

Winter Tales

Dec. 12-16, 2018 Performances

Young Writers Project & Vermont Stage present
YWP's winning submissions

Wednesday December 12th 7:30 PM

BY THE FIRE

By Eden Anne Bauer

Age 14

Hanover, NH

Winter is my favorite season.
I stay warm by the fire
With a cup of cocoa, and watch
The snowflakes fall gracefully, dancing
With the flames.

Sometimes Nature holds her breath
And all is still; when I step outside, the silence
Is only broken by the crunch of snow
Under my feet.

Other times, the wind howls as a lonely wolf
Lamenting the forlorn expression of the moon,
Tearing at branches, scouring houses with sharp
Icy crystals, whipping across my face,
Stinging my eyes, slashing ears and fingertips,
As I hurry home to safety from the storm.

The best time of all is when
The world pauses for a moment, though not
In anticipation, simply to ponder
Its own existence.

Then sunbeams wave away the clouds
And shine upon the glittering gown
Nature creates for our land.

Big, soft, fluffy snowflakes begin to fall,
The damper kind, better for making snowballs.
At first they're hesitant, as only a few

Venture down to the ground, then
They rejoice in finding a peaceful world below,
And glide down to greet me all at once.

As the world outside is tucked in with
A thick snowy blanket, I
Pull the covers to my chin,
Turn out the light, and
Watch the snowflakes dance on.
I fall asleep, and in my dreams
I'm still outside, dancing with them
Through the night until we
Stop to rest and watch the sunrise
Turn to day.

I wish every night was this way,
Beginning by the fire and
Ending with the snow,
A blending of the heat and
Freezing, icy cold.
These winter flames ignite my mind
And keep my heart warm,
Sending a tingling sensation through my toes
As they remember the warm hearth, the cold floor.

The best part is waking up
To a winter wonderland, and having the wonderful day
And the wonderful dream
All over again.

BLACK ICE
By Regis Houlier
Age 10
Essex Junction, VT

Black ice, the villain of

Winter,

always incognito!

Hiding! Waiting for me! Wanting me

to slip into its trap,

creeping up right under me.

And right when I get near it,

when I least expect it,

it springs to attack,

shooting me

across its villainous body,

SCARING ME!!

And slamming

me to the ground like

a nail,

laughing at me

with its cold heart

as I limp away

in pain!

Thursday December 13th 7:30 PM

SNOW DAWN

By Eleanor Konings

Age 13

Etna, NH

Waking up

to the silent sound

of snowflakes twirling

to the ground.

It's barely dawn,

with the sun rising

from its chambers

beneath the mountains,

the stars unwilling to dim
their short-lived light.
Yet the snowflakes mirror them,
drifting to fill the valleys
in a cold, crisp carpet.
Walking out
to the half-darkness of winter,
the beauty within the ice,
the sword within the stone.
Sensing the danger in the snow,
yet unable to pull away
from trees that seem to glow.
No one has ever been able to resist Winter.
It's the right time for wonder.
If you're going to take a plunge into mystery,
then waking up to snowflakes
falling outside your window
is, perhaps, the best way to do it.

SOLITARY WINTER

By Owen Biniecki

Age 15

St. Albans, VT

Swing sets grind to icy halts, and fluffy layers of snow are trampled as my classmates swarm into chaotic crowds, eager to leave December's chilled embrace.

Friends leave mid-conversation, teachers stop listening --
to contain the mob of 11-year-olds.

Insulted that the snow, blanketed with care, has been destroyed, abandoned Winter begins to straighten the ground once more with frigid attention.

Eyes lost in the glistening seas of snowflakes as they slowly climb down from the heavens above, a body stands by the howling wind.

There is a comfort found in frost. A solace found in the cold.

Lone Winter and I find friendship. We do not leave each other mid-conversation, we do not stop listening. Because in the presence of each other, we are not alone.

One electric blue jacket stays within this gelid plain of white.

Friday December 14th 7:30 PM

A QUIET WINTER DAY

By Madeleine Thaxton

Age 12

East Thetford, VT

The snow crunches softly beneath my boots as I trudge up the hill. Small delicate snowflakes land on my fuzzy hat. I tilt my head back to catch them in my mouth.

Out of the corner of my eye, a male cardinal dashes from tree to tree, his red feathers bright against the white snow.

When I get to the top of the hill, I pause to look around at the snow-covered trees, and listen to how peaceful it is.

Dropping my sled on the wet snow, I climb on and slide down the hill, going down easily on top of the smooth and icy snow, the cool wind blowing in my face, smiling to myself.

Winter makes me feel serene and content.

THE JUMP

By Hannah Malin-Stremlau

Age 12

Windsor, VT

My feet crunched the snow as my thick boots led me toward the hill. It was mid-winter, a warmer day than most, and the tramping was making my forehead sweat. My friend Clementine was ahead of me, my short legs and puffy snowsuit weighing me down and slowing me down. Finally, I reached the top of the hill. I sat down, not caring if my butt got wet or not. Mindlessly, my mittens picked up a ball of snow and packed it evenly. This was the best packing snow of the winter. It was the perfect mixture of wet and fluffy, a combination that is rare -- at least to Vermont. Judson, another friend, was thinking the same thing.

After we were done packing snow for the jump, I ran to the top of the hill and sat down in the big, black utility sled. As Clementine sat down behind me, we began moving. We gained speed as the slope got steeper and steeper. I saw the jump ahead of me. It got closer and closer until we were under it. The black sled crashed through the jump, making a tunnel of suspended snow up above us. Our movement slowed, and we stopped halfway down the hill, laughing and whipping the frozen snow from our cold faces. Judson put the black sled aside and packed the jump bigger than before. Clementine and I watched as he climbed to the top of the hill and got into his tube sled.

Judson scooped forward until he began steaming down the hill. The tube sled met the jump and Judson went flying. We watched, jaws open, our necks craned, as Judson soared, one hand tightly clutching the sled, his other stretching up to skim the clouds.

Judson landed gracefully in the fluffy snow. The three of us spent the rest of the day using the tube sleds to jump. The tube sleds were flimsy and therefore, did not break through the jump. Finally, toes numb and cheeks rosy red with fun, we went on our last few rides. I climbed the hill one more time. I dragged out the big black sled, excitement pumping through my body, my mouth open in a shout of, "Here I go!" as I screamed down the hill.

The snow was compact, the sled hard, and I went down faster than anyone had before me. As I saw the icy jump ahead, I realized I was not going to break through it like last time; I was going to soar. And soar I did. I went so high I could have had a chat with the sun. For a moment, I stayed in the air suspended by an invisible thread before losing height and falling to earth again.

The rest of the day was fuzzy. I don't remember landing. I do remember Clementine's mom telling me to breathe, and me crying because I couldn't. I don't remember lying down in the sled. I do remember as Clementine's dad dragged me back to Judson's house, taking cautious breaths and wincing with every movement. I don't remember walking into the house. I do remember how happy I was to find a warm cup of hot chocolate waiting for me at home.

Saturday December 15th 2 PM:

WINTER AND SUMMER

By Lauren Angus

Age 11

Essex Junction, VT

Love catching snowflakes on my glove

Summer's Popsicle

Both melting as soon as you get them

Love building a snowman

Summer's sand castle

They don't last long

Love having snowball fights

Summer's water balloons

You get wet either way

Love finding icicles

Summer's flowers

They come every year

Love having snow days

Summer's vacation

Always outside

Summer

Winter

They are almost the same

Just different

WINTER

By Kirk Smith

Age 12

Rutland Town, VT

Winter, such a bleak time.

But, in some way, magical.

With all of winter's great, fluffy snow,

it's a shame that it's dark

when I get home from school.

What is better

than after a great day with the skis,

than coming home

to hot food and TV?

Winter, when my hands dry up

and my house works to stay warm.

I roll in the snow like a child and wonder,

without the snow, what would life be?

This season is such a meaningful time,

and while it is below zero out there,

I appreciate me,

and this massive warm box I call home.

Winter -- when we all curl up

like tiny, little kittens.

Some people wish to find warmth down south,
while others must stay in this white heaven.

I go outside and watch my breath
float away in the wind.
I cannot believe this will end,
but I also want spring to begin.

One day, the last flake will fall.
And then it will melt away.
The birds will return and the trees will become green.
As for the cold, it will come back,
but not for two hundred days.

Saturday December 15th 7:30 PM:

SNOW PLOW
By Chloe Dussault
Age 17
St. Albans, VT

Digging holes in the snow,
these would be our homes.
We are like an old couple,
bickering back and forth on who has made the best one.

The cold has made it to our fingertips.
Our red cheeks glow brighter as the bright, flashing light moves closer to us.
A loud roar creeps towards us by the second.
A rush of adrenaline soars through us as we run away.
We are stumbling,
as the snow grabs onto our feet after each step we take.
We feel the strike of cold shoot through our bodies as we go head-first into the snow.

Wiping the bitter blizzard away from our faces,
we watch at the last instant
as our whole afternoon's work is demolished.

With sour faces
we watch the light fade away ...
as if nothing has happened!

BIATHLON
By Benjamin Edwards

Age 10
Essex Junction, VT

Skis fly

Target seen

Jump into prone

Steady to fire

Skis fly

Target has a hole

Jump up

And off I go

Skis fly

Shot again

Get back up

Dash off

Skis fly

I'm a blur

Faster faster

My tired eyes cross the line

Sunday December 16th 7:30 PM:

ICE FISHING

By Ayden Clark

Age 10

Essex Junction, VT

With a jacket like a heater

and a helmet on my head,

I turn

through the

woods

crunch crunch crunch

as the wheels' brake sticks

and I cautiously drive out

onto the lake

Swish sposh,

says slush on the water.

Then I park,

put my green and black

rod in the holder,

and wait

and wait

and wait

until the drag starts to

ring ring ring

like a bell

from the fish

pulling

the line.

I reel

and reel

and reel

and the dark brown with gold

fish

flops out of the hole,

lands

on

the ice ...

splash splash

flop flop

Success!

Dinner!

JOYOUS WINTER

By Lydia Blake

Age 15

St. Albans, VT

White flakes

drifted down to the cold ground,

covering the dead grass with a fresh sheet of foam.

Laughter filled the air

as small children ran out the door

all bundled up in their coats, hats, scarves, and gloves.

Their boots left little footprints in the fresh snow as they ran.

Their joyous laughter cut through the muffled cold air
as they caught crisp snowflakes on their tongues.

Screams of enjoyment echoed from their mouths
as they were called back in.

With rosy pink cheeks and red noses,
their shivering bodies ran back through the door

for a warm cup of cocoa --
the sign
that winter has come.
Oh, joyous winter!