

Photo Prompt #3



©Harris & Ewing/Shorpy

This photo, titled "Congressional hog caller," was taken in Washington, D.C. in 1937. Rep. Robert L. Mouton of Louisiana was practicing for a hog-calling contest with his counterpart from Iowa.

Scream of silence

BY TRINITY SMITH

Grade 8, Christ the King School

I stroll down the street, coffee in hand, glancing at the beautiful day. Songs of happiness dance in my mind as I begin to hum. I walk nearly five steps until it occurs to me that not a single noise is coming out of my mouth. Not a single sound. I try to hum louder in a small attempt to know if my voice is still there. I try. No noise. None. At all.

My mind races to figure out where my voice has traveled to. I glance around and try to listen to the buzz of many busy voices. No noise. None. As I look around, mouths are moving and so are the people, but there isn't a noise. Nowhere.

I sit down on a bench and try to gather my thoughts. I allow my eyes to close for about five seconds in an attempt to make this nightmare disappear.

I open my eyes and everything begins to slow down. I blink and rub my eyes trying to figure out what is going on. When my eyes finally focus, I glance around and find that everything has stopped.

Nothing is moving and everything is silent. I slowly stand up and keep myself as aware as I can to try and see any possible movement. I try to speak but not a word is released. I begin to run as I search for any noise or movement. None in sight. I pick up my hands and bring them to my mouth.

I let out what would have been a scream and yelled as hard as I could, but all that comes out is a deafening scream of silence. So silent that it deafens everyone and every frozen thing in sight. I put my hands back down and continue walking down the thin paved park. As soon as I look back, everything is back in motion and all noise is back. All that it took was one deafening scream of silence.



THIS WEEK: Photo 3 & General

Each week, Young Writers Project receives several hundred submissions from students all over the state. With the help of some anonymous students we select the best for publication here and in 12 other newspapers. This week, we publish work in response to **Photo prompt #3 and General writing in any genre.**

To read more, go to youngwritersproject.org, a safe, civil, online community of young writers.

just seven minutes...

Vermont Writes Day

- February 7, 2012 -

Students, teachers, writers!

Can you spare

just *seven minutes?*

Join writers across Vermont

Set aside just 7 minutes

on February 7 to write!

Respond to the suggested prompts or write about anything you want.

More at youngwritersproject.org

YWP NEWS

YWP THIRD FRIDAY SLAM HAS MOVED! Join us at the Block Gallery atop the Winooski traffic circle! Open Mic starts at 6 p.m. Slam sign-up at 6:15. Find out more at youngwritersproject.org.

WORKSHOPS on Podcasting and a new content type: Photo Story; and Jazz Poetry from 10-2 p.m. **SATURDAY, FEB. 4** at YWP in the Champlain Mill, Winooski.

YWP is supported by the generosity of foundations, businesses and individuals. Special thanks this week to:

BAY AND PAUL FOUNDATIONS

The puzzling yell

BY DOLLY WING

Grade 8, Benson Village School

I walked down the old sidewalks, ogling the strikingly elegant, lightly colored building on my right. The day was perfect, just the right heat; the sky was bright. A perfect day for sightseeing.

Suddenly a voice rang out. It was calling a name, an unrecognizable name. I slowly glanced to my left, checking if the masculine voice came from that way. I noticed a few people, but none looked like they had yelled, or even needed to. I decided to just shake it off; it's not like it was for me anyway. I kept walking until I heard the yell again, but it sounded closer. "Danielle," the voice repeated.

"Danielle, come quick." Puzzled, I kept walking towards the voice. I was bound to find out who it was sometime, right? I realized it wasn't any of my business, but I couldn't help thinking about this man. Was this person worried, scared or sad? Did he have life changing news for this woman? What did this woman mean to him anyway? I continued to walk, pondering these thoughts until a yell woke me from my dazed thoughts.

"Danni," called a man with a light-colored business jacket and a plaid tie. Wrinkles creased his middle-aged face, as his eyes bugged out, showing his excite-

ment. His hands were cupped around his face showing off his button cuffs. "Danni, my dear, I'm over here," he yelled once again.

I suddenly saw a woman turn around and wave towards him. I got my camera case out; I knew it was rude, but I couldn't miss this moment to take a picture of the man whose yelling puzzled me so. As I snapped the picture of the man holding his cupped hands around his mouth, I suddenly heard him yell, "Sweetheart, I got the job!"

I just smiled, shaking my head as I walked away.

50 words

BY CONNOR HILL

Grade 8, Poultney High School

Everybody falls. There is not one person in the world that has done everything perfectly.

But, when two people fall, the difference between the one who fails, and the one who succeeds, is that one of them stands back up.

50 words can inspire any person. Will this inspire you?

Snow

BY SAMANTHA RHEAUME

Grade 8, Benson Village School

The clouds are threatening,
The air is whipping so cold,
It feels that your breath is going to freeze
in mid-air,
Cars are parked, not moving from their
spot,
People inside the house,
The walls protect them,
Like a cocoon protects a butterfly,
Hot chocolate brewing,
There is a snowstorm coming.
Children jumping out of bed,
As if rockets were attached to their feet,
Adults muttering as they look out the
window,
Children racing outside to play in the
snow,
Adults sluggishly waddling out,
To shovel the driveway,
Children yell they don't want to ever
grow up,
Adults complaining that they are not
as young as they used to be,
Children tired from playing so hard,
Adults exhausted from work,
Children dreaming of the next snow-
storm,
Adults dreading snowfall to come again,
Snow is melting,
Flowers and trees budding,
Grass turning greener,
Animals coming out of hibernation.
Children sad that winter has passed,
But soon get over it, while splashing in a
puddle,
Adults thankful that winter is gone,
But that feeling soon passes,
As muddy footprints are placed all over
the house,
Points of view seem
So different when you get older!

NEXT PROMPT

Anywhere. If you could go anywhere, where would it be? Write a story or poem about this place and why it is so special. **Alternate: General.** Send us your best writing in any genre. **Due Feb. 10.**

More prompts at youngwritersproject.org/prompts11.12

MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING AT

YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG