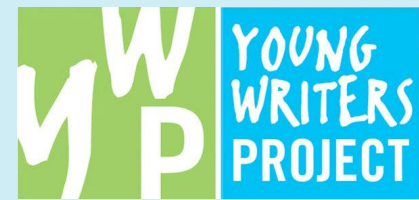


# Week 21: Writing prompts – Historic photo; family story



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series. It maintains [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org), a Web site for students; and it builds Web sites for schools: [ywpvt.net](http://ywpvt.net).

## The end

By Grace Corbett

Renaissance School, Grade 6

They stand,  
Sheltered from the chaos beyond them.  
As the war rages on,  
A little bubble of hope drifts down from  
The sky,  
Telling them not to worry.  
The clouds part and the sun shines on  
The raised American flag.  
The war is at an end.  
Victory.

## Historical photo



Writers were asked to create a story based on this photograph.

## Three's a charm

By Jenna Rickson

Essex High School, Grade 11

Only by the calluses on our fingers can we expect to get a few cents a day though it's never enough to keep loved ones hopeful and alive  
years of torment weighing and trying to balance our terrible home lives with how well we perform in our day-to-day duties  
only by the sweat of our brow can we provide for our family for a muddled father who would rather sit and waste his wages with a foaming mug than get medicine for a sick and dying sibling  
or food on the table every night  
only by the determination of our minds can we amount to anything useful  
scolded by school teachers who say we're nothing and that all we can expect to become is mothers of children who won't make it past the age of three  
wives of husbands who are never faithful  
daughters of parents that wish we had never been born  
only by the tears that fall down our cheeks can we remember to keep going to block out the pain of words, rolled off unknowing tongues, curves of the many frowns  
only by the arms around my shoulders from friends who are in the same boat can I remember that I'm never alone but always surrounded by those who've lost more, wished they were somewhere else  
a place where rainbows stretch across a cloudless sky and a pot of gold never empties at the bottom  
a land where we never grow up  
a dream you never want to wake from  
only by the stories we create in our sleep can we finally be happy  
be so caught up in the love and compassion of families found only in fairytales, a lifestyle that will never be  
only by the smile on our faces can we put on the act that we're OK  
that we're unaffected by the growing passion burning to run away and be free of the madness  
Three's a charm  
the one thing that's true  
not sure where I'd be without  
me, you and you

## The missing shoe

By Kira Margolis | Richmond Elementary School, Grade 1

(Excerpt; full story at [www.youngwritersproject.org](http://www.youngwritersproject.org))

### Chapter 1: The Shoe

Alice was 13, Samantha, 19, and Jessica, 18. One day Alice lost her shoe. She needed it. Her mother, whom they called Marmee, was sad when she heard.

So, Samantha decided to look for it. She looked everywhere. She could not find the shoe. Jessica helped, but she failed. Alice looked everywhere – out on the street, even in people's houses because someone could have stolen it.

That night Alice looked out her window. Then she looked up at the stars. She saw a constellation. The stars formed a shoe. "My shoe," Alice gasped. "How I wish I could find my shoe," she said with a frown. Then she went to sleep.

When morning came Marmee said

good morning to all the girls. First was Samantha, second was Jessica and third was Alice.

### Chapter 2: Samantha Fell in Love

One day Samantha was walking alone. Then she met a gentleman. His name was Ron.

He had stolen the shoe. He told a lie that fooled Samantha. But Samantha heard him talk about how he stole the shoe.

When Jessica heard the news about the shoe, she told Alice. She was so mad that she wanted to go away to her room. But her mom stopped her before she got to her room. "Come downstairs and talk with me," said Marmee. After Alice discussed the problem with Marmee she felt good and was happy that she could discuss anything with her mother. ...

## Mill girls By Haley Harder | Heartworks Renaissance School, Grade 5

Laura put one arm on Martha's shoulder, and the other on Josie's.

"Here we are," she said. Martha knocked on the heavy, wooden door. A large man answered.

"You are the new mill girls, right?"

Josie opened her mouth to make a smart-aleck remark, but Laura stopped her.

"Yes," she said.

"I'll show you to your looms," said the man.

Josie and Martha had come from Canada. They had similar lives; both of their fathers had lost their jobs. When they heard about the cotton mill, they decided to cross over to Vermont.

Josie and Martha met on the train. They had become fast friends, even though they were opposites. Josie was loud, Martha was quiet. Josie was short, Martha was tall. They met Laura when they got to Vermont.

Laura liked Martha immediately, but it took some time for her to like Josie because her first words to Laura were, "And I thought I was short!"

Laura's family was poor, and they needed other ways to make money. The mill was a good opportunity to make money.

As the man walked on ahead of the girls, Josie muttered, "We actually have names."

"Don't contradict the overseer," said Martha. "He could get you fired very easily."

Josie didn't say anything the rest of the way.

The mill was loud with a whirring sound, and the air was thick with lint. The girls put their hands over their ears and coughed.

"Here they are," said the overseer.

The girls walked over to their new lives.

## NEXT PROMPTS

**LYRICS.** Create lyrics that could potentially be put to music. We are looking particularly for ballads, lyrics with a story about Vermont or Vermont history.

**Alternate:** "That is so annoying." What really annoys you? Write about a moment or tell a story about a time when you felt annoyed.  
Deadline: Friday.

## CHANGE OF DECOR



Photos by GRACE O'NEIL, Essex High School  
This photograph is from a series taken by O'Neil: "People react differently when introduced to new environments and diverse surroundings. I tried to express these reactions through my photos. I chose to have the model wear the same thing, have the chair stay the same, but completely change the atmosphere so these reactions would appear in the positioning of the model's body and facial expressions. I chose to keep certain photos in color because it helped enhance the facial expressions of the model; the others I chose to put in black and white because it set a darker and more emotional mood as opposed to the bright and exuberant feeling that comes with color. My theme expresses how humans feel when their settings are altered."