

Light almost blinding

By Kira Martell

Enosburg Middle School, Grade 8

Through the window
the light almost blinding
all I hear
are chirps
and the whisper of trees.
Then I remember how
alone
I am,
stuck
in this room wishing
someone would rescue
me.

Through the window

By Tim Bolger

Rice Memorial High School, Grade 9

Shoot, swish, rejoice, dribble.
The ball bounces
Mothers yells
Through the window.
"OK, I'm coming."
Dribble, dribble
Shoot
Swish
No more dribbles.

Through the window

By Katie Vezina

Lake Region Union High School, Grade 12

I look through the window,
And see nothing but life,
Light and darkness.
Why do I only look at the wrong side?
Why can't I see the light?
Am I blind to the truth?
Where am I going?
Which road do I take?
No one knows their own fate.

Oh, no!

By Sarah Barker

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5
Shatter!

The window breaks
A ball went through it
Scared 'cause mom's going to be mad
Oh, no!

Hypnotized

By Denali Nasta

Browns River Middle School, Grade 5

I don't know why
but I seem to be hypnotized
when watching commercials.
I run out and buy that "special thing."
And once it is bought
I snap back into reality.

The Letter

By Shoshana Danit Silverstein | *Homeschooled, Grade 10*

I canned the 66th tomato today
I'm calling it quits
That's enough for me.
I was too busy today
To watch the birds
Even the squirrels went unnoticed.
I miss the mourning dove
Turning its head

Peering at me through the window.
I wish I could hear its voice
Mary says it's very mournful
Must be to match its mournful eye.
I had better not start another subject
I'm coming to the end of the page
And I'd be writing on the placemat.

Agoraphobic at the window

By Lauren King

Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 9

Trevor was not the typical 18-year-old boy who liked to goof off with his friends and hang out with all the girls. In fact, he didn't even know any other boys his age. He was cursed with being an agoraphobic and never left the house for anything. Until one day when his whole life changed forever.

He saw her through the window. There she was, the girl of his dreams. She was an unknown beauty, whose name was still a mystery to him. He had seen her outside her house, either studying under the old willow tree in her front yard or playing with her little toy poodle, which looked like a miniature cloud on legs. Today, she was walking on the road, coming home from Granville Public High School. Trevor watched as she walked down the road, her blonde hair blowing in the slight breeze of a spring day. Then, all of the sudden, a black SUV came rolling down the road and stopped beside her. Trevor saw her turn towards the SUV; then it happened: A man with black hair and a goatee, dressed in gray, opened the door and pulled her in. He saw her look toward his house with a look of distress on her face. He knew that she had seen him and he watched helplessly as the SUV drove away at top speed. Trevor was scared; if he wanted to save the unknown beauty, he would have to face his fears. Trevor decided the police would handle it, that another neighbor had probably witnessed the same scene.

The next morning, when Trevor looked through his bedroom window, he saw the police going around the neighborhood asking everyone if they had seen what had happened; eventually they gave up and left. Trevor knew then that the police had no lead. He decided he had to help. At first, he thought he could help her without having to talk to anyone. But as he turned on his computer to send a report to the police, his computer crashed. He couldn't reboot it. Now Trevor was stressed. If he wanted to save her, he would have to talk to someone. He picked up the phone, dialed the number and then hung up. He did this 10 times, unable to press send. Finally he did. A man answered.

For five seconds, Trevor was silent. "Um...yes, hello. This is Trevor ... I know the girl who was ... abducted ... she is my neighbor. I saw a man in a black SUV with a goatee ... and ... and—"

"Whoa, whoa, calm down, Son. So you saw this man? Do you know who he was or where he was taking her?"

Trevor tried to remember the details, "Yes ... well, no. I don't know who they were, but the car had a New Hampshire plate." He then described the man and the SUV. The policeman made no response; Trevor figured he must have been writing down the facts.

"OK, Son. Now we don't want you to worry, Stacey will be fine. Thank you for all your help and we may be in touch later."

Trevor said goodbye and gave the man his phone number and hung up. Stacey. Trevor could not stop repeating the name to himself in his head. She was no longer the girl across the street, she was Stacey.

A day passed, and then another. Police had come by to talk with other neighbors. Then, finally, a big white van drove into Stacey's driveway and there she was. With a slightly paranoid look on her face, a policeman led her inside her house and what Trevor guessed was a doctor followed.

It was only a short time later that Trevor's doorbell rang. Trevor waited for his parents to answer it — or for the person to give up and walk away — but his parents were out, and the bell kept ringing. Trevor walked to the door and looked out the peephole. It was Stacey. She rang the doorbell yet again. Slowly, he opened it. Stacey rushed forward and embraced him. She didn't let go; Trevor could smell her perfume, pleasant to his nose.

She stood back and mouthed the words thank you; she kissed him on the cheek and walked back over to her house. Trevor stood dumbstruck. Closing the door he began to realize that this was what it felt like to be in the company of someone so nice and beautiful. He began thinking of what it would be like to be around people like her all the time.

(Note: This was edited to fit in this space.)

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 in 230 schools throughout Vermont.

Thanks also to the anonymous student judges who helped 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 when they write.

Thanks to this newspaper, notably Editor Mike Townsend and Publisher Brad Robertson, who have supported this project since it began at the Free Press, and as it then became an independent nonprofit. Newspaper leaders rarely hear from people when things are good or go well; please write 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 from around the country.

For a full list of our supporters, please go to: 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 tuned to what we are doing over the summer and beyond, check in at 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. Remember, too, the definition of penultimate — the final batch of student writing for the year will be here next week.

Sincerely,

Geoffrey Gevalt

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