

Shopping

By Hilary Savard

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

I'll be the first person to admit that I LOVE shopping! There is just something about it. When it's a cold rainy day, I can't resist the temptation to go shopping. I love buying new clothes. It makes me feel good knowing that I'm wearing clothes that some people don't have.

I would have to say my best shopping experience would be when I went car shopping. I had gotten in a car accident and totaled the car my parents had bought me. So I thought it would make sense to buy my next one, since it seemed as though it was my fault for wrecking the old one. I looked for months -- I wasn't even sure what kind of car I wanted, I just wanted a "cute" one. After awhile it started to make me mad because all the cars I wanted were way too expensive. Then finally I came across a hot red Volvo sitting right in front of a car dealership in East Montpelier. I didn't even know how much it was, I just knew I had to have the car. It was a coupe and had a sunroof and everything a young girl like me would love. So the following day my parents went to go look at it and ask some questions about it, and come to find out I was getting the car and my dad was going to take a loan out so I could pay for it monthly. I was so happy to have that car in my driveway I am still paying for it but it is well worth it.

My shopping trip

By Dylan Haskins

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I like shopping, but only if I have money to spend. I like shopping for dirt bike clothes and dirt bikes. I remember when I went to Land Air to get my first dirt bike. I was five years old. It was an XR 70. I was so happy. It was very special to me. I had never had a dirt bike before. I had had a four wheeler but nothing like a dirt bike. So, shopping can be fun!

Young Writers Project

is an independent nonprofit engaging students to write. We maintain youngwriters-project.org, a safe, online community for Vermont young writers, and build online **Digital Writing Classrooms** for schools and afterschool programs. More at ywpvt.net. To read about the project, visit ywpblog.ywpvt.net.

I only buy what I need

By Connor Rutledge

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I hate to shop.
I like to shop for hunting clothes and nothing else.
I hate to shop.
I only like to shop for shoes.
I hate to shop
I only like to shop for hunting decoys.
I only buy the stuff I actually need for hunting.
I usually buy camouflage stuff so that I will be able to not be seen
When the deer come in.
I have only bought some of my hunting stuff with my own money.
I bought a turkey decoy this year with my own money.
I hate to shop.

Shopping therapy

By Christina Schauer

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

I absolutely love shopping. I shop whenever I get the chance. Even when I don't have enough money to buy anything I go window shopping for the next time I do.

I think that shopping is a release for me. It makes me happy when I am sad. If I could shop for a living I absolutely would. It would make my world perfect. I love not only buying things for myself, I love buying things for other people. Birthdays and Christmas are my favorite times to go shopping. When I find something that I know someone will like I have to buy it. I love shopping for my nephew because he is so easy to buy for. I can always find something for him. My all time favorite thing to do is shop for myself -- it is the best thing I can do for myself.

Luxurious at heart

By Julia Simoes

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

That fulfilling moment when you know you have found the perfect dress or shirt or skirt . The design, the comfort and the style all fit you and your personality.

In the dressing room you feel the fabric slip over your shoulders and slide around you, flowing in all the right places. You love this moment -- it's what makes shopping worthwhile. When you truly love how the clothes make you feel and how they work with you, it boosts your confidence and you know you have that uniqueness about you.

You recognize that that one dress will go with that brilliant pair of shoes you just bought. You see the outfit coming together in your mind already, dreaming up how you will make it your own. You imagine people's reaction and how you will continue on, in your own bubble of happiness, even if someone doesn't like it. It makes you feel great and blissful, and who wouldn't want that?

So go ahead and buy that dress, shirt, skirt or any other article of clothing that works for you. Because in the end, that's exactly what it will do: work for you and make you feel luxurious at heart.

Shopping my way

By Kaela Peet

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

I guess I would have to say that I do love shopping. Who doesn't? But I hate shopping with my own money. I can never find anything I want because I don't feel like spending my money. I love shopping with other people's money though, getting what I want because it doesn't cost me anything, then regretting it because I want the money back so I can get something else.

There are some disadvantages to shopping as well. I think the thing I hate most about shopping is not finding what I want and coming out of the store empty-handed. Say I go to the store with the idea that I want to get a new pair of pants, and I try on a whole bunch but I can't find ones that fit me right and they don't have any I want.

I also hate trying on clothes over and over again. I just wish everything was my size -- it takes up too much time. I can't stand finding something I really want and not finding it in my size, or when it looks good on the rack but not on me.

I also hate shopping with people who take forever, trying on everything four times and asking me for my opinion. I guess I like shopping only when people do it my way.

Pulling me in

By Taylor Tighe

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Gripping, grabbing and pulling,
Slowly pulling me into their dreaded world.
I try to run.
I try to get away,
But I never can.

It's like a drug,
And I've become addicted.
I need it; I love it.
But somewhere deep down
I don't need it; I hate it.

Gripping, grabbing and pulling,
Slowly pulling me into a world I hate.
I try to run.
I try to get away.
But I never can.

I hate those dreaded video games
With their flashing lights,
Their story lines.
They pull me in and waste my time.

I don't need them,
But I can't get away.
I'm lost in them.
I'm bound to stay.

Love me, please?

By Sarah Wells

U-32 MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Have you ever loved something so much but never gotten any love in return? You think, "I'll wait for you forever," but you have no idea how long forever could really be and, before you know it, you're alone with just your bitter memories....

Well that's what is happening with my game consoles. For some reason, they refuse to love me, and they've gotten the games to hate me as well. All will be going well, the first boss defeated; sure it's late, but whatever. I have a responsibility to the game; I need to fight evil and win! Maybe it's because I started to doze off... whatever the reason, the controller and I stop acting as one. Before I know it, I'm stuck on one level for weeks, cursing at the screen, pleading with it. "Please, I didn't mean to look at that Wii in the store, honest!" I threaten to replace it, knowing the whole time I never will. Just like that, my heart is broken by a machine. I sit there glowering, thinking to myself, "I'll never play you again, ever." In time, however, the console will forgive me, I'll buy a new game and all will be well again 'til BAM! There I am again, glowering.