

Week 20: Students write free with general prompts

Mystery business

By Sabrina Russo

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I'm over it, I'm over you
You may think I complete you
While you undermine me.
I can see the demise in your eyes
While I say this, you seem surprised
I'm over it, I'm over you
I may complete you but you don't me.
While I watch you I see love and compassion
While you see me you see no attraction
I may complete you but you don't me.
I can see my wildest dreams come true
Not one of them concerning you.
Sunrise to sunset our bond we can forget
Our love is our demise, your will is my torment
Your persistence is chaotic
While I cannot understand why you still
love me.

Lost memories

By Molly Taylor

MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

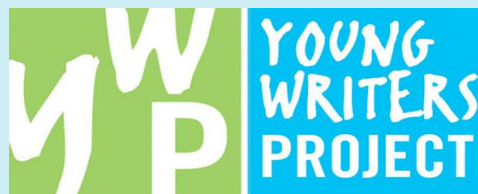
I try to think
Desperately cling on to memories
But they're like sand in my hands
Slipping through to an unknown graveyard.
I sit here wishing,
Hoping that you'll come back somehow
And remind me to live life to its fullest
And never let go,
But you always let go;
You learned to let go.
I explore the empty caverns of my head,
Searching for the answers,
But you took them with you,
Not knowing I'd need them.
I'd call you selfish
But maybe that's really me.
I'm biased in this situation
Because you told me that day,
You told me you'd always be here for me,
So where'd you go?

Love subsiding

By Hanna Kingston

MOUNT MANSFIELD UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

Imprisons joy in a box with tinted windows
Consolation offers happiness and satisfaction
Words rich in thin gold wash
But a craved breeze is never remedy for flying
World flooded in the lonely man's crying
Shores washed in salty despair
Softest feet lay prey to shards of glass
Treasures seen by smallest hands
The tides rock and the sun is dying
Ground laughs its mirth at our trying
Shaking sturdy persons from their feet
Howls in the night should a child feel secure in slumber
Slick grass and burning fields and flowing greed
And everywhere the people are lying



YWP is a grassroots nonprofit that helps students write better and gain an audience for their best work. YWP offers writing prompts, special projects and a safe Web site, 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 its core work for the second year.

VERMONT BUSINESS ROUNDTABLE

On the Web

at

youngwritersproject.org

High School Book Blog-In. If you're a high school student who likes books, go to YWP's Web site — youngwritersproject.org — to participate in forums on the 15 finalist books for the Green Mountain Book Award. The site contains book summaries, study guides and more. Find links on top of the front page.

2008 Weekly Prompts. Check out the YWP's weekly prompts that are scheduled through the rest of this year. Go to the Web site, click on "Publish" in the top menu bar and follow the "Prompts" link.

ALONE



By Errica Caposseo, Essex High School

EXCERPTS

For complete stories go to youngwritersproject.org

The summer I will never forget

By Pearl Weggler | NORTHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Stella

I was half asleep when I heard rocks hitting my window. I knew all too well who it was. Lacey had done this once before in fourth grade when she swore she heard Santa on her roof even though it was October. Her parents told her to go back to bed, but did she listen? No. She decided to come to my house and chuck rocks at my window. I yelled at her, and she hasn't done it since.

It was freezing even though it was summer. We lived on the coast so it was always chilly. I was extremely tired, but I forced myself out of bed and walked over to the window to open it. The wind was howling and the rain was coming down so hard that when I stuck my hand out, the rain hurt my bare skin. I looked down to see a drenched, pathetic-looking girl with an umbrella that wasn't helping and a bike leaning against her side. It was Lacey, no doubt about it. She pointed to me and then pointed to her. I knew I was in it big.

Lacey

I was filled with excitement when Stella came out her front door. I could tell she was steaming mad, but I didn't care. "What is this all about?" Stella said, looking at me with confusion and frustration. I didn't want to listen to her complaining, so I cut her off.

"I've thought of what we are going to do!" I thought I was going to explode with excitement. The rain was coming down so hard and fast I probably looked like I had fallen into a lake. But that didn't stop me, I was too excited. I put the flashlight under my face to make a spooky glow. "Tonight, right now, we are going to go to the abandoned Old North Beach Lighthouse and pay a visit to Captain Delagore's ghost who lives in the top of the lighthouse." I saw Stella's mouth drop open in stunned disbelief.

I can't remember

By Abi Foster | HAZEN UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

My daughter Jacki, her two kids, and my son, Ben, are visiting me at the nursing home today. Every week we go and see their mothers' grave site and leave flowers. We've been doing this since she died two years ago. She died when she was 76 and I was 87. I can hear them coming down the hall, so I quickly make my bed. Well, as quickly as an old man like me can. When Jacki walks into the room, she puts her arms around me in a hug and kisses my wrinkly cheek.

"Hey, Dad," she says and sits on the edge of the bed. "Hey, Pop, how've you been?" Ben asks and sits next to Jacki.

"I've been well, though I can't seem to find my watch you gave me for Christmas," I reply, as my granddaughters hug and greet me. The older of the two, Mary, sits at the head of the bed and starts picking through a flower vase next to it on my table. Janelle, her younger sister, sits between her and Ben. I back up slowly and plunk into the easy-chair across from the bed. "Dad, how did your doctor appointment go?"

Jacki inquires.

"Fine. He took some X-rays and asked me questions; he wants to do a follow up appointment ... umm ... later next week ... what's the day after Wednesday?" I ask. Sometimes I don't know where my head is.

"Thursday, Pop-Pop," Janelle says absently, flipping through a magazine she brought.

"Ahh, yes. Thursday. The doctor was very nice, anyways. What was his name? Ummm. Dr. Cabot," I say, glad to have remembered it so quickly. The whole reason I made the appointment was to satisfy Jacki's suspicions. She seems to think I'm forgetting a lot more than I used to, but I tell her it's just old age.

"Well, let's get going. We don't want to be late for our lunch. You did make the reservation, right Dad?" Ben asks.

"Of course! How could I forget our weekly lunches?" I say as I stand slowly. The children all get up and we head to the cemetery. Their weekly visits mean so much to me.

Firefly dance

By Adelia Vander Els
LAKE CHAMPLAIN WALDORF
HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

A lone firefly dances on an old man's grave
And from the darkness another joins him.
Soon thousands of fireflies dance upon his old man bones
Singing their fire dance song,
They spiral upwards
Carrying his soul
Upon their spark-tipped wings.
The firefly tribe illuminates the cold and frosty night
Making light to show his spirit,
dance a dead man's jig.
They reach the heavens and leave him there
And as the morning light draws near
All one thousand disappear.

Ant ambush

By Ian Gramling
FERRISBURGH CENTRAL SCHOOL, GRADE 3

In my backyard
I decide to look
At ants: my favorite
Insect. Lift up a step
Ooooouuuuuuuch!!
Ants: workers, soldiers
Pouring out. I see one on
My arm. It bites and fills
The bite wound with stinging
Acid. I brush all those
Fornica ants off my arms
And legs. I put the step
Back in its place.
Then I make a run for
It, leaving the ambush
Behind.

The box

By Allison Getz | OXBOW HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

The box is where I keep my heart
The box is where my heart must stay
The box is where no one will find it and throw it all away

The box is where I keep my secrets
The box is where I store my stuff

The box is where I dream so quietly when everything is rough

The box is where my thoughts are hiding
The box is where our memories lay
The box is where no one will find us, and that's just OK.

How could you?

By Sarah DeBoutier

MIDDLEBURY UNION HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

Dedicated to a boy with cancer

What is that tube doing in your neck?
Why is that thing over your face?
Look at you.
Your face is pale and your hair is gone.
You can barely squeeze my hand
or move your fingers.
Sit up, it's time for your medicine.
I don't care if you don't like it.
It's going to help you, you'll thank me someday.
Lick your lips, they are dryer than sandpaper.
God forbid, brush your teeth.
Your breath is worse then rotten fish.
When was the last time your clothes were changed?
Speak to me.
Your voice cracks barely into a whisper.
I can't hear you.
What did you say?
Huh?
When was the last time you went to school?
Do you realize how much education you've lost?
You really should get a tutor.
I know I sound bossy, I just don't understand.
How could this happen to you?
Hello?

Are you paying attention to me?
How can you leave me here like this?
Your eyes, they look faded.
You look paler then usual.
I think I'll get the nurse.
NURSE!

She's coming, don't worry.
Why are you smiling?
You haven't smiled in months.
What's that you say?
You are going where?
Where is that nurse?
Look at me.
You will not leave yet.
You will not!
I refuse.
NURSE!
Stop smiling like that?
You will snap out of it.
You always do.

See, see, you're squeezing my hand!!
You haven't done that all week.
You're making progress already.
NURSE!!!

She'll be here in a second, and you'll be all better.

Hello?
Squeeze my hand again.
Hello? HELLO!
No, no, NO!
That thing needs to stop beeping.
It is not time.
NO!

Come on!
Open your eyes, look at me!
NURSE!!!!
How can you just lay there and leave me here?
How can you look so peaceful, and I'm freaking out!!
I can't lose you!
I won't lose you!
.....
I did lose you.
Nurse, he's gone.
He's gone.

Candle

By Eric Allen
WESTFORD SCHOOL, GRADE 8

The black abyss sheared
By such a small flame
The sight of light can penetrate
Into the most darkened of souls
Taking all fears away with
With just a flame
Like a morose man
Scorching if one gets too close
Your soft cushion of light
Fighting off the dark of the unknown
With just a meandering breeze
Kills the last sparkle of light
And all is black again