

Undone

BY MEGAN BENWAY

Hazen Union High School, Grade 10

I can almost feel myself coming undone at the seams, stitch by stitch, coming undone like buttons.

My world slowly falling apart around me, and all I can do is watch.

A prisoner to the war going on in front of me.

Only in this war there are no winners, no victories,

just people left with scars and pain.

I am in a nightmare, a living, breathing nightmare that's suffocating me with the flames of my own personal hell.

And here I am, wearing a face of lies.

Wearing it like a porcelain mask, concealing all of my secrets.

I feel like a clown, bright, happy makeup giving the illusion of a never-ending smile.

But what about when all the makeup is washed off?

Swirling down the sink in a tornado of rainbow colors, sucked down the drain, never to be seen again.

Then you're bare.

Naked, exposed.

No makeup to hide how you feel.

Vulnerable to curious eyes, no more painted-on smile.

Just a girl with too much stress, feeling the weight of the world on her shoulders, fearing her life as she knows it will come crumbling down.

Nothing left but ruins,

staring at her own sad reflection.

But isn't that what she wants?

Wishes upon a star for every night?

For her world to be rebuilt?

For the chips to be filled in before they form into cracks,

spreading out like lightning and causing the whole thing to fall under the pressure.

For her to wake up from this nightmare and instead slip peacefully into an enchanted dream

before her life goes up in flames and there are not even ruins left.

Only ashes of sad resentment,

dangerous secrets

and lost dreams,

to be blown away by the wind and forgotten about.

Forever.



THIS WEEK: 'Success' & general writing

Each week, Young Writers Project receives submissions from students all over the state. We select the best for publication here and in eight other newspapers. This week, students submitted writing in response to the prompt, "success" and general writing. For 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: Year-long Digital Learning course (St. Michael's credits). See digitalteachers.net for both.

My friend's success

BY ZINFIRA KOCHALIYEVA ISRAILOVNA | Spaulding High School, Grade 12

Did you ever succeed at something that you suffered through? My friend did. Her life was really hard; her family did not have any money. When she was in fifth grade her stepfather took her from school and sent her to find a job. After five years, when she was fifteen, her stepfather engaged her to somebody she did not know. That day was the worst ever for her; she was weak and she did not have anything that she could support herself with.

While she was married she had very hard times with her husband and his family. She was blamed for things that she did not do, and if something was wrong it was her fault that it had happened. Time passed and while she was pregnant they made her work really hard and do things that her husband's parents were saying.

But there was a secret that she kept for years: she planned to run away from their house to a different country. She was saving money for herself and her baby. She suffered so much from her husband and his family and then she said, *Enough*, to herself. She was afraid more for her daughter and decided run away.

One time when nobody was at home she collected her stuff, took her baby and ran away. She crossed the border and came to the United States. She told me how she had suffered from her husband and she was proud of herself that she her daughter succeeded in escaping from a horrible life.

Bullies

BY ADDIENA LUKE-CURRIER | Randolph Elementary School, Grade 4

What battle have I fought?

Why do they do it?

Why does she tease? Who's being taught?

Poking, prodding, talking

Saying things that bruise feelings.

Tripping, kicking, stalking

Teasing, bullying, fighting.

Rumors and lies

Saying things that make things sting.

Whispering, laughing, sneers

Secrets, don't tell!

Caring what everybody wears

Making you hurt for long.

Keeping the memory in you

Bullying is wrong!

The chase ends

BY TOMMY MALONE

Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade

The bitter wind cut through his t-shirt like a knife. James stumbled along a swollen stream. The water rushed by, sending up a spray, chilling him even more. It had been a strange spring: hot, cold and everything in between. He spotted some stepping stones and quickly crossed the river, trying his best to stay dry.

It had been nearly a year since the men had started chasing him. He did not see them very often. His most recent sighting had been just over a month ago but he could sense they were still following him and he knew he had to keep moving. Why they wanted him, he did not know. All he knew was that they had pushed him past his limit way too many times.

As James stumbled out of the forest and into a town, he recognized the town. It was his hometown. Everything was the way he remembered it when he had left a year ago, running from the men who chased him. When he had left, he hadn't thought he would ever see his town or his home again.

He passed the church and his old school on his way home. As he reached the street that his house was on, he frantically tried to remember what his house number was. As he walked down the street, he glanced from side to side, looking at each house and counting the house numbers. He quickly crossed the street when he saw the old familiar oak tree in front of his house. As he reached his front door, he realized it was locked. He fumbled under the welcome mat for the spare key, unlocked the door, and slipped inside. He stumbled into his bathroom and looked in the mirror. He looked horrible. His clothes were in tatters, his hair was a mess, and he was plastered with mud.

After a long shower, James felt much better. He walked to his bedroom and collapsed on his comforter and fell into a deep blissful sleep, dreaming of a calm and peaceful spring. For the moment, the men chasing after him were just a distant memory.

NEXT WEEK'S

YWP PAGE IS

THE LAST ONE

OF THE SCHOOL YEAR

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