

# Week 8: Writing Prompts -- Point of view, superpowers

## Hero

BY LEONARD W. BARTENSTEIN  
Christ the King School, Grade 7

Flying through the sky,  
sometimes I wonder why  
I have these super powers  
saving all those precious flowers.  
Children and women,  
when will it end?  
Suddenly stop  
when I'm soarin', flyin'  
then the drop  
fallin', dyin'  
I wake up,  
flailin', cryin'

## From my father's eyes

BY MISSY GREENSLIT  
Rochester High School, Grade 10

My chest is throbbing,  
As fast as the thoughts in my head,  
I'm a father, in their eyes a success,  
But how? I can't move from bed.  
Doctors swarming around,  
Tears fall from me,  
I don't make a sound.  
I see her walking towards me.  
Watching the machines hooked to me.  
Lines jumping and numbers flying.  
I can't die, I'm only 43 (forty three),  
Just the thought makes me sick.  
I couldn't imagine not hearing her,  
Every night conversations,  
Hard to envision,  
But heart complications?  
She's telling me to stay calm,  
Her whispers are like summer days.  
But as she walks away, I know,  
In my heart she'll always stay.

## Flying Free

BY LEAH THOMAS  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

Soaring through the Endless Sky  
Wings Unfolded Stretched Wide  
Seeing more with the naked eye  
A Fresh view to the Ocean's Tide  
A New Experience, a New Life  
The Powers Given To Me  
As Delicate as a Knife  
I scream with glee  
The Fun of It  
To Be Free

## Swim Race

BY MADDIE GILBERT  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

She looked at the girl, me  
Standing behind the starting blocks,  
Staring at the tiled pool deck,  
Eyes locked on the ground.  
Goggles strapped tightly around her head  
Concentrating on the churning water of other  
swimmers in front of her.  
Arms crossed over her chest,  
Standing calmly, waiting.  
What's going on in her head?  
No idea, cannot guess.  
Is she shaking from nerves, trying to calm down?  
No idea, cannot guess.  
Her face is a mask.  
Finally it's her turn,  
The whistle blows, and she steps onto the white  
starting block  
High above the water.  
Rests her hands on her legs and takes a deep  
breath.  
"Take your mark!" says the starter,  
She bends over, grabs the edge of the block, does-  
n't move a muscle.  
Waiting tensely for the moment  
When the starter beeps.  
BEEP!  
And her muscles instinctively  
Push her off the block.  
Hands instantly fly together.  
Flying through the air,  
A tight line,  
Hits the water, SPLASH.  
The race has begun.

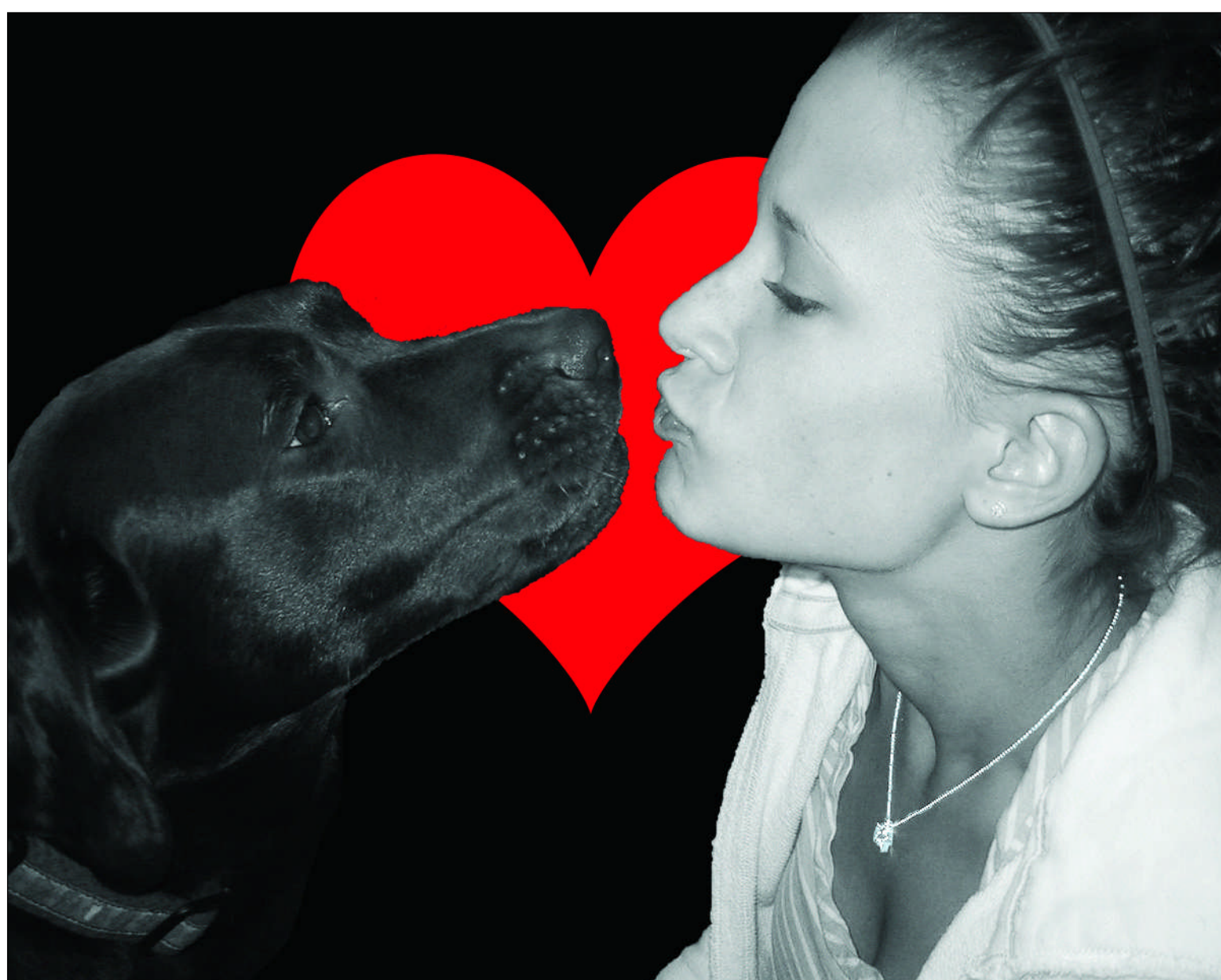
## YWP Special Projects

**SYMPHONY POEMS.** The Vermont Symphony Orchestra is seeking poems written in response to "The Skater's Waltz" by Emil Waldteufel. (Download or listen by going to [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org); click on PUBLISH and Special Projects.) Selected poems will be read at the Holiday Pops concerts in **Barre**, **Burlington** and **Rutland** on Dec. 7, 8 and 9 respectively. Only students in the general area of these communities are eligible. The poems should be about skating and, if possible, about sleep dreams. **Deadline Friday.**

**WINTER TALES.** The Vermont Stage Company's professional actors give dramatic readings to selected student winter tales. VSC's shows will be in early December. This year additional presentations will be made at First Night in Burlington. The prompt: Tell a story about winter; it can focus on the holidays or the season – the weather, the outdoors, the emotions. **Deadline: Friday.**

For specific details on all the projects and to submit your work for the **Newspaper Series** go to [www.youngwritersproject.org](http://www.youngwritersproject.org)

## NICOLE AND MOLLY



TIM CARPENTER, *Essex Junction High School*

## One special acorn, one special moment

BY MARIAH HILL Charlotte Central School, Grade 8

Stumbling through the thicket I spot an acorn on the hard ground. How odd, I think, they have but one oak tree on this estate. Only birch trees because they match their freshly painted house. They had saved one oak just because of how big it is, and it is located over near the barn, far from here.

Picking up the lone acorn, I notice how oddly it feels in my grasp, almost glowing with warmth. Examining it in my palm, I roll it around to see it from all angles. It looks fairly normal, golden brown coloring and all.

But then I am overcome by the strangest feeling yet this evening. Without thinking, I place the acorn in my mouth and chew it until it breaks open. It's cool in my mouth, but for some reason this comes as no surprise to me. As soon as I've chewed it into several pieces, I am aware that a liquid is pouring from its core. I take out the pieces and swallow down the liquid, which seems to thicken with time. It goes down fairly easily though, for that matter.

The sun is setting much more rapidly now, and I feel it's probably time to be getting back to the barn. Walking back I take a different route to avoid the risk of Mrs. Cainan's seeing me "sneaking around" as she puts it. She's most likely preparing for her evening ride and will be first to know if I haven't changed Pharaoh's shoes.

Back in the barn, the horse the Cainans call Pharaoh is pawing restlessly at the hay. His white coat is slightly uneven, and I snag a comb from the hook on the wall and run it through his mane and over his back. Pharaoh stands exceptionally still for this, which makes things easy. Mrs. Cainan enters just as I finish changing Pharaoh's shoes. I place his saddle on his newly groomed back and she mounts gracefully.

"Paige, I know you weren't here an hour before as I much usually prefer," she says curtly, gathering Pharaoh's reins in her pale hands. "Don't try to sneak through the garden either. You trod on my petunias. And I see you anyway."

Her cold, yet familiar tone makes me blink more rapidly than usual. I nod while hiding my anger, and Pharaoh trots out of the barn with Mrs. Cainan sitting stiffly upon his saddle.

Out of frustration I heave a great sigh and toss Pharaoh's old shoes onto the workbench mounted onto the wall. I walk outside and slump down onto the Cainans' mowed lawn, to lean against their only oak tree. As my back touches the bark of the great oak, the most peculiar thing happens.

The birds' chirps that echo from the canopies of all the birch trees scattered about the estate come to an abrupt halt. The distant wail of cars, motors, and sirens weaving its way through the bushes from the highway dissolves. I'm left sitting in complete silence.

As I glance up at the sky, I see a flock of geese, in V formation, immobile. I take a sharp breath of surprise as I stare at the geese, frozen in mid-flap. Looking around some more I spy a gray squirrel in midair as he is jumping from limb to limb of two nearby trees.

My breath quickens as I keep noticing the still world around me, and I think back to the distinct acorn I had eaten earlier. It seems I've stopped time.

## From another's eyes

BY MICHELLE BALLOU  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

They say I should stop... But I'll only have one more... I can do it this time. Just two drinks. I'm with friends... It's just for fun... I won't drink too much. I AM in control. This is a personal choice, not my addiction speaking, and my family will be OK with it. They have to understand how hard I've been working, and all I've been doing for them. This is my time; I do so much for them... This, this one is for me.

Wow, this feels good: relaxing... Yes laughing, that noise... It's such a foreign sound to my ears. Wow, they all love me. Everyone here, they all are laughing, too. She asked me if I want another... another beer. What will that bring... more laughs, more of this warm feeling... sure. Why not have another?

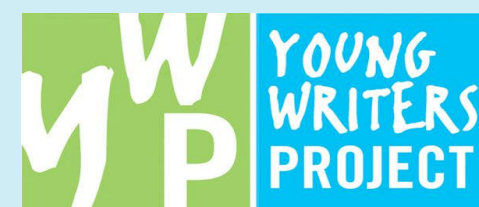
Another? OK. Another? Why not? Another? Yes. Another? I need Another? Yeeeeeessshhhhh. Another? mmmm..... Another? Another? Another? Another?

Life is good.... They will understand. In the morning I'll tell them this was my last time, yes. No more after tomorrow. After all, I am in control of my addiction.

## Rain man

BY KELLY DAVIS  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

Crinkled pages pull me in  
To the world of ink that lies within  
Swirling and whirling I pull myself out  
But I'm somewhere I know nothing about  
I look around and what do I see  
But a swarm of people surrounding me  
They cheer and shout and lift me up  
Til I am high up on a mountain top  
They yell my name, they scream out loud  
The look of my parents tells me their proud  
A flash of light brings a memory out  
And explains what this is all about  
The land is barren, the people frail  
The mothers are thirsty and the babies wail  
The sun is blistering, the air is hot  
But water to drink there is not  
I see myself look up at the sky  
I close my eyes and raise my hands high  
And with a jolt it begins to pour  
For this is why my people adore  
Their savior I have come to be  
Yet none of this occurred to me  
Another jolt and I open my eyes  
I cannot see so I squint them tight  
My mother is standing above my bed  
"It's time to get up, sleepy head."



YWP is a grassroots nonprofit that helps students write better and gain an audience for their best work. YWP offers writing ideas or prompts, special projects and a safe Web site, [www.youngwritersproject.org](http://www.youngwritersproject.org), where students can share their writing, comment on each other's work, participate in group discussions and work on projects. YWP is indebted to the generosity of the **Vermont Business Roundtable** which is funding the YWP's core work for the second year.



## Peace Power

BY ANTONINA MARIE DiNATALE  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 12

A power much greater than anything else  
A force which no one can defy  
Not one to be simply put on a shelf  
Or in a book surrounded by a lie.  
A magic not for a fairy tale or elf  
But only seen in the beholder's eye  
A power that's bigger, not just a crease  
A power to bring everyone happiness  
and achieve world peace.

## Super powers haiku

BY MATTEO BJÖRNSSON  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

Read minds just like books  
But to breach such privacy  
Is evil indeed

## Different Views

BY HALLEY PETERSEN  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

To some the change is better  
To others it is worse  
Some see the ocean as deep blue  
Others as a shade of green  
For some the wind is in their face  
For others at their back  
The way that everything appears  
Depends on where you stand.

## Cloud

BY ANDREW DUPUIS  
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 12

I can see the people panic  
I know what they fear  
When I come around  
The people stay inside  
When I light up the scene  
It may only be for a moment  
But it is spectacular  
The rain glints like a thousand stars  
Blinding and powerful  
Then I pass  
The rain stops  
The sun returns  
And the people return outside