

WNBA

BY LEXI MOUSLEY
Browns River Middle School, Grade 6
Sneakers echo around the gym
Everyone's eyes on me
Center of attention because I have the ball
I could control the whole game
I could pass it, I could run a play or I could
take it to the hoop
I could control the game with the ball
I would rather play basketball than anything
in the world
I don't care what anybody else thinks or says
or feels
I am going to the WNBA
Nothing can stop me.
As the shot goes up the crowd cheers
Out of the many people I can hear my family
Swish, my favorite sound
I could listen to that sound all day
Dribbling in the gym
Basketball in my hand I am happy
I am going to be in the WNBA.

Success

BY LINDSEY BRAND
Browns River Middle School, Grade 7
I'm kneeling
behind home plate
hidden behind my armor
waiting
for the next pitch
to hurtle towards me.
My heart pounds
at a steady beat
and my breath
goes in and out
in and out.
I'm nervous
that I'm not going
to catch the ball
or that
the runner on third
will steal home
and I will be too slow
to get her out.
Suddenly
I see the pitcher winding up
and I quickly draw in
my breath.
The ball flies from her hand
and soars to me
the batter swings,
misses,
and the ball
smacks
into my open glove
and stays there.
Success.

MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING AT
YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG



THIS WEEK: 'Success' & general writing

Each week, Young Writers Project receives several hundred submissions from students all over the state. With the help of some anonymous students we select the best for publication here and in eight other newspapers. This week, students submitted writing done in response to the prompt, "success" and general writing. To read more, go to youngwritersproject.org, a safe, civil online community of young writers.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org and **The Schools Project**, a comprehensive online classroom and training solution for teachers to integrate digital technology into their curriculum. **Teachers interested in signing up or renewing**, go to ywpschools.net or contact YWP at 802-324-9537.

TEACHERS NOTE

Sign-up underway for **2010/2011 Schools Project writing program**: Digital training, classroom Web site, ongoing mentoring, lesson plans. Spaces limited. Contact Geoffrey Gevalt, 324-9537.

Summer Master's Course: YWP and National Writing Project offering a Digital Writing course in late June.

YWP Master's Practicum: Yearlong Digital Learning course (St. Michael's credits). See digitalteachers.net.

Sky thief

BY ISAIAH HINES
Rick Marcotte Central School, Grade 5
A shadow fell to the ground behind me.
I ran but the shadow followed
until it ate up the whole world around me.
I looked up at the sky and gasped.
It had turned black as midnight,
as if the sun had gone
out. I was bathed in the black
of the sky. I knew I was being watched by
unseen eyes. I was petrified.
I screamed for help but no sound
came out. Then finally I found
my voice. I yelled,
"Stop! Let the light shine freely!"
And it did.
I can make a difference.
Now I believe, the sun
shone brightly through the
darkness. My fear was replaced
by joy. I laughed out loud.
The sun came back.
Finally it was over.
But sometimes I still wonder
who stole it — the sky I mean.

Ice cream man

BY SHAWN POPELESKI
Jericho Elementary School, Grade 4
I hear it every day
Mr. Ding-a-Ling with his ice cream song
I go up to him and say
"Double Fudge, please"
I receive my Double Fudge,
gulping it down on the back porch
hoping this day will never end.

Saltwater therapy

BY MEGHAN LAVOIE
Rice Memorial High School, Grade 9
Saltwater therapy
infused my soul with
curiosity to imagine again
and sent me drifting upwards
in a watery dome
where light
and darkness
couldn't be distinguished.
My tired toes
cautiously reached out
to calm the raging foam's
cantankerous wrath
only to be purified
by racing ivory bliss.
My flying wisps of hair
launched themselves into
an abyss of seaweed
and sunshine
harassed by the scent
but welcomed by the radiance.
The timeless breeze
formed a choir
with nearby dune grasses
as waves sprinted up the shore
escaping from the whispering sea.
My sun-kissed skin awaits
an ocean facial mask
of saltwater aromas,
sugar sand softness
and, of course, sea cucumbers.

NEXT WEEK'S YWP PAGE
IS THE LAST ONE
OF THE SCHOOL YEAR

Strike three

BY OONAGH CAVANAGH
Browns River Middle School, Grade 7
Deep breath.
I take a step
my arm swings around
"Slap!"
The ball hits the catcher's glove.
"Strike one!" yells the umpire.
The ball comes sailing back to me.
I rest it in my glove
and gaze the batter in the eyes.
The hot sun
shining across her face.
The harsh breeze
nipping at my bare arms.
I take a step
my arm swings around
"Slap!"
She catches the ball.
"Strike two!" the umpire hollers.
The ball is thrown back
into the leather pocket of my glove.
I look down at my feet,
one firmly planted on the
pitcher's mound,
the other bent a step behind.
I inhale slowly
and exhale lightly.
"Hang in there, Pitch,"
says a mother in the stands.
I take a step
my arm swings around
"Slap!"
A perfect pitch.
"Strike three!" the umpire calls.
A smile spreads across my lips.
When I think back on it,
I still get a little shiver
in my chest.
A touch of excitement
looking back on the success of
Strike three.

Game on

BY HAILEY WARD
Browns River Middle School, Grade 7
Game on
Heart pounding
Intensity building
Breath shaking
I scream
The crowd gasps
Another letdown
More time to pass
My mind absorbs
What's going on
While my brain
Only wonders
'What's happening'
A whistle blows
My breath catches
A cheer sounds
I smile
We won.