

Rain sounds

BY OLIVIA V. HERN
Shelburne Community School, Grade 8

plink
plink, plink
pitter-patter
thunk, thunk, thunk
roooooaaaaaarrtrrr
thunk
thunk
thunk, thunk
pitter-patter
plink, plink
plink
plinkplinkplinkplinkplinkplinkplink
plink
drip
drip, drop
drip
shhh

Mud war

BY LOGAN HUYSMAN
Rick Marcotte Central School, Grade 5

“It’s raining out, DARN!” I tell Sasha.
“We could still go out and play, though,” she suggests.
“Yeah, I guess so.”
We get our rain boots and rain jackets on and dash out the door. We go straight to the swingset because we know that’s where the ice is.
Swosh!.....Bonk.....“Ow?” Sasha slips on the ice.
“Hahaha, are you OK?” I ask.
“Oh yeah, I’m fine,” she replies.
I help her up and we continue to slide on the ice. After a little while it gets kinda boring.
“Wanna have a race?” I ask.
“Yeah, sure.”
“OK,” I say, “from here all the way to those trees.” I point out some trees by my house.
“Got it!” Sasha says.
“On your mark....Get set....Go!” We run as fast as we can, each trying to be the winner. We are both breathing fast now.
Splat! “Ughh....Come on!” I had tripped over a rock and fallen in a big pile of mud. Now I was covered in mud.
“Hahaha,” Sasha starts cracking up.
“Oh yeah, it’s so hilarious, isn’t it?” I say sarcastically.
“Kind of,” she says quietly.
I quickly grab a handful of mud and chuck it at her. It hits her right in the head.
“Haha, now it’s my turn to laugh!”
Of course she has to get back at me so she grabs lots of mud and throws it at me. Fortunately, she misses.
“Oh!” I tease.
Oh no, I think. I just started a big mud war.

THIS WEEK: Rain



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 writing done in response to the prompt, “Rain.” To read more great student work, go to 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 — 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

THANKS to **FairPoint Communications** for its support of The YWP Schools Project and online writing classrooms at six schools in Franklin and Grand Isle counties.

TEACHERS: YWP and National Writing Project are offering a Digital Writing Course in late June. Go to digitalteachers.net for more.

Seize the day

BY WILLA SEGAR-REID | Edmunds Middle School, Grade 8

The sky is gray. Cloudy. Woebegone. It cries great tears.
I press my nose up against the cool glass of the window. My breath makes a little patch of mist around my nose, and when I step back there are two little half-moons of clear glass where my nose has shoved up on the window.
And then they are gone.
I sigh. It’s been raining for three days straight. I don’t feel like watching any more TV, the computer stopped being amusing after day two of rain, and even reading has ceased to entertain me. My older sister, Anna, however, has barely moved from the couch since this summer started, her eyes glued to the TV screen.
Suddenly I’m struck by an idea. It’s slightly crazy, but after several days of boredom, I am eager to escape this gray portion of my existence. I’m ready to indulge in any splash of color.
Bouncing on the balls of my feet, I call out to my sister on the couch, “Hey, Anna! I’m going outside!”
“Mm, hm. Sure” Anna mumbles.

I don’t wait for my announcement to register. I dash to the front door.
I step out onto the porch. I shut the door firmly behind me. Creeping to the edge, I curl my toes over the lip of the top step. I take a deep breath, and bolt before I can change my mind.
I am soaked through before I even reach the edge of the lawn. My bare feet make a satisfying slapping noise against the soaked, bloated pavement. I run, faster and faster down the street, heading to the park at the end of the block. My pajamas, which I have neglected to change out of, are sopping with cool, blissful rainwater. I sink into a rhythm, arms pumping, legs pushing off into the ground in perfect time. My wet hair is plastered to my forehead and the back of my neck.
I reach the park, and veer to the left, across the flooded grass, and weave through the trees to the basketball court. There are puddles, like little broken pieces of sky, strewn across the black-top. I splash in them, even though I cannot get any wetter than I already am. I jump and twirl and sing at the top of my lungs and, for the first time in a long time, I feel truly happy. All the sadness and loneliness of this summer begins to wash out through my eyes as I begin to cry. I don’t know why I’m crying, but it is certainly not from sorrow. I cry and I laugh and I feel more alive than ever.

The world stops for no one, and it will surely not waste its time slowing for me. There are times when the wisest thing to do is to stand up, wipe away your tears and move on with the life that this realm so mercifully provides for you. Dance through life. Embrace it. Make the most of the tiny blip of an existence that you can call your own. Rainy days don’t have to be seeped with sorrow. In every dark prospect, every shadowy corner, there is a glimmer of light. All you have to do is seize it.

Crash

BY EMMA PIXLER
Milton High School, Grade 9

It was a Thursday; the rain was coming down in sheets. I was five years old and I was taking a drive with my family.

Looking out the window I tried to see what was going on around me, outside the little world that I was in. I couldn’t see anything, but I could hear my parents talking.

“This rain is getting to be a little bit ridiculous,” my mom said. They were talking about getting home. I remember they were worried that the rain could be a problem. I couldn’t understand; the rain was amazing. The way it danced down the window, starting in one spot and breaking off in a million different directions. My parents’ voices began to get louder.

“Look out!” my mom yelled.
I heard the screech of tires. Then everything went quiet, as if it was in slow motion. Then *crash*. Everything came rushing back. My heart was beating so fast, I felt like it would fly out of my chest. My mom was crying out in pain. She seemed to be looking down at her leg. Something was wrong, but I didn’t know what was going on. I didn’t understand what had happened.

I later found out that the car in front of us had stopped quickly in the middle of the road. My dad didn’t have time to react. We crashed into it. People were pulling over on the side of the road. They were all getting out of their cars, hoping to get a better look at what had happened. The front end of our car had flattened the back of the other person’s truck. Glass was shattered into the bed of the truck.

When the police and the ambulance showed up I remember watching the flashing lights. Those lights were not as amazing as the rain. They told me that something was wrong. That someone was hurt. My mom was hurt. Some men were taking my mom away. I ran after the men who were taking my mom from me. They looked down at me and saw that I looked like I was about to cry. Truth is I was about to cry — I didn’t want them to take my mom away. I was scared and my dad was too busy doing something else to notice. They picked me up and put me in the ambulance with my mom; we rode to the hospital.

My mom ended up having a broken leg. As for the other man, I never did find out what had happened to him.

Late

BY ELLA BANKERT
Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5

In the delayed car
Rain pounding on the car roof
Late for basketball