

YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



“Celestial Penguins,” by Katherine Moran, 16, Bristol



Window

I look out my window,
thinking about the war going on,
about the school shooting.
I look down at the paved roads
where people die.
I watch the creepy, white vans go by.
What has this world become?
It's a battlefield of fighting, death,
and war.
I look out my window,
knowing no one is safe,
wondering if it will be even worse
in the future.

– KATIE LADIEU, 13,
ENOSBURG FALLS

Pacific Northwest

If I could go anywhere in the world right now, I would choose the mountains of the Pacific Northwest. There seems to be something so calming about the dense shrubbery and deep lakes set in the middle of gigantic mountains. Life can never actually stop, but I feel like it would slow down if I were able to be there hiking and spending time with nature.

My ideal day would be spent hiking to a small cabin in the middle of the woods, where there is no cell service and no electricity. I can imagine myself surrounded by all my friends, huddled around a fire, with the sounds of animals bustling around us and a slight drizzle of rain falling over our heads. I don't need anything extravagant, just a simple week in the woods where the only worry is about when I'll get to stop and eat my granola bar, and where the next watering hole will be.

I find peace in the colors of nature, and in the sound of everything – and simultaneously nothing – while in the woods.

Getting to spend a week backpacking with my best friends would be a dream come true.

– LILY NIEMI-MOSKOWITZ, 16,
COLCHESTER

Look up!

If you look up, look at the sky.
The clouds scatter over the sky,
like a shield from the sun.
The hue of the sky –
so beautiful,
so vibrant.
So,
if you look up,
look at the sky.

– RILEY BERNATCHY, 14,
CAMBRIDGE

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!

Something about the rain

Something about the rain
washes my fears away.
It brings me to a place of calm
and peace.
When I hear the drops
against the ground,
I hope it will last all day.
The clouds turning the world gray
is like a masterpiece.
The earth has a certain smell
when it rains,
as if everything is clean and new.
Perhaps the rain is there
to wash away the stains.
I almost wish it could wash away
me, too.
Looking out the window and seeing
nothing but the drops fall,
coming down from
the great, big sky...
Every time this happens,
I feel so small.
I get in my bed,
where I never want to say goodbye.
I hope there is a storm
with lots of rain soon,
because recently those seem to be
as rare as a blue moon.

– ASHLYN FOLEY, 17,
BURLINGTON

Facets of the cosmos

I remember
when the constellations twinkled.
Hidden lines drawn between
the brightest and the lightest,
like a tunnel, whispering
unspoken truths.
Joy hidden between flickering
candles of the night,
each yearning and suffering,
yet knowingly, in harmony.
When the Earth turns its back
on the sun
to gaze at bright, white lanterns
amid the darkness,
we are offered a sense of comfort
in the constellations,
if we have the strength
to summon it.
Infinite facets of the cosmos—
How different are they, after all?
Ceasing to keep secrets
from one another...
Meanwhile we bury our honesties
and hide, to claim some foreign
sense of belonging.
Or is it because we only keep them
from ourselves?

– ELISE COURNOYER, 13,
RICHMOND

This summer is mine

This summer, I will be reborn.
I will rise from the ashes that
have been these past few years.
I will live
life more fully than it
has ever been lived.
I will take every chance
I get, because I have nothing
left to lose.
This summer, I will do it,
because no one else is
going to do it for me.
I will take advantage of being
young and able
to do so many extraordinary things.
I will savor every minute
of the adventures life
has to offer me.
This summer, I will try to forget.
I won't think about
what I had and don't have
anymore.
I won't relive the moments
that made me so happy,
I cried.
I won't think
too hard about where I have
been and the people I knew.
This summer is mine
if I live it,
and it could easily
be yours too.

– GRETCHEN FITZGERALD, 15,
BURLINGTON

The forest

The still air, motionless
without wind.
Mosquitoes buzzing
around my head.
The slight rustle
of people's footsteps,
and the quiet chirp of a songbird.
Dry beech leaves
cover the forest floor.
A thick canopy of trees partially
blocks out the sun,
creating dancing sunlight
across the roots, rocks,
and brambles.
I sigh, tired after a long night
of sleeping in a tent.
A decaying log shifts
under the weight of my foot.
Its deep, dark-brown insides
are a hotel for insects and moss.
The stump of the fallen tree
sits lonely
at the edge of the rotting carcass.

– WILLCOX ELLIOTT, 13,
HINESBURG

Mirror, mirror, on the wall

One day, I was admiring my reflection in my bedroom mirror when something strange happened. I grinned at my reflection to see if I had any spinach in my teeth from dinner, but my reflection did not smile back. Finding this very rude, I went downstairs to tell my mom. But when I told her that my reflection was being rude, she just told me to get ready for bed. I went upstairs and made a face at my reflection, but he smirked and walked away.

“What a stuck-up, little jerk!”
I mumbled to myself, just as my mom walked into my room.

“How rude!” my mother said.
“No dessert for two days.”

“But Mom,” I said, “I was talking to my reflection, not you!”

“Enough of this reflection nonsense,” my mom said. “Your reflection is not alive, and you will go straight to bed right now!”

“Yes, Mom,” I grumbled. She kissed me goodnight and turned out the light. My reflection stuck his tongue out at me from the other side of the room just before I fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke up at 7 and got ready for school. I waved goodbye to my reflection and headed out the door.

School was very busy. All the kids and teachers zoomed past me on the way to their classrooms. I found my best friend, Justin, and walked to class with him. We arrived in math class just as the bell went off.

“Okay class, today we will learn about dividing fractions,” the math teacher said dully. ...

– WALDEN OLMSTEAD, 11,
WINOOSKI

Excerpted; read complete story at youngwritersproject.org/node/44649

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Young Writers Project
47 Maple St., Suite 216
Burlington, VT 05401.

Contact: Susan Reid, YWP Executive Director, sreid@youngwritersproject.org; (802) 324-9538

SPECIAL THANKS THIS WEEK

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