Fallen is the shade of violet

By Alyx Sellars
Grade 12, Peoples Academy

My feet mark the night,
And fallen is the shade of violet,
Enlightened by the moon,
They whisper the harmonious songs of cherry blossoms,
And a sweet, yet musky smell of unearthed ground has sprung.
As the raven's feather falls and marks the clearing,
The grass is free, a deep burgundy of the past.
The lush blanket of the forest's breath has yet to return.
But the wash of snowflakes has scattered with the warm embrace.
And here the evening brings the change,
And the path that follows, leaving footsteps behind,
Lingering in the past.
Because as the seasons alter into a contortion of birth,
My life flutters like the wings of the moth that has milk colored wings,
And glitter falls as it flies.
Decisions are made, and I walk with a fresh mind,
Like spring, like the dawn.
But at the moment, I am in that inexplicit hanging moment,
Between one action and another.
And with every step that falls,
My feet mark the night.

Everything changed

By George Grant
Grade 7, Richmond Middle School

One day I was home sick. My mom was cooking a soup that I could only imagine how good it would taste. It was on a school morning, and I had the flu. I could feel the warm handmade blanket hugging me, and I started to feel better. I could hear the timer ding of soupiness, and I could not wait for it to be done.

I imagined it would be delicious. My black and white cat, Lola, must have smelled it, because she meowed at my mom's feet. As my mom walked into the living room, I could see the soup bowl in both hands held out in front of her. She was wearing her favorite white shirt with red flowers and black sweat pants. As she was walked in, she smiled and started telling me a story about how she and my dad met.

I took a spoonful of soup, and it tasted so good I felt better already. The carrots were sweet, and the broth was like a chicken explosion. A little while later, my mom came in, and she gave me a hug. She told me that I was a good kid, that when she first saw me she was so happy. My mom said, "Georgie, you are very special to me."

Then I said, "So are you, to me." We smiled at each other for the longest time. I ate a spoonful of soup, and I felt very good. She made me feel so very special. From that day on, my relationship with my mom changed. We are now very close and share everything. Life is happier to have a person to be close with.

Everybody should have a friend or parent they can be with to let it all out.

This Week: Photo 3 & General

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 **Photo prompt #3, and General writing in any genre.** 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

Turn back time

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.

Science test

By Lexie Shaw
Grade 8,Westford School

Don't want to fail the test
But all this studying, I need to rest
All this work at school
Trying to learn about molecules

It seems my grades get lots of minuses
Learning about coronary sinuses
Science can sometimes really be hard
Measuring things in meters instead of by the yard

I hope and I pray all this study pays off
I don't want to hear my teacher's cough
All this studying has given me a headache
Hopefully tomorrow I won't have any mistakes

Scream of silence

By Trinity Smith
Grade 8, Christ the King School

I stroll down the street, coffee in hand, glancing at the beautiful day.

Songs of happiness dance in my mind as I begin to hum.

I walk nearly five steps until it occurs to me that not a single noise is coming out of my mouth. Not a single sound.

I try to hum louder in a small attempt to know if my voice is still there. I try. No noise. None. At all.

My mind races to figure out where my voice has traveled to.

I glance around and try to listen to the buzz of many busy voices. No noise. None.

As I look around, mouths are moving and so are the people, but there isn't a noise. Nowhere.

I sit down on a bench and try to gather my thoughts.

I allow my eyes to close for about five seconds in an attempt to make this nightmare disappear.

I open my eyes and everything begins to slow down.

I blink and rub my eyes trying to figure out what is going on.

When my eyes finally focus, I glance around and find that everything has stopped.

Nothing is moving and everything is silent.

I slowly stand up and keep myself as aware as I can to try and see any possible movement.

I try to speak but not a word is released. I begin to run as I search for any noise or movement. None in sight.

I pick up my hands and bring them to my mouth.

I let out what would have been a scream and yelled as hard as I could, but all that comes out is a deafening scream of silence.

So silent that it deafens everyone and every frozen thing in sight.

I put my hands back down and continue walking down the thin paved park.

As soon as I look back, everything is back in motion and all noise is back.

All that it took was one deafening scream of silence.

Photo Prompt #3

©Harris & Ewing/Shorpy

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?"

Poor John Alberts. What a bad day.

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

More great student writing at youngwritersproject.org