
With fins not feet
Fast as a thief
With rows of teeth
to catch and crunch
The shark will eat you for lunch.