

# Week 18: Writing prompts -- Big game; mistakes

## The sack

**Nathan Tyler Barcomb**

*Brattleboro Area Middle School, Grade 7*

Every Friday night I suit up  
Wondering how I will do.  
As I stare into the dark eyes of that left tackle,  
I know he is the only thing standing between  
me and my glory.  
Silence for a moment.  
The ball is snapped,  
I hear nothing but pads and helmets bashing  
together.  
I throw my man down and see my goal  
I dive after him and get the sack.  
I stand up,  
And as I glare into the stands  
I see my fans cheering  
As I stand under these Friday night lights.  
And it feels  
Wonderful.

## Every second counts

**By Shannon Moriarity**

*Benson Village School, Grade 8*

Your palms are sweaty,  
Your vision blurred.  
Little butterflies fluttering  
In the depths of your stomach.  
You cock your head up,  
And look at the score.  
It's 33 to 32,  
And it's your team that's behind.  
The ball is in your hands,  
The time ticking down...  
30 seconds...29...28...  
27...26...  
You begin to dribble  
The knots in your stomach tighten.  
19...18...17...  
You're only at half-court.  
A defender picks you up,  
Concentrated on your moves.  
You bounce the ball between your legs,  
And you're past the defense.  
6...5...4...  
You square up your feet,  
And bring the ball to your chest.  
You jump, releasing the ball...  
2...1...  
The ball kisses the rim,  
And falls through the net.  
Score!

## Oops

**By Emily Fariel**

*Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8*

Oops... made a mistake.  
Colored outside the line.  
Oops.  
Spelled a word wrong.  
Oops...  
Every little mistake,  
Adds up,  
Makes us imperfect,  
and human.

## Consumed

**By Kristina Wallin**

*Lebanon High School, Grade 12*

Footsteps break into a run  
Sweat drips down the forehead  
Running not from anything in particular  
But the thought of being anywhere else  
keeps the legs moving  
Thoughts of regret dance through the  
mind  
And in a world where forgiveness is a rar-  
ity  
Forgetting seems just as impossible.

## In season

**By Tucker Stone**

*Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8*

Mistakes...  
Sledding when there is no snow  
Lighting the Christmas tree on fire  
Creating great ire  
Searing the cookies black  
Blowing up the smoke stack  
Mistakes...  
Ice instead of snowball  
Not shoveling the deck  
Writing too many checks  
Christmas ornaments breaking  
All the Christmas baking  
Mistakes...  
Having no eggnog  
No snow on Christmas Day  
It will not deceive us  
For no Christmas is Christmas  
Without snow... and a few mistakes.

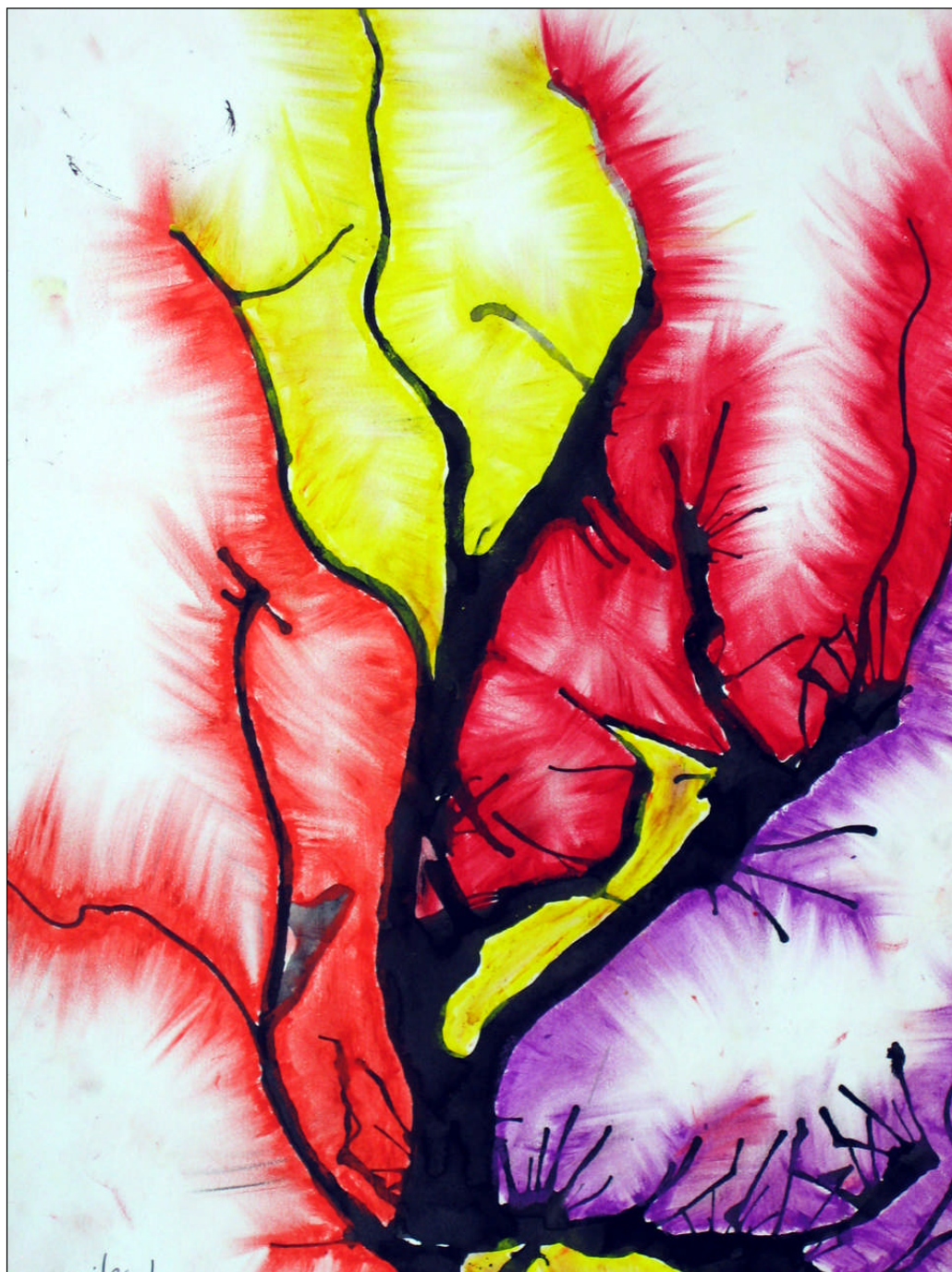
## Mistake

**By Nicole LeBlond**

*Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10*

When you have everything going for you,  
There is no time to slip out of that perfect  
mold  
That is crafted by the impression of others  
And there it is — it just happened,  
Right before your eyes you slipped out of the  
mold,  
Out of people's expectations,  
Out of your coaches,  
Out of your own  
But it's the truth,  
It happened,  
It cannot be denied,  
You can't fix what was witnessed,  
You can only go forward from here,  
You have to reshape the mold.

## THE RAINBOW TREE



Miles Latham, an eighth-grader at Hartford Memorial Middle School, wrote this about his artwork: "When I made this tree, I intended to incorporate some of the shapes and colors of fire into the design. But as I continued, I realized that it would look far more interesting to use many colors of the rainbow. I found that this brings more life to the plain black tree, lighting it up like a multicolor light show."

## The mountain adventure

**By Logan Liberty** | *Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8*

Yesterday I went hiking up Camels Hump with five of my friends. We started at my house to get on the trail, but we ended up taking the wrong trail, forcing us to go back to the intersection to look at the map.

We took the other direction that was in that intersection, and we found we were on the right trail. After half an hour of hiking, another thing went wrong: Someone lost their sunglasses, but we were too far to go back. Once again another thing happened. Someone got stung by a bee, forcing them to hike in pain.

After an hour and a half we thought we were almost there. Some other hikers walked down, and we asked how far, and they said, "1.5 miles." We thought our legs were going to fall off; we had had enough.

Finally, we reached the summit! After hours of pain, we got to the top to eat lunch. Everything was going well; we were resting, eating and enjoying the view. But it was too perfect and something was bound to go wrong. And with my luck it started to pour, sending bolts of lightning to the ground and loud roars of thunder through the dark sky. We rushed to get off the summit, and get back on the trails to proceed back to my house. It was a dangerous hike down because it was so slippery. Stumbling over rocks and avoiding cliffs, we got back to my house safe and sound but extremely wet.

I rushed inside my house to grab some dry clothes for everyone. (My mom wasn't happy about lending out all those clothes for fear of never getting them back.)

That night we were happy to be home, and we looked back and laughed about our adventurous hike. We all had warm soup for dinner and lounged on couches as we watched a movie, resting our tired legs from the long day's hike.

## Mistakes: one thing we all have in common

**By Kate Foster** | *Lebanon High School, Grade 12*

Mistakes are one of the few things that everyone in this world has in common, we all make them. Whether they are big or small, there is no avoiding them. We are all human, so that means we come with faults. We can't always do everything right the first time around. Some people make mistakes more than others, but there is no avoiding them. No one is an exception. Mistakes can teach us lessons, or they can make us lose people we care about. Mistakes can be quickly forgiven or can make a person pay for what they messed up on for the rest of their lives. That's when forgiving but never forgetting comes in.

Forgiving is always a first way to start. If you believe in your heart that the person who messed up deserves another chance to prove themselves, then you should give them that chance. One thing a person should never do is forget what happened. Living in what happened in the past and focusing on who made a mistake is not the right thing to do, it holds you back from the future. Having that knowledge in the back of your mind is always a good thing to do to keep you on your feet, just in case that person starts to make the same mistake another time.

Mistakes are something a person cannot take back, but that doesn't mean that a person cannot try to fix what happened, whatever that might be. Mistakes help most people grow and learn how to act differently. Not all people make a positive situation out of mistakes though. Some just figure that they can't fix what they did, so they continue to do the same thing they did, and they fall into a deeper hole. Mistakes allow us to relate to other people, and get advice on how to change. Mistakes are one of the things in life that you can't hide from. How you react to a mistake you or somebody else made, affects the outcome of the entire ordeal, so in the end, it's really up to you.

## The big game

**By Katelyn Robertello** | *Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9*

When there is an overtime and only 5 minutes left on the clock,  
Your heart starts to race.

You are trying to score, your opponent is trying to defend, and no one knows how it will turn out in the end.

You're trying your best.

You're a mess.

But then you forget all the things you're trying to do,

And you need to relax, but you don't have much time. You

Look at the clock and it flashes 10 seconds, so you take the lead and

Take the ball and you are flying at top speed, everything is going well and

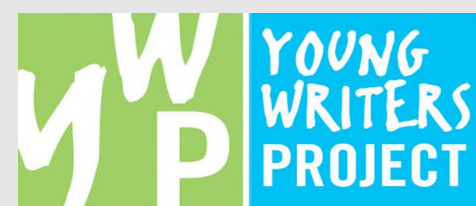
Then it's only you and the goalie. You wind up your leg getting ready to kick it

Right at the far left-hand corner, you kick it hard and it was your best kick ever and then

When you think it will go in, then the goalie comes and sticks her hands out and stops your ball

The buzzer sounds. The game is over, you drop to your knees.

Your team has just lost the big game.



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## On the Web

at

[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

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## The race of my life

**By Halie Lange**

*Brattleboro Area Middle School, Grade 7*

Is there one person in your life that seems to always be better or stand out more? Well for me there is. Sarah always beats me in everything. We both ski, and she gets first and I get second; same thing every time. I have many boxes full of red second-place ribbons and medals. It seems that no matter how hard I try, she always comes out on top. At our last ski race, she beat me by three seconds. The next race was at my home course and I wanted to win more than ever.

On the day of the race it was sunny and warm, but there was still ice from the night before. We previewed the course, and it was the kind of course I like with all terrain and lots of downhill. My skis are always faster than Sarah's, so I like the fast downhills and it was a downhill finish. When the nerves started to come back, it was time for the race. Everyone lined up and then...Three... Two... One.... GO! We were off! I took the lead with Sarah; the competitive spirit was back and burning fiercer than ever. Then we got probably one-third of the way, and it was a huge downhill, but it was all ice. I fell down the icy hill and Sarah took the lead. I knew I could still have a comeback.

Finally, I started to slowly close the gap between us, and then I was just a ski length away. With 75 feet to go, I beat her down the hill. I was in the spotlight this time.

Well, those were all great thoughts that would have happened if the snow was a little flatter. I tripped five feet from the finish line on a bump. One single bump can make you go from first to second, and it does not care how much you wanted to win. When I tripped, my pole was less than six inches from the line. I saw her face when she was crossing the line. It was the face of victory once again, but it was a narrow escape. Everyone was cheering for her, but I deserved to win. That was supposed to be for me, not her.

Sarah won. It was over. I had lost again. It just felt like I was one of those people that things just have to go wrong for. Well, I learned to always ski the finish of the course more than once. In the end, I had one more red second-place ribbon to add to my box of failure and defeat, hoping some day I could add a blue first-place ribbon. It was a day and a race I will never forget. It was a day of disappointment and a day of learning. Even though I lost, I still always respect my competition because I know how hard it is to win.

## Nature of mistakes

**By Robert Knox**

*Rutland High School, Grade 11*

Can you forgive a friend	Tells everyone your
For making a mistake	Deepest, darkest secret
That almost ruined	It becomes very hard
Your entire life?	To forgive them even if
It may take a while	They never meant to tell
But it can be forgiven	Anyone, it just slipped out
All mistakes are just that	It was a mistake
Mistakes	But can you truly forgive
No one means for	them?
Them to happen	Yes, you can
They just do	But will you?
But when a friend	