

As winter walks in

As winter walks in
and snowflakes float by,
the brown bears hide.
Gray squirrels burrow up
and get ready to sleep.
The brown geese
you see no more,
but the little tufted titmice
still soar above your heads,
unlike the ducks
that took a very long flight.
As the snow falls,
you find your winter coat.
You take out your gloves
and bundle up.
You huddle up to stay warm
because it's chilly outside.
As the fire crackles,
you watch a Christmas movie,
because winter just walked in.

— NATALIA TARBELL, 10,
MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS

Winter is coming

The trees are bare
with only sticks to show.
The ground is white with frost.
The forest has a carpet of leaves
that rustle in the wind.
Evergreens are still green
while other trees are brown.
Weeds are gray and rotting.
Inside houses,
tired children
drink hot chocolate
near warm fireplaces.
Leftover food from Thanksgiving
is finished, and store shelves empty
as people's pantries fill.
You can taste a cold crispness in the air.
Roads are full of beeping cars
and full of people
going shopping for gifts.
There are sounds of birds migrating.
You can hear the sound of the steady
thumping of snowballs
and the warmth of the fireplace.
The feeling of smooth wrapping paper
in your hands.
The comfort of blankets
in the cold of winter that surrounds you.
You can smell the cooking
of a Christmas dinner.
The sweet smell of maple syrup boiling.
The smell of wood burning
in the fireplace
comforts you.
Winter will soon be over,
but it shall come again.

— SAM T. RUCK, 11,
MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS



YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



"Ice Lace," by Katherine Moran, 16, Bristol

In the leaves

As the wind blows and leaves fall,
I walk right under a tree and wait.
Soon I'm covered in leaves.
I start to fall into a trance. I stand up,
and I start to dance. I dance
with the leaves and Mother Nature.
I watch as the wind blows.
I keep dancing forever and ever...

— TICKER McMICHAEL, 10,
KILLINGTON

Always her

She was as beautiful as the stars,
glowing in the night,
brighter than the moon.
She loved poetry,
she read Edgar Allan Poe,
drifting into the poems herself.
When I stared at her,
I knew I loved her,
even if she couldn't back.

— SHELBY BUSHEE, 12, SHREWSBURY

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Voices of young
Vermonters on
the issues that
shape their lives

If we lose any, we lose all

If we lose any, we lose all –
a forest with a breeze through the trees,
an ocean that's full of motion,
a dry land of sand,
the peaks of mountains that are like
streaks in the night sky.
How to love one, yet not the other?
If we lose any, we lose all.
What if it happens?
Life on Earth ends.
You'll be guilty, with all of your friends.
Wouldn't you feel better
if you tried?
If you helped?
If you indeed succeeded?
Why can't we try to save the lands
and the seas?
A forest with creatures,
an ocean of water,
a dry land of sand,
the peaks of mountains
above the clouds...
How to love one, yet not the other?
If we lose any,
we lose all.

— ASHLYNN CARR, 11,
WEST RUTLAND

ABOUT YWP

HOW TO JOIN: Young Writers Project (YWP) welcomes teens, ages 13-18, to join our free, online community of writers and visual artists. Youth who are 12 may join YWP with parental permission. Teachers are also invited to join to submit work on behalf of younger students for publication. To join or for more information, go to youngwritersproject.org.

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