

Dear Anne Frank

BY BASUNDHARA MUKHERJEE

Frederick H. Tuttle Middle School, Grade 8

The only common thing between you and I is that we've both shed tears at this very spot. We've gazed out the window at the flowing canals, which are now only lined with tourist boats. We've brushed against these walls on which the whole world's handprint is now layered over yours. My footsteps are blanketed over yours, and those of thousands of others.

The feel of the marks that Otto and Edith made, displaying the progress of your growth, makes me realize that you were once a child like me. I examine it as if to really study it, and such a small thing like that brings so much pain to me. Our eyes connect in the 65-year old pictures hung in ancient frames, your innocence soaking into me. I gaze up at the rusty attic, covered by plastic boards, and imagine you gazing back down upon us. The cramped staircases were the same ones you used to go to and from the levels. The rooms were the same ones you sat in, writing the journal that you didn't know would make you one of the most famous people in our world.

When you hid here, the wooden floors weren't glossy and there weren't televisions in every corner of every room. When you hid here, there weren't people at the door collecting money as a means of living and a gift store at every exit. When you hid here, you didn't have the luxury of standing outside in Amsterdam on a beautiful day, admiring the sun and the splendor of the city.

I strive to steer clear of the television screens that explain your last days in Bergen-Belsen because if I did, a little part of me would die too. I can't help but feel upset that out of hundreds of people who have roamed these floors, only a small percent understand. To those people, it's not just a house; it's memories that have been disseminated throughout a building. It's memories that have changed not only individual lives, but the whole entire world.

During this whole visit, there's one thing I've realized. Even after months of studying you and getting to know you, it didn't hurt badly when I entered the Annex. It was when I left and looked back that the tears started streaming down my face.

NEXT PROMPT

Avoidance. What do you avoid? Tell a story about a time when you avoided something. **Alternate: Intolerance.** In your life have you seen intolerance, prejudice or discrimination? Tell a story about your own experience or observation. **Due Friday.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org



THIS WEEK: General Writing

Each week students respond to prompts provided by Young Writers Project. Best work is submitted to youngwritersproject.org by students and teachers from Vermont and New Hampshire. A team of students helps select work for publication. For more student writing go to youngwritersproject.org. Students are welcome to join and share additional work on the site.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences for their best work.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org — a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback; and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools. For more go to ywpschools.net.

YWP NEWS

Vermont Humanities Council YWP is sponsoring workshops with Vermont authors at YWP.

Author **Erik Eskilsen** will lead the first session on March 20, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., at Champlain Mill in Winoochi. Online participation follows.

ALSO: **Win a cash award!** Writing challenge! For more about the contest and forums go to youngwritersproject.org

Stars

BY TYLER HARRIS

Edmunds Middle School, Grade 7

No one is ever alone.

If you feel lonely
look up.

There are
a million friends
waiting up there
for you to remember them.

Twinkling happily,
they wave
and give you
welcoming hugs.

They giggle,
and dance,
and twitter
like birds,
but really
they are just
balls of light
and happiness.

Don't forget that.
Don't be lonely,
because really
You're not alone.

The Miss Lizzy

BY SASHA DUCHAC

Renaissance School, Grade 5

The feel of command:
she responds to my every move.

The desert of water
stretches in all directions.

The radio crackles to life
announcing some ship's course.

The captain answers.

I grip the wheel in disbelief
at how obedient this boat is.

Hide

BY SIERRA MAKARIS

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 11

The prettiest words are the oblique ones,
impenetrable and veil-scarred:
crinolines soldered to damp skin,
unliftable after generations of regret.

There are hips swiveling
just left of hidden,
a few degrees more porous
than opaque.

What do we hold in them,
our precious keepsake tongues?
What meanings can we tar with
our own flavor?

What can we hide
down in the recesses
just north of instinct and
just south of memory?

My winter life

BY NICOLE LAPLANTE

John F. Kennedy Elementary School, Grade 3

Sliding down the hill at
Burlington Country Club.

Laughing, giggling.

Oh, it's so much fun!

Sliding down the hill at
Burlington Country Club.

Tumbling, falling, rolling, spinning down

Falling snow gets packed so fast!

We're having a blast!

There are jumps you can't see!

And the ice makes you go...spinning so fast!

It is so steep, you can hardly get up!

But today is just Friday

so I can't wait until tomorrow when I go to....

Burlington Country Club!

Orange

BY ELIZABETH LYMAN

Mater Christi School, Grade 4

Orange is the taste of a mango on a hot summer day.

Orange is something that doesn't go away.

Orange is the energy inside,
running, jumping, something you can't hide.

Orange is a fire generating heat.

Orange is a rhythm, a strong beat.

Orange is the embers burning in the gloom,
spreading a faint light in a dark room.

Orange is a pumpkin, lit up by a candle.

Orange is the shine from copper on a handle.

Orange is juice, fresh produce.

Orange's feeling is gentle but strong.

Orange belongs.

Imagine a world with no orange behind our head.

There would be no room, no space, no comfort
for a redhead.

More than a bedroom

BY ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON

Burlington High School, Grade 12

As I walk in my room

I see clutter and mess,

But I feel at home

Nonetheless.

I see all the papers,

The folders, the pictures,

The drawings, the books,

The cards and the notes.

My freshman yearbook,

What memories it holds,

Of times I was sad

And times I was bold.

A drawing of Pooh Bear

Taped up on my wall

Reminds me of battles

Both large and small.

My big blue bike

Leaning 'gainst the wall

Reminds me of summers

With friends, not alone.

The rosary hanging

From my bedroom door's knob

Reminds me of losses

And closeness to God.

Sheet music on

My music stand

Reminds me of

A lifelong love.

As I take this trip

Down Memory Lane,

I remember the people

Who have had a lasting impact.

The chorus teacher,

Rarely upset,

The choir members,

Always so kind,

The friends who have guided me

Down the rocky road of life.

As I sleep in my bedroom,

So stuffed full of mem'ries,

I feel safe in my bed

In what's more

Than a bedroom.