

Unplugged

By **Cerese Sanborn**

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL/BARRE TECHNICAL CENTER, GRADE 10

The plug is pulled
The lights are off
Nothing's moving
It doesn't work
The action is gone
No more drama
Goodbye laughs
Hello silence
Thoughts are clear
Everything is calm
Do you see
The difference?

Just take out the garbage

By **Katy Ranaldo**

RICE MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

I could have avoided the whole situation if I had just taken out the garbage.

It all started last Sunday. My mom asked me to take out the garbage. I said I would, but instead of doing it right away I sat back down on the couch and continued watching TV.

About 20 minutes later, I went to the kitchen to get a snack and there lay my mom on the floor, her eyes shut. Normally my mom does not take naps on the kitchen floor so I knew something had to have happened. I just stared at her for a few moments, not knowing what to do. Then I noticed a banana peel by her feet that had fallen out of the garbage. I quickly came to the realization that she had slipped on the banana peel and was unconscious. I poured some cold water on her and poked at her for a while, and she finally opened her eyes.

My mom was fine, a slight concussion but nothing major. But I was not OK. I was grounded for the next three weeks because I didn't take out the garbage, and my mom suffered a concussion because of my disobedience.

I learned that doing what you are told right away will help you in the long run. Personally, I hate getting up, going to the garbage and taking it out to the garage. It's a pain. But honestly it will not kill anyone to unglue their eyes from the TV for a minute and just do it.

Opportunities enumerated

By **Luna Felker**

U-32 HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

I had a television for one year.
It got two channels.
There were three of us,
and the TV made four.
We were five on Fridays, when the neighbor came over to watch reruns,
and six when he had custody of his daughter.
We watched the news seven days a week,
but when I was eight, we decided we didn't want one, anyway, and got rid of it.
It's oh-nine.
My creativity is infinite.

Enjoy!

By **Nina McCarthy**

WOODSTOCK UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

The TV is off
The door is open to outside
No cell phones are on
The birds are the only ringing
The world is unplugged, enjoy!

Too distracting

By **Ella Banker**

SHREWSBURY MOUNTAIN SCHOOL, GRADE 5

I don't have a TV so obviously I can't turn one off. However, I can tell you what not having a TV is like.

I don't mind not having a TV. One reason is that I get outside more for exercise. Also when I'm doing homework I might be distracted by a TV. My friend has a TV and once I slept over and did my homework while watching TV. I didn't get a very good grade on that paper.

Next Prompts

General. Submit your best non-prompt-generated general writing. This call for general entries is repeated each month and you can use the same "general" keyword term when submitting each time. **Due Friday.**

To see the year's prompts and to submit work go to:

youngwritersproject.org

If only ...

By **Christina Hays**

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL/BARRE TECHNICAL CENTER

If only you knew how I felt
Each time you walk by me
every time I see you I feel a
jolt of energy. If only you
knew how that rush made me feel.
I wish that I could look at
you the way you look at her.
If only I knew how you really felt
about me.

The silver button

By **Grace Powers**

SHREWSBURY MOUNTAIN SCHOOL, GRADE 6

I could have avoided the whole thing if I had not touched the silver button on the TV.

The sound wouldn't come on on our TV. My parents don't know anything about electronics so I got behind the TV and thought I had fixed the problem when I touched the silver button. But the upstairs lights suddenly went out! Turns out the silver button had a cord that ran to the electric box in the basement that shuts off all the power in my house. I got in trouble for that.

The reunion

By **Peter Sylvester** | RICE MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

I could have avoided the whole situation if only I had decided not to attend the trip. I had made the questionable decision to attend a family reunion, and, five minutes into our journey, I completely regretted it. Originally, I had been told that we were going on vacation, but after the family was loaded into the car my parents told me that we were actually going to a family reunion. Thinking about Aunt Helga, my annoying twin cousins Emily and Henry, and my infamously crazy great-uncle James convinced me that I needed to find a way to disappear the moment my family's car stopped at Helga's house.

Last time I had been there, Helga had tried to convince me that I would benefit from taking my 4-year-old nephew, Jack, to the zoo. The moment Jack and I were alone he bolted away from me, and led me on a high speed chase through the zoo. My two cousins, Henry and Emily, are aspiring kick boxers and love to use me as a punching bag.

As our car arrived, I swung the door open and sprinted away, but was imme-



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diately tackled and dragged into the house by my dad, Henry and Crazy James (who happened to think they were about to interrogate a member of the Viet Cong). Upon entering the house, I suddenly realized that I was trapped in an insane asylum. Little cousins were running around screaming and having a grape juice fight, while Aunt Helga immediately tried to lasso me into trying some of her famous (because it had been investigated by the health department) tuna casserole.

We then stumbled upon Crazy James, who was trying to torture Henry for spilling nonexistent government secrets. Helga and I arrived in the kitchen to find that her tuna casserole had been wrestled to the ground by the dog, Rover, and at that moment I decided to escape. I ran away from the madness and, a few blocks later, realized that I was sixty miles from home and that the only way to return home was to go back to Aunt Helga's and try to survive the weekend. And to think, I could have avoided the whole situation by saying "no" to the trip.