

YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



“Banned,” by Molly Quavelin, 13, Burlington

Mirror, mirror: Part II

The world was spinning and my life was flashing before my eyes. I had no idea what was happening as I spun through the vortex of glass. I knew my reflection was different, but I had no idea what it was capable of.

Once the world stopped spinning, I realized where I was. I could see Justin’s house sitting up on the hill. But something was off. Justin’s house was facing the opposite direction than it had been before. I walked up the hill and went inside, but there was nobody there.

I decided to head back home and went to bed, with no mom to tuck me in or kiss me goodnight.

When I awoke the next morning, I noticed that there was something odd about the mirror in my room. I didn’t see myself in it – I saw my mother talking to someone who looked exactly like me. She was red-faced and appeared to be yelling at me, but the bogus me did not seem the least bit shaken. That’s when I realized that it wasn’t a different person... it was my reflection! He must’ve pulled me in here and stolen my body. *When I get my hands on that little twerp, he is going to wish he was never, um, reflected?* I thought to myself.

I ran at the mirror and tried to leap through, but I just banged against the glass. I waved my hands wildly and tried to get their attention.

“Mom, Mom!” I yelled.


No response came, and eventually I gave up and continued to watch the scene unfold. The bogus me was still in his pajamas and was staring blankly at the bowl of cereal in his hands. My mother was waving her arms wildly and pointing at my backpack and the clock. I tried to make out her words, but it was like she was underwater. But she wasn’t underwater. *She was backward!*

I realized he must be late for school, and she was really mad about it. I couldn’t believe how long it had taken me to realize this, and I followed my reflection some more. He seemed to have finally understood what she was saying and was putting his clothes on and strapping on his backpack.

It had been a few hours, and now I was watching him through the mirrors on the school bus, which seemed to be driving on its own. He was sitting at the back alone, and though I couldn’t tell for sure, it looked like he was looking right at me. When the bus finally got home, I followed my reflection through the house and upstairs. That’s when it hit me.

“I’ve got it!” I exclaimed. I had finally figured out how to beat my reflection. ...

– WALDEN OLMSTEAD, 12, WINOOSKI
Excerpted; read complete story at youngwritersproject.org/node/46436



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!

Selene

Late at night,
the owls sing.
With no light,
there’s no king
to rule over
the sleeping land.
The moon goddess
watches the land.
High in the
sky, she watches.
Quiet as a
mouse, she is.
She gazes down,
looking on the
snow-covered land,
the frozen town
covered in sand.

– RILEY BERNATCHY, 14, CAMBRIDGE

You

It was almost like magic,
the way you cast a spell over me.
The way you part your hair takes
my breath away, you see.
You’re so effortless, and I know
you’re worthwhile.
Even when you say you’re
the worst, you still make me smile.
It is you who I look forward to
on those boring school days
when even the homework papers
sulk solemnly. They too wish
they were crumpled, torn apart.
But the moment you arrive here,
so does the sun to my heart.
It feels like a dream.
Even holding you and feeling
your touch against me is serene.
Your striking, emerald eyes
hypnotize me and cast me in a daze.
My tender heart and my face
are instantly set ablaze.
This fire, I don’t want it to go away.
Where did you come from?
My dreams, of course, but not all
dreams are meant to come true.
Yet here I am, in the presence of you.
I hope how I convey my love to you
comes through. Because you’re
my everything. You’re my devil,
and you’re my angel. You’re my now,
and you’re my forever.
If I were more sensible, my brain
would start sounding an alarm.
But I just can’t resist your charm.
No point in thinking about what
lies tomorrow when I’m asleep
in those arms. It’s true, I love you.

– NOAH CARMONA, 17, COLCHESTER

On me the sun will shine brighter rays

Although I was sure your kite had
been taken by the wind,
it has found its way back; I now
call you my friend.
Against all the odds, all the tears
and the screams,
somehow I forgave you, though
impossible it seems.
You went away, went through
a phase,
but came home better and wiser.
Do you know what you’ve done?
I will never know,
except there are clouds still in
this blue sky.
The love I once felt strongly for you
has never gone away.
It just felt at one point to be
a waste, and there’s rent you did
not pay.
I will grant you a chance to repay
your loans
while my sky’s cloudy, still gray.
But don’t take this chance, make
different plans.
Your kite string is cut to
make way
for a better friend, someone for
till-the-end.
On me the sun will shine
brighter rays.

– GRETCHEN FITZGERALD, 16, BURLINGTON

Codes into my flute

My fingers dance across my keys.
My lips bend into my embouchure,
and a soft note arises.
My fingers know what to do,
shifting and caressing,
punching a code into
the instrument.
Their fierceness awakens as
the flute warms from my breath.
They move faster, changing
the rhythm,
giving it strength it has not
found before.
The melody flows out easily,
creating a delicate sound
that echoes through the air.
My fingers twirl, shape, and linger.
My tongue bounces and refracts
off my teeth,
creating a crisp, defined sound.
My fingers dance across my keys,
and it’s amazing what they’re able
to create.

– MAELYN SLAVIK, 12, BURLINGTON



Voices of young
Vermonters on
the issues that
shape their lives

Our Grinch may steal snow this Christmas

Our Grinch may steal snow
this coming December 25.
He sat me down to vent about
the world that’s gone amiss.
Our Grinch has been so taxed
by smoke
that he too has turned gray.
His vibrant green
and moistened fur
has withered all away.
He’s never been an angry man,
and nor was he so last night.
Quite frankly I’ve never seen
our Grinch looking so affright.
He spoke about our droughts
out west,
how they have been a plea.
He spoke about the weeping ocean,
of children like Irene.
He wants this world to notice
all the wakeup calls he brings.
He needs us to pay attention
to how differently he sings.
Our Grinch had hope that we would
see the damage we have caused.
But we have been too ignorant
and looked beyond
our flaws.
We’ve raced into a world that
we are not prepared to manage.
Our Grinch becomes the one
who has to carry all the damage.
He can no longer hold it back,
his heart has shrunk too much.
He might be stealing snow
this Christmas,
but that is just a hunch.

– BELLA BAILEY, 17, MILTON

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SPECIAL THANKS THIS WEEK

