

Inspired by [Chasing Vermeer](#), these two fourth graders attempted to describe a scene with words an artist might “paint with.” Look over both stories, and then talk to a friend about where you see the best evidence of idea development and word choice in both these stories.



### Tram Ride

by Jessica, fourth grade writer

‘Tis the day my glistening old green Beetle was pilfered! I almost wanted to stay home rather than go to work, for if I didn’t, I would have to go on the tram. I paid my money to the driver.

The Southbridge tram is small and stench-ridden. The seats are brown and as rough as a cat’s tongue. The outside color is a sleek, rusty magenta with a stripe of faded turquoise.

I held on to the metallic and frigid pole and looked out of the tinted window. As I gazed, I could see a Welsh corgi dog. Its color was a smooth, brown, black, and white. It was chasing a rugged kitten. Or was it the other way around?

The next thing I witnessed out the window was a puny field mouse. The miniature mammal possessed a white body like the moon. It had black spots like a Dalmatian. The tiny animal was collecting crumbs of crackers.

Then an ear-piercing squeak hit me like an arrow shot from Robin Hood. Outside I observed a bird bigger than I had been when I was a pre-schooler. I could barely make it out. It-it was a vulture! It had a bald head, and its skin was pink. It had a stomach like a sphere, a cone-shaped beak, and a cylinder neck. The bird had white tail feathers and a black body. Its feet were a pale apricot color. It was swooping like an airplane that had lost a wing. It was after the defenseless mouse. I prayed for a miracle; then, it happened. The mouse dashed into the bush of prickles.

*EEEEK!* went the tram. *AHHH!* I cried as I almost hit the windshield! I was here at my work. That was the most exiting tram ride ever!



### Tram Square

by Austin, fourth grade writer

This afternoon, I am boarding the 2:45 tram to Fenway Park. I get on the empty and lifeless train within the underground-like fortress, which is North Station.

We are now in the dark tunnel, and you cannot see anything outside it. Then a few minutes later.... THE LIGHT!!!!!! I finally see cars: metallic black, environmental green, and mangled as if in a demolition derby. I see people with short flat hair, long wavy hair, and even blue and red hair! Everyone is just storming into the narrow doors. Oh, the chaos! People of all cultures--Italian, English, French, Dominican, and American--were all coming to the BIG Red Sox vs. Yankees game!

As I get off the train, I become part of the crowd, frantically looking for a place to mesh in. When I look back toward the train, I see a square drifting off into the streets of Boston. As I am full of joy and excitement, the train is empty and lifeless once again.