

Week 12: Writing Prompts: Stress and siblings strike chord

Being a teenager

By Samantha Burns
FAIRFIELD CENTER SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Between boyfriends and breakouts,
And the pressure to do drugs,
The fight never ends.
I want my fingers to plug out
All the nasty words
That fly through the halls
As if spread by birds.
Why can't we go back to playing dolls?
Back to when you didn't have to worry about what
you wore,
Or, if tomorrow, you'd be labeled something.
Something that made your heart drop to the floor.
When the bell finally rings, you're free
From the rumors,
And your peers who don't understand,
That words can hurt more than anything.
They can twist and break your heart, 'til it isn't so
grand.
The stress, it makes you want to tear your hair out.
The pressure makes you want to scream and shout.
But, remembering that the sun will still come up,
Will make it all worth the many mess-ups.

Lasting troubles

By Ashley Matthews
MOUNT MANSFIELD UNION HIGH SCHOOL,
GRADE 11

I want to scream
Lock myself in my room
Let go of every worry
I want to act like I don't care
I want my music to surround me
Too loud to think
I want to lay my head on my soft red pillow
Close my eyes and disappear
Don't come knocking on my door
Act like I'm not there
I'll wish real hard for my troubles to
Disappear and cringe when I realize
That they're still there.

Slow down and breathe

By Meghann Dempsey
RICE MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

Too many thoughts for my pencil to write
Too many stresses I'm not ready to fight
Strike down my fears
And wipe out my tears
The eye-burning water that quickly appears
I refuse to be bitter
I refuse to be broken
But my refusals are slowly outspoken
Battered and pushed by work, change and ire
Sometimes it feels like this stress could be dire
You need to slow down, girl
You're moving too fast
Nothing can fix the pain of the past
Let go
Let go
Let go
And breathe
It was part of God's plan for people to leave
Relax and inhale a soothing soft peace
Perhaps, someday, this anguish will cease.

Friendly rivalry

By Lily Schmoker
WILLISTON CENTRAL SCHOOL, GRADE 5

I see TJ reading, I ask him if he wants to play.
He says, "Maybe." I beg, "Please, please, please,
please."
He finally says yes.
'TJ and I start to play. We're having lots of fun.
He tickles me, and I laugh very hard.
It's fun for awhile, but then he was doing it too
much.
I'm still laughing when I ask TJ to stop.
He doesn't. I think he might be confused that I'm
laughing, but at the same time, I want him to stop.
I try to push him away with my feet, but it doesn't
work.
I keep saying stop, but he never does.
I try to say it without laughing.
I finally yell, "STOP!"
I get very mad at TJ. We start to fight.
It turns into a BIG argument.
I walk downstairs.
I'm still mad at him, and I watch my mom and dad
make dinner.
TJ comes downstairs also.
Then, I don't know how, but we're "friends" again.
We play, we fight, we play, and we fight again.
But my brother and I will always be friends.

What is stress?

By Meredith Cross
CHARLOTTE CENTRAL SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Stress is when you wake up thirty minutes late.
Stress is when you forget your homework at home.
Stress is when there is one more second on the
clock in the championship basketball game, your
team is one point behind, and you have the ball.
Stress is when you have two different plans with two
different people at the same time.
Stress is when you can't find your music five min-
utes before your band concert.
Stress is when it is 11 p.m. and you still have math
homework.
Stress is when your shoelace comes untied in a race.
Stress is when it starts thundering and lightning
while you are tubing.
Stress is when you have five more minutes to finish
your science test.
Stress is anything that is a little scary or anything that
isn't going perfectly.
Stress is all around you.
But without stress we would never be able to say; "I
am feeling so stress free."

HOT AND COLD



Callie Cox of White River Junction says this about her piece: "When I made this I was thinking of fire and ice and what they might look like together. I like the whole picture, especially how the different colors blend together. I like art and pictures because you can express yourself in many different ways. In this picture, I wanted to express how fire and ice can be different but when blended, the same."

Look what you do to me

By Jackie Potter
ROCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Oh you poor, poor soul. You have to make a
decision; what a shame. It's not so easy, is it? But
when has anything ever been simple? You just
expect the answer to fall right into your lap.
Whoops. I guess you were wrong there.

Funny. I don't recall you ever being wrong.

You're a male, since when did guys have to ever
think or make a choice? People expect your gen-
der to not have to give anything a thought —am I
mistaken for believing so?

Now, time has continued and the tables have
been turned. You are about to affect the life of oth-
ers. There are the two girls you're playing. Oh
yeah, remember them? Believe it or not, they're
human as well. They care, believe, hope and feel
like humans do. They can't tolerate being pushed
around. And when you mess with them, it screws
with their head. How does it feel knowing that
you are the cause of a broken heart and a cor-

rupted mind? Should I hate you because you hurt
me? Or love you because you make me feel spe-
cial? I'm tired of boys being a constant headache.
I have enough troubles as it is. Do you honestly
believe it's necessary to apply additional stress on
my shoulders? I can't hold this much weight.
Shortly, I'm going to snap. Break.

Will you please just take me far away before I'm
melted to the ground and all my words are used
against me. You treat me like a door, walking in
and out of my life as you please. My hinges are
coming loose and I'm falling apart more with
every push and pull. Soon, I will collapse to the
ground with only the air beneath my body and the
hard wood floors of my house to break my fall. I'll
inch to the wall, lean myself against it and let loose
all the stress I've been carrying.

The tears are a relief.

A sudden, simple outburst.

A prince's life

By Rebecca White HARTFORD MEMORIAL MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Being a prince is hard enough, especially when
you are one of eight brothers. Yes, you can have
fancy robes and your bed is always made for you.
Your hair is slicked back in tight lace ribbons by a
maid whose only job is your wardrobe. It may
seem like a life of luxury and extravagance, but it
is more a cruel joke for outsiders.

Unlike most royals in my family you fight for
the right to be king. We are prepared since birth,
trained to kill our siblings with not only brawn but
brains as well. If you are dull witted and unfit to
battle you will surely die. No one but yourself is
on your side; alone and even against your family.
My Mother cries for us with tears as big as the
ocean, stinging her pale white face like salty

arrows slashing across her cheeks. She wishes she
had died in labor, anything to stop her from see-
ing her children murder each other in front of her
eyes.

Once my youngest brother, Petrof, turns 11 we
will begin our war on each other. It scares me to
think that if I do not win I shall die, no second
chance at life, just a bleak future of blood stained
fights. How could our own father kill his five
brothers just to rule? Or even watch his sons rip
each other apart like starving animals for power?
The boys I played with since childhood, who I
was brought up to hate, even though I know they
are as scared of their futures as I am.

My friends, you know nothing of sibling rivalries.

They'll be there

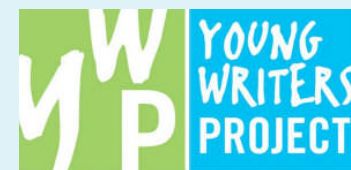
By Tyler Barnes
CHARLOTTE CENTRAL SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Hate to love them,
love to hate them.
They're never right,
and always wrong.
When the youngest of three,
you're never trusted.
"Who made this mess?"
"Oh, Tyler did Mom!"
Always last,
because you're not so fast.
You feel it's never fair,
and you're pulling your hair.
But when it comes down to the end,
they're always there.
They're so close,
when you need them the most.

Letting it out

By Laura Voelker-Hebert
HARTFORD MEMORIAL MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I stare off into the sky,
Hands all fisted up,
Just wishing I could forget everything and start out
new.
I stand up to calm down
Turn around and run,
Running and screaming to get it all out
Slowly tearing up
As I force it to stay in.
I fall to the ground
And cry,
Cry it all away
Till the stress is gone... .
But it's only gone for the day.



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HOMEWORK: Help!

By Paige Randall
RICE MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

Stress pushes me to do my best
My mind is racing, never at rest.

These thoughts are heavy on my mind
I long for time, just to unwind.

Sometimes I add to all this pressure
By losing homework in my dresser.

I feel the urge to IM or text,
Another distraction, delaying what's next.

I long to spend more time with friends
But it seems this homework never ends.

Managing time is not just skill
More than brains, it's heart and will.

I'm finally finished, I'm happy to say,
Its job now done, the stress goes away.

Sibling rivalry

By Mindy Yeung
HARTFORD MEMORIAL MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I know that we may not get along,
But I still love you,
Even if you locked me in the attic for five hours
I know that we fight a lot,
But I'll still let you win the argument
Even if the statement is unbelievably false
I know the look in your eyes,
When everything is wrong,
And you just want someone to care
I know the hurt in your face,
When you lose something valuable to you
I hope you know that I'll always stand by you,
and look out for you,
Forever

S-T-R-E-S-S

By Katherine DiBella
WOODSTOCK UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Stress,
Could you please use that in a sentence?
Stress is causing me to feel pressure to do things I
shouldn't, giving in to my friends because they say I
need to relax.
Stress,
S-T-R-E-S-S,
Stress,
Correct,
Anxiety,
Could you please use that in a sentence?
The anxiety caused by the things around me makes
me want to turn away from the things I love.
Anxiety,
A-N-X-I-E-T-Y
Anxiety,
Correct,
Help,
Could you please use that in a sentence?
Help is something that someone can give to anyone
in need.
Help,
H-E-L-P,
Help,
Correct.

How to submit

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work online, in our partner newspapers,
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