

## One glance

**By Theresa Glabach**  
Dummerston School, Grade 8

When I turned,  
It was gone.  
That moment,  
The look in their eyes.  
All of it was just...  
Gone.  
I hesitated  
For a moment.  
Was it ever really there?  
It had to be  
I couldn't have  
Just imagined it,  
Could I?  
There was something  
In their voice.  
It had to be real,  
But what was it?  
Jealousy?  
No,  
They knew the truth.  
Anger?  
Maybe,  
But then why would they  
Be talking so openly about it?  
Regret?  
No,  
They had nothing to regret.  
So what was  
That look?  
It lasted just  
Two seconds,  
If that,  
And then  
They put the smile  
Back on.  
It had to be real,  
The pain  
I felt from  
That glance  
Was real.  
I knew that.  
The way  
That I got so mad  
At the person  
For making them say that.  
I know  
That was real.  
So why do I doubt  
That glance,  
That single look?  
I know that look  
In their eye  
Was so genuine.  
Hate?  
Very likely,  
But that wasn't like them.  
Distrust?  
No,  
They didn't even know.  
I guess the mystery remains  
Now that it's gone.  
That simple look  
Just gone.

## I am good at cooking ... I think

**By Maria Paula Mugnani** | Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 12

(NOTE: This was submitted in late spring when Maria was a senior. For her full story go to: [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))

... When the mood strikes me, I can convince myself that I can make pizza. While most people settle for pepperoni and cheese, I have to be inventive. During the summer, half of the pizza has to be smothered with kale. Think me normal enough?

The last time I set out make pizza, I found myself cooking spaghetti as well. No, I was not going to have it as a side dish. It was going on top of the pizza. I had it all worked out: I would make a normal tomato sauce and cheese pizza, but as I took it out, I would immediately heap fettuccine on top and then more tomato sauce and cheese. It would be perfect.

It was a disaster. The pasta took way too long to cook, so by the time the pizza was ready for the spaghetti, I panicked. I tasted and found the pasta still uncooked. A few

moments later, I found myself going against all my principles, throwing fettuccine on every flat surface I could find. When it was finally cooked, I threw it all on the pizza, put the sauce and cheese on, and shoved it back in the oven. Big mistake. Soon fettuccine, sauce, and cheese was oozing down the sides of the pan, coating the oven racks and all surfaces.

At dinner that night everyone complimented me on this invention, but every time I mention cooking pizza again, they get this haunted look in their eyes and someone else quickly volunteers to do it. So do not make spaghetti pizza or it will be a disaster. Believe me, I know.

Although I have made quite a few mistakes in the kitchen, I still consider myself to be a seasoned cook. I am confident that the more I practice, the more I will improve. Even master chefs make mistakes because there is always some mistake to learn from in the kitchen. Believe me, I know.

## Music and rain

**By Ruby McCafferty**  
Edmunds Middle School, Grade 8

My favorite part of music  
is the  
silence  
between notes.  
That split second of  
nothing  
when you can hear  
a quiet  
so pure  
it just  
steals your  
breath  
and it's only  
made more beautiful  
as the sound of rain begins to  
softly  
whisper down  
and that whisper becomes louder  
louder  
louder  
and before I even realize it  
the silence is gone  
and the rain is  
softly thundering  
and the melody is so  
graceful  
as it dances.  
No more silence.  
There's nothing left but the  
music  
and  
rain.

## First notes

**By Shoshana Silverstein**  
Homeschooled, Grade 11

I push the glass doors open and relish the cool air splashing across my face, chasing away the steamy weather that tries to follow me inside. The ceiling arches above me, soaring like a majestic cathedral. I am warmly greeted, and set on the correct path to the first event I'm attending. But I find myself straying, drawn towards the distant yet clear sound of a piano. I peer through an archway into a large room with chairs stacked against one wall, facing a glossy, midnight piano raised on the shoulders of the stage.

The music is as majestic as the hall it fills.

I watch the pianists, their bodies bending and swaying with the music created by the connection between their fingers and the keys. For a moment I am taken away to a place where the notes divulge the secrets of the reality left behind.

*This is sorrow, they whisper. This is joy. These are the colors of the sunset. These are the tears of an angel. Look! There is Youth, dozing in the shade of Time. There are the soldiers of Darkness, stretching far into the unknown.*

*There is true beauty.*

When I step back from the archway, losing sight of the musicians joined with the glossy piano, the music swims down from the stage and follows me through the hallway. It brushes and entwines those it passes, sharing its secrets in a language all the world can comprehend.



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them get better at it and finds them authentic audiences for their best work.

YWP provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds *Digital Writing Classrooms* for schools and afterschool programs. For more: [ywpschools.net](http://ywpschools.net).

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## My colors

**By Jessica Young**  
Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9  
There are two colors.

Orange.

I am orange.

Bright and bubbly.

Adventurous and fun.

White.

I am white.

Barely there.

Only to myself.

Upset inside and out.

I am orange and white.

Bright, but barely there.

## Next Prompts

BRATTLEBORO-AREA STUDENTS:  
Send us your best work!

**Headline.** Write an attention-grabbing news headline and then create a story about it.

**Alternate: Listening in.** Take a moment to listen to conversations at school, home or in a public place such as the hallways, cafeteria, playing field, a restaurant or store. Take some of that dialogue and write a story or poem. Fill in the gaps. **Due Friday.**

Go to [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org) to see the year's prompts and to submit work.