

Nighttime rain

By MAGGIE NOWLAN

Main Street Middle School, Grade 6

There's something really magical about
the way
it rains in the city
at night
The way that rain rushes through the road
And when the cars drive by
they make that distinctive *slosh*
And the way that the stoplights reflect
in the rain on the street,
lighting up the road
like a swarm of neon lightning bugs.
There's something magical about
the gray clouds above that are so cold
but look so warm.
When you get in the car
and the windshield wipers come on
you feel like the luckiest person in the
world.
There's definitely something magical
about that.

Don't blame the rain

By SHELBY PARETTE

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

You say rain is depressing.
But is it really the rain that is making
you sad?
You say the rain leaves you bored and
with nothing to do.
Is the rain really what's holding you
back?
You say the rain keeps you trapped
inside.
Is the rain really not letting you out?
You say the rain is bad news.
What bad news does it bring?
You scream at the rain when the inside
of your car is soaked.
Is the rain really to blame when you
were the one who left the car windows
down?

Viewpoint

By ELI WINTERS

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

Jamie: Rain go away. I really hate the
rain. The rain is cold and depressing. The
rain gets me wet, and I can't go outside.
That is why I really hate the rain.

Petri: I love the rain, rain is the best. I
love getting wet and jumping around in
the puddles. It makes me so happy inside,
and I just love the rain.



THIS WEEK: Rain

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, "Rain." For more and for student blogs 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 offering a Digital Writing Course in late June. Go to digitalteachers.net for more.

Weathered

By GEORGIA PARKE | Stowe High School, Grade 10

i. (There are only a few real, pure ways to wake up)

It was a movie kind of rain I walked into, the kind that falls straight like glass and soaks you instantly. It wets your hair to your face and makes it impossible to distinguish between raindrops, tears and sweat. The kind that gives you shivers that have nothing to do with the cold.

ii. (Not even a shadow of a transition from nightmares to daydreams)

Entirely forgetting about boots or anything else remotely waterproof, I swirled around the driveway and, of course, got soaked. Stopping for only a moment to make sure it really was still raining, my inner ear caught up with me and shook my consciousness until I knew I was finally awake.

iii. (It's nice when you have something new to laugh about)

For dozens of moments I continued to swirl and step onto pieces of earth that would only be mine once. Childishly, of course. Random arm movement. Unpatterned footsteps. Flailing hair. The creation of my very own storm. A better kind, not with brittle wind and sharp whispers. One without them.

iv. (Living life in metaphors is so much sweeter to phrase)

Finally, I walked with long strides toward the house with my face pointed up. As I neared the door, I felt a last raindrop splash onto my lips—the sky's way of telling me "thank you."

v. (I'll blow a kiss back, too)

Blind rain

By ZINIFRA GAFUROVA | Spaulding High School, Grade 12

On my best day ever I was shopping at the store. I went outside and suddenly it started raining. It was raining but at the same time it was sunny.

I like it when it is raining and sunny at the same time because it is beautiful to watch how the rain comes from the heavens and gives you the feeling that you can get rid of all the terrible things that happened to you. In Russia we called the rain that falls when the sun is shining "blind rain." It is called blind because it does not see the sun.

I always want to dance in the rain because it makes me feel that it is my rain and that I am free. It is nice to feel something belongs to you.

Locked out

By WILLY NOYES

Northfield Middle School, Grade 6

Out in my pj's
Locked outside the house again
This time in the rain

Rained out

By HOLLY BROWN & CELINE LAROSE

Danville School, Grade 7

I can't decide whether this was the best or worst experience in the rain. But either way it was funny ... and cold.

My friend and I wanted to go cheer on the boy's middle school soccer team. It was a great day. The sun was out and it was warm except for a cool wind now and again. We went on a short walk to Diamond Hill to waste some time and get something to eat. When we came back we noticed one big cloud to the south, but we didn't worry about it. We figured it would stay away and rain on the girl's game.

The boy's game had begun and they were off to a good start with a 1-1 tie. Of course, not long afterward that big cloud decided to rain on us. It started as just little sprinkles on and off. Soon those sprinkles turned into a hardcore downpour. We hadn't thought to bring an umbrella because it was so nice out before. So we just lay there on the ground, watching the game, hoping the rain would let up.

It didn't. Instead it went up a notch. It started to hail; they were small but still pretty painful. The only thing I could really compare it to is being pricked by needles. But at that point we didn't really care. We were soaked to the bone and on the ground shivering and huddled together to keep warm when my mom came to pick me up.

"Why didn't you go in the dugouts?" she asked. We couldn't believe we hadn't thought of that. We offered to take my friend home but she said she wanted to watch the end of the game for some weird reason. So we let her borrow our umbrella and not long after we left she broke it. I guess that goes to show things don't always go the way you plan.

So in the end the boys lost their game, my umbrella was broken and my friend ended up with a cold. Maybe next time we'll check the weather.

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