

Spring

BY MCKENNA BENJAMIN
Swanton Elementary School, Grade 6

spring is cool
spring is fun
spring is pretty
there's lots of things to do in spring
camping,
boating,
fishing,
cool games to play
enjoy spring!

Winter poem

BY PEYTON McALLISTER
Swanton Central School, Grade 6

Night and day
Seconds turn the world
from bright to black the earth does shift
and back as fast again.
December
A crisp December
Jack Frost is busy
painting the world white

Thoughts of tomorrow

BY MIKAYLA GRISGRABER
Swanton Elementary School, Grade 6

I lie softly in my bed
Thinking thoughtfully of what I am going to
do at school tomorrow.
I reach to grab a cold glass of milk off my
desk.
I take a cookie out of my Easter basket,
dunk it in my milk.
I then see crumbs fall into my lap.
My dog jumps onto my bed and lies on my
knees.
I'm still thinking of what I am going to do at
school tomorrow.
That's when I realize tomorrow is Saturday.
I shout silently in my head, "Yeah, I can sleep
"til noon!"

THIS WEEK: General writing



Each week Young Writers Project selects best work from students throughout Vermont. Students respond to prompts provided by YWP or send their best "general" work. A team of students helps select work for publication in this and eight other newspapers. For more go to youngwritersproject.org, a civil community of young writers.

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**.

Fence watching



Photo by
Bailey Robbins,
Essex High
School, Grade 10

"Going into this project my goal was to capture things that I see every day, and make them interesting to look at. I used tools and color to make signs stand out. My pictures represent how beautiful the little things we wouldn't usually notice can be." (To see color version go to youngwritersproject.org)

Bug soup!

BY KATIE DRAPER
Swanton Elementary School, Grade 6

One day I was in the mood for soup. I suddenly remembered that I had been told the day before that "Martin's Soup Shop" was the best place to get some soup. I ended up driving all the way to 34 Town St. to the soup shop. When I walked in the place was almost empty, so I thought... "Wow this is a good place and is not crowded." So I sat at a random table and picked up the menu and it read...

Soups of the Day!

- * Caterpillar Slime Soup
- * Garden Worm Soup
- * Dragonfly Worm Soup
 - * Beetle Soup
 - * Slime Soup
- * Harry Moth Soup

I thought that they were just named those names for the fun of it, so I ordered the Dragonfly Worm Soup. When the waitress brought my soup to the table, to my surprise it had dragonfly wings, guts and chopped up worms in it. That is when I realized that the menu was for real and all the soups were real bug soups! I started to scream and ran out as fast as I could. I've never been back since!

That thing in art class

BY MACKENZIE LAMOTHE
Saint Albans Town Education Center, Grade 4

I didn't know what it was. Everyone made one and they even had names for them. Everyone had one except me. They were animals of some sort. I didn't call them by their names — I just called them THINGS!

NEXT PROMPTS

Success. Write about a time you succeeded at something you worked really hard on.
Alternate: Memorial Day. What does this holiday mean to you? Do you do anything special, or do you just sleep in? **Due Friday.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org

Spring Vermont woods

BY LAURA NASCA | Rice Memorial High School, Grade 9

We set off through the woods,
Two brothers
And a sister, me,
To trod the well-worn path
That leads to heart of the woods.

Soon our feet chose
To stray from the usual path
So up they brought us
Round trees and rocks
With no aim but to wander.

Then to ford our first stream
Leap from side to side,
Scramble up the opposite bank, but
Oops! Don't fall!
A hanging branch will keep us up.

We take up a stroll,
Happy to walk where we please,
but then, surprise!
A frightened grouse takes flight.
Our curious eyes search out her nest,
Count eight smooth eggs
Huddled together among the leaves.
And three contented kids
Walk away on their hike.

Striding through the forest,
We gaze around to examine
Violets and Dutchman's Breeches,
Dogwood mixed with Lily of the Valley,
A fine carpet of plants
To cover the soft, earthy floor.

Up a ridge of rock we climb
To stare down on the valley and see
To the right a path of leaves
On which to walk
To the left a waterfall of thick moss
Flowing down the ledge.

Roaming round trees
Through stretches of brown and green,
We stumble upon a pool
Small and sparkling
A surface smooth like a mirror,
Reflecting the trees above.

There we sit but for a while
Then move on in our adventure
To see much more
Of that enchanting wood
So seemingly ordinary on most days
Now moving and changing,

Fresh with spring.

We three move still on,
Tripping through the forest
Of twisting and tangled roots
Of birches, beeches, pines,
Cedar, maple and oaken trees.

Through those trees we go
Following our feet along a second stream,
Squelching in its muddy banks
And then straying from its sides
To climb another cliff
With its own wet river of moss,
A slippery cover for the stone.

After our climb
We set off again
In no particular direction
Until we find a second pond
Beautiful, though small.
The two brothers set off
For a thin strip of land sticks out,
An islet into the heart
Of the shallow waters.

There again we stop to rest
Taking in the smell of the woods

Earthy and fresh
And overhead the sight
Of three birds in flight
Hawks, we guess
Scared, perhaps, by our presence.

We depart from the pond
Passing through small fields of green
Beside a deep rocky fissure,
Then pass over a hill to view
A farmer's sugar house
Where, at first thaw, we help to collect
Sweet water from the maples.

Still moving on,
Down the dirt road we pass
Over and around small puddles
Made in the grooves
Worn by the repeated passage
Of tires through the hills.

Just one more stream to ford
A short trek down the hills
One last old stone wall to climb
And then we are back
Right where we started from.

Note: Laura lives in St. Albans