

## My window

By Sky Elderkin

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

When I look through the window I see a big barn  
I also see where there used to be a farm  
When I look through my window I see a big pine tree that is almost falling down  
I see a river where I once almost drowned  
When I look out my window I see a field where my horses used to gallop with such pride  
I also see where my goats used to be, where some of them died  
When I look out my window I see the blue sky and the birds flying all around  
They are flying around, their wings whisper without a sound  
When I look out my window I'm so glad I live in the country, doing what I want to do  
I bet you probably would be too  
When I look out my window I see peacefulness, I see grass  
I see this is where I want to be, where I am never harassed

## Out to Sea

By Kasara Lear

CASTLETON VILLAGE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

As I look out to sea  
Through the window  
I watch the sun set.  
As it starts to go down  
I begin to fall asleep.  
The sweet smell of the night sea.  
I start to fall asleep  
At each crash of a wave  
I begin to dream.  
Through the window I watch the sun set  
and gently fall asleep.

## The big lollipop

By Dan Burrows

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

I stare at the giant lollipop through the window. I want it so badly. It is curly and rainbow colored. I have to have it. I would do anything for it. I would jump, leap, fall and soar for it. I could even be put in pain for it. I want it. I would lick it, suck on it and, no matter what, never let go of it. I would hold it until it was all gone, and then I would have to get a new one.

I would even try to savor it, but who really thinks I could do that?

I will probably not get it though.

Right when I am about to leave a man buys one, comes out, licks it and he doesn't like it! He tosses it into the trash. I wait until he leaves and casually walk over to the can. You probably know what I do next. Yes, I spring in and on top of it. I jump out and then "chomp!"

## Through the window

By Chris LeBlanc

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Maybe playing baseball with my friends in the house wasn't a good idea. When my mom got home there would be trouble, and trouble is what I deserved. My friends sat there laughing as hard as they could when that baseball went out the window. All I could do was worry about what my mom would think, or worse, my dad. He would yell, scream and ground me from all I own. His face bright red, his veins popping out his neck and his voice becoming deeper and louder than ever before. That was all I could think of when that ball went out that window.

When the time came, my friends went out the door and those thoughts came back and haunted me more. But my mom wasn't the one who walked in that door first. It was my dad, who would yell at me even more. I didn't speak about that window. I was going to get away with it as long as I could. My dad actually fell asleep on the couch after he walked in the front door. He slept and slept, and I stayed happy until I heard a car slow down to a stop.

My mom's car – Oh, no! She would notice. The window was in her office. She walked in, put her bag down, hugged me and went upstairs. I felt afraid, really afraid. Instead of her finding out, I decided to tell her before she got into the room. She took a look and said, "What do you mean the window is broken? It's not even cracked. I don't know what you are talking about."

Then I looked at that window and she was right. There was no broken window. So there was no real reason to bring my dad into it since it wasn't broken.

To this day, five years later, I wonder and wonder just how that window wasn't broken. Even my friends don't believe that it wasn't broken.

## Reunited

By Jenna Danyew

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

When I look through the window I see a small green man walking along the large expanse of red dust. The deep craters and small mountains push and pull the landscape of my home.

As I focus on the green man getting closer, my face lights up with delight. My own green hands reach out to him, delighted that he is home. He is more than just a green man, he is my brother, Romaflogen. He has been on Earth for over three Earth years. According to Mars time, he has been there for 23 phillinapias.

He had decided to take a trip around the galaxy. He has never really liked Mars

and always wanted to go to another planet. The one that interested him most was Earth because, he said, it has so many different places to visit. When he got there he used his podmate to tell me where he was. He forgot to turn it off when they saw him. They all started yelling words. I heard strange words like "alien," "money" and "museum." I could not tell what they were going to do to him. They took him away and that was the last I heard from him. He is one of the smartest of our kind. I am so glad he is so smart. He must have figured out how to get away from those awful humans. I am sure he had many amazing adventures along the way. I must not forget to ask how he ever managed to escape.

As he gets closer he sees me through the window of our space pod. He starts running toward me.

"Mellinafingapel! Mellinafingapel!" he shouts with joy.

I can barely contain my excitement! I never thought I would see him again. I am so glad our family is reunited again. I love my brother more than anything in the world. He is my best friend, my only family and so much more. Of one thing I am certain: I am so glad I decided to look out my window.

## Plastic dolls

By Kasey Jones

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8  
New York City

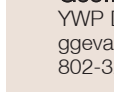
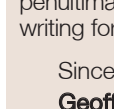
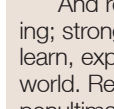
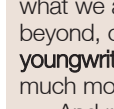
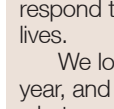
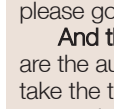
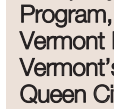
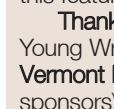
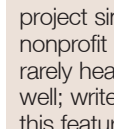
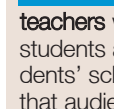
A place full of advertising.  
Everyday I walk by  
Billboards  
Signs  
Posters  
And see women who look beyond beautiful.  
With no acne, perfect eyebrows and  
Stunning, shiny hair.  
I try my best to be myself  
But I feel ugly  
And turn my head away  
From the plastic dolls I see before me.

## No escape

By Kayla O'Toole

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Ads, ads, everywhere.  
Telling me what to wear  
And how to do my hair.  
Ads, ads in the halls, on the walls,  
In the shopping malls  
Even ads through phone calls!  
Ads are here and ads are there.  
To go somewhere and not see an ad  
Is really rare.  
I think that's very unfair.  
They tell us how we should act,  
And how we should be...  
But for right now I'd rather just be me.



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 us select work for publication each week.

**Thanks to the many teachers** who saw the value of providing students a potential audience for their students' school work. These teachers know that audience gives students a sense of purpose when they write.

**Thanks to this newspaper,** notably Editor Sue Allen and President & Publisher John Mitchell, who have supported this project since it began as an independent nonprofit in 2006. Newspaper leaders rarely hear from people when things go well; 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: [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

**And thanks to you, the readers.** You are the audience and the fact that 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](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. Remember, too, the definition of penultimate — the final batch of student writing for the year will be here next week.

Sincerely,

**Geoffrey Gevalt**

YWP Director

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