

I am poetry

BY OLIVIA Q. PINTAIR
Grade 6, Williston Central School

I am poetry.
I am a thief -- I steal your attention.
I seep through the cracks
of your heart,
forming thoughts
you cannot dominate.
I am creator of your dreams
and keeper of your soul.
I am a depressed soul
When I long for emotion.
I am a lion's soul
When I feel strong.
I am your soul
Because I am a listener.
I hear the energy of the world around me
that inspires me to be all I am.
I am poetry.

Expression

BY JULIA WINROCK
Grade 8, Edmunds Middle School

I get cut off, eyes wander.
My words end, they don't matter.
A pencil is already in my hands,
My facade shatters.
With a place to land,
Words come faster, faster.
You can read them, sure.
Faster, faster.
But don't treat me any differently
I'm no more or less bent.
Someone knowing doesn't change it.
Slow down.
Contain yourself.
I've expressed myself more than enough
In the only way I know how.
And it's been enough,
Because some words
Just don't matter.

To write

BY ARIEL SALMON
Grade 8, Mater Christi School

you sit, staring at a blank Word document
an idea begins to form.
in a burst of inspiration, fingers fly across the
keyboard,
barely keeping up with the string of ideas and
emotion.
then it slows down and stops
you sit, racking your brain for the next word,
next letter, next idea.
drilling your brain for ideas you finally stop,
give up, walk away.
then, minutes, hours later, you stumble upon
it, the unfinished work,
and you know instantly what to do
revising, editing, finishing, concluding,
it is revealed, a masterpiece.



THIS WEEK: Writing on writing & Photo 3

Each week, Young Writers Project receives several hundred submissions from students all over the state. With the help of some anonymous students we select the best for publication here and in 12 other newspapers. This week, we publish work in response to the prompts: **Write about writing; and Photo prompt #3.** To read more, go to youngwritersproject.org, a safe, civil, online community of young writers.

just seven minutes...

Vermont Writes Day

- February 7, 2012 -

Students, teachers, writers!

Can you spare just *seven* minutes?

Join writers across Vermont

Set aside just 7 minutes
on February 7 to write!

Respond to the suggested prompts
or write about anything you want.

More information: youngwritersproject.org

YWP NEWS

YWP THIRD FRIDAY SLAM HAS

MOVED! Join us at the Block Gallery atop the Winooski traffic circle! Open Mic starts at 6 p.m. Slam sign-up at 6:15. Find out more at youngwritersproject.org.

WORKSHOPS on Podcasting and a new content type: Photo Story; and Jazz Poetry from 10-2 p.m. SATURDAY, FEB. 4 at YWP in the Champlain Mill, Winooski.

YWP is supported by the generosity of foundations, businesses and individuals.

Special thanks this week to:

BAY AND PAUL FOUNDATIONS

I am a bad writer

BY DAVID MERCIER
Grade 9, South Burlington High School

I am a bad writer. Well, not really. But I'm inconsistent. Very-very-very inconsistent. I'm also a sprint writer, meaning I stare at the computer screen, or, more recently, blue-lined paper, and wax words in my head until my critic shaves them thin.

You see, I was about to say shoot them full of holes. But I didn't. Because the best tool in my writer's tool box is my wrench, also known as the process involved with twisting clichés into fresh writing.

Words and sentences and paragraphs and papers and novels cannot be shot full of holes. Whatever you write will still exist if you shoot it. Shaving your compositions can make them nigh invisible; almost nonexistent. It is the difference between translucent tissue and opaque obsidian.

Back to bashing my writing habits. Sprint writing is either thin or thick. You never know if that inspiration you had at 12:37 a.m. will be bright acrylic or watery crayon. It could be the best thing you have ever written, or will write. Every time I write like this I hope to God it's not the latter; but that sentiment rests on my spinal cord when I write. That's how far it is in the back of my mind...

Waiting for the twin sisters named Motivation and Inspiration is a cheap short cut. An unethical short cut. Yet, I still do it. And that is why I'm a bad writer.

To read the full story and for more great writing, go to youngwritersproject.org.

Scream your heart out

BY TAYMI HERRERA-PUJOLS
Grade 9, Burlington High School

Come back, he shouted. She didn't. He looked concerned, his expression said something; he regretted what he had just said. He didn't realize it had come out of his mouth. But what's said is said and what's done is done. He stood in the same position as she ambled away; he endured there for a long time, contemplating and thinking, thinking deeply about what his mouth had just articulated. His expression stood the same, his mouth open and his eyes almost popping out. I love you, he managed to blare again; he poured his heart out, but there was nothing he could do; she was gone. He had lost her. If only time could just turn back.

NEXT PROMPT

Anywhere. If you could go anywhere, where would it be? Write a story or poem about this place and why it is so special. **Alternate: General.** Send us your best writing in any genre. **Due Feb. 10.**

More prompts at youngwritersproject.org/prompts11.12

Photo Prompt #3



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This photo, titled "Congressional hog caller," was taken in Washington, D.C. in 1937. Rep. Robert L. Mouton of Louisiana was practicing for a hog-calling contest with his counterpart from Iowa.

Wait! Come back!

BY GALEN SALATINO
Grade 5, Founders Memorial School

One morning, a man named John Alberts (a business man who can be very grumpy) woke up to go to work. Everything was going wrong. He swung his feet out of bed to put them in his slippers. When he put his feet down, they were numb and he fell over. Then when he got downstairs, he got out the cereal and accidentally poured milk in his glass and orange juice in his cereal. He yelled, "Ugh!"

Boy, was he stressed out. Now he was in a huge rush. His coffee machine broke and was smoking which had set the smoke alarm off. Now he was late. He slipped his shoes on (which were each on the wrong foot).

He ran out of the house and called for a taxi. The taxi came, and as he stepped into the taxi with one foot out, he fell backwards, and the taxi drove off because he was taking too long. John ran after it and was screaming, "Come baaaaaack!" But it drove off and left him standing there. Jeez, what a bad way to start a day! So he walked to work. When he got there, nobody was there. Why isn't anyone here, he thought. Then he looked at the calendar and realized it was Saturday!

So he walked to the elevator, and as it started going, it suddenly broke down. Then he climbed out and down the ladder and got out of the building. He went outside and sat on a bench, wishing for better luck, when a bird pooped on his head. He moaned when a fly flew into his mouth and he started choking...

He decided to go out for lunch, and his elbow hit his drink and it spilled all over him. When he took a bite of his hamburger, the meat was raw, and the avocado had gone bad. John decided to go back home so nothing else bad would happen to him. He started walking home when just behind him a tree fell on the restaurant as he walked out of it. Wow! Boy, am I lucky, he thought. This is starting to turn back into a good day. He wasn't looking where he was going and tripped over the sidewalk. He broke his knee and was rushed to the hospital. John screamed, "Why me?"