

## They call us

By Ellie Ramsey

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL,  
GRADE 7

One-two-three  
that's what they call us  
the three musketeers  
that's what they call us  
we do everything together  
we can't be pulled apart  
we're like sisters  
joined at birth  
no one can keep us apart  
three peas in a pod  
that's what they call us  
always together  
no matter what  
we have grow up together  
triplets  
joined at the heart  
that's what WE call us

## Smile!

By Nina Cavender

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL,  
GRADE 7

Anna looked into the camera, her eyes aglow. She, a modest mill girl, was being photographed! Her heart thumped loudly and quickly. Not knowing what expression to give to the camera, she peered over at Lily, her cousin, standing to her right. Lily's face was serious, like she was trying to peer into the very soul of the camera. She then looked over at MaryAnn, one of her closest friends. She was smiling a big, broad smile, obviously trying to look like she was happy. That was very far from the truth though. MaryAnn basically lived at the mill, never wanting to go home, for fear of her parents beating her.

Anna looked back into the camera and gave it a simple, blank expression, wanting to have a face of her own. The camera man, under the little black cloak that was attached to the camera, said "Smile!" and the bulb went off like lightning.

## 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.

## Mill Girls — Chace Mill, Burlington, 1910



Writers were asked to create a story based on this photograph taken by Lewis Hine, an investigative photographer who chronicled the work lives of children in mines, factories, mills, farms and seafood plants. His work in the early 1900s led to creation of laws limiting child labor.

## 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.

Samantha, Jessica and Alice set out on an adventure to find the man and Alice's shoe. ...

Chapter 3: The Solution

After they found the shoe everybody was happy. And so Marmee was happy, too.

## Thanks!

Last Tuesday an estimated 7,000 students at 50 Vermont schools participated in Vermont Writes Day in which students, teachers, staff and guests joined in for a seven-minute write. Even Gov. Jim Douglas joined in the writing.

Young Writers Project is selecting the very best work submitted for the "Dear President Obama..." prompt and will be sending those letters to the president.

## NEXT PROMPTS

LYRICS. Create lyrics that could be put to music. Alternate: "That is so annoying."

Deadline: Friday. Submit at:  
[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)



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

## Family story

### The icicle

By Kay Bushman

U-32 MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

When my grandmother, Queda, was a kid, her parents had a rule that she needed to go outside for at least 30 minutes every day. Rain or shine, wind or snow, below 0 or above 100 degrees, they made her go out and entertain herself for half an hour.

One wintry day in February she was outside. She wandered behind the barn. Lying on the chopping block she saw her father's ax. Hanging off the ax was a huge icicle. The icicle sparkled beautifully, and she was attracted to it like a crow is attracted to anything that shines. So she went over to the ax and took a lick. But her tongue stuck to the icicle. And the icicle was stuck to the heavy ax. No one would be able to see her, since she was out of view behind the barn. She couldn't yell because her tongue was glued to that icicle. So she sat there for a while, wondering what to do. Finally she decided that since she was getting cold she should get it over with and pull her tongue off so she could go inside.

Pulling her tongue off that icicle was more painful than Queda had thought it would be. When she got inside, her mother was shocked to see her. Her tongue was bleeding profusely, and the blood was making a mess.

"What happened?" she cried.

"My tongue got stuck to an icicle!" Queda explained thickly.

"Oh, Queda! I would have come out to check on you if you had stayed out for a few more minutes! Then I could have gotten some warm water to get your tongue off the icicle!" replied her mother.

My grandmother's tongue was quite tender for weeks after that.