

# Week 33: Writing prompt — A colorful look at green

## Thinking of ...

By **Audrey Picut**  
*Deerfield Valley Elementary School, Grade 4*

When I think of green, I hear the greenish wild waves crashing down on the shore, green spray flying everywhere. When I think of green, I feel the green seaweed beneath my feet, pulling me down, beneath the shining surface. When I think of green, I see the bright green leaves on the big, bushy apple tree in the music teacher's garden, swaying in the breeze. When I think of green, I taste the delicious green tea ice cream on my lips, traveling slowly down into the depths of my stomach.

And when I think of green, I think of the small green peas cooking on the stove right now — my dinner.

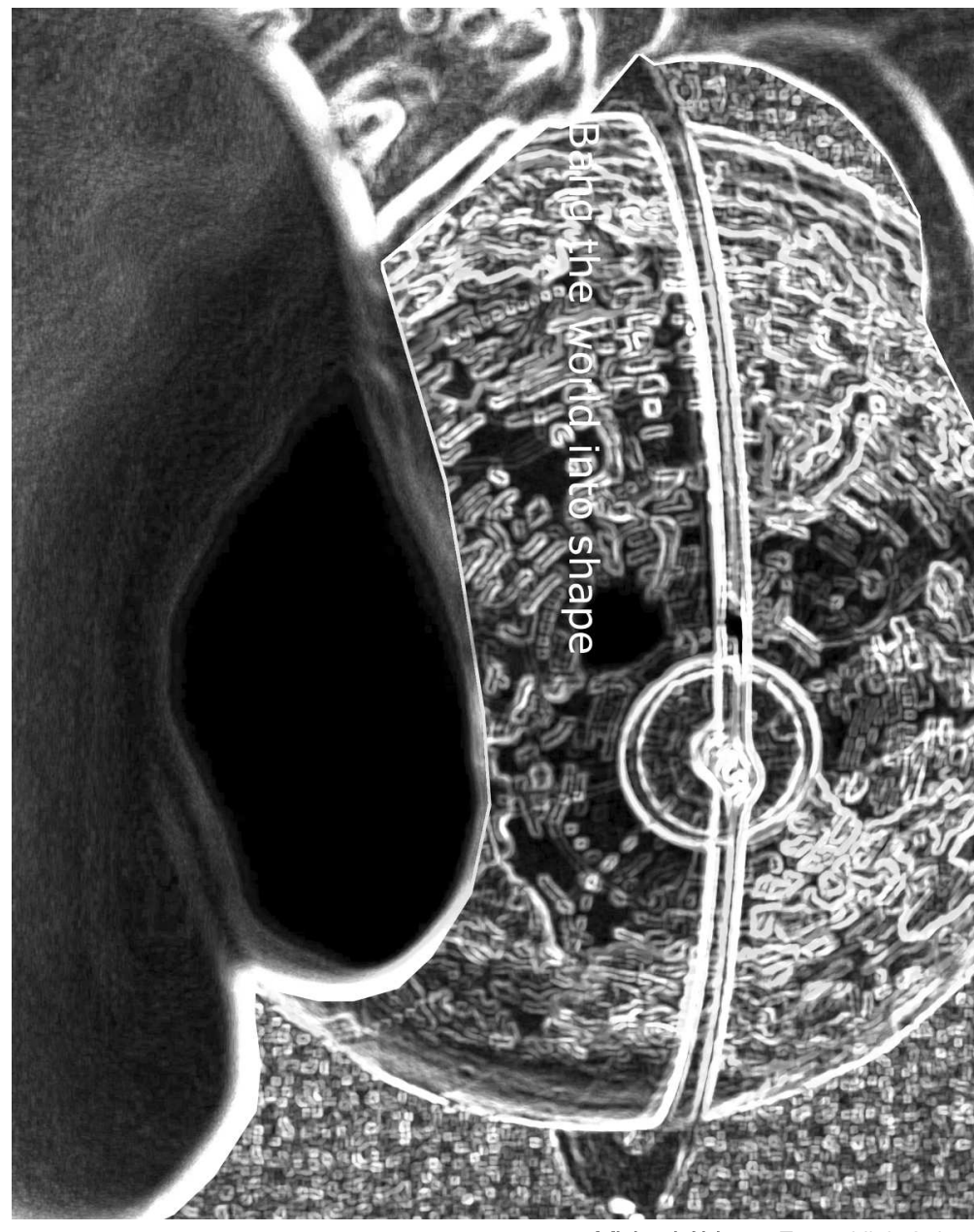
And that is what I think of green.

## Green is, green was

By **Peyton Wilson**  
*Vermont Academy, Grade 9*

Green is the start: Ready set go!  
The color of beginning, right?  
Green is the color of a blooming spring  
And of days that are long and bright.  
It's the color of luck — and of winning  
Money! Mom's new plants! A yard!  
Green is the color of easy going  
And a life that isn't hard.  
Green is my color; the nice fuzzy hat  
That was made for me long ago.  
Green was the color of happiness  
And of a home "worthy" to show.  
Now green is the color of the park  
At which I spend a lot of time.  
Green was the color of your last  
Happy Birthday sign.  
Now that I think of it, green was the color  
Of a few "sorry" cards sent my way.  
Green was the color of your birth  
Isn't it coming this May?  
And now, for me, green is the color  
Of a memory I wish to save.  
It's the color of the grass that grows  
Tall above her grave  
Green is the color of her soul;  
Has it yet flown into the skies?  
Green was the color -- that beautiful color  
That will always be my mother's eyes.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC REMIX



Michael Abbott, *Essex High School*

Abbott, a senior, describes his approach to this project: "For this piece I wanted to do something different and incorporate words. I believe that words are your strongest weapon if you use them correctly and I really wanted to depict that. I started off with nothing and needed to find a quote before I did anything. I soon found myself listening to a classic by Mos Def. The first line was perfect and was exactly the message I wanted to send. He states, "speech is my hammer, bang the world into shape, now let it fall." That immediately stuck out and I knew that I was going to base my project around that. I took photos depicting the words and I believe I accomplished that. I then decided to filter each picture, but using the same filter I would unify all my photos."

## The tilt-a-whirl

By **Christopher Prado**  
*Colchester Middle School, Grade 6*

Tilt-a-Whirl!  
Exciting, thrilling  
whirling, spinning, turning.  
Fun ... at first, then not ...  
Tossing, whipping, reeling  
queasy, sick  
green

## GO

By **Kacie Collins**  
*Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10*

Pedal to the metal  
Cruising down the road  
Something in the distance  
I better take it slow.  
Green light fades to yellow  
Yellow fades to red  
The seconds take forever  
Thoughts wander in my head  
At last the light blinks to green  
And I am off,  
Me and my machine.

## The bomb has fallen

By **Sierra Cruikshank**  
*Rochester High School, Grade 9*

Flashes in the distance blind me  
Bright shades of green race in streaks.  
It started with a stroke of orange  
And forever that's all I will see.

## Green goes bye-bye

By **Sara Archie**  
*Lebanon High School, Grade 12*

It rolls around in my purse  
I have to shuffle through the loose change  
Through my books  
My cell phone  
My lip gloss  
My CD player  
My college paperwork -  
(Jeesh, how much crud do I have in here?)  
To find the goods:  
Green.

I try to smile  
But I know  
It'll be all gone after  
My jacked-up college tuition sucks it into the void.  
But for now...  
Shopping spree anyone?

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commenting on the news, a Writer's  
Library and more.  
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participate!

## Greens

By **Emma Sienkiewicz**  
*Hinesburg Community School,  
Grade 8*

Fresh  
Green  
Blades of grass  
Stretch through the thawing  
Mud-covered ground

Trees  
Have leaves  
Budding from their branches  
For the beginning of another  
Long year

Forest floors  
Covered  
In moss  
And ferns

Flowers blossom  
Leaving a trace of perfume  
Wherever they are  
Their long  
Green  
Stems  
Stretching toward the sky

Roses  
With thorns  
Covering their stems  
Danger  
A warning  
Like barbed wire  
Keeping you away

Then it rains  
Stepping out the door  
Dodging the bullets  
Modeling green mud boots  
Carrying a green umbrella  
Held high above a nest of tousled hair  
Diving into the storm  
Fearless  
Green eyes glowing

All signs of spring  
Coming  
And then there  
Until the green  
Gets greener  
And then turns to reds  
Oranges  
Yellows  
And  
Browns  
Then disappearing under the fluffy  
White  
Snow  
Until...

Fresh  
Green  
Blades of grass  
Stretch through the thawing  
Mud-covered ground

## It's easy being green

By **Tim Lyons**  
*Rice Memorial High School, Grade 9*

Is it really that hard  
Being green  
and blending in  
wherever you go?  
Making up a beautiful forest scene  
or a grassy plain.  
You look nice  
but you never stick out.  
You're just part of the background.  
People see you  
but they never really notice you.  
They just pass you by  
after they catch a glimpse of you  
as if you were a pebble  
on a cobblestone path.  
You're just an addition  
and not really anything  
on your own, by yourself.  
You're a tree on a mountain  
a lily pad in a massive lake  
a leaf of lettuce in a salad.  
There's less pressure  
less hassle, less strain on you.  
You can just be part of the scenery  
and go with the flow.  
It's less dangerous that way  
and much easier.  
But the most significant people  
ever to walk this earth  
were not green.  
They were red.  
They were yellow.  
They were turquoise.  
Those colors stand out  
in the unvarying scenery  
of static green.  
Those colors matter.  
Those colors stand out  
and make a difference.  
So you can be green.  
Or you can be something more.

## Green is everywhere

By **Jake Dombek**  
*Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 5*

Green is clean  
Green is light  
Green is very, very bright!  
Green is spring  
Green is grass  
Green is very, very vast!  
Green is energy  
Green is power  
Green is as pretty as a flower!  
Green is nice  
Green is kind  
Green is also easy to find!  
Green is wet  
Green is dry  
Green is very shy!  
Green is gentle  
Green is strong  
A world without green would be wrong!



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AUTHOR OF  
"FALLING" & "THE REVEALERS"

## Green: An analysis

By **Angela Wood**  
*Colchester High School, Grade 10*

Green is a symbol of many things. In fact, it's quite fascinating how many things it represents in different scenarios. It is the color of envy – when you covet something owned by someone else, whether it be materialistic, a reputation, a relationship. It is the color of sickness, as well. It seems as if it has a rather unpleasant connotation associated with it.

Yet at the same time, it can also be used in reference to so many nice things. The new growth of spring, for example, is always represented by green. It is a symbol of new and healthy life sprouting up out of the ground. This is the complete opposite of its less uplifting ideas. How can it represent both healthy growth and sickness? There are few, if any, other words which can be used in such a broad spectrum.

So, why is it that some people see it as a sign of something unpleasant and hurtful, while others interpret it as a symbol of vitality? It is simply a matter of one's outlook on life. Is the glass half empty or half full? The optimist would naturally connect the color green with spring and the new life it brings; while one with a more pessimistic attitude would want to view it as something less worthy of appreciation.

Then there are those who see it in a different light. To them, the color green is ... just that. It is nothing more than a color. Maybe it wasn't supposed to be analyzed deeply for hidden meaning and symbolism. Maybe it was just designed to be nothing more than aesthetically pleasing, and we are taking it out of context by trying to find insight on the matter. After all, humans have an odd tendency to search anything and everything for hidden meaning. Is there nothing in this world that should just be left alone and appreciated for what it is on the surface not for what may or may not be a complicated metaphor?

## Emerald eyes

By **Greta L.A. Zarro**  
*Rice Memorial High School, Grade 9*

The emerald green of her eyes sparkled as she brushed past me. I am the hidden admirer who has not been given the chance at love.

Yet, I continued to stare into those eyes of her unassuming face like stained glass windows in a sacred church. Unopened gifts to a new pleasure which I have not received.

Her green eyes begged me to venture inside of them to search for the meaning behind her stare. They haunt me at night as I see their almond shape and deep color these eyes still wrapped in a package of mystery.

What was she saying through that fleeting look? Those eyes that glanced at me from behind mascara-coated lashes. The green glinting and my heart beating fast did she feel the love for me that I desperately have for her?

This green makes me blissful I know when I see it that I am looking at her. I hope I never see it in the eyes of someone else.

How can I forget the green of her eyes? Like the gorgeous, growing grass of my grandmother's garden her eyes reflected a brilliant, everlasting color which I hope never fades or flakes like paint.