

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.