

# One wish

By JENNA BOUDREAU

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

If I could be granted one wish I would wish for better looks. I know that sounds extremely selfish, but it's something that could make my life a little easier. If I was better looking I wouldn't get called ugly all of the time. I wouldn't have to put up with those jerks constantly making fun of my body. I can't do anything without them constantly blurting out my flaws.

"You're chunky." Or "Nice zit, Jenna!" Or "Oh, my God, what is that?! Oh never mind, it's just your face." I get comments like that one to three times a week!

Many people say you should love yourself the way you are, but how can I do that if I'm constantly getting harassed about the way I look? They obviously don't care that I already have an extremely low self esteem. And they have no idea how much it hurts my feelings to be called ugly right to my face.

I get told by my friends and family all of the time that I'm beautiful. I believe them until I get to school and my self esteem plummets down into the dirt. What did I ever do to them? What did I do to deserve this?

## Deadline May 7

Cash awards to winners of the YWP/ Bookstock award. More info on [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

# Dealing with bullies

By KIRBY GORDON

Main Street Middle School, Grade 6

I didn't go to school until the sixth grade, when my parents gave me the choice and I decided to try it. For the first month or so of school, before he moved away, a new, unpopular boy shared several classes with me and I saw my first cases of bullying. The pale, slightly pudgy kid tried and failed to be funny, and nearly everyone, even girls, said mean things about him and made fun of his attempts to cause laughter. I think he went to the guidance counselor but, as far as I could tell, nothing happened with it.

Shortly before the boy moved away I decided to give him some advice on dealing with the other kids' intolerance.

I told him that whenever someone told him something mean to just say "I can live with that." He tried it a couple times and seemed to be enjoying it, but soon afterward he moved away suddenly and I never saw him again.

I would like to think that I made a positive impact on his life and helped stop him from being bullied at his new school, but I don't think I'll ever know.



## 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](http://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](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

**Vermont Humanities Council** has given a grant to YWP 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 [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)**. She will continue providing feedback online for several weeks following.

## The sound of a beating heart

By TAYLOR DUCHARME | Hazen Union High School, Grade 10

*(Excerpt: Full story at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))*

The pain that echoes through one's heart. It is like a dreary cave that vacationers holler into. "Hello!" yells a curious tourist. Their ears hear their voice echoing back at them. This pain does not echo back. No, this pain drills through to your very core. Through bone, flesh and every living cell; it punctures your heart and your conscience. This fatal echo can be administered by anybody without them even knowing it.

My first encounter with this pain occurred in the 6th grade. Up until then I went through my life day by day. I thought nothing of how the people around me affected every move that I made. That all changed. One day out of nowhere, a girl that I liked went up to me. Her hips moved in an awkward manner that signaled a change in the status quo. "I don't like you. You are fat and disgusting!" These words pierced through my heart and struck me. I felt a warm feeling emerge from

the deepest dwellings of my body.

From that very moment I became paranoid. Every time I saw somebody I thought. I thought about how people looked at me. I thought about how many people agreed with this girl. The disease bit me. I was paranoid. No matter what look anybody gave me I assumed that it was to threaten me or to put me down. Although infrequent, I observed that people called me fat and disgusting more often. Every time they said that my mind went back to that first encounter and I cried. My tears felt like a soothing remedy. Every time I cried I felt better.

It is funny because the common conception is that if you are crying then something is wrong. The fact was that I had pitted myself against the world, so crying felt like my best option. Whether it was for hours in my bed or just a few minutes in the bathroom, crying ripped down the wall of tension that accumulated in my consciousness. ...

## Bullies

By KELLYN EDRAANEY | Berlin Elementary School, Grade 5

Bullies. They scar you, seeking to get something in return, but it never comes. They make you think you aren't special, that you're all alone in this big world.

But the one thing bullies don't get is that it isn't big to make others feel small. Because inside the bully is the one who is getting smaller.

# Is it really a big deal?

By HANNAH METIVIER

Spaulding High School, Grade 10

Cell phones, what's really wrong with them? Nothing.

We should be able to use them in school — it's just talking. If we were given the privilege of using them during school hours we wouldn't be getting them taken away and then having parents get mad because of our doings. Even though teachers think we're cyberbullying or cheating, 98 percent of the time we're not. We just like to keep in touch with our friends basically all the time.

We also like to use our cell phones to take pictures of priceless or epic events. If they aren't allowed in school then we can't photograph our memories and look back at the good old times a couple of years from now.

When we get our phone taken away it usually goes to the principal right away. Some people will have problems with that. They don't want to go to the principal for something that's pointless.

Phones nowadays are important to us, they keep us updated on everyone's status, keep us busy or entertained. Some have music which will make us concentrate more. In case of an emergency we need to know about we can answer the text or call. Or if we need to tell our guardians that we need to stay after school for a while, and if we need to find a ride, we can easily do that too.

All these examples are reasons why cell phones should be allowed, and students should not get in trouble for whipping them out during class. If it's not disturbing others then you should be all good.

### NEXT PROMPTS

**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.

**Due Friday.**

**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? **Deadline: May 14**

**General.** Send us your best writing about anything! **Deadline: May 21**

Submit at:

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