



# Snow Window

**Aspen  
Balkman  
age 10**

Laurelhurst  
Elementary School  
FOURTH GRADE

From the window, I see tall mountains.  
The moon and sun bows down  
to the mountains, causing a jagged line  
separating sun and shade.

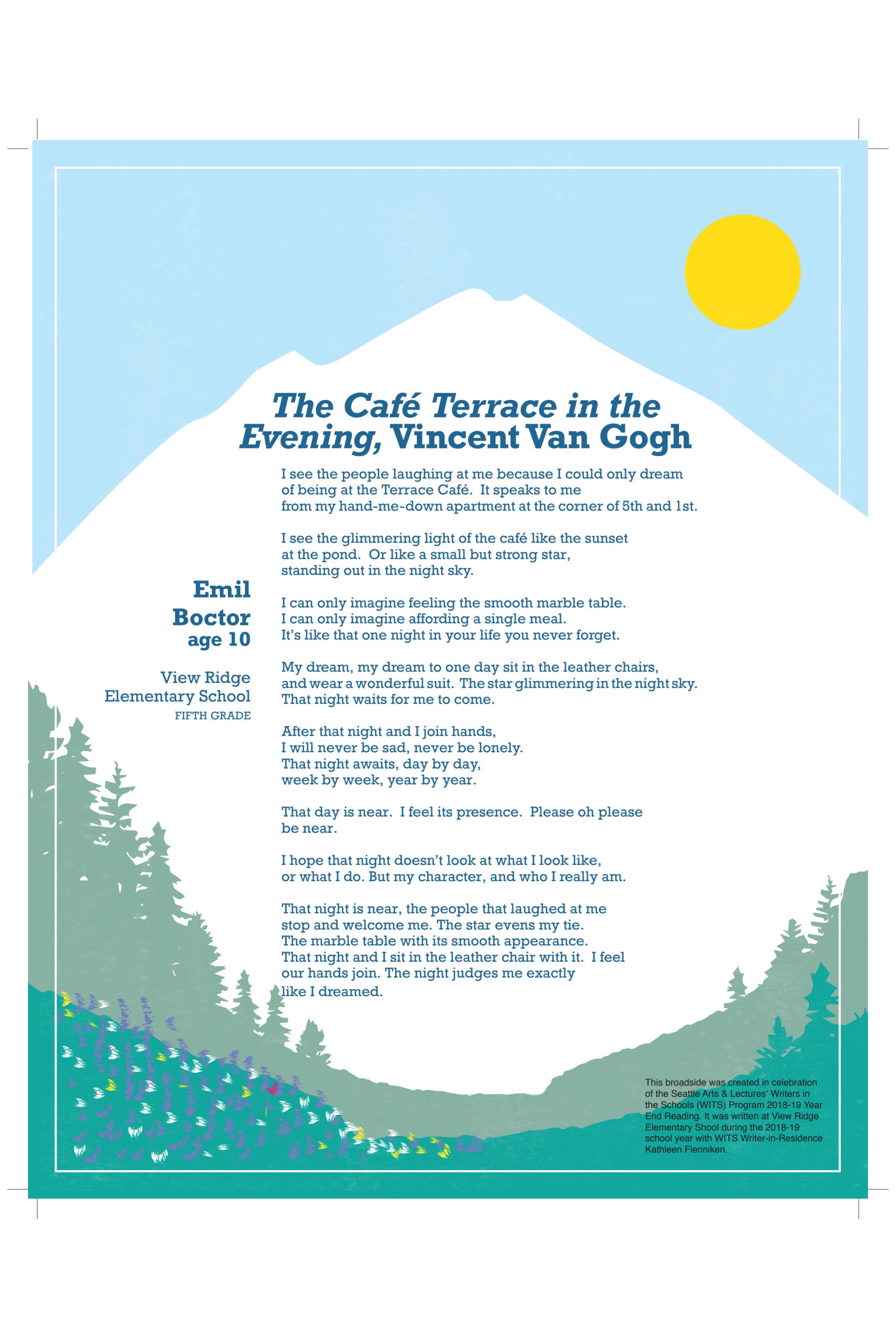
It looks peaceful to be  
a thick snowflake  
like a dancing wisp  
of cotton candy.  
A clear blue sky makes  
it hard to see  
it is pouring flakes.

Dancing in the wind,  
Some land in the patio hot tub.  
Some land on snow beds.  
I have already landed in a soft arm chair.

Invisible to the human eye,  
The snowflakes are dancing ballet,  
to the humming and rushing of the wind.  
To the swaying mountains.

But who knows?  
Perhaps they are watching me.  
Watching me through the tall, foggy window.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Laurelhurst Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Samar Abulhassan.



## ***The Café Terrace in the Evening, Vincent Van Gogh***

I see the people laughing at me because I could only dream of being at the Terrace Café. It speaks to me from my hand-me-down apartment at the corner of 5th and 1st.

I see the glimmering light of the café like the sunset at the pond. Or like a small but strong star, standing out in the night sky.

I can only imagine feeling the smooth marble table. I can only imagine affording a single meal. It's like that one night in your life you never forget.

My dream, my dream to one day sit in the leather chairs, and wear a wonderful suit. The star glimmering in the night sky. That night waits for me to come.

After that night and I join hands, I will never be sad, never be lonely. That night awaits, day by day, week by week, year by year.

That day is near. I feel its presence. Please oh please be near.

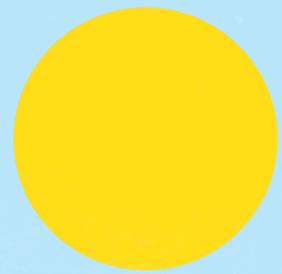
I hope that night doesn't look at what I look like, or what I do. But my character, and who I really am.

That night is near, the people that laughed at me stop and welcome me. The star evens my tie. The marble table with its smooth appearance. That night and I sit in the leather chair with it. I feel our hands join. The night judges me exactly like I dreamed.

**Emil  
Boctor  
age 10**

View Ridge  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at View Ridge Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Kathleen Flenniken.



# Fall

**Carmen  
Bradley**  
age 13

TOPS K-8 School  
SEVENTH GRADE

I wanted to win. I wanted to see him fall from the board down, down, down to the dark water. I wanted to win. Time after time it's me falling, time after time I'm coming up the ladder and back onto the diving board to face him. I want to win, to push him off just once to see him fall just once, the determination flowing through me, but each time it's me falling, plummeting like a rock, down, down, down to the cool water. Each time I hit the water it explodes like a firework. As climb up, I see my brother's face, smug face, taunting me, making want to see him fall even more, to feel one victory against him, to wipe that smug look off his face, and again I am filled with determination. Again, and again I face him just to be pushed off as I were nothing, getting submerged into the water again and again. A pattern that goes on forever, a repeating piece of time, and I am waiting for just one hopeful change in it. My brother's dirty blond hair still dry and shining in the sun's light, a sign of not being touched by the water, while I'm standing there soaked and dripping from the lake water, just once I want him to fall in to the dark blue water and I wait for it to happen but for now it is me falling and falling and clawing my way back up, waiting for that one hopeful moment that the pattern changes, for the deer to win, not the lion, just once. For him to fall down, down, down to the dark lake water. To feel one victory against him.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at TOPS K-8 School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Alex Madison.



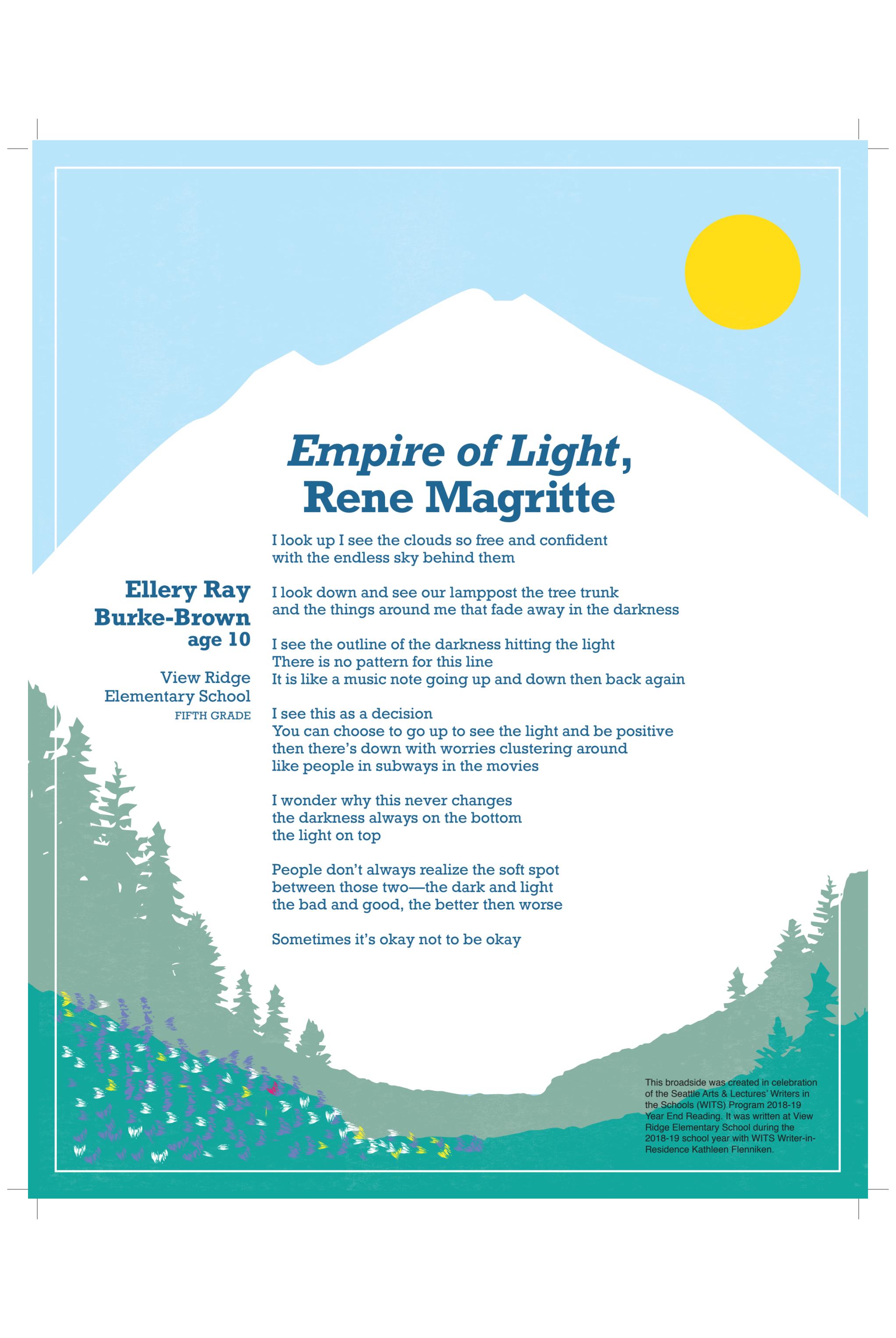
# How the Rainforest Feels to the Tiger

**Lucia  
Brainerd**  
age 8

B.F. Day  
Elementary School  
THIRD GRADE

Like swimming in a hot tub full of heaters.  
Like living with your best friend.  
They always say, "How does the rainforest feel to the tiger?"  
Like a fierce elephant dashing through.  
Like a small cute girl.  
Like a tropical island you own.  
Like walking through a pile of very comfortable mud.  
Like hugging a newborn puppy.  
Like singing the best song.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at B.F. Day Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Samar Abulhassan.



# *Empire of Light,* Rene Magritte

I look up I see the clouds so free and confident  
with the endless sky behind them

**Ellery Ray**  
**Burke-Brown**  
age 10

View Ridge  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

I look down and see our lamppost the tree trunk  
and the things around me that fade away in the darkness

I see the outline of the darkness hitting the light  
There is no pattern for this line  
It is like a music note going up and down then back again

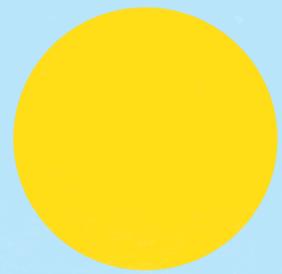
I see this as a decision  
You can choose to go up to see the light and be positive  
then there's down with worries clustering around  
like people in subways in the movies

I wonder why this never changes  
the darkness always on the bottom  
the light on top

People don't always realize the soft spot  
between those two—the dark and light  
the bad and good, the better then worse

Sometimes it's okay not to be okay

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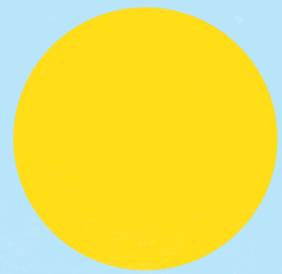
# I Remember...

**Julian  
Alexander  
Camba**  
age 10

Licton Springs  
K-8 School  
FIFTH GRADE

A brown tree and its rough bark  
a boar with big tusks shifting through leaves  
my grandma strolling me through a park  
Singapore, and how it had so many trees  
When I wake up, when it's still dark  
The bitterness of sour candy  
My grandma buying me sweets  
my grandma's room, it was dandy  
my house and the streets  
Singapore's beach—its warm sand,  
the waves come in and out  
getting me so sandy.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Licton Springs K-8 School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Sara Brickman.



# Mi Corazón

Mi corazón suena como millones de personas aplaudiendo.

Mi corazón está lleno de felicidad para mi mundo.

Mi corazón siempre está dispuesto a ayudar con cosas difíciles.

Mi corazón neccesita alegría y cariño.

Este es mi corazón.

**Cameron  
Clark**

Puesta del Sol  
Elementary School  
FOURTH GRADE

# My Heart

My heart sounds like millions of people applauding.

My heart is full of happiness for my world.

My heart is always ready to help with difficult things.

My heart meets joy and affection.

This is my heart.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Puesta del Sol Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Evelin Garcia.



# Ode to Pitbulls

**Jo Jo  
Contreras  
age 11**

Cascade K-8  
Community School  
SIXTH GRADE

Given a bad name  
Sweet as honeydew melon  
So violent everyone says not even in the top five  
Gone through more than imaginable  
Pity the pitbull  
Lonely star in the night sky  
Everywhere I look there are pitbulls chained and muzzled  
But what about the others  
Abused like the trees we tear down  
Left alone in the woods  
No one cares  
Help the pitbulls  
Save the pitbulls  
Give them love  
Give them warmth  
Used to take care of kids now diluted to dying in adoption centers  
Everyone feels different about these beautiful dogs  
They are like the fries at the bottom of the bag  
Help the pitbulls  
Save the pitbulls

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Cascade K-8 Community School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Sara Brickman.



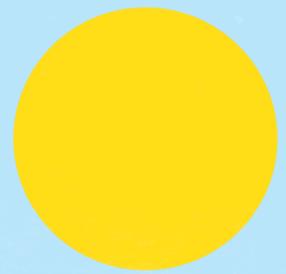
# The Frog

**Teagan E.  
Dale**  
age 9

B.F. Day  
Elementary  
THIRD GRADE

You jump so high in the sky  
How do you do it?  
Your leap is so quick you can't see it  
coming up on you,  
so how do you do it?  
So quick, so agile, just one jump  
And you're off  
into the sky  
And you are gone like an airplane  
or a hang glider jumping  
from a mountain  
or a shadow in the dark!

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at B.F. Day Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Samar Abulhassan.



# My Island Tree

**Margaret  
Dawson  
age 13**

McClure Middle  
School  
SEVENTH GRADE

It used to be  
A place of comfort  
Of freedom  
Of joy  
Then it changed  
Into  
A place of worry  
Of dread  
Of anxiety  
How can something so innocent  
Lead to changing the way I  
Think  
Feel  
Act  
This beautiful place  
Now hold secrets  
And scars

I could  
Climb  
Then leap  
Swinging into the cool, crisp water  
I could  
Dance  
And sing  
It was all so carefree  
The sunset  
Cold water  
Mountains  
Sand  
And tree

Were happy  
Wonderful memories  
That I cherished  
And still do  
Then  
It happened  
It changed things  
I fear going back  
I fear that it will be different  
Changed

I can't continue  
Like this  
I can't let the bad things  
Define me  
Or change me  
I need to embrace it  
Learn from it  
Keep the lessons with the  
memories  
Keep this place as my own  
It is mine  
It is me  
It is special  
And I intend  
To keep it that way.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at McClure Middle School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Jay Thompson.



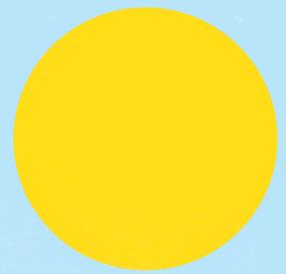
# Homeless Man

**Dre'Shaun  
Harding  
age 11**

Leschi  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

Homeless man, homeless man, homeless I am  
I live on the streets I live like an ant  
you walk past me all day don't even give a cent  
you always say go get a job I only live in a tent  
I'm begging you I'm begging don't have no money  
it's dark now it's dark now and you still walk you pass  
and don't even say hi and then you walk away  
and don't even say bye I cry I cry  
I didn't ask for this life and you still walk by  
and it feels like a knife  
come on come on you give I'll give back  
I'm just a homeless man I didn't ask  
for this life please homeless man that's me I am  
and you judge me what did you do  
I'm just like you

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Leschi Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Jeanine Walker.



# The Tide

**Violet  
Hilgenberg**  
age 10

Lafayette  
Elementary School  
FOURTH GRADE

Calmly drifting across the wooden shape of  
a log and the curved shapes of the rocks  
below. Silent for many, many moments, but

THE TIDE  
never stops for  
ever. Leaping  
turning, twist  
ing about, crashing,  
and then, it  
stops, back to  
the calm...  
but not for long.

This broadside was created in celebration  
of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in  
the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year  
End Reading. It was written at Lafayette  
Elementary School during the 2018-19  
school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence  
Karen Finneyrock.



# Doctor's Appointment

## {An Excerpt}

**Nabila  
Idris  
age 14**

**TOPS  
K-8 School  
EIGHTH GRADE**

Doctor's appointment. Anxiety won't beat me. If it does, I won't tell a soul. Syringe. Long silver, chrome, piercing needle at its front. It doesn't hurt, but the feeling is something else. My mind is stable. I'm stable.

He asks to raise my sleeve, a cotton ball drenched in a solution, and...the syringe in his other hand.

The cotton ball. A bunny's tail, swabs my arm. The feeling of drinking icy water after eating a mint.

This part. I feel it. It's going to happen. He reels in my arm towards him. Right hand, syringe, filled with a clear liquid, closer and closer. Long, chrome, silver, piercing needle at its front. He asks me if I'm ready. I lie.

Eyes widen, heartbeat skipped, staring at the floor. The needle. It's in me. My nerves yelling. My mind goes purple. Bruising is what I think of – how patchy the color gets. Bruising is what it feels like. Purple with black, grey, blue. Blue? Blue. I feel it.

His forearm starts to slowly push the liquid into me. It stings. The container starts to lose the liquid by the millisecond. I feel the minor movements his hand makes, pumping it into me.

I feel it. My legs are tense, they're shaking. My leg's mind goes purple.

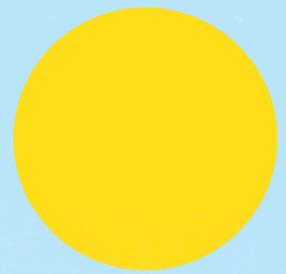
The needle. I start to see more of the needle. It's coming out. I feel it. I feel my eyes crawling out of my sockets. I feel it, losing a part of me. I feel my mind being stifled. This feels like losing your one and only, but suppressed into one tool, a weapon that makes you lose your sanity.

Eerie vibes. My knuckles going white. I'm not even breathing. My heart rate would be off the monitor. He asks if I'm okay. He tells me to breathe deeply but without thinking, I shake my head.

Bruises. Purple, that patchy purple bruise. That purple emits from my arm. I see everything in the room rotating like I'm –

Hospital bed. Hospital bed? My arm. Band-Aid. I'm confused. Wait, what happened. I rip off the Band-Aid and what I see is a red-purple dot.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at TOPS K-8 School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Alex Madison.



# How Owls Feel to Night

**Emma  
Kelley**  
age 11

Alki  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

the night  
breeze  
feels  
like a  
wolf  
huffing  
on  
us Owls

like a  
coyote's  
silent howl  
to us  
Owls

seeing  
what  
we see  
with  
our night  
eyes

let's say  
the  
night  
is like  
day  
and we're  
happy  
as  
a rabbit  
walking

as smart  
as an

octopus  
or as slow  
as  
a  
snail

or  
as wide  
as  
a window  
or  
smooth  
as  
a  
rock

As we  
say  
the night  
is  
fine  
to  
us Owls

we try  
not  
to brag  
but  
we're sharp  
as a  
shark tooth  
or as  
free as  
an eagle  
or

dull  
as a  
rabbit

or as  
funny  
as your  
worst  
nightmare  
but we're  
sweet  
as cookies.

We're  
blind  
as a snake

but  
little  
child  
child  
we'll tell  
you more  
but the  
night breeze  
does not  
mind us  
as little  
child  
we  
have  
you in  
our wings.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Alki Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Jeanine Walker.



# Freedom Feeling

Soaring through the sky  
feeling free like you can do anything!  
You can travel places.  
You can do this.  
You can make things happen.

When I hear the word “free”  
I picture you soaring through the air,  
free, nothing holding you down.

Faith and hope help me feel free.  
And love. And blessings.  
Everyone who loves you for who you are.  
My family. Jesus.  
This is my list of things that help me to feel free,  
to know that I can do this.

**Audrey  
Lefono  
age 10**

Seattle  
Children’s

If someone was feeling not free,  
I would tell them to not lose hope  
and not lose faith. If they fall down,  
to get up again and just keep trying.  
Because one day they’ll meet that goal.

The color of my free is gold,  
real and super shiny gold.

The sound of my free is birds chirping,  
singing a perfect little melody on a tree branch.

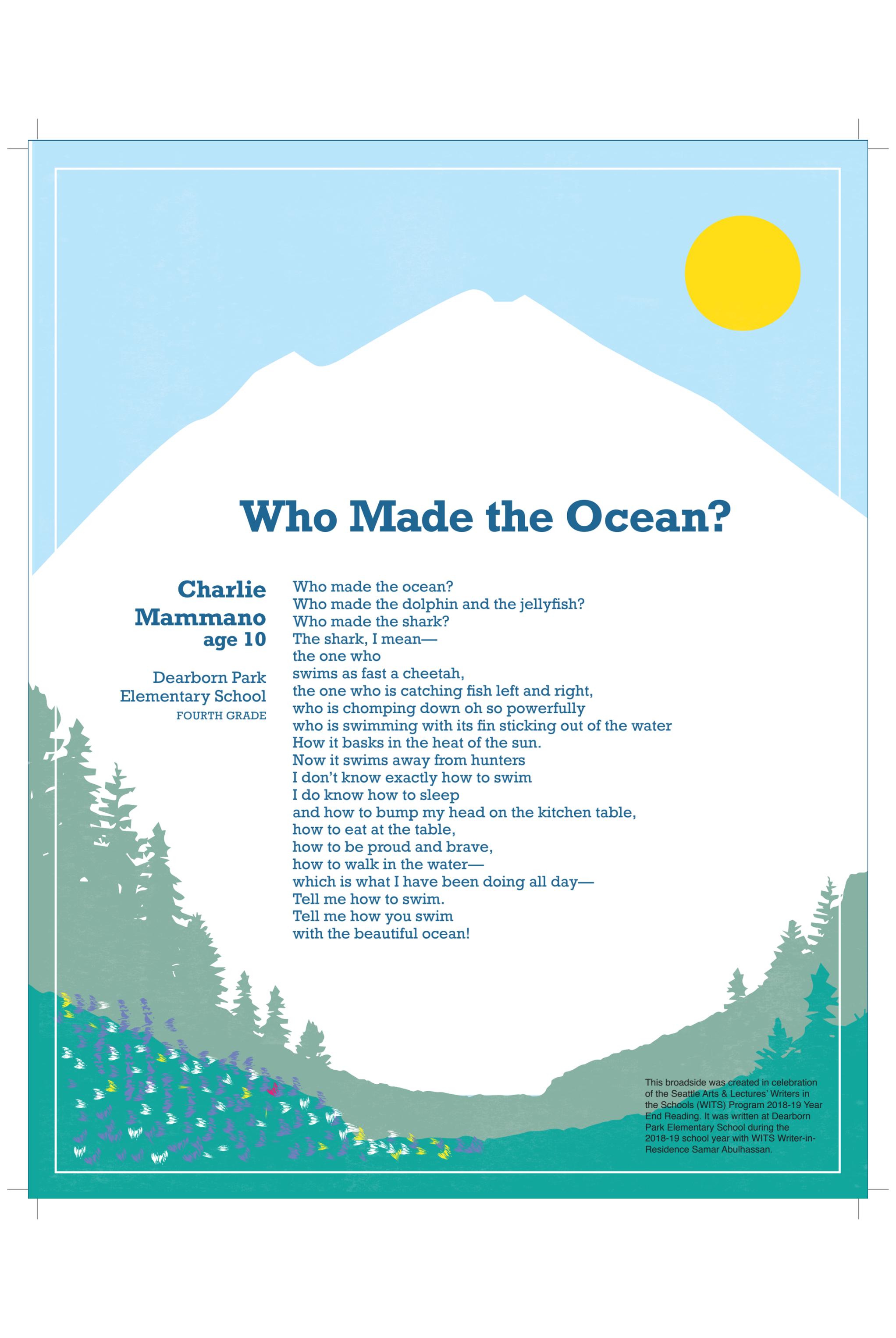
The taste of my free is sweet and juicy,  
the sweetness of a piece of candy,  
the juiciness of a fruit.

The smell of my free is the caramel  
you smell in the air at the coffee bar.

The texture of my free would be soft  
and cuddly, like a blanket, or teddy, or a cloud.

The movement of my free would softly drift like a cloud.  
I imagine myself in a car heading home,  
with the clouds and everything drifting away,  
but in a soft way, if you just think of it in a calm way,  
feeling free.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures’ Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Seattle Children’s during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Sierra Nelson.



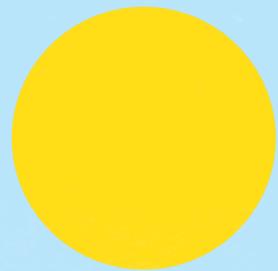
# Who Made the Ocean?

**Charlie  
Mammano**  
age 10

Dearborn Park  
Elementary School  
FOURTH GRADE

Who made the ocean?  
Who made the dolphin and the jellyfish?  
Who made the shark?  
The shark, I mean—  
the one who  
swims as fast a cheetah,  
the one who is catching fish left and right,  
who is chomping down oh so powerfully  
who is swimming with its fin sticking out of the water  
How it basks in the heat of the sun.  
Now it swims away from hunters  
I don't know exactly how to swim  
I do know how to sleep  
and how to bump my head on the kitchen table,  
how to eat at the table,  
how to be proud and brave,  
how to walk in the water—  
which is what I have been doing all day—  
Tell me how to swim.  
Tell me how you swim  
with the beautiful ocean!

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Dearborn Park Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Samar Abulhassan.



# Mis Deseos

**Rey Manjarrez**  
age 10

Seattle  
Children's  
FIFTH GRADE

Deseo que tuviese mi corazón nuevo y poder salir del hospital.  
Me gustaría que todos mis amigos no estuviesen enfermos o lastimados o intimidado o golpeados.  
Desearía no tener lo que tengo ahorita mismo.  
Desearía que los animals no fueran lastimados.  
Me gustería que nadie cometiera crímenes o asaltos o robos.  
Deseo que haya paz el mundo.

# My Wishes

I wish I had my new heart and could leave the hospital.  
I wish all my friends would not be sick or hurt or bullied or punched.  
I wish I didn't have what I have right now.  
I wish no animals would get hurt.  
I wish no one would do crimes or heists or robberies.  
I wish for peace in the world.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Seattle Children's during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Ann Teplick.



# Home at Last

**Nayeli  
Pagès-Matrajt  
age 10**

Laurelhurst  
Elementary School  
FOURTH GRADE

On this oh so very cold night,  
when spirits fly over the pearly white snow  
when the light of the moon is glistening down  
when the snowflakes fall so silently  
and the clock strikes 12 so peacefully,  
the majestic stork flies over the seas.  
He flew from Paris,  
over France,  
and now he flies over the deep blue sea,  
carrying a tiny bag in his beak  
oh so very carefully.  
For in that bag, a baby girl sleeps.  
He flies so majestically over the sea,  
over America,  
across the states,  
as the great clock strikes an hour past 12,  
and to a little house  
that stands apart from the others,  
the stork sweeps down,  
and as quick as a flash  
a little baby is draped in light.  
Fifteen minutes past the mark  
the door opens revealing a house,  
and this little baby is home at last,  
on January 10, 2009.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Laurelhurst Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Samar Abulhassan.



# Little Frog

**Nadya  
Peterson**  
age 11

Lafayette  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

As soon as you say this word  
you hear the tiniest of ribbits  
little frog

A green thing small and dark,  
quick as a flash it slips under  
large lily pads its legs disappear  
beneath its fat belly

little frog

Whenever you say this word a  
princess kisses its slimy lips  
back legs kicking it jumps into the  
pool—little frog—through the glassy  
water a summer sun reflected off  
its slimy skin

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Lafayette Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Karen Finneyrock.



# Shadows of the Night

**Claire  
Porter**  
age 12

Blue Heron  
School  
SIXTH GRADE

The night  
black, endless  
a substance so thick  
the sun goes to sleep.  
The shadows hold mysteries,  
tastes and sounds  
never seen or heard before.  
Verses intertwining in dreams around trees in and  
on the oceans  
shifting like sand  
in an hourglass.

The dark is tangible  
like honey  
seeping through  
glass, stone, water  
bitter black  
sweet and slow  
as wisps of clouds  
get heavy with sleep  
the darkness comes  
to play and leap  
in fields frost laden.

These shadows kindle, reignite  
each night they rise  
from oceans, forests, and fields  
they are the lengthening shadows  
the force that hides all others  
the black that plays with might  
the darkness of the night.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Blue Heron School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Samar Abulhassan.



# Ode to Polar Bears

**Yenmaya  
Rubenstein**  
age 9

Blue Heron  
School  
FOURTH GRADE

A white bear of snow and ice.  
A shard broken off a glacier.

A strong warrior ready for battle.  
A mountain of teeth, fur and claw

soft like a cotton sock  
on a snowy winter day

Rough like a strip  
of leather dried in the sun

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Salish Coast Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Matt Nierow.



# Heart Break

The heart breaks  
and the girl cries  
for an eternity  
everlasting.

**Azhar Samatar**  
age 10

Alki  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

The heart breaks  
and a horse jumps, running  
from its own sadness.

The heart breaks  
and a million lives are ruined  
into darkness.

The heart breaks and the sun  
of the Amazon turns  
into the icy moon  
for the end of time.

The hearts break, breaking  
apart the earth out  
of existence

The heart breaks and  
a girl smiles, ready  
to take on the world.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Alki Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Jeanine Walker.



# One Life and One Accident, Your Dream is Over

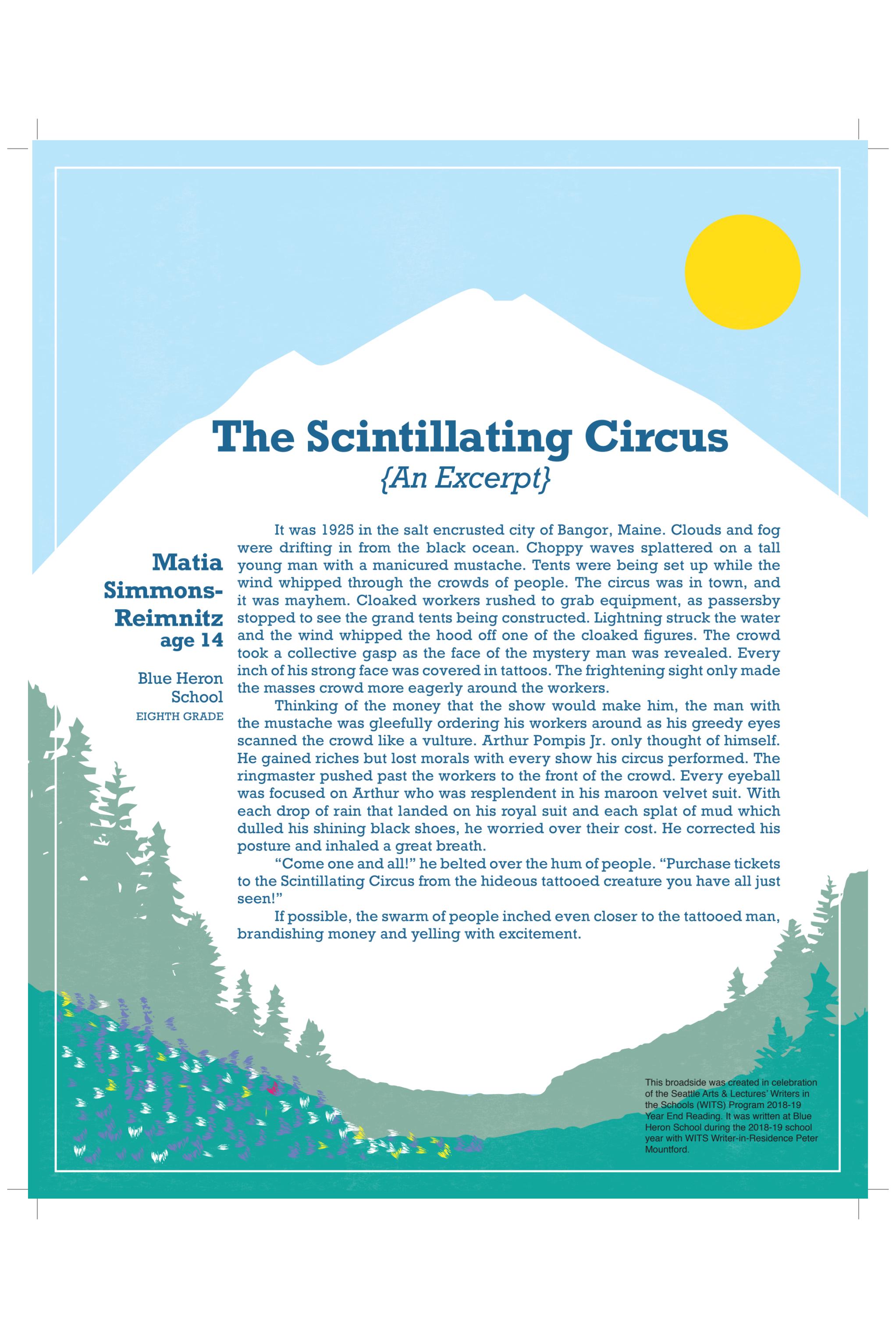
**Omar  
Shamdeen  
age 14**

Seattle  
Children's  
EIGHTH GRADE

There are people who are blind  
Or in wheelchairs,  
And some people don't have hands or legs.  
They have their own dreams.  
They want to be baseball players or actors, and more.  
But just because of one act that happened—one accident—  
Their dream was killed.  
My dream is to be a boxer and an actor.  
But what's happening now can affect my dream,  
Because you never know what tomorrow will be like.  
The world is a test

And you should be  
Thankful.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Seattle Children's during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Ann Teplick.



# The Scintillating Circus

*{An Excerpt}*

**Matia  
Simmons-  
Reimnitz**  
age 14

Blue Heron  
School  
EIGHTH GRADE

It was 1925 in the salt encrusted city of Bangor, Maine. Clouds and fog were drifting in from the black ocean. Choppy waves splattered on a tall young man with a manicured mustache. Tents were being set up while the wind whipped through the crowds of people. The circus was in town, and it was mayhem. Cloaked workers rushed to grab equipment, as passersby stopped to see the grand tents being constructed. Lightning struck the water and the wind whipped the hood off one of the cloaked figures. The crowd took a collective gasp as the face of the mystery man was revealed. Every inch of his strong face was covered in tattoos. The frightening sight only made the masses crowd more eagerly around the workers.

Thinking of the money that the show would make him, the man with the mustache was gleefully ordering his workers around as his greedy eyes scanned the crowd like a vulture. Arthur Pompis Jr. only thought of himself. He gained riches but lost morals with every show his circus performed. The ringmaster pushed past the workers to the front of the crowd. Every eyeball was focused on Arthur who was resplendent in his maroon velvet suit. With each drop of rain that landed on his royal suit and each splat of mud which dulled his shining black shoes, he worried over their cost. He corrected his posture and inhaled a great breath.

“Come one and all!” he belted over the hum of people. “Purchase tickets to the Scintillating Circus from the hideous tattooed creature you have all just seen!”

If possible, the swarm of people inched even closer to the tattooed man, brandishing money and yelling with excitement.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Blue Heron School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Peter Mountford.



# I Am

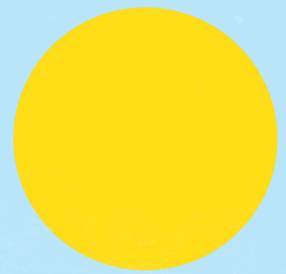
**Alex Sims**  
age 7

Licton Springs  
K-8 School  
FIRST GRADE

I am a star floating in the sky.  
I am a ballerina dancing in the moonlight.  
I am a moon sparkling in the starlight.  
I am a dream about roses dancing in the rain.  
I stand in good relation to me and my mom because I am alive. I am alive.

*after N. Scott Momaday*

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Licton Springs K-8 School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Karen Finneyrock.



# The Wind

**JoJo  
Vuckel**  
age 11

Salish Coast  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

The wind is a wolf howling at a full moon  
it thrashes trees  
it blows away the power

The wind can be a gentle breeze along the sandy shore  
it throws back the waves of a soft, rippled ocean  
it moves swiftly through my hair

The wind can make up a tornado  
it clusters the sand that tickles my feet  
it zooms through the world like a bunny

The wind is an invisible road  
it can be an echo in a large cave  
it carries me as I fall

The ghost flew in the cold wind  
its majestic sound in my ear  
it pushes the windmill

The wind is the air I breathe in

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Salish Coast Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Rachel Kessler.



# Blessing for Kaki

**Lusa Wilder**  
age 10

Leschi  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

When the gentle sunshine  
comes spiraling down,  
may you cook up warm food so  
a sweet aroma fills the house.

May you always remind me  
of how much you love me.

May you always walk me  
to Tortilla café and order me  
papas and platanos.

May you support me  
when I'm stressed  
and reassure when  
I need reassuring.

May we walk hand in hand as  
you point at all the cute little  
shops as I smile and nod,  
while the cool breeze warms my  
cheek, leaving it pinker than before.

May you sit with me as  
you draw wondrous things on  
paper and explain their magic  
to me.

May you always speak  
Spanish, not a word of English  
and have me understand  
and talk back to you.

Spanish is like  
fire in my  
bones.

I hope you always remember  
that I will always be  
with you through  
good times and bad.

Blessing for you,  
Kaki.

Thank you.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Leschi Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Jeanine Walker.



# One Day in Italy

*{An Excerpt}*

**Hazel  
Windstorm**  
age 13

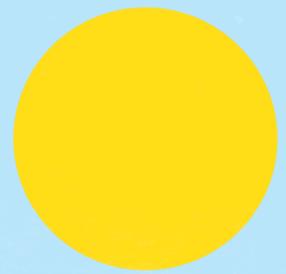
Blue Heron  
School  
SEVENTH GRADE

I was jolted from sleep by a shockingly bright light piercing through my eyelids. In the bed next to me Maeve sat up, looking startled.

“We have to meet Paolo in 30 minutes, so you guys should start getting up,” came Carol’s cheerful voice. She wasn’t greeted with a particularly articulate answer from either of us, but, in our defense, most people lose their grip on the finer points of the English language when woken so suddenly. We had time, barely, to gulp down a hurried bowl of yogurt before exiting the fourth floor through a series of locked doors. We charged down the stairs, white marble, and sprinted down the descending spiral to the huge green doors that were propped open. A hurried “ciao” to the doorman, Roberto, and we were out. We dashed down the cobblestones (puzzle pieces or interlocking teeth, I was never sure) along with the few students who didn’t want to find their way alone. Paolo, our driver, was waiting for us in his eight meter long, red and white bus. All 22 of us filed on, Rick and Carol in the front and Maeve and I just behind them. Thus began a several hour drive that would take us across the layered, coiling landscape of Italy.

First came the jerky exit from Rome, with the bus moving sulkily around the smaller, shorter cars, and sitting like an island as the hornet-like Vespas dodged around it. Then the gentle flatness as we sped through the sprawling farmland and toward the vague, pale purple hills in the distance. Having swept through these, we broke suddenly to the coast, the glassy water meeting the sloping, terraced olive groves far below us. We continued this way for a while, curving gently past the neatly stacked towns that perched precariously, their outermost edges spilling down to the water.

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# Alpaca

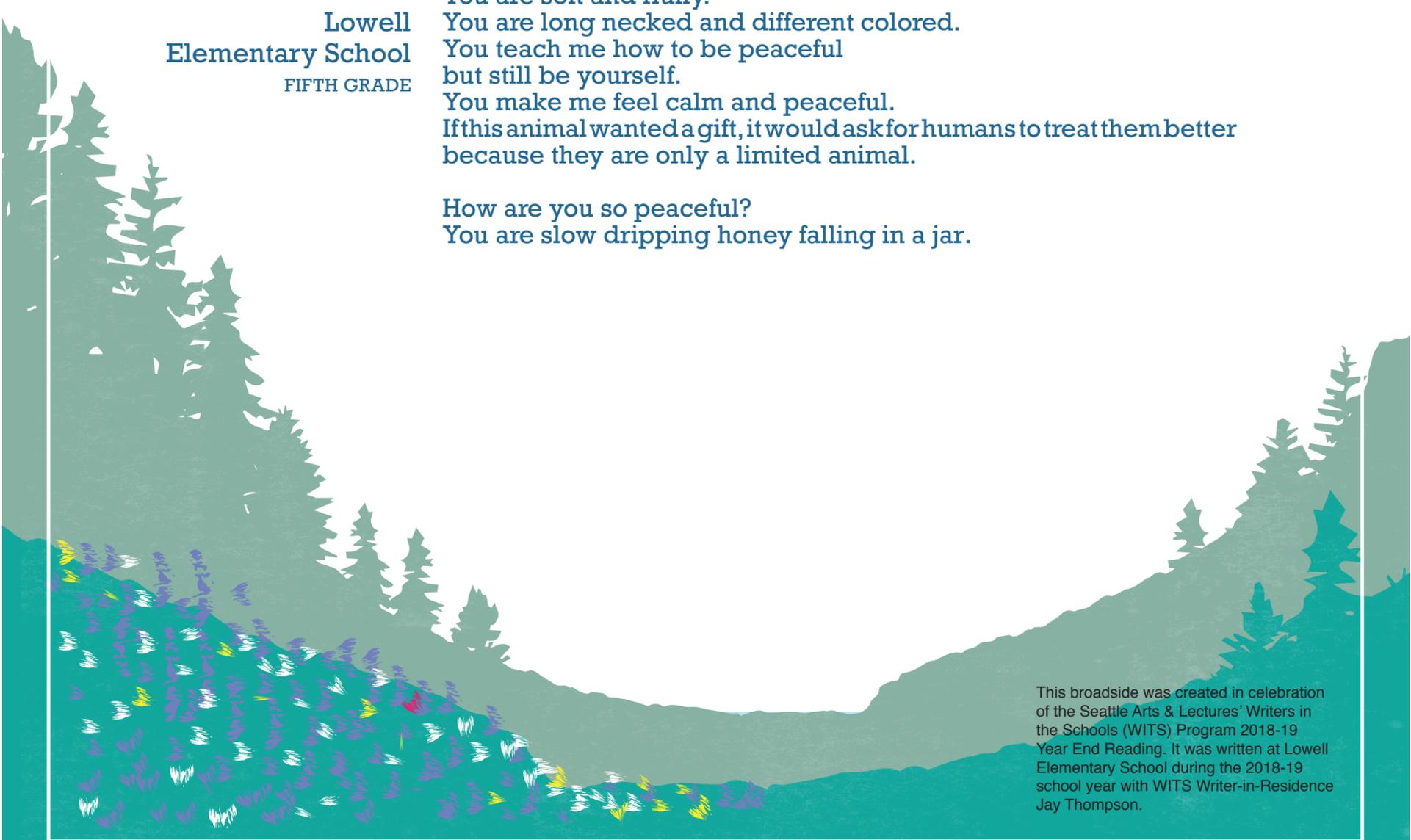
**Yu**  
**Zeng**  
**age 11**

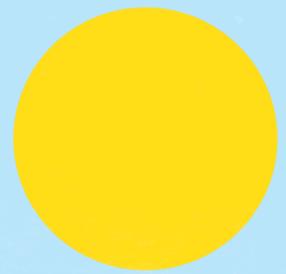
Lowell  
Elementary School  
FIFTH GRADE

You are an alpaca.  
You are found in a desert, mountain, or South America.  
You are like slow dripping honey falling in a jar.  
You are beige, burnt sienna.  
You are screeching like a flamingo.  
You are soft and fluffy.  
You are long necked and different colored.  
You teach me how to be peaceful  
but still be yourself.  
You make me feel calm and peaceful.  
If this animal wanted a gift, it would ask for humans to treat them better  
because they are only a limited animal.

How are you so peaceful?  
You are slow dripping honey falling in a jar.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Lowell Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Jay Thompson.





# Red Wolf

**ZhiHui Jody  
Zhang**  
age 10

Dearborn Park  
Elementary School  
FOURTH GRADE

A red wolf is a forest  
sly in the woods  
Hiding in the shadows  
waiting for food  
A red wolf is candy  
sweet as pie  
but hard as stone  
if you remember  
A wolf tried to take  
lion's throne!  
*that's right!*

A red wolf is a poet  
singing along  
in the night  
making the moon bright  
like a song  
A red wolf is a sword  
its fur shimmering  
in the sun  
but trying to purr  
*like a sword*

a red wolf is an element  
called the leaf  
but a red wolf stole  
florafox's element  
so the red wolves can breed.  
A red wolf is a heart  
beaming over the sky  
As if you can see  
red wolves are in a flight  
*Above us!*

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Dearborn Park Elementary School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Samar Abulhassan.