



# Library podcast

## Writers In The Schools Year-End Reading & Celebration Day 1

[00:00:05] Welcome to The Seattle Public Library's podcasts of author readings and library events. Library podcasts are brought to you by The Seattle Public Library and Foundation. To learn more about our programs and podcasts, visit our web site at [www.spl.org](http://www.spl.org). To learn how you can help the library foundation support The Seattle Public Library go to [foundation.spl.org](http://foundation.spl.org)

[00:00:35] Welcome to the Seattle Public Library. My name is Shelley Masalit and I'm a teen services librarian here. As someone who works with youth in Champions rating this is especially exciting to have the celebration here tonight. How many people in the audience have been to a Witt's event before. That's. A good number of Hey. And for those of you who have not had a chance you are all in for a huge treat. I'm going to hand this over to the program director. The wonderful Alicia Craven. Hello everyone. How are you. Yeah.

[00:01:16] Thank you guys for being here this evening. My name is Alicia cravin and I have the immense honor of getting serve as the director of the writers and the schools program with Seattle Arts and Lectures. This is the first night of two year in readings and celebration of all of you the students writers teachers and families who have made up the Witts program this year. One of my very favorite nights of the year. It's a tradition of the Witts program which dates all the way back to 1994 in which youth poets and story writers and essayists and comics artists all come together to share their work and be published in a chapbook which this year is titled Breathe the truth back in. And that's also the theme of this evening to give you a sense of what you are part of this year and the history of how special it is that you individually are here this evening. Since its beginning Witz has taught over 100000 students and in the 2017 18 school year we worked with 27 public schools throughout the Puget Sound region and Seattle Children's bringing creative writers directly to over 6000 K through 12 students during the school day. Additionally visiting spotlight authors came to both with schools and other schools in the community to connect with over 1700 students to further make the connections between what it means to be a living breathing creative professional in the world and to encourage all students to find their authentic voices. And we talk a lot about figurative language and wits about like similes and metaphors.

[00:02:42] And to me this night feels like a kaleidoscope. We have this tiny window into all these exquisite and precious individual pieces that come together and form a whole that is so surprising and delightful and perspective shifting and it starts with these single poems and stories and comics that we see sent in from writers. And then it grows into this stunning sort of geometric fractal of a chapbook and then families and then this whole community that you see today. So as writers I want

you to take a moment to just look around here everyone tonight. Like literally just turn your head kind of like owls swivel and see the people around you. Some of them you know and some of them most of them you don't. But they will soon all be your fans. And so now you're connected and you're all writers and if you see one another at school or in the grocery store or in the library and you're just going to know that these people have stories they have voices and they shared something that maybe I never would have expected. And so if you go through life always thinking about always suspecting that the people around you on the sidewalks or that you're sitting across from on the bus are these secret story and poem carrying vessels in the world. It's going to be infinitely more fascinating. We're so excited to hear all these pieces. And before we start I just like to think some of the key players who made tonight and our work throughout the year. Possible I'd like to thank our many partners and generous funders all of whom are listed in the program and particularly those who've given 10000 dollars or more to support this year including an Arts Fund.

[00:04:12] The Boeing Corporation Kandis Chuck and Dawn Guthrie Expedia Glassey B.V. White Light Foundation the harvest foundation Manics can be foundation Medina Foundation the National Endowment for the Arts the Northcliffe Foundation the Petunia charitable fund and Virginia Seibert and Peter Byers. A huge thanks to to the Seattle Public Library for the use of this auditorium into Cupcake Royale. Spoiler alerts provided delicious baby cakes to enjoy after the reading. So you want to make sure you get one of those men on stage this evening to have this stunning display of letterpress broadsides. It's a fancy word for posters that are made out of poems. And they were written by students at Seattle Childrens with Wits writers and and Sierra Nelson. And then the images were designed in hand printed. Each of those little letters laid out by 20 different letterpress artists at the school visual concepts and the latest collection was just unveiled this past Friday and so a framed set of 20 of these are going to travel all throughout the city to library chapters and community galleries in the coming year. So check those out after their eating though its program is also made possible by Seattle Arts and Lectures immensely supportive Board of Directors and the entire school staff especially Nicole coat's my beyond extraordinary wits colleague Ruis works. Who has worked so tirelessly in the communication and preparation for this evening and makes everyone feel like their family thanks to our devoted interns to Lucas Widner series Granholm Brianna quited.

[00:05:51] There you are Carolyn Craighead all of whom worked so hard in preparation for this evening and to Tessa holes whose art inspired the design for today's book cover and poster and Tony Ong who designed the book layout and program for me and of course to our writers the Wits writers are accomplished published poets novelists comics artists and spoken word performers who are practicing daily what they teach. They go through the same skills of drafting and revising and publishing and practicing being vulnerable and generous with their work in the community. Each writer has prepared a custom introduction for their students today so you get an insight into the story behind the writer and what they saw specifically in their work. And finally a huge thanks to all of our school partners teachers principals librarians PTA members and parents who generously champion and support wits and creative writing. You recognize the value of students being able to express themselves and advocate for themselves and share who they are through writing. So you're helping to make for a more connected and vocal and curious and creative world. OK. Without further ado I want to get to the stars. The moment we've all been waiting for it's time for the magic to start our

evening. I would like to welcome to the stage with writer Karen Finney FROC and her writers Jones Casperson and Cora a Tadamasa from Lafayette Elementary School and Anna S. Cole from Blue Heron school.

[00:07:22] Hello good evening.

[00:07:24] Jones Casperson as a mind for poetry. Each week when I visited his class he listened carefully to the writing prompt. But then he personalized it and elevated it to make art. It's that ability to not just finish an assignment but to approach a problem with creativity that all of us and writers of in the schools are hoping to teach. Listen for the tension unfolding in this poem.

[00:07:52] A detailed description of a fox hunting a rabbit and marvel at this opening line at moon high the night sky is ink on water. Please welcome Jones Casperson

[00:08:11] The Fox and the rabbit at Mannhai the night skies in water spreading to all cracks and crevices.

[00:08:19] The foxes nose and whiskers whimper to the Senta rabbit as it crawls to its prey its belly for brushes against the long grass. More making no noise at all. It pounces. The rabbits noise sensitive ears hear this crunch of dirt as the fox pounces. The Rabbit Runs zigzagging from here to there. The Fox gives chase gain on the poor little rabbit. It pounces yet again this time right on the back and quickly bites its spine. The killing by

[00:08:58] Corrib to death row. Gorgeous poems every week visited her classroom for our final exercise of the residency. I challenged students to collect everything they had learned about poetry lines stanzas simile personification repetition and create an overarching metaphor for poetry. That was a challenging writing prompt and one that led Corrib to this poem.

[00:09:23] The city of poetry listened for my favorite line the repetition is in the parks imitating grass and trees. Here's Krib

[00:09:38] The city of poetry poetry. This city embodies the stands has cover the ground and on the streets. The repetition is in the parks imitating grass and trees. Families are the rain and the clouds sonification is the people the birds that are alive. The Lions are the glue between the bricks that are metaphors. The poem is the heart of the city which is a city of one name and amazement a city that comes

[00:10:12] Anna Colle came all the way here from port towns in Washington tonight. I visited Annos school for two weeks to teach and write tall tales. We read classics like John Henry and Paul Bunyan as well as the modern tall tale don't you floor. In response Anna wrote this story about a larger than life character named April bumblebee who always carries her Merriam Webster Dictionary and never wear shoes. This marvelous funny story follows April as she protects her reading material. At one point telling a sparrow your feathers are covered in doo hickey and will ruin my books. Here's Liana

[00:10:59] Read by me deep in the tangles of weeds and grass lay small cottage inside a young girl sat reading her names. April bumblebee. There's no possible way anyone in the world referred to her as normal. April wore a blue dress and carried a dictionary and a rose pink purse at all times but never wore shoes while other kids spent their summer days planes sent. April would read all day long village kids would ask her to play one more kid for kickball every day. Sad faces would leave her cottage. One day April went outside and sat in the bright green grass while she looked up some words in her limited edition Webster's dictionary. About a second later she heard a loud noise shaking the forest.

[00:11:52] She looked up to see what had made this noise but only but only found a sparrow Sparrow asked if he may read one of her books. April refused and said Why would I share with a dirty old bird. Your feathers are covered in doohickey will ruin my books. The Sparrow looked at her and salted and flew away into the light of the day. Next day April went outside again but a big scary bear appeared. April did not notice because she was so excited that Harry Potter book 92 was coming soon. She was very excited until the big scary bear of words so loud the men felt the sky and a passing giraffe had to put it back in place at first. April was scared to death but then remembered she read the book all about bears and was delighted that when she told the bear let sing opera. He listened and sang. If you asked me when you did voices and together they sing and sing at the end of the day Bertold April May you be so kind and let me read one of your big shiny books. April shook her head and said you read one of my books. Never in a million years. Your claws will rip the pages and your breath will poison them.

[00:13:19] Back Karen Jeunes Korovin Anna and Kiran is actually such a prolific teacher that she will have to scoot to another class right after this. We are so thankful to her for making this work to be part of this special night next. I would like to welcome Witts Frieder Sarah Nelson and her readers Hannah a friend from MacDonald International School and we'll also be hearing from Sellick rant Renaud Kamali is from Seattle Children's Hospital. We will first get to see Sellick reading via video and as an additional note 1 Sellicks poems the time of everything was part of this year's broadside project with the letterpress artists. And you can see it the orange one side over there.

[00:13:58] So take a look at that as well. So. We are. Of. That. And. The good news

[00:14:22] Is. David Souter in. His first year. On the line. Oh

[00:14:38] My God. I'm. Not. Sure. I have. An agreement. On

[00:15:00] This. No. No. No. No. No. No

[00:16:04] No. You

[00:16:16] Know what.

[00:16:26] That was my student. So the Green also came out from Seattle Children's Hospital I'm so glad that we got to hear her read that you've got to hear this beautiful bilingual poet read. She wasn't able to come tonight. The video was from April and she had a poetry event at Seattle Children's Hospital so she got to read it then and she was excited to be able to be with you here in this way too. I just wanted to share a little bit about the poet as a little outro rather than the intro here but I've had the great honor of working with Selick for most of this year at Seattle Children's Hospital helping her poems find the page and watching her grow as a writer. As you could tell from the poem her favorite topics are often philosophical in nature poems that reflect on her deep spiritual faith the meaning of illness how God perceives time. She can also be really funny sometimes she writes about her little Chihuahua that she named Paris Hilton. She's a great range of poetry. So I just wanted to read this little bit of her poem that's part of the broadsides as a kind of blessing for us tonight too. So the poem is called the time of everything else he imported Toto. We have the time of everything. Time of laughing being sad being confused feeling weird being blessed and part of that poem. So one more round of applause for. My next reader Hanna friend from Mrs. Wroten third grade afternoon class and Macdonald International Elementary. So we started our classes by asking two questions that we touched on throughout our weeks together. We asked what is a poem first question and second question. This quote from Pablo Neruda where can you find a bell that will ring in your dreams.

[00:18:23] Looking for the craft looking for the mystery I have to tell you as excruciating trying to choose just one poet and poem to share with you tonight. Those third graders were amazing but Hanah friends amazing poem. The secrets inside you feel like they answered both of those questions beautifully. In this poem she uses some of our favorite tools we experimented with in class vivid images vibrant verbs similes and metaphors and she describes the mystery of what it feels like when you open the door to poetry and something you might not even know was there comes out a bell that will ring in your dreams send you all the way out to space and then bringing you back to yourself rooted while also flying transformed. So get ready. Here is Hanna friends the secret inside you

[00:19:17] The secrets inside you reaching into a burning fire to pull out the key unlocking cage inside you. Deep down comes out love happiness and spirits. You feel like you're going to fly. We go saying hello once you touch the ground your feet feel like trees growing and you feel like you're reborn flying freely.

[00:19:44] Thank you Sera Hanna and Selick. Next I would like to welcome Janine Walker and her writers Spencer McWATTERS AND NAOMI Vantz of al-Qaeda Elementary School in Kelvie entre White in Zeyada from Lecce Elementary School

[00:20:03] In creating the piece. He'll be reading tonight. Spencer was invited to repeat phrases and each stanza to create an effect. It doesn't exactly have to make sense. I told his class without further prompting Spencer totally got it. When I told him how much I love his poem alone he said I was going for a sad vibe. And then he was trying to think about what a poem can say Spenser's intentionality is profound. He wants to have a career in biology and his love of animals came into his poetry too particularly and one in which he imagines lush meadows and mountains where animals can roam free. I'm so happy Spencer is adding his voice to the local the vocal poets among us please welcome

Spencer McWatters. Counting stars can be lonely struggling to explore abandoned in a polluted world lonely in a polluted world exploring the abandoned world struggling to be lonely polluted stars everywhere counting abandoned houses alone watching the abandoned stars struggling to not pollute exploring all alone counting the places I can explore exploring the polluted world struggling to count lonely stars up at night feeling abandoned all alone. Two years ago when Naomi Vance was in third grade. She became for me. One to watch that year. Naomi wrote crows sing to break the perfect glass and that is why you can hear a high pitched scream like the ghost he never broke the silence of the soul. Tonight Naomi breaks from the sky and travels to the field of composing she says when I write something angry or sad it takes my feelings so they're not all bottled up. As for me I've hardly been able to even try to bottle my feelings over Naomi's poems for the past three years including the remarkable one you'll hear tonight called Horse in which she claims among other things. I know all my life can change with one life. Please welcome Naomi Vance

[00:22:31] Orse to wonder to live once more to cry. Lavender tears like a horse on a snow topped hill that made me blind. In the twilight to all the wonder did we make her blind to wonder if all the horses ran into the water in a single leap in a lavender dream. They cried themselves to sleep. The sound of my dad's soft call a wonder for the things he made cry I'm slipping away in the twilight. All is gone but the wonder lavender people. Well they run into the water so cold their hearts freeze but still cry on my horse. I know my life can change with one life wonder I am blind take my sight. All I saw and give it to an old friend the lavender horse my dream people cry and dream.

[00:23:31] Can you see the love when I come across a student poem I love.

[00:23:43] I type it for my files and sitting with Coventry to decide which poem he'd read tonight. He noticed that I typed up all of his often thinking of others Coventry describes himself as humorous and lively.

[00:23:57] Someone who always tries to bring the mood back up. He'd like to make it as an athlete so he can. He says quote come back help my family fix the Central District and share money with the schools. I previously went to. His generosity of spirit topples out into his poems to Coventry pulls lines from somewhere deep inside a wise and insightful place smiling but serious he proclaims I will accomplish very big things if his poem tonight called Stand Up is any indication. He certainly will. His voice is one to be heard. Please welcome Coventry white

[00:24:44] America America a place that is unknown like history. There are many secrets that have never been told. Many have stood up for years. Why don't we celebrate them. Why don't we give them cheers when we started. Black lives matter and people said they care. Then tell us why. Police brutality is still roaming in the air. History starts now. So why not take a chance because you could be that person that finally took that stand.

[00:25:23] Jada is a marvelous poet who nearly every time she handed me yet another remarkably well rendered poem. Couple that with this is terrible she's also a poet who wrote last year in fourth grade. I am the one who can live on forever and ever but I can disappear. I am the star that will never

disappear. So we embrace these beautiful contradictions. A talented poet who like all true artists is critical of her work to the last and yet writes beautiful poems. Ziada wants to be both an oceanologist and an astronomer. Whenever she looks wherever she looks in the future into the depths of the sea or the unknown reaches of the universe. Ziada will always astound because her work will never be simple and her depth of feeling and understanding of the world will be captured in her gorgeous long lasting poems that will not fade from our minds anytime soon. Please welcome Ziada.

[00:26:27] The sun roared clapped and sung I flew on a nice greenly. I jumped. I saw you in your Ethiopian clothing how beautifully you looked just like their mom you sing me a song about a good friend you know. NVO I saw Cidre and other animals too. They were mostly pink but also black too. I reached inside of you and pulled out your love. The one that you share with everyone around. Sometimes when you talk to me even when I don't understand the unique language I wish I could understand. I feel so sad. I am so proud of you. The more I think about it I realize I envy you those beautiful brown eyes. They twinkle like Twilight

[00:27:11] Dudes Eumenes fencer Naomi Campbell EntreMed Zehava next please Volkan with Fretter Smar Abolhassan and her writers how Ron Schou so Fiamma Parvez from Burrell Harris Elementary School Taito dollar hide from Blue Heron school and Kimberly Camacho and Jonathan Aguilar from Fred Hutt school.

[00:27:35] Good evening everyone and Dina Bond's class at Laurel Hurst how Ron was pretty shy about sharing his poems. His writing folder was full of gems. I told him I wanted others to have a chance to celebrate his words. He told me he's frequently inspired by adventure stories he hears his father tell and by trusting his voice and improvising he used that word improvising while writing how Ron loves to take writing risks all while listening listening listening to wild turns and eloquent places to land. He wrote poetry as a guy standing on Opal's playing a violin while climbing up a tree. Please welcome her ranch and get ready to shape shift.

[00:28:28] The shape shifting poem a black mamba plunges into a whore of gold. Call a ruby red kangaroo jumps into its heart with its feet up watching the scores Vinings shore through a midnight flight into a new ending in the middle of a tsunami. Fut. sleeps when its soul shuts down and found time 99 time zones soar through the fireworks booth bored dark Joy watches movies deep into the roaming life

[00:29:21] And Laura Teds classroom at Laura Hurst Sophie's presence was quietly bold and vivid when she was absent and just one day. I immediately noticed she tells me she writes. What I see and what I hear and loves nature and visual art. The poem read to you today was written in long lines that spun around and circled the page upside down and right side up like a slow moving roller coaster. She's here to deliver the world as I see it full of color smooth and rough textures inspired by Seattle artist Julie Draper's photographs. Please welcome Sophie parvus

[00:30:06] The World. The world as I see it a burst of green on turquoise glass spider silk glittering like diamonds smooth shoots against rough sea green day light coming in a haze wracked with dust

balls here and there climbing higher reaching toward the light. Webs creating figures against a shifting blue green a young plant trust a house for support as it advances with its life. Just like the window and the basement and the new shoe climbing something scratched and dirty. Each thing has its own Udy

[00:30:58] I Toudou and Melissa Nagy's sixth grade classroom at Blue Heron school where she exuded warmth a weakness and a willingness to try any poetry experiment between each line of the prose poem she will read tonight. An undercurrent of 100 and invisible lines hum when writing a poem. What do you reveal. What do we leave out to do opens up room after room for what's vulnerable and in motion things that can be maimed and things that feel impossible to name. Please welcome tattoo all the way from Port Townsend

[00:31:41] With and Without with my father carrying me into the orphanage home without me knowing what was going on. With my cousins wailing in the distance Muthaura thought of leaving home without a thought of never seeing my family again. With that of a flying thing. I never knew existed but sitting next to a pale woman who smiles at me while I try to find the ground below the fly from the clouds. But me knowing not squirming was going to be my mother. I take her hand while we land. With me being here for six months before I started school with me knowing very little English with me knowing how to communicate with other kids. With me knowing that my mother is always there for me with me knowing that my neighbors are always there for me with me knowing that I can grow up healthy educated and have a nice job with me missing my father with me missing Saddam with me. Loving this place with me loving this family.

[00:32:55] When I begin to imagine the arc of Kimberly Camacho's writing I have a recent memory of her hula hooping folk life arms confidently directed toward the sky. During which she was always ready to write exuberant and trusting of her instincts her poems were full of blessings for her family. Hot cinnamon rice milk fast growing hair and watermelons at the beach. Week after week and Melissa Walsh's class at The Hutch school I witnessed little hesitation and Kimberly's ability to listen to her voice get ready for her mysterious and freeing poem like luggage.

[00:33:34] Please welcome Kimberly my luggage. I pack not to go with me to

[00:33:53] A place that disappeared.

[00:33:58] No need to go fast so I took a nap when I woke up. I noticed my faith with the eye. Red was my teeth so bright so white I am ready to go.

[00:34:30] You on the train. I already go to nowhere.

[00:34:46] I thoroughly enjoyed Jonathon's kind and confident presence and frankly the middle school classroom at the Hutch School. Jonathan gets to work right away and allows the joy to be part of the poem making process. Here's to the special words that give us life he wrote during our session yesterday. So endangered I keep them in a word zoo. I try to protect them but there are too many

predators Jonathan gathers and guards words in a way that keeps them fresh. Electric and surprising and class he always finished each poem with a smile a signature of wholehearted effort. Please welcome Jonathan

[00:35:34] To be extinct. Peter as my alarm goes off I wake up and go to the jungle aka the kitchen. I cross wavy bridge trying to find bounds. I wear my helmet for protection.

[00:35:56] It is epic.

[00:36:00] I am a legendary Knight. I blazed through the kitchen. I find something lucky a whole pile was Peppe room. I thought pito was extinct. It was a Christmas miracle. Thank you so much Ssemwogerere

[00:36:23] Ron Kaddu Kimberly and Jonathan and Taganka kick off the first comics portion of the evening. Please welcome Witts writer Greg stump and his column comics artists all of Stieber of Cascade a community school Zowie Papadakis of Katherine Blaine Kate school and Mese Clunies Ross and Chloe Dobson of Maclure Middle School. Olive also has the honor being our youngest writer today. Phyllis Gifford extro hand of a la

[00:36:59] This is Olive Stieber. Olive is a first grader at Cascade K through 8. She's been drawing since preschool and she seems incapable of making a comic that's not absurdly charming and clever. The characters she created this year include a paint palette that stays up all night dancing. The comic she's presenting tonight stemmed from a prompt to do a what if story about celestial bodies. It's called the Sons which is the

[00:37:30] Church's one day. One day the sun was talking on where he went to bed.

[00:37:40] He saw something flew up and said hi. Hi back.

[00:37:44] Let's trade places. Yes. They had arrived at the airport said by people don't like it because they couldn't go to sleep they couldn't go to sleep because the sun was too bright.

[00:38:02] People didn't like it because it was too dark and they couldn't see it.

[00:38:07] The mornings evenings and afternoon then they trade places and live happily ever.

[00:38:21] Up next we have Zoe Papadakis She's a sixth grader at Catherine Blain Zoe's first comics. During the sessions this year tended to feature goofy animals most notably a flatulent sheep her wacky sensibilities left me unprepared for the comic she is reading tonight. The relentlessly sweet story of how and why she acquired her treasured childhood blanket. Here's Zoe with a tale called The Night shield.

[00:38:49] When I was little I would always lay in my bed afraid of any existing monsters so the monsters trips on this and get sucked into the tubes. My dad even told me the vents were monster traps. Be careful then step back. Clearly that lie wore off. So then he gave me a flashlight. Dad

[00:39:12] I lost my flashlight. That didn't go well either. Zoe would you come in here for a minute. Finally my mom came up with a surprisingly good idea. The first thing I noticed when I walked into her room was that she had a basket with a pinkish whitish blanket inside for me. She explained what it was to be when you get scared. Put this around you and the monsters will go away. That worked. Now I can't sleep without it. Don't judge me.

[00:39:53] This is amazing. Clunies Ross She's a sixth grader at McLeary Middle School. NAISI is a Jill of all trades whose equally at home on a stage as she is writing or drawing her comics tend to be infused with vivid descriptive language and sharp humor. In particular I look forward to reading her autobiographical work this year which effortlessly captured her spirit and personality. Here's one of them titled recognition.

[00:40:17] I do a lot of weird stuff usually on purpose. Not this time though. It started when I was in a restaurant.

[00:40:24] I was walking out then I recognized him a kid from my improv class. I stopped to say hi. He was sitting with his parents hey isn't that but he couldn't remember his name.

[00:40:40] I wasn't sure if I should still say hi Matthew James. Peter. William that

[00:40:47] I don't know. I could have just walked by and pretended not to see him. It was time to make my choice leave greed balance choice. Instead I just stood there doing neither. Trying to think of something to do to say. I stared awkwardly for two. Whole. Minutes. Finally. He looked up embarrassed. I did what I had to.

[00:41:17] I ran away. Who was that girl. Do you know her. Yeah I think she's in my improv class. I can't remember her name. Should I have said something.

[00:41:36] And next we have Chloe Dobson. She's a sixth grader at Mikkeller also. Chloe routinely dazzled the class with her exquisitely detailed comics especially the way she portrays people. I was equally impressed by her command of the visual language of graphic storytelling. But even knowing all this I was still blown away by the piece she created specifically for tonight's reading. And I'm sure you will be too.

[00:41:59] It's called The Artist.

[00:42:03] Once upon a time there was a girl who could draw. She drew dogs cats. Creatures of any sort. She drew her friends her family her admirers and the people she admired. Every time she finished an art piece she felt proud strong accomplished. Each time that she created art. She felt a

fire awakening the peace until one day the art she made was discouraged. You have better things to do in life. They said you should stop piece after piece. The feeling of proudness of strong ness of accomplishment vanished from the artist mind. And the flames in her art ceased to cinders. Day after day week after week the artists suffered through tears and pain. Then suddenly bouquets of encouragements were thrown at the artist one of which was so colorful so beautiful so bright that it ignited the flames once more.

[00:43:14] Thank you Greg. All of Zoe Quilly. Next up we have wits writer Ramona Siao and the first of his writers for this evening Reeson new and Amira in Williamson a BFD. Elementary school.

[00:43:28] Hey how's it going. Thanks for coming everybody. All right. Let's see. So I am not. Crazy about snow. OK

[00:43:39] I'm afraid to drive in it. My shoes get ruined. It's super cold.

[00:43:44] But when our next reader recently writes about snow in her story Sarah the weather girl. I almost wish for winter to come quicker even on a day like today. That's because Riessen right so vividly and her characters have a deep sense of longing that is so vivid and totally contagious. Everybody please welcome Reeson new OK

[00:44:08] The weather girl in the clear blue sky in a cloud. A girl was born. Her mom and dad found her in the front of her house door. They said she was a normal kid so they just need fresh air. You love snow. Once one summer when Sarah was three years old she missed snow so much she met uSwitch now after she imagined she felt something cold. She looked down and she says no she said. Now he said that word so out that everyone came out of the houses. They did not want to see snow. People summer because if that kids were jealous of her parents they did not want to be friends with her. One day when she was 12 years old there was a big hurricane. Everyone was so scared they went to the basement. Sarah's family was. They went to. But that didn't help. It was coming closer. I was already bursting it water was getting a little scared but that didn't stop her from going to be brave. When near the hurricane hurricane you don't scare me. I started getting mad instead of good. She put her cane and make it back to water. Then she quickly froze to water the ground quickly turned to ice. This was winter and the ground was ice. She went to her house and get her a ski yelled Come on everyone else I skate them people broke her ice kids and I skated after everyone like she had a lot of friends.

[00:45:56] Amira Willemsen is one of those students. I barely even thought she already had all the move. Strong voice clear. Always fun always exciting. I'm okay she'd say as I circled the classroom trying to help all those masterpieces get written. I'm good. It turns out she wasn't only good but absolutely great. She's been previously published in the anthology.

[00:46:18] Everyone please give it up for a mere Willem's.

[00:46:26] Mom can I go play with fallacy and Connor whiskers QE mumbled softly her mom's voice was soft and Stern Yes honey you may be back by five o'clock. But mom that's only half an hour. Cue boomed irritated as she stomped through the front door. Her sneakers hitting the wood floor was like an elephant's foot. Actually trotted down the pavement she hummed a song that was stuck in her head. Knock knock knock. Huie hit her fist against the hardwood door. Hello. Are you here for flushing Connor Mrs. whiskers and her beautiful soft voice that reminded me of classical music.

[00:47:02] Oh sorry I was daydreaming Kiwi stuttered I'm sorry they're not here by Mrs whiskers Bye honey.

[00:47:13] As we walked down the steps she saw this light. She was concerned so she jogged as light got brighter. She started jogging at a faster speed. The light seemed to be staring at her eye which made her more concerned than ever. Like brighter. She jogged faster until she stopped. Huh. All the sudden the light slowly faded away. Her life changed before her eyes. All of a sudden she wasn't concerned anymore. She was freaking out. Now the light was completely gone. But where had it gone. She looked down and surprised to see the light inside her.

[00:47:42] Then she noticed a shiny red suit that read Super Katie from the sun and.

[00:47:54] Next please look into the stage with Stryder Evelyn Garcia with her writers Carlos Sanchez Swanson of MacDonald International School and Bridget Dooley and Geneva long hire of Pesta del Sol Elementary School MacDonald international as a bilingual school in Spanish and Japanese Empress Siddall Seoul is a fully Spanish speaking school so all of Evelyn's residencies are done in Spanish and her students will be reading their works in Spanish as well.

[00:48:22] Good evening. I will read the Spanish first and then know salaamed go with the walk on Savoy. You know I'm being consul my name is sadder than my Buddha then said to be Siyad it don't respect Warsaw concert companeros he Maestro's CNM just Savelli that electronics made them look as we stand here. No sorry let's look at that Spiner transport Tando knows I set the record thanto AIMA at Traverso this day when your boy. May you have them with your present that as where. Yes was companeros. He not only captivated me with his point but also with his way of being so mature so helpful and respectful with his classmates and teachers. He has a love of sensitivity and for me it is and transmitted it and what he writes we'd have a bit of nostalgia. He'd tell us about his beloved Spain transporting us to that land he loves so much to this beautiful poem. It fills me with great pride to see him represented his school and his classmates. Please welcome Carlos Sanchez Swensson

[00:49:50] Spying on Londra Salovey on the edge of the Minoso light of our school year glasses by niyah out the fourth Dunlop gotta Alesco my summer raccoon also applied to LA loiters around the GA. I've used does Juani YOLO the rafters go Spain when you enter the plane you suddenly miss the fresh air you arrive in Spain and the humidity hits you hard in the face or hungrier than a bare the beach next to you on restaurants and you arrive. The view is beautiful and the water will versus you

[00:50:30] Up a set of guests who go to Thailand. So says CNN SI Arafat completely. That must trundle on them. Check it out to me that is hip hop but I see that I miss the looser element that you have to reflect will sort of be that obvious. Bridget likes to say that in my nature and that we don't yet know what other letters to say Woody that went on our show some Notopoulos Felicie. This is taking forever. Despite her Gjoni and Ryden have a certain complexity show in the wide vocabulary and I love the creativity which can be appreciated through this. The use of metaphor and other literary resources to breaches the writing is so natural. And at the time of reading her security is. Remarkable. Congratulations Furbies great job. Let's welcome Bridget

[00:51:39] And libral. So Kumbia foremast the IIMA he Nacion come Yokum look at thingo don't go up then throw. Come on come on this Glandore. Secondly and talk. Call me a not into your Sweyn Swinnerton throw that to Kubes Quander less solo puedo Xes D.R.C. Auchinleck Yelgun Maclay. Nice and Sumant thief stepping Tando Brost estoy ULDA palabra dbl horse and Mundo entero comune entranceways vari. He so Vasto Sebastião Blanco don't go so well. So scarce ye imprints on the or tress of soils Culotta so Narko yetis last saves us the best enthral know the subhead in the real Menta SOI Kasumi I am a shapeshifter of the imagination. I change what's inside like a chameleon mixing with my new environment. My voice sounds inside your head when you leave. I can only exist if someone creates me with a story in their mind like an artist painting. When you open them full of wards and shrines that create a whole world like a swish of a magic wand over a vast white space full of nothing and never the same as someone else. Like people are always different from others. Never a single color. I'm like a rainbow with more than six colors. If you do if you don't see what's inside me you can't know who I really am because I'm a book

[00:53:22] That really matter the most so Russell. I mean yes. Yes the seal glasses that are glassy Mastran don't know where they see MISMA but also says grito says Tangena was the sensibility that either were negative and Profundo that Geneva no solar or other Travelzoo enthusiasts more. If this was a scary thought. So you know this was the same thing the inspirited Emotiv where I was companeros déclassé. I entered Assaraf supported up Boissiere saw that amiibo back is so low when epic and Yem wasted their Savini that DNA barely had a Selita so sent me and those from the first day he showed great talent and enthusiasm for writing and so she continued class after class shall win the best of herself. All her writings is full of sensitivity and great depth.

[00:54:17] Jeneba has not only demonstrated her aunt's Jaeson through her writing but also her desire to inspire and motivate her classmate to become interested in poetry. All that is just us MT's all of that great job that she do. Please welcome genever

[00:54:45] Oh papa Bauma Moscow Aleida Lozano El Mundo El Sola Sapelo Rubio is outway Flaco Coneys means most spend time in Duskin ideas. I'm also familiar Yardy out though though parking is to be Eramo Seguro US is suavity Kahui Graham Delucia. When I go Moil or more Rolando are more gaseous the urine the expression Gerakan Dundrum or maid Atuona. But as soon as Rostro scores are uninsured and haunt us most Guana of course he Ganta Jeromy Lagrimas Gergana

[00:55:21] Are Still Sanno Mastran the Moondog Gallogly my Squanto downlow Dungavel that they get osseous owed to my dad he loves me more than the air the ocean the world. The sun is his blond hair. He is tall skinny with my same thought that nobody knows he loves his family and would do anything to make sure we were safe. He stuff like a big stuffed animal. He sounds like love flying. He smells of love. I'm almost crying my heart cries with so much love when he gives me a hug. Our hearts cried together. We love with a giant heart. I cry my tears. Each one makes an ocean bigger than the world. Every tear is how much I love you. I'll never forget you. Thank you.

[00:56:13] Thank you Evelyn. Carlos Brazil and Geneva.

[00:56:17] Next up please welcome to the stage wits writer Alex Madisen and her writer no Rocky of top skate school.

[00:56:24] Hello. Thank you all for coming. This fall I had the pleasure of working with Laurie Eichelberger seventh grade class at Topps Keats and Noah struck me right away as a serious writer. In class he was quiet and focused each day hesitant to share his work and his impulse to protect his work and progress is one that I can relate to. Once he did share his draft the beginning of a short story I saw he had been protecting the start of something very powerful in his story. Noah boldly and immediately implicates his narrator in conflict. Noah's lush sensory description and patient pacing draw the reader toward a surprising and unsettling moment and we watch the narrator grapple with the sense of complicity. I admire Noas thoughtful process and the empathetic way in which he captures captures the complexity of relationships. I'm so grateful that he agreed to share his work with us tonight. Welcome. No Iraqi

[00:57:24] I was going home across a large money field one day after school. It was fall and the field had and leaves and dozens of other colors scattered across it covering the thick mud. As I was walking my left sink into a small puddle. I can tell it was a puddle because of leaves floating on it. I felt the cold. I felt cold water subsume my shoe. It was as if my foot was under a broken pipe gushing out water as I lifted my foot from the puddle I noticed a very interesting boy stride past me. He was wearing glasses and I had five and large books under his arm. He looked like a stereotypical nerd. After he rushed me he turned his head for a second and I realized it was Bill from my biology class. Suddenly my friend Henry came sprinting towards my left where Bill was walking. He came to a stop right behind Bill and then pushed him into a flat row of and leaves for no apparent reason. A shiver of guilt flooded my body. I saw Bill's glasses fall off his face. It landed perfectly from side up but were crushed under the stack of books used carrying. Henry was in hysterics at the pain he had caused Bill. He simply turned around and walked off as if nothing had happened. As his laughter became distant I approached devel. Geez Bill. Are you. Are you okay. Yeah I'm fine he muttered. Once Bill regained his sight he stared at me. I saw his anger through his face. Go away quiet. I seen you hang out with Henry. He yelled YEAH BUT I'M NOT like him.

[00:58:55] Thank you Alex. No.

[00:58:58] Next please welcome rider Katie Ellis and her writer Loretta rose from BFD elementary school at a Rose was one of those students whose eyes glittered with an idea for a poem or maybe several ideas at once. Before I even finished my poetry lesson when I recently asked Etta what she likes about writing. She said she loves that no one has to guide her and she lets her words flow. I saw this firsthand in class when she would begin writing the very second a blank notebook paper was set in front of her and she was not afraid to scribble out a line and write a new and improved one as her poem unfurled down the page. Edit tells me she writes a lot. Maybe every other day on the full down desk with little compartments inside that she got this past Christmas the poem shall read tonight. Interview with a red fox shows her strength and ingenuity as a poet working with a form. The interview that is not usually thought of as a poem. Please enjoy. At a Rose

[01:00:13] Interview with the red fox question will remind you of your fur answer fire blowing in the wind. My red fluffy clouds my white and midnight my blacklegs question where do you live. Answer in the majestic forest with trees as tall as the classroom. Question How old you live. Answer I lived for as long as winter has passed eight times. Question What noise do you make. Answer I'm as quiet as silent night. Question What do you think of your tale. Answer I think it makes me the king of the art of all the animals. Question What do you eat. Answer. I myself scurry through the woods. Question What do you think of your ears. Answer. I think they are as keen as rabbits long ears. Question What do you think of your eyes. Answer They are as brown as tree branches. Question What do you think when you die. Answer I'll come back still Fox and run through the forest on four quiet legs. QUESTION Do you like humans answer. I think they are all beautiful but not as beautiful as me.

[01:01:34] Thank you Katie and Loretta.

[01:01:38] Next please vote combined with shredded Lorig Marsh and her writer Riley Gregg a blue heron school in Port Townsend again a huge thanks to all the Port Townsend contingent that both traffic and ferry rides to be with us this evening.

[01:01:51] So this is Riley Riley is a poet. He has come here from Port Townsend to wow you his current favorite words are eccentric and molecular. I should have done those in the opposite order would have been interesting molecular eccentric. His advice to budding writers if you can say it without people screaming then you aren't terrible. Oh always good to bear in mind in Brett Navan seventh grade law classes at Blue Heron school. We generated verb lists from recipes to use in poem recipes for a better world. Cooking includes lots of brutality chopping mashing boiling Riley's poem is food. Call to sering rebellion too long has our kin been chopped. He rages too long have frozen butter is the food still rising. I asked. Riley replied. That's for me to know and you wonder. Please welcome Riley Gregg.

[01:03:15] We will rise to long has burning been our reoccurring nightmare. Too long have our kin been shopped and our rage been fueled. We shall rebound. Too long have we been beaten and robbed of our skins. Too long have they frozen Boddam. We shall. Too long have they boiled the onions too long have they given all as we shall rebound. We will squeeze squeeze them like they do

to grapes to make wine. We will flatten them. They'll see. We will spread them for the countless ones of us that have been destroyed inside their mouths.

[01:04:15] Thank you Laura Riley.

[01:04:17] Next please welcome with writer Peter mount and his writer Gades Barry. Also blue heron school and Port Townsend

[01:04:29] The king of food with emotions. We're getting some more. This is like what happens before Riley's. It seems like coincidentally. Yeah.

[01:04:41] So this is Gage Perry and his class was full of very creative outspoken types. And when they were writing I kept dashing from table to table kneeling down and helping the rambunctious eighth graders. But whenever I glanced over at Gage he'd be leaning back eyes wide staring off into space. It was not a very promising expression for a student to have during class. I'd wave at him from across the room and make the universal gesture of writing and encourage him to get along. He'd nod and glance at the page and then look off into the distance. After two days like this I came over and knelt beside him and asked how it was going. I expected to see a blank page since I hadn't really been seeing him writing back. Gage is a writing ninja apparently

[01:05:34] Because he slid his notebook over casually and I saw several pages of stories. When I started reading I was gripped by his tale. It's an amazing horror story about vegetables. But not like a kid having to eat vegetables which you might expect it was instead about the food in the fridge and their sad brief existence in the darkness interrupted occasionally by the bright light. When the doors open and that's never a good situation if you're. Then again worse than being eaten is being forgotten by the humans and left to go mouldy and rotten. They're all bunched together on the top shelf or the people can't see. And they include the brussel sprouts plan our narrator a baby carrot named Jack relates the tale of woe informing us that one of the most recent eatings took most of the bacon family and now only Charles P. Bacon has left. I laughed reading the story and told CAGE TO KEEP GOING. He nodded and leaned back gazing off to the middle distance. When I came back later he was done and it was amazing.

[01:06:53] The fringe I am a vegetable know literally I'm a carrot.

[01:07:03] My name is Jack Crunchie and I'm in a bag stuffed with all the other carrots our bag is redneck's right in front of the almond milk which is covering the real and very spoiled milk behind her on the right. Looking into the fridge or the broccoli Brussels sprouts and easy makes it. We're hugged right up against the left side of the bridge on the lowest shelf in this vast and dark fridge once or twice a day. One of the humans comes along and pries open the door. The fridge or prison is flooded with a bright light. Briefly before the darkness resumes and some of us are missing. Getting in is one of the daily sorrows in the fridge. There are only two alternatives being eaten by humans and that's getting thrown out or becoming a forgotten leftover and to die of the mold. After a long life the current forgotten leftovers are mad cow Winckel the milk and the the Brussels sprout can next to us and milk

the dead rat in the back top of the fridge. One of the most recent eatings took most of the bacon family and now only crispy bacon has left

[01:08:21] Crispy bacon.

[01:08:27] It's about 3 o'clock. We know because the clock outside goes off every hour. My friend Steve whispered to me actually more like telepathically he communicated softly to me. That's how we communicate only less intelligent beings can actually hear us. What do you think is going to go. It's almost snacktime I replied. The cheese I get paired with the crackers of the pantry the grape salad apples salsa and chips or broccoli and ranch dressing and I didn't want to tell them I know how afraid he is of being eaten. Well we are but especially him and carrots.

[01:09:09] Thank you Peter and Dave.

[01:09:12] Next from Port Townsend please welcome. It's writer Rachel Kessler and her writer the wines from Blue Heron school to Lolli. So

[01:09:23] This is Lolli vines traveled as we know through traffic jams and crossed many waters to be with us tonight. She's come to us from this is a peninsula on a peninsula that's what I was told in Port Townsend and I imagine she found some inspiration there among all that water for her story seashell prison and the opening image she knit together from three different very strange images from a game called Dick's and came up with this sort of mysterious and wonderful opening. So enjoy this wild adventure of two Alia's imagination. We're going to journey to an under water underworld where sand dollars are currency and the FBI which is the fish. Federal Bureau of Investigation and the CIA. The crab Central Intelligence Agency. Run the game on Eel contrasts the most heavily guarded prison in the sea. So see if you can keep up with these punny wordplay in a land where literal pool sharks drink Sorley temples. Give it up for

[01:10:41] Seashell prison. Part 1 The Escape. There was a mass breakout at sea shell prison. A sea slug named Slughorn had broken out Slughorn shouted I'm free. He used bits of the sheet on his bed for a rope to get the high window. But first he used a bit of red sharp sea glass to bend the bars on his window. He said these things are so cheap they probably cut us one sand dollar when he lowered himself out. He found a rock to break the chains attached to him. After that he stole the keys to some of the other cells and locked Mr MCX crab a hermit crab who said no stopping us as well as Clemmie Pami a clam and Ellah an eel heart to the theft. They were headed for the Sandler bank. They are planning on stealing one thousand sandaas each and got them by sending a little meadow to set off the security alarm to distract everybody and slipped right in there pigs thwack on the safe with ellos tier seal tail and Mr. crab's claw the FBI the Federal Bureau of Investigation as well as the CIA Krabbe Central Intelligence Agency were after them.

[01:11:48] The head of the FBI said we will catch them. The last thing we do. Part 3 The Reef the 4 animals were headed for the reef a restaurant. When they arrived an. Imitation crab. But she would have preferred real crab but Mr MCX crab was with them. Mr McRobbie said are you trying to torment

me. Your ordered a retail Pami ordered a Shirley Temple Slughorn ordered Mixi lemonade. Then the playing pool. But luck with a pool shark. But luckily for them they won and got ten thousand dollars each. The game ended with the shark cursing loudly for the capture the heads shall ride on the back of a cruise ship and Ella kept guard for the police underwater. However it was spotted by the FBI. She a coral dart at her and put her in a cage. She tried to scream but says. Which of course nobody understood the shooter. The Dart said whatever he had her on the off the bottom of the raft so she had water. Once he caught the rest and loaded them onto his raft he took them to contrast the most heavily guarded prison in the sea.

[01:12:55] Thank you. And to lobby

[01:12:59] And to kick off the second comics portion of the evening please welcome wits writer David Leskie and his comics writer Beckett much more. And Josee Snavely of MacDonald International

[01:13:13] Eyes so I taught fiction writing in graphic novel form or comics at MacDonald Elementary. There were so many great comics from the fourth graders that I worked with but these two especially jumped out at me. First we have Beckett who is in Miss Oakley's fourth grade class. Beckett loves drawing and he tells me that for around the last five years he's been obsessed with drawing things especially random monsters and this is his first published comic.

[01:13:58] One evening on a clear crimes solved by super do so. There's been robbery done

[01:14:11] Again. Add to crime I'm not here.

[01:14:18] Yeah. You are. No

[01:14:21] More. It seems like all hope is lost when

[01:14:30] A crime solved by.

[01:14:38] Next we have Josie. Ms. Van der Mullin's fourth grade class. Many people have traveled in space but so far no kids. So to prepare for that challenge Josie uses comics to envision what a launch into space might be like.

[01:15:00] Today I'm going to space. Are you ready. I think so I packed my bags more like boxes. I packed a lot. Wow you're so cool says. Pant.

[01:15:13] It takes a lot of work.

[01:15:17] I'm leaving five four three two one Haley Haley. Hey hey we last off I fell asleep for a while.

[01:15:33] I woke up to my radio. Haley do you copy. Yes. I never knew how amazing it felt. Nice job. I yeah. I love my helmet and danced around. To be continued

[01:15:50] Thank you David. Back at the next please welcome again writer Ramon Ascough and his second two writers EDTA and get to it all about you and Bijoux Bolton a BFD elementary school

[01:16:08] Again. You did the alibied you wrote an entirely different piece than the one he's going to write than read tonight.

[01:16:16] He had put so much effort into this other piece and worked through most of the quarter to write it. And then on the last day I suddenly had a burst of inspiration. And in one single class session wrote an entire story that we then ended up publishing and it is just fantastic. It is about of all things Medusa's dating life

[01:16:40] That was Medusa's dating life. Yeah. So it's amazing. Everybody please hand them over some applause.

[01:16:50] One day muso's feeling lonely so she decided to set up an account on a dating website. After many months of searching she finally found a match. Mike by the comments said there's just no to find and kill when she read this. She was shocked and went back and forth with her thoughts. Yes. Because I don't have to feel lonely anymore but I have to. Of not giving away. No because he might like. As she thought she came up with an idea. Maybe I could get a facelift and a week to schedule an appointment at the hospital next day and date with my day. Well the point is she had to put on eye contact but not to have better eyesight but not in any of the staff at the hospital after the facelift.

[01:17:46] She spent the rest of her day perfumes dresses and all sorts of stuff.

[01:17:54] Even if I had to getting up early in the morning to put all the stuff on the next day they met up at a square books Starbucks to order a frappuccino and Chow. After a while they decide to go on a walk and my kept complimenting her on how nice she looked and smelled. It was a very windy day and the wind was from the facelift out of her pocket. And my one to get it but when he came back somebody was so. Big and looked down at the receipt and got up face just for the

[01:18:40] So for this presidency were mostly writing tall tales and Buescher certainly like conquered that territory. But Bijoux Bolton has so much imagination she could give half of it away her story. Her tall tale rather is about a hand simple right just a hand without a body. Who lives in Hamdania

[01:19:05] And has to kill a dragon. So I mean a dragon and you guys are subjectively amazing and I knew I needed her to share it with you all. So everybody please put her hands together.

[01:19:20] A boy named Jane who lived in a small town in Idaho is a healthy boy and crawled right away. He had one problem. He had no head. He had no legs. In fact he was only crawling here and he'd go outside and scream and run. One day a villager decided to get rid of him once and for all. So he stared Jim into a nearby trashcan down. Jim fell but when Jim hit the ground intervening plastic bags and soda cans. It smooths marble even though he had no eyes he could see known as well as

he looked around he saw many walls and a white marble floor. The room smelled of lavender and Rosemary down in one corner. There's a small open door just big enough for a hand behind the door was a long steel corridor at the end was a door engraved as he opened the door. And just like him the city had houses stores schools and even more just for him just for here. In the middle the city was a tower taller than anything on top of it it was a purple stone. He started to ask around where he was. He learned that this is handing him here. And then if he is new to the main tower he started for the tower. As he opened the door he saw rows and rows of files and him sitting there waiting for you said the hand and of your troubles and if you want to live your self back here. Next please welcome Witts Frieder Lutetia came and her writer Landon Dupuis from Katherine Blaine Kate's school

[01:20:56] Everyone. So Landon's Pomes stand out. And I mean in a good way. His poems observe wonder Have fun surprise and brief. I tell students to write from the heart and he embraces this and makes it look so easy. And we all know how hard it really is the poem Landen is about to read embodies his spirit thank you Landen for writing and sharing your poems. You inspire me and he will inspire you with this poem. Let's welcome Landon Dupuy

[01:21:43] My poems called courage courage safari asking to be your home page. Courage is asking for some new clothes. Courage is a dog not barking at a cat. Courage is sending a love. No courage is doing extra credit. Everyone has courage. Courage is seen as song in public. Courage is drawing a picture. Courage is proposing to a spouse. Courage is asking for more courage is taking less courage is a credit card. Courage is not eating fresh caramel. Courage is the group glue that holds a bridge together. Herge's love courage is pride courage is emotion courage is a movie date. Courage is everything you are courage

[01:22:35] Thank you so much. TCN Landin. And

[01:22:39] To wrap things up this evening. Please give a warm final welcome to Witts Frieder Kathleen Flanagan and her writers Thomas Taylor and Delie award Smith a village elementary

[01:22:51] Encourages reading last.

[01:22:56] Thank you all for being here trip is a fifth grader and new to you Ridge Elementary this year. I'd categorize him as a good natured skeptic before our first poetry lesson in Mrs. Carlson's classroom a few weeks in. I remember he stayed inside recess to work on a poem. Mission accomplished. This poem Arundel Castle is inspired by a picture postcard. Many students over the years have written about this English castle on a grassy hill. The trip is the first one to wander its halls and wonder about the shadows painted with cannon dust is the first one to consider his own obligation to history.

[01:23:43] I'm proud to introduce Tripp Taylor Arundel Castle.

[01:23:52] This castle seems strange. The walls have no soldiers like the bare mossy trees with no leaves. The shadows may be painted with can and us the texture should be hard with no escape. But

now it's Bajarin and worn. I wander through the ghostlike halls hoping to find someone but no one is there. What happened. I don't know is there anyone here or drafted defend the castle. All known

[01:24:32] I've gotten to work with Delia in fourth and fifth grade. I always noticed her there working away which happily looks a lot like daydreaming and I especially noticed her poems quiet simple but inventive and true in her poem winter. Delia was inspired by Richard Shelton poem that repeats its ideas and scrambles them. Delia two slightly alters her snowy scene between the first and second stanza to magnify the weird stillness and magic of being out in the snow. Her sensory description is so right that every time I read it I'm there I'm so happy to introduce Delia Ward Smith

[01:25:24] Winter Snow shoes by the backdoor. You are outside in the shiny of sugar like snow crisp icy smooth like dust. Surprising how it flows luckily like a bubble the dog barks but you don't notice you by the back door. The shiny sugar like snow outside smooth like dust crisp and icy outflows luckily like a bubble. Surprising how the dog barks but you don't notice

[01:25:58] Thank you. Kathleen Thomas and Dahlia. Wow that was incredible. Thank you all so much. Let's have one more hand for all the writers today.

[01:26:13] This podcast was presented by The Seattle Public Library and Foundation and made possible by your contributions to The Seattle Public Library Foundation. Thanks for listening.