

You are the lemon juice in my eye

BY LINDSEY BRAND
Browns River Middle School, Grade 7

you
you evil sneak
are the lemon juice in my eye
I see you come
and I flee
'cause I don't want
to feel the sting.
you
every step you take
makes me cringe
and grimace
I fear your bite
and your edge.
you
every time you speak my name
you irritate me
because you say it wrong
on purpose
because that's how you roll.
you
are the lemon juice in my eye
and yet
somehow, some way
I admire you.

Cell phones

BY MATTHEW ANDREW
The Renaissance School, Grade 6

Carry it in your pocket
Now's the time to rock it
Dial the number, then wait
For the "picker-upper," so great
Next
Send a text
Thumbs fly
Feeling high
You can even send e-mail
To really help you prevail
It rules
Too bad they don't allow it in schools!

NEXT PROMPTS

DUE FRIDAY: Dreams. Nightmares, happy dreams, daydreams. Write about a dream you have had. Or, write about your dreams for the future. *Alternate: Poetry.* Write an ode, limerick or a shaped poem.

Success. At last! 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?

Deadline: May 14.

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org



THIS WEEK: "Bullying" & "Cell phones"

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

Vermont Humanities Council has given YWP a grant to hold in-person and online workshops with Vermont authors. NEXT UP:

Phoebe Stone, author of "All the Blue Moons at the Wallace Hotel," will be at YWP's headquarters, **Saturday, May 15. SIGN UP at youngwriterproject.org.** She will continue providing feedback online for several weeks following.

Mr. Tough

BY BASUNDHARA MUKHERJEE
Frederick H. Tuttle Middle School, Grade 8

Congrats to you,
the hero of our school.
Hefty and tough,
your excuse to be rough.
You're the king of the world,
the one with all the girls.
You're the killer-looks guy,
the one who's never shy.
Deep down inside,
there's a young boy who hides.
Shielding from the rest,
you're really not the best.
It's obvious to me,
you need to be set free.
Bringing hurt to others,
they're all your brothers.
Listen to them speak,
they're really not so weak.
Let them have a chance,
to speak from their glance.
You don't fool me,
the boy who's hard to see.
I can hear him through your words,
as subtle as birds.
Who are you kidding?
Show the world
what they're missing.

MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING AT
YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG

Cell phone

BY KALSANG DOLKAR
Lyman C. Hunt Middle School, Grade 7

Blip. Blip. Blip.
Behind me
One girl is texting furiously to her B.F.F.
Not aware of what is going on around her.
BLIP. BLIP. BLIP.
More electronic sounds echo to my right,
Slightly different than before.
I look to the side
And see one beady-eyed boy playing a
fast-paced race car game
On his iPhone.
BING!
Suddenly, to my left
A girl bursts into tears.
Surprised, I turn around
And see a neon-green cellphone in her
hands,
Its bright, white screen flashing a column
of black text.
I may not have good eyes
But I can easily read it:
I HATE YOU FREAK!!!
The girl's face is cherry red, knuckles
bone white,
as she stands up
And walks to the restroom.
As I turn back to my desk
I hear the sudden sound of glass breaking.
Actually, it's the exact sound of a cell
phone
Being hurled against the tiles of the rest-
room floor.

TXT

BY HALEY HARDER
The Renaissance School, Grade 6

Sarah: y am i here? - 2 st8 the long discussed
"cell fones in skool" case?
Mrs. Willow: Yes.
Sarah: ovr txt?
Mrs. Willow: Why not?
Sarah: kool. - so, wat do u want me 2 xplain?
Mrs. Willow: I would like you to explain what
the advantages or disadvantages are of having
cell phones in school.
Sarah: can i stick w/the pros?
Mrs. Willow: Of course.
Sarah: well, cell fones giv u constant commu-
nication 2 ur parents or guardians whenever
you need it. also, txtng is a gr8 way 2 talk w/
ur friends silently. all tchrs like silence, rite?
Mrs. Willow: Not necessarily.
Sarah: really? i thot they did. Noiz is 1 of
those things that all kids think tchrs hate. say,
what do they really hate?
Mrs. Willow: Bad grammar.
Sarah: ahhh. that must really bug u guys.
Mrs. Willow: Sarah, do me a favor. Please look
at what you texted in our conversation.
Sarah: Oooh, Bad grammar.
Mrs. Willow: Exactly. That concludes our case
today.
Sarah: But, why? (Notice the grammar!)
Mrs. Willow: Texting is making the human
race slowly forget that there is a reason for
good grammar. People are using abbreviations
just so they can say more in less time. There
will be no cell phones in school, at least not in
this one. I find it disgraceful to use bad gram-
mar in a school where good grammar is one of
the focuses. By the way, nice grammar!
Sarah: I see. Oh! It's dinnertime. Goodbye,
Mrs. Willow!
Mrs. Willow: Goodbye Sarah.

Deadline May 7

Cash awards to winners of the YWP/
Bookstock award. More info on
youngwritersproject.org

Every day

BY WARREN OUELLETTE
The Renaissance School, Grade 6
Every single day a bully hurts
and embarrasses me.
Every day my head is stuck in a locker.
Every day I'm slammed into a wall.
Every day my lunch has milk all over it.
Every day my body surges with pain.
But the teachers don't see it.
It's the bully's strategy.
I'm not to tell anyone what he does to me
For I will be punished by him.
I hope one day the teachers will catch him.
All of a sudden, my friend passes me a note.
Oh my! lucky me,
He was just caught an hour ago.
Another student saw him putting my head in a
locker.