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Letters about Literature
Competition Level 1 6th grade
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Dear Robert Frost,

It was my fifth grade teacher who had introduced me to "Stopping by Woods on A Snowy Evening" for the first time. She read this poem to the whole class, and I listened and then continued on, not really taking in its true meaning. I am in sixth grade now, and I have been thinking back to that first meeting. I think I understand your words fully now.

Being in middle school is a lot different than being in elementary school. Teachers give you a lot more independence, and it ends up being a little chaotic. It's loud walking through the hallways. After school, the stampede of students pushing to get out is so hectic, that people get trampled. Maybe they don't, but you know what I mean. It can be very overwhelming.

It's nice to stop once in a while instead of being part of it all. I mean, I enjoy being part of things, but sometimes it is nice to just drown it out for a second and pause, to calm down and reflect instead of charging forward.

I have always been interested in nature journaling. I have my own sketchbook and sometimes I will sit out in the front yard and just observe the birds flitting through the spring trees and the waving grass and the light wind. I just watch, instead of moving about not seeing it. Sometimes you can't spot special things because you are too busy and can't stop for a second to savor the sounds and sights and even smells.

Not many people can just enjoy silence and peace, because they can't escape the hubbub of life. Your poem makes me calm in the midst of the crazy life that can run in circles around me; it allows me to hear the sweep of easy wind and downy flake. It is comforting to stay in these lovely, dark and deep nooks of thought hidden away in my mind. I can imagine sitting between the woods and frozen lake, just enjoying them as they fill up with snow. But I must continue on this road, this time more relaxed, because I have promises to keep, and many miles (and milestones to achieve in the world) to go before I sleep.

Sincerely,

Megan Pryor

