

# Week 36: General writing

## Summer night

By Jeff Bak

GREEN MOUNTAIN VALLEY SCHOOL, GRADE 12

Warm air envelopes the body  
 Everyone anxious for the rare gem  
 of a cool breeze  
 Sweet, icy drink in hand  
 Glass sweating profusely with condensation  
 The chorus of crickets and frogs  
 Play their never-ending tune of elevator music  
 The night is filled with sighs  
 Everything is finally content  
 The mountain tops are free from winter bondage  
 The rivers no longer gushing with spring waters  
 The ground not yet dreading the fall's frost  
 I sit on the creaky, green rocker  
 Adding to the chorus  
 Time seems to take a break from ticking  
 No need to end this perfect night  
 My eyelids begin to droop like the wilting garden  
 next door  
 Everything is perfect  
 Nothing could be better

## Luna

By Katherine Scalia

GREEN MOUNTAIN VALLEY SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Luna...  
 was my  
 brother's first  
 word. It must  
 have been the  
 Spanish nanny  
 who would point at  
 the dimpled fluorescent  
 sphere lighting up the sky  
 and brightly say, "Look  
 little Nicolás! They hung  
 it there for you! It shines  
 that big for you...!  
 la luna, la luna,  
 shines like that  
 for you..."  
 Luna ...

## Night after day

By Daniel Wyman

MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

Let the sun set on this final day  
 The day we all wait for  
 But don't let me know, as the sun descends  
 Don't let me know I won't see it again.  
 Just stare at the black; the giants and dwarves  
 In dazzling supernovas, all suns will set  
 And everything known comes crashing down  
 And the air halts its flow, so particles hold still.  
 Dust balls become comets until the burnout  
 Of most brilliant colors  
 And what color will there be when black does not exist?  
 I will wonder as the sun sets  
 Just don't let me know.

## Farm life

By Caitlyn Santi

HOMESCHOOLED, ROXBURY, GRADE 10

My life is a farm life and even though it's  
 just a small farm with only a few cows and  
 horses, there is a lot of hard work that has to be  
 done every day. Even though sometimes I get  
 frustrated and annoyed, most of the things we  
 do for work are actually fun. It's hard to explain  
 to most people how work can be fun but if  
 you're working with your family, anything can  
 be fun. Believe it or not, one of my favorite  
 things to do is stack hay bales. To be a good  
 farmer you have to not be afraid of hard work  
 or getting covered in mud (because you proba-  
 bly will).

I think another important part of farming is  
 having a loving family behind you. I have a fa-  
 mily that I know would be here no matter what.  
 I know someday I will grow up but I will never  
 leave Vermont or stop farming. I've lived in  
 Vermont my whole life and I love farming  
 because of the feeling of self-reliance and inde-  
 pendence you get when things go well, and,  
 when things don't go well, you always have your  
 family to help you no matter what happens.  
 This is why I think families are so important to  
 farming (just like they have been for hundreds  
 of years) and it is also why I love my family and  
 my life so much.

## Ants

By Briana Patten

MOUNT ST. JOSEPH ACADEMY, GRADE 9

"ANTS!!" I shriek.  
 My patience level has reached its peak.  
 Where do they come from?! Can't they just go?!!  
 How do we get rid of them? I just do not know.  
 They're on the counters, inside the sink;  
 I even found one in my Mom's drink.  
 This is the last straw, I can't take it any more!  
 I'm gonna have to call the exterminator.  
 "Hi. Yes, I'm in need of your service.  
 What do you mean, you're a Nervous Purvis?!!  
 You don't like ants? You silly fool!  
 But you went to the exterminating school!!  
 I just want them gone! Is that too much to ask?!"  
 To calm my nerves, I took a swig from my flask.  
 "C'mon buddy, suck it up, be a man.  
 If I can do it, anyone can."  
 And with that, I hung up, ready to start.  
 My blood pressure was off the chart.  
 I took my vacuum and plugged it in.  
 And now it was time for the process to begin.  
 Like a madman I scurried throughout the room  
 the place soon to be the ants' new tomb.

## UP CLOSE AND BEAUTIFUL



KELSEY GUZIAK, *Essex High School*

Guziak writes about her pictures: "I took these photos while on vacation in Florida. Because almost everything there looked different compared to the environment in Vermont, I decided to base my project on the outside, natural world. The bright colors and exotic surroundings inspired me to capture things that normally seem ordinary, but in a photo look interesting and colorful. My photos show texture of outside sceneries, but from a closeup perspective."

## In the next life

By Amelia Seman

ESSEX HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

In the next life,  
 when we're not so afraid,  
 we'll do things  
 we always wanted to  
 but didn't dare.

We'll throw ourselves off  
 mossy cliffs  
 into deep clear pools  
 and swim down to the bottom  
 to see the colorful fish.

We'll climb huge redwood trees  
 all the way to the top  
 and lean out,  
 far out,  
 pretending to be birds.

We'll run barefoot  
 across grassy plains,  
 pounding up hills  
 and tumbling down  
 'til we stop and fall down,  
 out of breath.

We'll play on the river  
 covered in ice  
 in the middle of the night,  
 our frosty breath  
 revealed by the moonlight  
 shining through the tree branches.

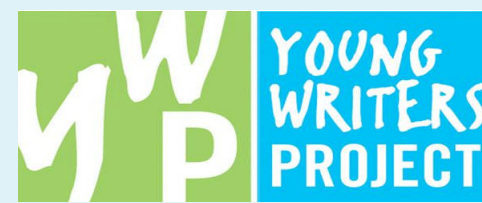
We'll only stop  
 when we can't go anymore,  
 and then we'll fall into our beds  
 and sleep,  
 and sleep,  
 and sleep.

## Natural disaster

By Kristiana Letourneau

MOUNT ABRAHAM UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

For over a week  
 Your lifeless body lay  
 Trapped beneath a mountain of rubble  
 The only remains of what was once  
 Some kind of store, with a church in the back.  
 What did this building mean to you?  
 Perhaps you worked there, at the store  
 Selling hardware, all kinds of marvelous tools  
 Providing people with the means  
 To start, to build a strong foundation for a new life.  
 Or maybe you were a sinner  
 Your soul in dire need of saving  
 You wanted to rush right through that store  
 Into the church, searching for someone  
 You needed to pour out the truth  
 Separate it from all the lies  
 Needed an ear unknown to you  
 To tell you everything would be alright.  
 But perhaps this building was only that:  
 A building and you simply sought shelter  
 As the winds whipped faster around you.  
 They saw your hand reaching up  
 From amidst the broken brick  
 You never made it inside that day.  
 What a pity, because you were so young  
 Your wedding band still smooth, unblemished  
 She paced in the front hall for hours  
 But you did not return, nor will you now  
 You promised you'd always be there  
 Through thick and thin, for better or for worse  
 But only as long as you both shall live  
 She wept bitterly, and now she is numb  
 Gazing blankly out the window  
 The trees strewn about the yard like forgotten toys.  
 More than 27 injured, and you alone, lost  
 Another good thing consumed by evil  
 Just another storm, natural and inevitable  
 It could have been anyone, and yet it was you  
 You whose life we mourn in silent solitude.



YWP, an independent nonprofit, aims to help students write better. In the last two years it has received 7,000 submissions. YWP:

- publishes great student work in newspapers, on radio and on stage;
- runs a safe Web site for students: [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org);
- and builds online classrooms for schools to teach writing.

The Vermont Business Roundtable has supported YWP for two years. YWP needs your help to continue.

Go to [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org) and click "SUPPORT" for information.



**This newspaper series finishes up next week. However, [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org) will live on throughout the summer. Check it out.**

## Dear friend

By Lydia Ducharme

HAZEN UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

It's funny how things change  
 How people seem to change.  
 The once convincing facade falls.  
 The true you reveals itself  
 Or, perchance  
 The true me.  
 No matter, you nor me  
 We know it's different now.  
 We've changed  
 Wait – not changed – grew.  
 Grew into our true selves  
 Farther and farther from each other.  
 It's funny how people change.

## The Future

By Rory Tafuto

WOODSTOCK UNION MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

What does the future hold for us?  
 Smog filled skies and poison cars  
 And broken land with useless dust  
 And nature's beauty behind bars? \*  
 Can I ever show my kids  
 (if they ever come my way)  
 The beauty of a sunset  
 At the end of the day?  
 Can I walk into a forest  
 And surround myself with trees  
 Yet know that it will remain  
 For me to visit as I please?  
 I know that I can today  
 Do all the things I've said  
 But when today is yesterday  
 Will all these things be dead?  
 Is every little thing  
 We care about so much  
 Not worth it in the end  
 Since we're making such a big fuss?  
 Can I walk outside my house  
 On any average day  
 And breathe in the cool, fresh air  
 Safe for me to stay?  
 Will the earth come crumbling down  
 Just from our own race  
 And all the creatures suffer  
 Because we didn't solve this case?  
 What luxury is worth this damage  
 Including your own car?  
 When every thing suffers  
 And the time away is not that far?  
 Would your own needs  
 really matter to tend  
 when possibly the whole world  
 would come to an end?  
 Can we all just live our lives  
 Usual and long  
 And expect that nothing at all  
 Will go the least bit wrong?  
 What if all you thought  
 wasn't right  
 And your life was destroyed  
 Just overnight?  
 This problem is enormous  
 As we gradually take heed,  
 So we must fix it quickly  
 Using words, thoughts  
 And deeds.