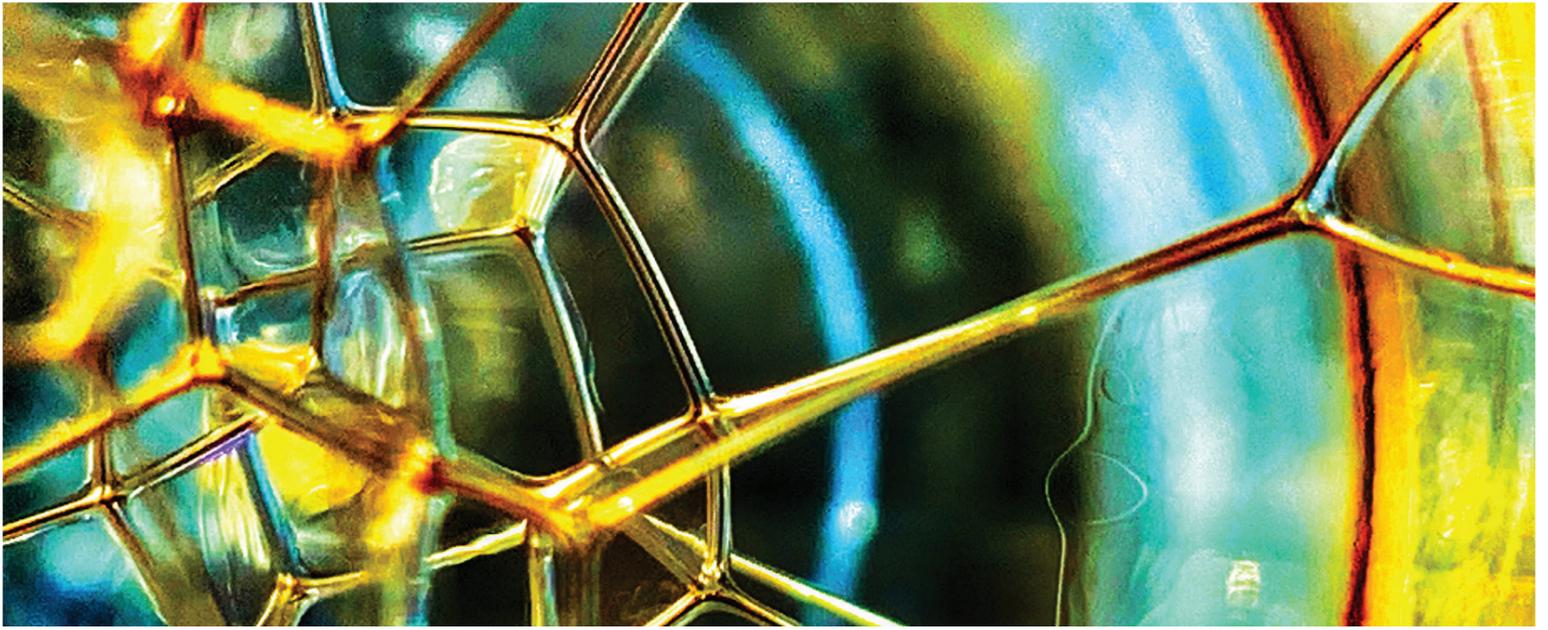


YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



"Bubbles," by Vivien Sorce, 15, Hinesburg, VT



Beaming writer

In the sixth grade, our class had a show-and-tell every week, and every week, a small handful of students were selected to participate in the next one. As I was selected, anxiety kicked in. I wasn't really proud of anything. I didn't have anything extraordinary, like an heirloom from my ancestors that had been passed down to me. Maybe they'd make an exception to the "no pets" rule for my cat. But then I saw my name in the paper. It was a poem I had submitted to Young Writers Project, and I hadn't expected anything to come out of it, but something did. I was out there in dark ink, my thoughts immortalized. I was 11 years old then, fragile, and I held up the flimsy paper proudly, for the whole class to see what I had created. My teacher beamed. She had read my writing before, stories that faded with time, but this was stained. My mother perfectly cut a square in the paper, careful not to clip the outer letters, leaving space for the eye to pause before each line, and she placed the clipping in a silver frame on the living room coffee table. It was the first time I felt real pride in my writing. I was 11 then and I am 19 now. For eight years, I've grown. Though my hair is a different color, different style, and my legs are longer, I beam with pride at times – though words aren't perfect. I am still my biggest critic, adding and deleting entire pages, revising, rewriting, redrawing, redoing everything over and over. But I am now majoring in English literature, looking to study creative writing, and hoping to be a part of the influence words have had on young people like myself. This community has urged and inspired me to explore what that means to me. For that, I remain loyal. I continue to scroll through, even when I don't feel young anymore. In the younger writers, the ones who beam with pride, I see myself, and I beam too.

– DOMINIK SEGUIN, 19, MONTREAL, QC

ABOUT YWP



Young Writers Project is a creative online community of writers and visual artists, based in Burlington since 2006. This page features highlights of the writing, photos, and art submitted each week to YWP's website. We invite all youth, ages 13-18, to sign up for a free account on youngwritersproject.org. Youth who are 12 may also join with a parental permission form found on the site. Teachers of younger students are encouraged to open accounts and submit work on behalf of their students. Join us and experience the YWP community: Create and connect with other young writers and artists, be inspired, and get published!

Foxtrot, Charleston

The ladies sit on park benches in little groups of three, all lined up in platform clogs, plus glittering berets. They are ready to dance the foxtrot, muster up the Charleston. The ladies sit in rows of three, ready to stand up and dance, but never will they find the chance. Their glittering berets hung up on shelves, platform clogs locked away while they wait for their moment to come. The ladies' fathers were mad about their ambitions in life, 'cause no good Southern girl wouldn't want to marry. So they hang up their foxtrot and pack away their Charleston. The ladies now sit on park benches, adorned by children from the men they never loved. Because they were much better at the foxtrot and Charleston than they were at being in love.

– GRACE BATSIE, 15, JERICO, VT

Forgotten name, forgotten meaning

Worry has arrived. He sits at the open door to my tired mind, waiting, not coming in. Ivory teeth grind together in thought as a small bird flies through the door. He is a robin, perched precariously on an old oak that has managed to grow inside the unlocked door. Worry looks in in wonder, in confusion, as the bird breaks into song. The rhythm wraps around the unwanted figure until he is gone. And I am free of the thought of someone at my door, in the shadows, the closet. Of the people in the peripheral blur. Of the idea that their thoughts change me.

– RUTH KNOX, 13, ESSEX JCT., VT

Daisy Queen

She said she was the Daisy Queen, and I thought it suited her. So joyful all the time, so innocent and sweet, and always reaching for the sky. One time she made me a daisy crown. I kept that crown in a glass box, all dried up but still beautiful, perfectly preserved in time. Just like my memories of her. A daisy is so cheery, but suddenly this daisy wasn't so lively anymore. The petals started wilting. The daisy tried so hard to stay happy and energetic, but the weeds battled with this daisy, and not all daisies are destined to be preserved and here forever. This daisy succumbed to the weeds, and then there was no more daisy. Every night I would look at the dried daisy crown and remember the Daisy Queen, but unbeknownst to me, a seed was planted inside me, and that seed grew into a daisy. So I am more positive and bright – just like the Daisy Queen.

– LUCY PODUSCHNICK, 14, MIDDLEBURY, VT

Someone

Beauty will never cease to exist in this world; it simply goes into hiding from time to time, waiting for a special someone who cares enough to come looking. Someone who is strong in the ways most of the world is not: Kindness. Caring. Love. Someone who will gently peel back the branches hollowed by suffering, that mark both death and life anew. Someone who will caress the sorrowful life left in nature with true pain in their hearts. Someone willing to apologize for the hurt and destruction the human race is responsible for. Be that someone.

– WHITNEY DYKSTRA, 14, MONKTON, VT

Sweet Mother

Sweet Mother, I cannot weave, for my heartstrings have grown as brittle as the saltwater crust on sand. Sweet Mother, I cannot sing, for with her last kiss she has stolen my vocal cords and stashed them across the sea. Sweet Mother, I cannot breathe, as when she took my breath away. Like a golden ring lost to the waves, I shall not get it back.

– ZOE BERNSTEIN, 16, JERICO, VT

Fire-fright

I spark, afraid to show myself. There I hide, waiting for my moment. There I leap, when they don't look. There I glow, when they smile.

– NATHALIE HOOKER, 12, ESSEX JCT., VT

Who am I?

Some people want to race, others to stop. My brain is still spinning, my body is not. My eyes want the world, my feet want the ground, my fingers a blanket, my ears some sound. My transposed oppositions, my body's yin and yang. My thoughts always winding, they wind just the same. And others might know just who they are. I do and I don't, but I shoot for the stars.

– BELLA BAILEY, 17, MILTON, VT

HOW TO SUPPORT YWP

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Or mail your gift to:
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SPECIAL THANKS THIS WEEK

