

UpStarts^{★★}



A Young Writers Association (YWA) publication of Lane County youth

Some Funny ‘Things’ Happened on the Way to the Glitterary Word Festival 2010



“Have fun and use your imagination.” Those were the only instructions given to young writers who entered YWA’s 2010 creative writing contest. “Things” was the theme of the challenge, and the wide variety of super submissions we received was a testament to the amazing imaginations of the youth in our community. “Things” might sound like an easy-to-define topic, but there were almost as many ways to interpret this competition as there were, well, “things.” So, hats off to all the young writers who took on this challenging task. And congratulations to our winners who succeeded in creating something out of nothing. The winners are ...

Ages 5-8

- * First Place: Walker Wonham, Crest Drive Elementary
- * Second Place: Jonathan Christon, Crest Drive Elementary
- * Third Place: Gracie Moyer, Crest Drive Elementary
- * Honorable Mention: Sasha McArthur, Crest Drive Elementary



Ages 9-10

- * First Place: Austin Gregory, HomeSource
- * Second Place Tie: Rosemary Williams, Oak Hill School and Eva Kokkino, Crest Drive Elementary School
- * Third Place Arielle Ward, Oak Hill School
- * Honorable Mention: Kylie Peterson, Crest Drive Elementary School

Ages 11-13

- * First Place Tie for Prose: Zack Harris, Crest Drive Elementary School and Anisha Datta, Evergreen Middle School
- * Second Place for Prose: Isabelle Rogers, Oak Hill School
- * Third Place for Prose: Maisie Titterington, Roosevelt Middle School
- * First Place Tie for Poetry: Sahalie Pittman, Edison Elementary School and Hannah Harris, Roosevelt Middle School
- * Second Place for Poetry: Chelsea Pohrman, Springfield Middle School
- * Third Place for Poetry: Paloma Deinum-Buck, Roosevelt Middle School
- * Honorable Mention: Sabrina Mowder, Hamlin Middle School

Ages 14-18

- * First Place Tie for Poetry: Zoë Livelybrooks, Crow High School and Jemila Spain, Lane Community College
- * Second Place for Poetry: Sierra Sorenson, Pleasant Hill High School
- * Third Place for Poetry: Natalie Mosman, Roosevelt Middle School
- * Second Place for Prose: Cassidy Swain, Lowell High School
- * Third Place for Prose: Cassy Harris, Pleasant Hill High School
- * Honorable Mention: Rachel Petty, Roosevelt Middle School

One of the hardest parts about hosting a literary contest for such a talented group of young writers was picking the winners. This issue of UpStarts contains the first through third place winners from this year’s contest, but you can read more great writing at the YWA Web site (www.ywalane.org) where we’ve posted the Honorable Mention recipients.

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The Thing

One day I was walking, when suddenly I saw a bush move, and then something jumped out. It had ten eyes, five legs, and four arms. It had long arms that looked like elastic. The creature was about the size of a large cat – a really, really large cat – and it was covered with pink hair – except that its color kept changing. It had spiky hair, and its tail looked like a whip. It was so cool I decided to keep it. I named it Steve.

I could not tell my mom or dad. Later that day, I took Steve on a walk in the forest; when I got home, I did not know what I would do with him. So I decided to take him through the front door. I saw my mom. She said, “What were you doing?” I gulped and said that I had just gone out to play basketball with my friends. Steve walked out behind me. I kicked him, and he instantly ran right behind me. My mom said, “What was that?” I said, “Nothing, nothing at all.” Then I suddenly ran upstairs with Steve.

I thought to myself, “Where should I put him?” Then it hit me in the head like a bulldozer. Under my bed! The next day, I woke up and felt kind of wet and smelled like barf. I took a shower, but I still smelled terrible. I suddenly realized I was covered in urine because Steve had peed.

Later that day, I went to school and had to leave Steve at home. But when I got on the bus, he was right next to me. I didn't know what to do. Then we went to art class. I told my teacher, Mrs. Dodds, that I had sculpted it., and guess what! She fell for it. But Steve moved, and then she said, “What was that?” I said, “I coughed,” and then I ran as fast as I could to the bathroom. Steve jumped up and licked me. Then I told him, “Don't move!” I came out and tried to look as if nothing was happening.

Finally, the bell rang. I ran home as fast as I could and decided to let him go. If you love something, sometimes it is best to let it go.

Walker Wonham
Crest Drive Elementary School
Age 8

The Thing That Came From The Night Sky

One night Max and his dog, Chewy, went outside to look at the stars. Max said, “I've never seen that constellation before.” It looked like a creature from the Stone Age. It had long arms that looked like elastic. Its legs were short and stubby. It was an inch taller than Max and corpulent like a hippopotamus.

Suddenly, the constellation came out of the sky and attacked him.

He ran inside and the monster went back into the sky. No one else saw it except Max and Chewy.

The next night he went back outside with a metal baseball bat. The monster came out of the sky.

Max tried to hit it but the monster batted his bat away.

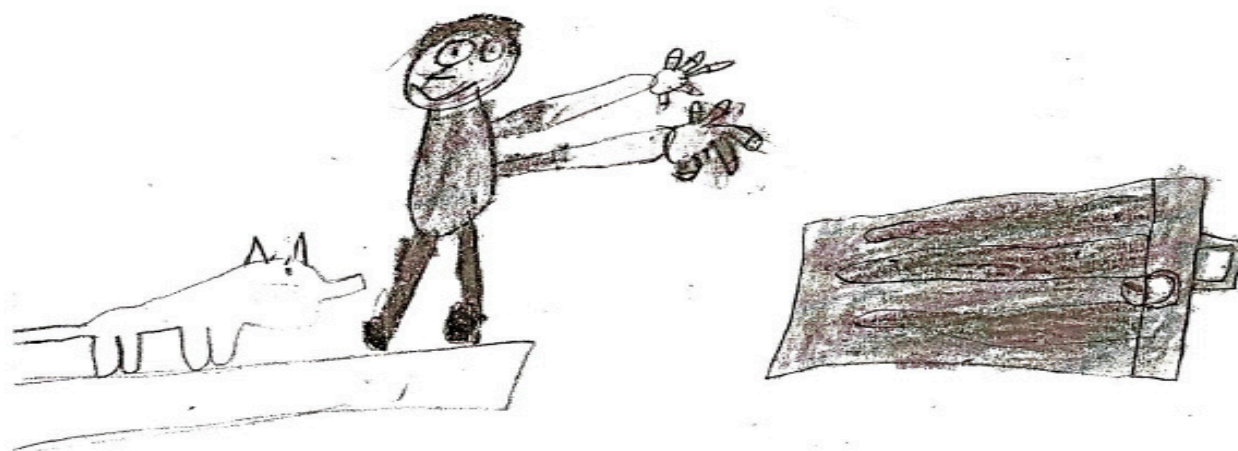
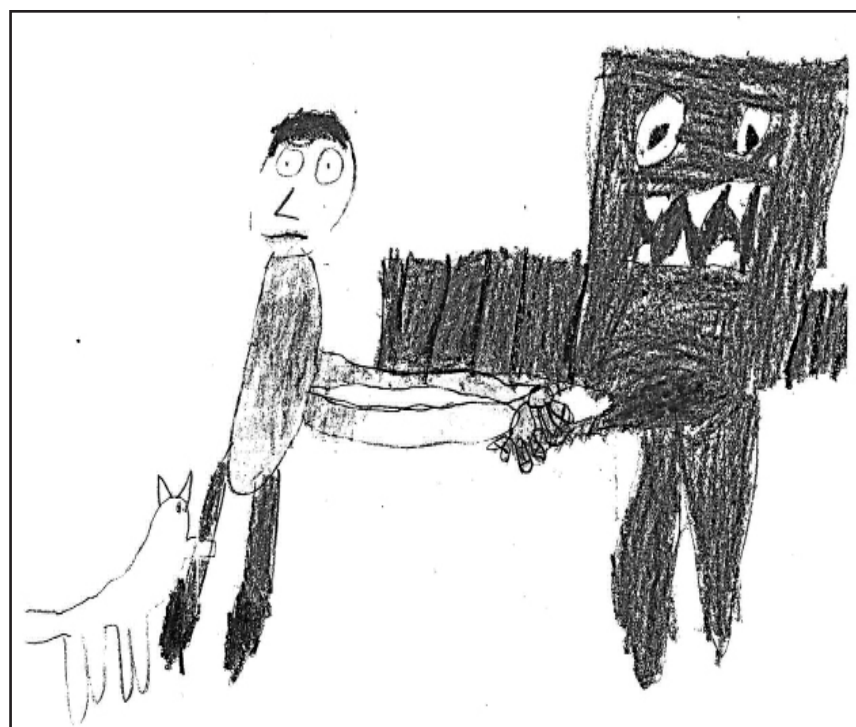
He ran into his garage and pulled out another bat, but this one was wooden.

He ran out and hit it. It got knocked out.

He put the constellation in the garbage and put a lock on it.

The next day Max threw the garbage can into the deep lake.

Jonathan Christon
Crest Drive Elementary School
Age 8



Magic

Once there lived a little girl named Jenna. She had a weird thing happen to her. If you want to know more, I'll tell you.

One day Jenna woke to the birds singing. She got up and went to get dressed. Then she went to her dresser to get pants, but when she opened her drawer, she only found one pair of pants. She didn't remember ever wearing this pair of pants, but since they were the only pair in her drawer, she put them on. When she was all ready, she went downstairs. She said to herself, "I wish I had warm toast with jam." Then it was in front of her! Jenna was so amazed.

Next, she heard the school bus. Oh no! She wasn't ready! She said, "I wish I had more time." The clock went backwards. She didn't know what just happened!

Finally, she thought of it!! It was her pants that gave her wishes. She said, "I can wish for what I want." Jenna was thinking about what she could wish for. There were a million things she could wish.

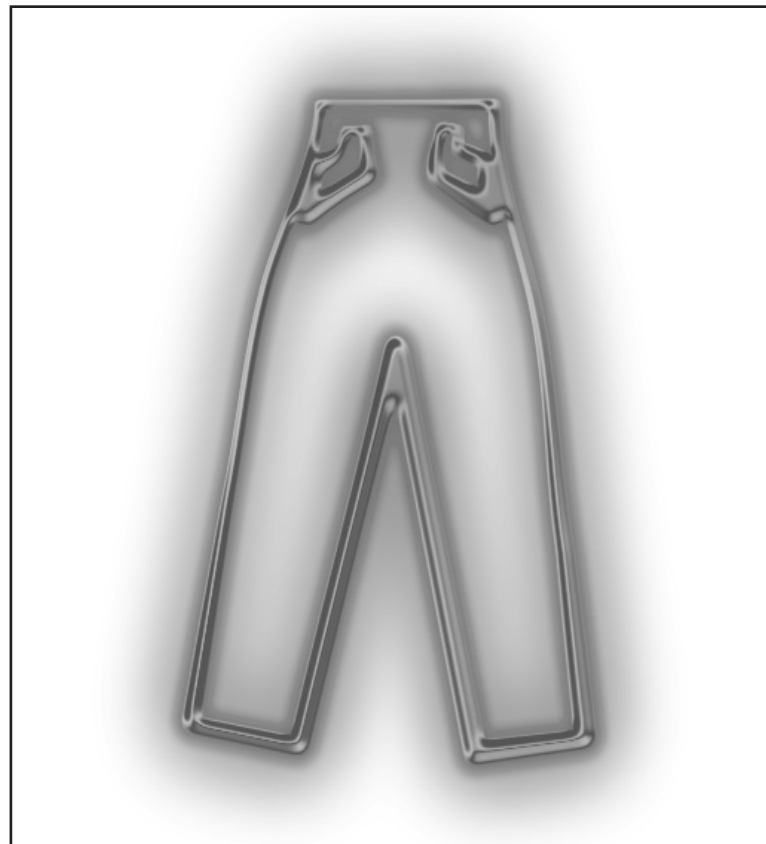
She thought of something she wanted the most—snow. So she said, "I wish it would snow." Poof! It was snowing!

After she played in the snow, she said, "I wish for a million dollars." Then she ran upstairs and looked in her piggy bank. It was overflowing.

She wore the pants everyday until..... They got too small.

The End

Gracie Moyer
Crest Drive Elementary School
Age 8



UpStarts

UpStarts is the only county-wide literary mag authored by Lane County's young people. Young Writers Association is able to provide this publication free to the public because of generous donations.

Young Writers Association

Young Writers Association (YWA) provides elementary through high school students with interactive literature-based experiences and is open to all interested school-aged students. A nonprofit organization, YWA is funded through tuition, grants, donations and fund-raising activities. Some scholarships are available. Through workshops, publications, camps and literature-based explorations, YWA contributes to the cultural literacy of Lane County youth.

THE CROWN

Long ago, there was a king and a queen and their two sons, Ramses and Tut. Ramses was handsome, but bossy and weak-minded. Tut, 2 1/2 years younger, was handsome, too, but strong and kind-hearted. To Tut's sorrow, however, his father and mother loved Ramses more because of his commanding personality. They gave Ramses more treasure, splendid clothes, magnificent chariots, and even a tamed leopard! And because Ramses often provoked Tut, quarrels usually broke out between them.

One night when Tut was 28 years old, he found himself so sad that his parents loved Ramses more, that he decided to leave. Taking what was only his, the young prince left with his treasures, his personal chariot and army of 800 men, and made ready for the Sahara Desert. But before he left, Tut crept into the royal bedroom and stole the Pharaoh's Crown, then buried this symbol of power that was never to be his beneath the statue of an ancient pharaoh at the entrance of the city. Then, as a skilled navigator, he met his army a mile into the Sahara and swiftly led them far away.

Many hours later, they made camp in a sandy plain. Lying down in his tent beside his own insignificant crown, he fell asleep dreaming of a new life, a destiny of his own.

After the disappearance of Tut, his army, and the Pharaoh's Crown, Tut knew his father would be worried and send patrols out. Yet, even the strongest soldier would fear going too far, for the desert landscape and blinding sun caused confusion to most. Tut was sure, with the wind covering their tracks, the distance traveled had taken them where no one would look.

Three years passed, and Tut's army expanded as he left generals and troops to oversee the many cities he had conquered. But Tut was nice to the people and let them be free. "I will treat them fairly," he thought, "as my father should have treated me, and my people will be loyal."

One day, Tut was looking over one of his royal cities from his balcony, thinking how much his princely crown had gotten him. Every city had prospered, and the populations had grown, too. But then his mind wandered back to Egypt and to a life of growing up under his brother, Ramses, who surely was pharaoh by now.

The Pharaoh's Crown! When Tut was younger, it wasn't really his father's crown he wanted; it was his recognition. And to earn the crown was something he had worked hard for. Ramses, on the other hand, had not. Tut wept for his parent's love, but overcame his distress with a decision.

Guards at the gate to Pharaoh's City realized the dust rising on the horizon was not a sandstorm. Indeed, it was Tut, his expanded army and massive nation, who had been traveling non-stop for seven weeks. Pharaoh, who was now Ramses, and his father were summoned, and the gateway blocked.

Both armies arrived at the gateway simultaneously, as Tut glanced at the base of the statue where he hid the crown. Tut's father walked forward, joyfully recognizing this magnificent ruler to be his lost son.

Tut stepped down from his chariot and was surprised by his father's arms. Without a word, Tut strode over to the statue and reaching deep into the sand, he pulled out the crown. Turning to his father with tears in his eyes, Tut humbly handed the crown to its rightful owner. Tut's father said, "I have missed you so much, much more than this crown."

By now, Ramses had nervously evaluated how little he had accomplished compared to his younger brother. This fact was obvious to all, including Tut's father who said, "I can see I judged between my sons wrongly."

Lifting the smaller crown from Tut's head, he replaced it with his own. Then turning to the multitudes, he pronounced, "Egypt, I give you King Tut!"

Austin Gregory
HomeSource
Age 10

A Mirror

A sheet of glass,
So shiny and smooth,
A golden ring around it.
I reflect a thing person or beast,
Who looks at me with wonder.
The question they ask is the same,
But I have no answer for it.
A sheet of glass,
So shiny and smooth,
A golden ring around it.

Rosemary Williams
Oak Hill Elementary School
Age 10

Things

One thing, two things, three things, four.
Small things, fat things, coming through the door!
Babies have things, dirty diapers to be exact, their mamma needs a break, now isn't that a fact!
Things are in museums for all the world to see. I bet if there was a BEE every one would flee!
Things can make you happy,
things can make you sad. The things I got for Christmas made me very glad!
There are things around the world, some valuable, some not. Some jewelry is inherited, and trinkets are bought.
Some think they know a thing or two about poetry and if you like my writing, then I'll be jumping happily.

Eva Kokkino
Crest Drive Elementary School
Age 9

TACK

Sharp, small, white.
When I first saw a tack,
I was taken aback,
When the little tip touched
my finger.
Warm, red, bright.
When a small drop of blood,
Started to flood,
I decided that I wouldn't
linger.

Arielle Ward
Oak Hill Elementary School
Age 10

THE CREEK

My bike skids to a stop at the corner by The Black Fence. I quickly scramble over it and set foot on the spongy ground. The reeds sway and bend, bathed in golden sunlight. I breathe deeply. The air tastes like leaves and sun and summer and water. My foot brushes against a fuzzy dandelion head, sending seeds flying over the plain, promising more life. Crawdad rock juts out of the water like a chipped camel hump. Birdsong fills the air --- a free symphony only for the most careful listeners. I kick a piece of gravel into the Stone Pool. It bounces off the metal pipe --- a cold, empty sound, before landing into the lazy, sleepy water. The ripples frighten away the water skippers darting across the creek.

I get out of the Stone Pool and head for the Beaver Dam, where the water is as cool as ice and is as clear as a smoothly cut diamond. My toe dives in. Shivers creep up my body, prickling every hair on my head. The sharp, fast flowing, cold water comes like an electric shock, fire and ice both at once. I head back for the Stone Pool.

I hear more tires squealing on the sidewalk, loud yelps and noises. My head snaps back. My friend gets off her bike and stares at the water, then at me, her gray eyes puzzled.

“What are you doing there? Get in the water!”

“Crawdad.” I simply reply.

We explore the marsh --- looking under every rock, log, and leaf for any signs of life. Bittersweet Nightshade berries grow near the water’s edge, bright and red and round, smiling at the sun. We set up a fort and make grand plans to use it for many years to come, digging holes, making rooms, whacking blackberry vines. We climb up a big leaf maple to see if we can see

The Cave. We continue our hike --- in the mud and reeds and dust. We climb up the entrance log clothed in moss and lichen. My foot dislodges a piece of bark. Many potato bugs scramble wildly up the trunk. Many fall down into the creek below.

We are hungry --- very hungry. One would never imagine how much work is involved in throwing rocks, building forts, climbing trees, and daring each other to eat Deathberries. A dark-leaved shrub sprouts behind us. The blackberries sit there, hanging delicately from the tendrils, calling us for lunch. We pick a few of them and let the juice seep into our mouth. Spicy and Sweet and Sour and Delicious all at once. We sit around the brilliant fronds of fern and let our feet dangle in the water.

Reeds rustle in the corner of my eye. I turn around and see a long black band with yellow stripes. It flicks its red forked tongue out to taste the air. I creep up behind it, making sure my shadow doesn’t fall on the snake’s head. There is a flash of hands and black and yellow and dust and water and it slithers into my hands. My friend looks at it, her hazel eyes wide with fear.

“It’s only a Garter Snake, Jess.” I say, annoyed.

I release it in the water, watching it glide across the creek, almost blending in with the ripples in the pool, and shifting into the reeds. As soon as it’s gone, we splash into the creek, as the golden sun beat down on us --- warm and bright and relaxing. The reeds and frogs and birds and minnows all seem to whisper together ---

“Welcome Home!”

Anisha Datta
Evergreen Middle School
Age 13

A Stranger on Christmas

I was downstairs on Christmas Eve, snoozing by the fireplace. My Christmas tree was surrounded by a wall of presents. A candle that glowed steadily on the table flickered and died, as though an invisible hand had snuffed it out. This sudden darkness brought me to my senses.

Then a fire crackled in the fireplace, though no one had visibly lit it. I gasped in shock. Standing in the waltzing flames was an angel, glowing an eerie blue that was like rolling ocean waves. Her wings were folded behind her, stiff as boards.

“Come,” she said in a voice that was winter wind. “I, Syra, need your help.”

I clasped her ghostly hand. It wasn’t solid; it had a texture different than regular air. Then Syra and I shot backwards into the fire!

Heat seared my body like the fires of Hell, but only for a moment. In a flash of light, I found myself in a frosty lane.

“Welcome to ‘Haven,’ land of the angels and other winter entities,” Syra said.

“Are you going to tell me why I’m here?” I asked.

“Yes,” came the angel’s reply, “We are getting back my halo.”

I looked at her head. There was no halo there.

“Where did you leave it?” I inquired.

“No, no. I know where it is. We have to get it back. It’s been stolen. Follow me.”

Syra flew above the snowy landscape, while I sprinted like a deer below her. After we passed a frozen field inhabited by angels, Syra halted.

“Here,” she whispered fearfully.

Knowing that something which created great fear in an angel could not bode well for me, I looked. Standing in front of us was a charred Christmas tree and a dismembered menorah. Behind these ravaged objects was a gaping, yawning abyss. Syra pointed at the abyss.

“Down there. He’s down there,” she declared.

We clasped hands. Syra flew over the chasm, and dropped like a

stone plunging into the crystal waters of a lake on a bright summer day.

A few feet away from the bottom of the pit, we slowed. We touched the ground. I looked around.

In Syra’s blue glow, I observed that we were in a spacious cavern. Odd rock formations jutted out from every inch of the place. Smashed Christmas ornaments and vandalized Hanukkah candles littered the floor.

Then I saw something in a corner that made my heart leap into my throat. A creature with bulging green eyes, a diamond-shaped head, a hunched back, and a white scaly body was gnawing on a battered star from a Christmas tree that lay discarded at its feet. On its head was a shining blue halo.

I picked up a sharp rock and charged. The beast snarled and dropped the star; its point strangely frozen. I ducked the white creature’s claws. I stabbed its arm with my rock. It screamed. I grabbed Syra’s halo from atop its gruesome head. Some of the frost-like scales on its arm melted away.

I ran to Syra like a rabbit from a fox. We quickly ascended out of the cavern and to the edge of the abyss. In a flash of light as bright as the sun, Syra and I disappeared.

CRACK! We were back in my fireplace. The angel’s halo shone like a jovial beacon.

“Stopping Jack Frost was brave. Thank you,” she said.

Then, as I stepped out of the fireplace, Syra disappeared.

On Christmas morning, my family was unwrapping gifts. I came upon a tiny black box. The tag said:

Zach

Thank you

From S.

Inside was a tiny stone angel.

Zack Harris
Crest Drive Elementary School
Age 11

Pooh

Pooh Bear stands for comfort. He stands for bedtime, for sleep. I've never read the original Pooh stories. I don't really care about him as a character. And I think that's best, because imagining snuggling with the bear of very little brain would just be...weird. No, I prefer snuggling with the little cute undefined bear. The bear that represents Mom, since I have to be in my own bed. It's a way of having the two things I want when I go to bed that don't necessarily go together: comfort and solitude.

Pooh looks like...well, Pooh. He's not very worn, because I've taken care of him, in a "he can't come out of my room" sort of way, not in a crazy "pretending he has a cold and then nursing him" way. He smells like my bed and he smells like me. He's furry, but only a bit. I've never licked him, and that's definitely a good thing. And he fits perfectly in my arms. I don't remember my first time with him, I just remember him always being there. We've lost him a few times, but he was always found in the end, although he was lost enough that we needed a "Hotel Pooh" as we called Pooh #2. Whenever we went to hotels, we used Hotel Pooh, hence the name. Hotel Pooh was never the same as regular Pooh, though. No other stuffed animal could replace Pooh.

If I were to lose Pooh, I'd be very unhappy. Even when he's momentarily lost - under the bed or under the covers or something - I get sad. If I lost him, I would find the closest possible replacement, but it wouldn't be the same. That's why I'm making sure he's never lost. If my friends were to find out about him, it might be a bit embarrassing at first, but I'd be okay. It would probably prompt them to talk about their bears, at least the girls. The boys would never admit it. It would probably be good in the end.

I know I'm not the only one who has a bear of some kind. I'm not the only one that would be sad if I lost it. In fact, I'm sure most people are like that. Only no one will admit it. Well, I will. And maybe you'll read it and find you feel the same. And maybe get enough courage to admit it. And maybe realize that it's not embarrassing. Not really embarrassing at all. But of course, maybe you won't. And that's okay too.

Isabelle Rogers
Oak Hill Middle School
Age 11

WAR

Every day we fight a war. The war we're fighting isn't about money, or oil, or terrorism. The war we're really fighting is about imperfection.

The imperfection of love. The imperfection of appearances. The imperfection of each day-to-day experience. If we were to just get over our imperfections, our flaws, our scars, maybe we would be at peace.

But maybe not.

Every day we fight a battle. The battle isn't about property, or religion, or freedom. The war we're really fighting is about promises.

Promises to ourselves. Promises to the people around us. Promises that we know we'll never keep. If we could just follow through on those promises, then maybe all would be peaceful.

But maybe not.

Every day we fight a war. The war we're fighting isn't about laws, or food, or slavery. The war we're really fighting is about denial.

The denial of rights. The denial of power. The denial of happiness. If we could just stop denying people these things, then maybe peace would surround us.

But maybe not.

Every day we fight a battle. The battle isn't about shelter, or water, or lumber. The battle we're really fighting is about respect.

Respect of privacy. Respect of differences. Lack of respect. If we didn't disrespect these things, then maybe we would all be at peace.

But maybe not.

Every day we fight a war. The war isn't about metal, or abortion, or foster care. It's about dreams.

The dream of a brighter future. The power of dreaming. The dream of happily-ever-after. If we could make those dreams come true, then all *would* be peaceful.

Every day, we fight a war. The war isn't against our neighbors, or our families, or our colleagues. It's against ourselves.

Maisie Titterington
Roosevelt Middle School
11 years old



Wave Song

I the wave, the gentle arch
The fierce and mighty enemy.
I the writer of the song
The dark but peaceful melody.
On my back I toss and turn
A driftwood log from far away
A piece of seaglass smooth and worn
A milk white shell small and chipped.
I crash and roar on jagged cliffs
With diamonds falling in my wake
And out to sea again I fly
To where the ocean meets the sky.

Sahalie Pittman
Edison School
Age 11

Paper Hats

I wore my paper hat that Tuesday.
My newspaper hat.
I was strolling in the park on Foxglove Street
Where the ivy knits the bricks
Together in the walls.
The wind was playing in my ears
When my hat left my head
To play hopscotch
With the squirrels
In the trees.

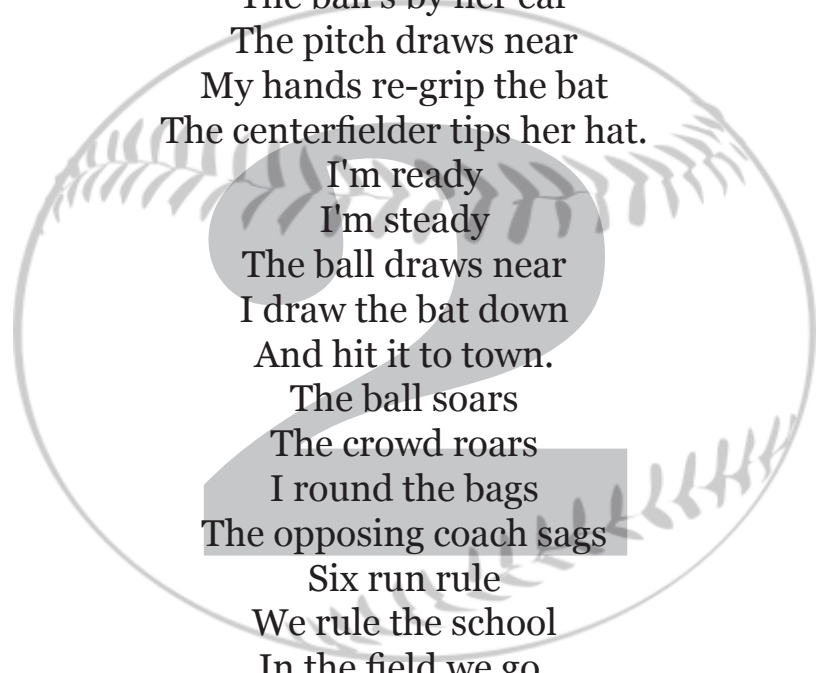
If my hat hadn't left
To play hopscotch in the trees,
I wouldn't have rushed
To the pond
To grab its reflection
To wear as a wreath.

As I stooped by the pond
And was catching my breath,
A bottle-billed ibis
Dipped in its beak.
With devilish precision,
It speared the edge of my reflected hat
And plucked it from
The pond's mirror surface.

To this day, I still wonder
What an ibis might want
With a hat.
I may never know
But my hat has no reflection
Though it wears a definite phobia
Of hopscotch, squirrels and over-large birds in its
place.

Hannah Harris
Roosevelt Middle School
Age 13

Softball



It takes skill
It takes pride
The ball's fat and it's wide
You practice and practice
To make yourself better
You throw and you catch
And become a good hitter.
The ball's by her ear
The pitch draws near
My hands re-grip the bat
The centerfielder tips her hat.
I'm ready
I'm steady
The ball draws near
I draw the bat down
And hit it to town.
The ball soars
The crowd roars
I round the bags
The opposing coach sags
Six run rule
We rule the school
In the field we go.
I feel great
I feel fine
With that bat
It's divine.
Oh how I love
My softball.

Chelsea Pohrman
Springfield Middle School
Age 12

The Dress

A turquoise sea, a spring sky,
a flower garden with a sense of adventure
is what my mind imagines when I wear this
dress.
It makes me imagine an outside world
where beautiful sunsets and fields full of violets
are possible,
where small dreams someday come true
and where everyone gets a second try at life.....
With its light delicate ruffles that wave hello
and its small yet elegant bow
the dress calms my heart.
It shows me what it's like to believe in myself.
It shows me who I am.

Paloma Deinum-Buck
Roosevelt Middle School
Age 12

The Letter

“Père Noël”

Garnishes the single page
Caught in the small sleeping fist

Cradled in a hammock
Of tinsel ribbon bauble brightness
The dozing child Smells reindeer breath

Just hours before
Impish Claus had paused over the letter
Ink still wet
And considered this young personage

Whom
On the shores of another land
Was dutifully eating green beans

Prompted by a reindeer grumble
Père Noël had tucked the note
Into the fleece pocket
Under the shine of his belt
And ambled past
The polished painted palace warmth
Of his workshop
Into the deep Finnish winter

He roosted on a clutch of gifts
As he sailed the skies
Swooping down chimneys
Then lingering at a hearthside
To nestle the letter among the fragrant needles
Of an evergreen

It was there the child had found it
And tipped the words
From page to mouth
Where they floated
Into the child’s stomach
More satisfying than milk and cookies
To feed the child’s dreams

Zoë Livelybrooks
Age 17
Crow High School

Sestina

In your pocket, you had bones.
You told me they were finger
bones from the ocean,
and you also said that you
once held the sun
without being burned. You
didn’t understand names.
To you, a thing was more than
a word,
though less than a dream.

Sometimes I thought you lived
in a dream,
or tried to. You had a relent-
lessness in each bone, an
eagerness to escape the cage
of words,
and merge with a greater
ocean.
Your parents never thought of
the right name
for you. Maybe they knew you
would soon fly away to the
sun.

When you were young, you
played naked in the sun.
You made castles out of sand
and shells of dreams,
but they made you angry and
you cried, “No! Too many
names!”
and smashed the castles.
That’s when you started col-
lecting bones,
after staring into the begin-
ningless ocean
for hours, eyes leaking some-
thing too full, too bright, for
words.

I wanted to help you, but all I
knew was words.
I liked castles, drank water
and not sunlight, and was
unable to pull you from your
ocean
of grief. You slipped away, had

terrifying dreams
that you were buried in an
avalanche of bones,
that the sun had a name.

The doctors had no name
for what happened to you,
though they tried to fit it into
words.
I did not say it, but I think you
built a ladder of bones
while we slept, and climbed to
the sun.
I hope you have finally be-
come the dream
you heard calling your name,
as you stood by the ocean.

We buried the shell of your
dream beside the ocean
under a blank headstone, no
name.
Last night you visited in my
dream,
though you had no face and
neither of us used words.
I saw nothing but the sun,
and my pockets filled with
bones.

You dream is not mine, not
yet.
My life is full of names and
words, and I only ever put my
feet in the ocean.
But I’ve known the sun, and I
still have the bones, ready for
when I am called.

Jemila Spain
Lane Community College
Age 16

Cessena 152

The plane was his key to freedom.
Among the clouds he was truly free.
Nobody to tell him “no” or “you can’t”.
He could think,
and dream,
and imagine,
and say,
and feel whatever he wanted.
The clouds wouldn’t judge,
the birds wouldn’t yell, the wind wouldn’t limit him.
All he needed was his plane.
His wings to freedom
He could escape reality,
Mom’s bruises
Dad’s empty bottles littering the house,

his sister’s fear of their own father,
and his own constant fear... and anger
and guilt, for letting his family fall apart.
The day his grandpa gave him the keys,
And finally gave over those wings,
Was the day he discovered that there was more.
More than living in fear of his own father,
More than hiding bruises from teachers,
More than giving excuses for the ones he couldn’t hide,
More than comforting his sisters and being their “fearless”
big brother.
There was more out there for him.
These were his last thoughts,
As he pointed the nose of his Cessena 152 towards the
ground

Sierra Sorenson
Pleasant Hill High School

ages 14 – 18 poetry

Things

Your bloom I placed on the windowsill
the morning sun streaming in red
It has been there for a while now
trapped in the small, clay pot
gathering dust on its wilted petals
veins of life seeping onto the scrubbed counter
Yet I mustn't toss it away
deep in the depths of unwanted –
the dumpster sighing against the apartment wall
For you picked that wildflower
from a field of thought and color
And it is precious to me
An endearing, heartfelt
thing

Rotting banana peel, a thing

Socks that glide upon my feet
before every race
the sprawling "I love running" on the ankle winks
a threaded heart beats wildly with my own
And the competitor's faces don't seem quite so superior and
stoic
We are equal – I can beat them
What now with the wornness, yarn windows which my toes
peep through?
They continue to grace my feet
A lucky, playful
thing

My favorite jeans, a
thing

Mom tucks me in each night
flicks off the light
wraps my Harry Potter blanket tight around my shoulders
we pray, soft hums in my ear
then a goodnight kiss
whispered 'see ya in the morning'
A loving
thing

My horrid math textbook, a
thing

My grandmother dying
with the snow-white walls
daisies bending towards the sunlight
and a lap holding me that vanished
so I'm alone on the cold couch
grasping at nothing but air
A sorrowful, heart-wrenching
thing

Lamp posts studding the highway strip, some
things

Running in a snow-burdened land
spikes penetrating the frozen earth
breath: fast-moving clouds
hair: curls of night
the sound of 269 feet pounding
elbows of the assertive ones digging into my sides
legs aching
lungs screaming in the oxygen-deprived air

And wings of light unfurling
A purely joyous
thing

A stubborn pen
running out of ink, a
thing

War.
A killing,
destructive,
nameless
thing

Apples, wearing bright gowns
cradled in the arms of a sleepy tree, some
things

Peace.
A lifting tune, playing soft
until it fades from perception
drowned by loved, violent notes,
a temporary
thing

A child's reaching arms, a
thing

Nazism.
Lives lost
the Hollow Cause
conversations through chain-link fences
desperately clinging hands
ripped apart
death
guns
blue eyes
brown eyes
A hateful
thing

Blackberries sweet from a summer vine, some
things

Friendship
a fun, vital, giggling
thing

Homework, ever-present
gloomy yet smirking, a
thing

The earthquake in Haiti
limbs being shorn off with primitive saws
bodies plucked up like rubble along the sad ground
youth banding together, machetes clenched in their hands
millions of cloth, make-shift tents, waiting
crying
a suffering
thing

Mashed potatoes
cooked at 3:00 in the morning
a thing

Sweatshops.
For Nike, for any name brand you can think of
15 cents an hour
young women are girls
smacked upside the head
in dusty, dangerous conditions
A vile thing

Warm light on the snow
from a cabin window, a
thing

What would life be without things?
Heaven.

Natalie Mosman
Roosevelt Middle School
Age 14

Teddy Bear

You're little, with dimples that cave into your cheeks and a beautiful face. We sit on the floor, as you sit with me, smiling at me. The tree glitters from the lights woven around it, and the box you pulled me out of lay on the floor next to you, wrapping paper you tore off excitedly lying shredded on the floor, too. You smile at me, and turn to give a warm thank you to your parents, as I feel loved. You tell me you'll hold on to me forever and ever, and I believe it.

You're older now, not yet a teenager or even in double digits, but you've almost stopped playing with dolls. They lay in their boxes and miss the days when you would play with them every single day, and you hug me and take me to the living room to watch TV. We sit for hours, your dog on one side of you, your cat on the other side, and me, brightly in the middle of your lap. You're watching a movie, and every time something scary or tense comes up on screen, you hug me tightly. Your dimples are gone, but the hug is the same.

You're too old for toys, aren't you? You sit in the middle of your large bed, chatting away on your phone to one of your talkative friends. Every time she says something, you seem like you have to reply with a long response, longer than when you talk to your parents. You paint your nails at least once a week, and they always smell like nail polish now. Your makeup is covering your beautiful eyes, and I don't understand why you put it on every morning. I lay, dusty in the corner of your room, looking at the dolls you haven't touched for years, their painted smiles covered in gray dust. Did you forget us that easily?

You've grown up well, I note as you study for school intensely, sitting in the middle of your bed. Every now and then, you type feverishly on your computer to find more research, and scribble it all down on a sheet of paper. You look like you're panicking, but I can't help you. You suddenly stop typing and writing, as if you simply can't do it anymore, and you bite your lip. I worry, in the corner of your room, about you. Are you feeling alright? I warm up as you walk over to me, suddenly, and seem calm again, as you wipe the dust off my nose. You scoop me up in your arms, and hold me tight once again, and I warm up inside. "Thank you" I think to myself, as you take me over to your couch, and sit down to stare at me. You seem happier than before upon holding me again, I'm glad.

No one can resist a teddy bear for long, really.

Cassidy Swain
Lowell High School
Age 14

Untitled

We are leaving behind our cell phones, or TVs, our cars, our laptops. Is it possible to survive without these? Most highschoolers would be frightened at the very thought. Leaving the TV and the couch to travel to another country with a group of complete strangers is not high on most students' priority list.

The complete strangers happen to be a select sixteen girls, from all over the country. We are different. We are not that "typical" high school student stereotype. We are looking for an adventure, wanting to soak up every bit of life possible. And we are going on the adventure of our lives.

We are willing to leave behind our friends, family, and possessions to go live out of a backpack. We are high school girls and guess what? We are leaving the make-up at home. We can't take our overflowing dressers of countless outfits. We are replacing those pair of UGG boots with hiking boots. We are giving up our queen sized beds with temper-pedic mattresses to sleep on an inch thick inflatable mattress. We are leaving our straighteners and blow dryers in the bathroom drawer at home. We are hand washing our own clothes, without laundry detergent, fabric softener, or dryer. We don't get the constancy of a classroom, desk, chairs and whiteboard. We get the outdoors and an inflatable chair.

These "things" people can't live without I am going to find are not necessary. I am going to appreciate more of what we have, when I live without them for a semester. I will look at the compulsive texters and myspace addicts with confusion. I will have a new perception on all of the useless things that people now days can't live without. I am leaving everything at home to travel to four countries for a semester, living out of a single backpack without all of my things. Call me crazy, but I can't wait.

Cassy Harris
Pleasant Hill High School
Age 17

teen outdoor writing camp 2010

One-week, afternoon day camp in the outdoors for ages 14-18

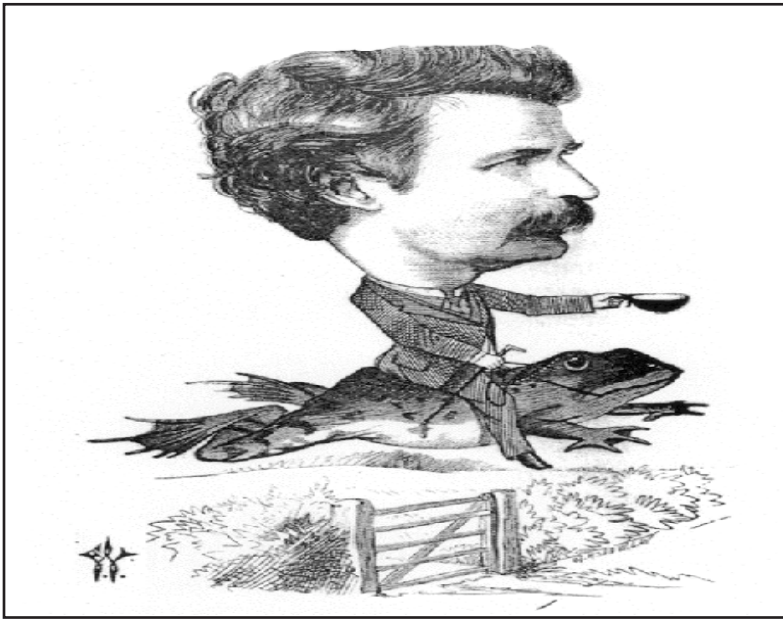
Meet with a different published author every afternoon for a week. Explore the craft of creative writing inspired by favorite works that these writers turn/return to for artistic sustenance. In the fine company of peers, the Willamette River and the Oregon sky let the pleasure of words lead the way.

When: July 26-30, 2010, Monday - Friday, 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Registration Deadline: July 1, 2010. Space is extremely limited so register early!

To find out more visit www.ywalane.org, or contact Louisa, (541) 485-2259, ywalouisa@aol.com

YWA Lively Lit Camp 2010



It's time to register for "Down the Mississippi," an active book-inspired adventure! The roaring good tales of Mark Twain and the wild side of the Mississippi inspire YWA Lively Lit Camp 2010.

UO Youth Enrichment, TAG and Young Writers Association team up again to offer one of YWA's popular lively literature camps. These much-loved, one-week, day camps delve into classics as a springboard for experimentation. Explore in teams, in partners and solo while meeting amazing peers who enjoy creative fun. Lively Lit Camps are a great place to make friends with kindred spirits. This summer join us as we explore

Mark Twain. Warning: These are wild tales!

"Is Down the Mississippi for you? It is if you are looking for a hands-on expedition into the world of steam power, cornbread, rascals and close shaves! No need to read Mark Twain's wild tales before camp — you will hear choice stories to incite you to become artist, writer, scientist, actor, inventor... and to raft on the Willamette River while imagining the muddy Mississippi. Create, imagine, laugh out loud — discover Mark Twain's America for yourself."

Each camp is specifically designed for different age groups:

- Middle School Camp: July 12-16 for those currently in grades 6-7
- Elementary Camp I: July 19-23 for those currently in grades 4-5
- Elementary Camp II: July 26-30 for those currently in grades 3-4

Monday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Register Online: www.ywalane.org

Registration Deadline: July 1, 2010. Space is extremely limited so register early!

To find out more visit www.ywalane.org, or contact Louisa, (541) 485-2259, ywalouisa@aol.com.



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Lane Arts Council with support from the City of Eugene Cultural Services Division, Eugene Public Library and Friends of the Library, Ingrid Wendt and Ralph Salisbury, KLCC Public Radio, 89.7, Lane Literary Guild, Wells Fargo Bank, Robertson/Sherwood Architects, Sunrise Asian Foods, Rainbow Optics Nancy's Yogurt/Springfield Creamery, The Science Factory Hands on Children's Museum, McKenzie School District, Jerry's Home Improvement

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WOW Hall, Tsunami Books, Lord Leebrick, UO Bookstore/Duckstore

Papa's Pizza, Skipping Stones Magazine, Multicultural Storytelling Festival, Eugene Toy & Hobby and Unique Eugene businesses, Young Writers Association

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Sweet Life, Trader Joes, Nancy's Yogurt/Springfield Dairy, Great Harvest Bread Company, Hideaway Bakery, Humble Bagel, Safeway, 40th/Donald, Sundance Natural Foods, Eugene City Bakery

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Bring YWA into more schools:

- \$700 provides one school with a team of four artists/writers working with 120 school children for a literature based integrated arts day.
- \$150 buys a full day of age-appropriate creative writing explorations in a local school.
- \$800 brings a writer into a Lane County school for in-depth, ongoing writing labs; 20 hours of instruction

Add to YWA's scholarship fund for low-income families:

- \$244 buys a scholarship for YWA's one-week summer literature camp.
- \$100 buys a scholarship for 12 hours of word-based play for the primary elementary age group.
- \$80 enrolls a child in eight weekly writing workshops.
- \$40 buys a child a scholarship for a YWA school-days-out program, which integrates creative writing with the exploration of science and art.

Stir up literary play in our community:

- \$100 pays the honorarium for an author to lead an intergenerational workshop at our annual Glitterary Word Festival, a free event for families.
- \$100 pays the honorarium for an artist to produce multi-media word play for families at the Glitterary Word Festival, an event which recognizes our writing contest winners and engages families in creative word projects

Help publish Lane County's young authors:

- \$1,600 covers the cost of printing and distributing 4,000 copies of UpStarts, YWA's publication of Lane County's young writers.