

## Through the window

By Leah Short

*Dummerston School, Grade 8*

Through the window  
My mind can wander  
I want to just go  
Not sit here and ponder.  
I want to run free  
Break through these thick walls  
I think you would agree  
Nobody likes when reality calls.  
But where would I go?  
My bare feet would lead me  
I would just know  
That I would be free.  
I wouldn't have to care  
Everything would be behind me  
I would be there  
Where I want to be  
I should not go  
The time is not right  
Why, I do not know  
I'll just have to wait for another night.  
I will stay  
I will not go  
I will just sit here every day  
And look through my window.

## Neverland

By Maddie Rollins

*Dummerston school, Grade 8*

Looking through the window  
I see  
Clouds surrounding  
Ocean below  
Sun rays gleaming  
As we fly over  
The English Channel.  
My stomach turns  
I blink once  
Is this real?  
My excitement overflows  
Like bubbly soda  
Overflowing in a glass.  
Here it comes  
A new land of adventures  
Sights,  
Food,  
Soccer  
And biking.  
A new experience  
Waiting to be discovered  
Just like Wendy  
In Peter Pan  
Flying to Neverland.  
To have great stories to tell  
And meet new friends along the way  
I sit here and wait  
Looking through the window.

**MORE ...**

**writing, songs, podcasts, forums,  
comments ....**

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

## Bars

By Emma Redden

*Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 11*

You stare at me through  
a tiny pane of glass  
as if you are a caged animal.  
Your eyes are vacant and  
seem as if they are miles deep.  
The look on your face  
will stay with me  
long after you are free.  
If you ever are.  
You have done something  
unspeakable  
so I am not allowed to  
speak to you.  
Would you be kind to me?  
Or would you resent the fact  
that at the end of the day  
I am the one who can leave?  
I walk into the concrete  
box next to you.  
I cannot even imagine  
living in such acute  
solitude,  
such acute loneliness.  
It seems that when you kill  
a man,  
you spend the rest of  
your life  
as if all men have been killed.  
For 23 hours of the day  
the world is as good as  
empty to you.  
If there were five  
Or a million  
souls  
walking the green earth  
it wouldn't make a difference  
to you.  
Is the cost of all men  
worth taking the life of one?

## GENERAL WRITING

### Just Promise

By Madison Doucette

*Dummerston School, Grade 7*

When I think about you  
I can't help but smile,  
And remember you are always there  
And you are always going to care,  
But I remember that you are so far away  
And I miss you so much,  
Promise you won't forget me,  
I might cry, but it means that for once,  
I am not trying to hold something in  
In order to hide it from the world,  
I am going to be fine  
I just need some time, but I promise  
I will be all right by the end of the night,  
If I have you by my side  
Then I will make it  
To tomorrow,  
I just needed a moment to take everything in  
Without smiling or laughing,  
Just stay with me and I will be "perfect"  
again...

## GENERAL WRITING

### This is not me

By Corey Gallup

*Brattleboro Area Middle School, Grade 8*

This is not me  
Who can it be?  
He in the mirror looking back at me  
Those eyes, those ears  
That nose, those tears  
Reflecting all his deepest fears  
One by one the options disperse  
This must be me in that reflective universe  
It must be me  
But how can it be?  
I feel the smile  
But see the frown  
I'm looking straight  
But he's looking down.  
This is not me  
This being I see.

## GENERAL WRITING

### Rain

By Savanna Rivera

*Dummerston Middle School, Grade 7*

As the water drips from my hair  
As the tears drip from my eyes  
All I can think about is how things go wrong  
But, then again,  
I have been told everything will be OK.  
I realize that nothing will stay the same  
As I look up and pray, I say,  
"Dear God, help me set myself free"  
As I'm sitting in the rain  
I'm waiting for your answer to come  
I'm sitting here,  
Saying to myself how much people really don't care  
Crying in the rain makes me want to cry even more  
Because nobody knows that I'm crying.

## GENERAL WRITING

### Darkness and chaos

By Jessica Young

*Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9*

The darkness surrounds the soldiers.  
The masked chaos flowing through their heads.  
There is no laughter.  
There is no cheering.  
The falling leaves move in slow motion.  
The trees praying for water and the light of day.  
The soldiers sense hell is upon them.  
Or maybe they are upon hell.  
Marching through the yellow mud.  
The maimed and the dead.  
The smell of gunpowder approaches.  
Sending them into alert mode.  
A new darkness surrounds the soldiers.  
The chaos is unmasked.  
Will this darkness be their last?

## MANY THANKS TO MANY PEOPLE

As we publish the penultimate edition of student writing for this school year, it is important to thank the many people, organizations and supporters who make this project possible.

**First a thanks to the students.** This school year Young Writers Project received nearly 6,000 submissions from students from 230 schools throughout Vermont. (Thanks to the anonymous student judges who helped us select work for publication each week.)

**Thanks to the many teachers** who saw the value of providing students a potential audience for their school work.

These teachers know that audience gives students a sense of purpose to their writing.

**Thanks to this newspaper,** notably Editor Tom Derrico and Publisher Edward L. Woods who have supported this project from the beginning. Newspaper leaders rarely hear from people when things are good or go well; please write them and tell them what you think of this feature.

**Thanks to financial supporters** of the Young Writers Project who include: **Vermont Business Roundtable** (founding sponsors) and their many individual corporate members; these foundations: **Windham Foundation, Amy E. Tarrant Foundation, A.D. Henderson Foundation, Oakland Foundation, Bay and Paul Foundations and Richard E. & Deborah L. Tarrant Foundation;** these organizations and businesses: **Physician's Computer Company, Lake Champlain Basin Program, Northfield Savings Bank, Vermont Humanities Council, Council on Vermont's Future, Burlington City Arts, Queen City Printers, Vermont Humanities Council and FairPoint Communications;** and an anonymous family foundation and hundreds of small donors.

For a full list of our supporters, please go to: [www.youngwritersproject.org](http://www.youngwritersproject.org)

**And thanks to you, the readers.** You are the audience and the fact you take the time to read and, occasionally, respond to this writing changes children's lives.

We look forward to the coming school year, and if you want to stay in tune to what we are doing over the summer and beyond, check in at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org) where there is much more to read — and do.

And remember the importance of writing; strong writing skills help students to learn, express their ideas and change the world. And the final batch of student writing for the year will be here next week.

Sincerely,

**Geoffrey Gevalt**

YWP Director  
ggevvalt@youngwritersproject.org  
802-324-9537