

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

## Dear Daughter

By Jessica Glodgett

LAKE REGION UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

Dear Daughter,  
There are so many things that I still want to see you do as you grow up, but I cannot. I figured I would be writing this letter when I was 100 years old, and it would be given to you from the man who has done my will. I am writing this letter now because I am not sure of how long I will live. Today I was told that I have only a month. I haven't seen you in over four years. I am not going to force you to come see as I lay dying in my bed. Even though I want to see you and apologize for all of the things I have done wrong in your life, I would rather have your memory of me be a pleasant one.

I still remember the day your mother and I took you from the hospital. I was so afraid that I was going to screw up your life, and I guess I did but it didn't happen until years later. I don't remember exactly why you have chosen not to talk to me, but I know it has to be a good reason. We were so close when you were young, probably because I wasn't around that much. Bad things happen sometimes, and they can't be fixed with a simple, "Sorry."

I know I wasn't there for you while you were growing up, but you must know that I was doing it all for you. I wanted you to have a good life. I wanted you to have everything that I didn't. I would have given you the world if I could have. I get depressed when I think about what you had to go through when you were growing up.

Every day I think about calling you. I need to know how I can make things better in your life. I want to be in your life. But now I lay dying, so they have told me, and I can't think of anything to call and tell you. Everything I say comes out wrong. I never knew the right thing to say.

I wish I could change everything. I want us to have a good relationship. I hope you know that I never meant for this to happen. I don't realize when I am doing something to screw up a relationship. Your mother and my relationship fell apart for many reasons, and I don't want ours to turn out that way.

I know that saying I'm sorry isn't going to change anything, but I want you to know that I truly am sorry. I know I wasn't the best father. I know that things got out of hand. Now I know that none of the fights we had were worth it. I lost you in my life but I don't want you to hate me forever.

One thing I am sorry the most about is the day I told you that I didn't care you were going to move to your mother's house. I didn't think everything through. I figured you were only going down for college and would move back as soon as you were done. I never thought you were serious about being there. After the reality of the situation sunk in, I cried. I didn't realize the words that I was saying were so hurtful and untrue. I was angry at the fact that you were leaving me. I know you needed to grow up and move away, but I wasn't ready for it. No father wants to see his daughter grow up and become a new person whom he doesn't know. I felt alone. I'm sure you felt the same way, but we never talked about it -- another problem we have. I didn't know how to tell you that I wanted you to be with me. I wanted you to still be the little girl who I played hide and seek with. I wanted you to still need me to save you from the monsters in your bedroom. I needed to have some closure on the little girl that you once were. Time went by so fast. I didn't know what to do about it. I handled it the wrong way, and now I know that. I am sorry for that.

I'm writing this letter to apologize for all of the things I have done to you. For all of the birthday parties I missed. For all of the soccer games I didn't see. For all the sleepovers I wasn't there to chaperone. For every camp out I never forced you to go on with the family. I am sorry. I am sorry from the bottom of my broken heart. I hope that you may find it in your heart to forgive me for all of the terrible things I have done to you. I never meant to hurt you or anyone else for that matter. I love you.

Love,  
Your Father

## It's Funny

By Miranda Scott

MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

It's funny how I see you.  
You're better, you're stronger.  
I'm weaker, a failure.  
It's funny how you see me.  
I'm cooler, I'm happier.  
You're lonely, you're lost.  
It's funny how we see the world  
Differently, strangely.  
It's funny how we both suffer  
with envy, with hate.

## 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:

## 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, 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.

## Super Powers

By Cole Zweber

CHARLOTTE CENTRAL SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I wish that I had super powers,  
With the ability to fly  
With super strength and super speed  
And I could hardly die.  
I wish that I had super powers,  
It just would be so cool  
I could turn invisible  
And make bad guys look like fools.  
I wish that I had super powers  
Prosperity I would restore  
By using my "meat vision"  
I would give food to the poor.  
I wish that I had super powers  
People would look up to me,  
A good image I would create  
And the oppressed would be free.  
I wish that I had super powers  
My strength could build a home,  
For every child on the streets  
No longer would they roam.  
I wish that I had super powers  
My speed would be so fast,  
I could sprint around the world  
Destroying greenhouse gas.  
I wish that I had super powers  
The world's weapons I would take  
And all of the world's dictators and tyrants  
(In their boots) would shake.  
I wish that I had super powers  
Boundaries would not exist  
Politicians would work for the greater good  
There would be no such word as racist.  
I wish that I had super powers  
Wouldn't it be great?  
I would fight the powers of evil  
To vanquish all the world's hate.

## Awake the dead -- my darlings

By Shannon Page

OXBOW HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Arise my bloodied soldier now,  
I'll wake you with my eyes.  
You can continue where you left,  
You'll be the last who dies.  
Arise my broken baby now,  
I'll help you breathe once more.  
You can start where you failed at first,  
You'll leave behind the gore.  
Arise my sunken sailor now,  
I'll bring you from the depths.  
You'll carry out your short cut life,  
You can dry the eyes that wept.  
I'll bring you back into the world,  
I'll make your body walk.  
I'll raise you from the depths of death,  
I'll grant you the chance to talk.  
For death is but a quiet thing,  
That lends it's ear to me.  
And when I say to loose it's grip,  
The dead can finally see.

## 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.



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 share their writing, comment on the news and 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.



## 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."

## 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

## 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