

# Farming

By **AUSTIN HOYT**

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 7

Fantastic fields of corn  
Amazing squishy squash  
Radiant red radishes  
Mounds of crunchy carrots  
Immense round zucchini  
Nice firm tomatoes  
Great green beans

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## Farming in Bosnia

By **RATKO JOKIC**

Spaulding High School, Grade 10

When I lived in Bosnia I lived on a farm. So from age three to age nine I worked and played on the farm. Sometimes I would be stuck with bad jobs, like shoveling cow manure or stacking hay. There were usually never any good jobs; they were all hard work and very exhausting.

My grandmother, who was 60 years old, was the boss of the farm. She usually milked the cows and fed the rabbits and chickens.

My dad and uncle were the power-houses of the farm. They did all the hard lifting, like rebuilding sheds or cutting the heads off of chickens. I would usually help them out whenever they needed it.

My grandmother once got trampled by a cow when she was trying to move it. Luckily, she only got a broken leg.

I remember once when I was five or six years old my dad cut off the head of a chicken and the headless chicken started to chase me. I started running away, but it still chased me. It chased me for about 10 seconds, which is an impressive time for a decapitated chicken.

I worked on the farm almost every day when I lived in Bosnia but ever since I moved to the US I haven't set foot on a farm.

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## No green thumb

By **EGBER SEHOVIC**

Spaulding High School, Grade 10

I'm not a big farmer but my mom and dad harvest their own tomatoes, potatoes, pickles and so on. Personally, I wouldn't do it 'cause it's too much work, and I think the things would die and not get taken care of well. So I would rather buy my veggies from the supermarket. I don't have a green thumb like some people do.

## THIS WEEK: Farming



Each week, Young Writers Project receives submissions from students all over the state. We select the best for publication here and in eight other newspapers. This week, students submitted writing in response to the prompt, "Farming." For more and for student blogs go to [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), a safe, civil online 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](http://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](http://ywpschools.net).

### YWP NEWS

YWP thanks a few key supporters:

**FairPoint Communications** is supporting YWP Schools Project digital classrooms in St. Albans, Enosburg, Grand Isle and Milton.

**Bay and Paul Foundations** has given YWP a grant to help students create digital stories about themselves and their heritage.

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## All in a day's work

By **LYDIA SMITH** | Home School, Grade 6

Beep, beep, beep. My alarm clock goes off. I roll over and go back to sleep. Ten minutes later, my sister shakes me back to reality. I stumble out of bed and fumble for my clothes. I slip quietly down the stairs, trying not to wake my parents and other siblings.

In the kitchen, I mix up a warm bottle of milk replacer for the bottle lamb. One of our ewes hasn't been able to feed both of her lambs, so we have to supplement one. When the milk is ready, I fetch my sister from the other room. Together, we slip on our barn boots and heavy coats and step out into the chilly morning air.

It's a short drive to the old barn where we winter our flock. Still half asleep, we ride in silence. The large, open, three-sided barn is dark and quiet. I hop out and call for the bottle lamb. Out of a pile of snoozing sheep he eagerly jumps up, hungrily baaing for his breakfast.

I squeeze through the gate, not wanting to disturb the ewe that's leaning against it. I check to see if any new lambs have been born during the night — none. Meanwhile, a demanding tug on my jeans reminds me that the lamb is hungry. I hold his bottle as he greedily chugs it down.

My sister strides around the pen, making sure everyone's all right. I walk across the barn and say hello to our youngest lamb. He's not even a day old yet. Lambs and ewes are sleeping in various clumps around the barnyard. I have to be careful not to step on anyone on my way back to the gate.

After making sure that the gate is securely locked behind us, my sister and I clamber stiffly back into the car. We turn around and head home. We'll be back later to feed and water the animals. This is only the beginning of the day's work.

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## Playing on the hay cart

By **ZEKIE MULDER** | Home School, Grade 1

My favorite new thing to do on our farm is play on the hay cart. It is really fun. We can bring the oxen's chains down to the cart if we bring them back up. We haul the chains to the cart to play ship. The chains are long and heavy. We hook them to the sides of the hay cart and climb up and down the chains and pretend to board other ships. We capture enemy ships with the chains, too. I play with my brothers and sister. My little sister can sort of climb the chains. I can't climb them too well, but my little brother and my big brother can. We have a great time doing this.

# My garden plan

By **OBADIAH MULDER**

Home School, Grade 3

My father works at Cerredian Farm. I want to make money this summer, so he said that I could grow vegetables at the farm. He is giving me a 50-foot-long plot to grow them in. I am going to sell the vegetables I grow at the Poultney farmer's market.

I am planting red, white, black, yellow and orange cherry tomatoes. I have chosen these because I think that they are pretty and will sell well. Having many different varieties means that if one kind gets sick the others might not. I am also going to plant basil because if the cherry tomatoes get a sickness, I will still have the basil.

I will have to get the bed ready to plant. I have already started on this. I have to turn over the soil and take out any rocks and weeds. If the roots of the weeds are left in then the weeds will still grow. Then I will plant. Then I will weed and water. When they are grown I will harvest and sell. I hope to make \$200.00.

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## Morning on the farm

By **HENRY LANG**

Dothan Brook School, Grade 5

Up at dawn  
Slip on boots  
Open the loft  
Slide down the chute  
Get the pail  
To milk the cow  
The crud on my pants  
Makes others say, "Wow!"  
I skip to the coop  
To feed Mrs. Henny  
Then hop out the door  
To give slops to Lenny  
He eats like a pig  
Because he is one of course  
"Breakfast!" Mom calls  
I hop on my horse  
My great meal is eggs  
Farm-fresh from the coop  
I scarf it all down  
Then it's back to the loop

### NEXT PROMPT

**General.** Send us your best writing in any genre. **Due Friday.** This is the last prompt for the year.

Submit at:

[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)