

Writing Workshop Pieces

2000-2001

New

by Alina Everett

Little green puffballs protrude
from velvety ground.
Large and small waterspouts
tumble
into soft lace lilies, rippling water
as the shoots splash down.
Set perfectly against
the blazing fire of
eternity,
a blossoming tree glows and
a small stucco cottage watches.
Twisting around the garden like a
golden snake,
the path for the gardener's
work weaves
among branch and bush, creating
a woven quilt of
Spring.

The Blue Flowerpot

by Kirsten Wiking

Color and light explosions
swirl and splatter warmth.
Bright orange, yellow, red
jump out at you.
Streaks and highlights
expose the flying beauty
of sunflower blossoms.
Long smooth strokes
stretch long shadows.
The sun spins a creamy
ball of fire.
Colorful dots create
my painting.

Daydream

Poem

by Bryce Drake

Flowers bloom, freshening
air with sweet smells.
Marigolds explode
colorfully.
Orange, yellow, and green flash,
brightening
the day with warmth.

Lazy Cat

by Kaitlin Crawford

A soft "meow" ...
a rolling "purr" ...
a lazy tabby drifts off to sleep.
Slowly, his whiskers begin to droop.
While his tail stops twitching,
he closes his eyes.
The cat's flexible body relaxes...
he has floated away into a
deep slumber.

Splatter

by Willy Smart

Chaos flowers dance in a tornado
of hues. Fiery confetti
encircles them.
Sparkling explosion blocks out
white clouds. Summer.
Loud, happy rainbows. Warm.

Texture

by Laura Reed

A garden full of
reds, greens, purples, yellows,
and blues is like a
rainbow after
misty rain.
Spring scents drift through
the air.
Cool, clear water trickles
into the peaceful brook
beneath a weeping
willow.
You could stay there
forever...
until it starts to
rain.

The Garden Painting

by Skye Fischer

The sun shines
with an explosion of warmth.
Streaking through shadows,
a colored canvas
glows with pride, while
a woman returns with paint and water
in her hand.
She smiles as she strokes on happy colors.
Then she walks away
from her masterpiece,
leaving the painting even
more proud.

Tanka

by Caitlin Patterson

Stars appear in night;
bright moon lights up darkness too.
Each try to outglow
others, no one succeeding...
shining on pitch-black backgrounds.

Crash, booming water.
Dangerous noises pervade.
Sea gulls flap above;
turtles and fish swim below.

by Katie McDaniel

An explosion of colors
spin, twirl, and shimmer
a celebration across the room.
Maroon, red, orange,
pink, and blue blossoms
splatter dots for
highlights and warmth.
Strokes and lines create
my picture.

Upcoming Spring

by Laurel Faurot

Fairy dust sprinkled on
purple fields;
survivors of the
sudden bonfire of
sunlight.
Sparkling flowers
escape
the blaze.
Violet against
magical flames:
wow!

Spring

by Bryce Drake

...is in the air:
fresh, crisp,
softly-blowing air flows through
hair in warm morning sun.
Cool, moist mud sits in the gravel road to
suck you in
on your way to the store.
Mud puddles: deep, and thick, and
fun to play in.

Dog's Day Out!

by Marshall Hoke

Slump around the corner.

Many oceans burst with waves.

Chilly Weather

by Anna Burica

Frost on the sill, white as a pearl;
old brown branches groan under
the weight of heavy snow.
Nippy air slices at ice-cold
skin. As clear blue water
forms smooth ice,
Winter draws near.

Mardi Gras
vivid, sonorous
devouring, partying, laughing
masks, parade, Palm Sunday, Ash Wednesday
preaching, rejoicing, waiting
Holy, sorrowful
Lent

by Kaitlin Crawford

Lightning!

by Marshall Hoke

Brilliant bolts
shatter the sky,
lighting up everything!
Thunder: side-kick booming!
Crash! Boom! Deafening roar!
Hot, bright rays,
touching down to earth.

HALLOWEEN

by Katie McDaniel

"Oh yeah," I said to my friend Katie A., "it's almost Halloween." Katie was over at my house, and we were carving various faces on pumpkins and jack-o-lanterns. When we were done carving, my mom put the pumpkin seeds on a pan and cooked them with salt.

Katie and I were determined to decide what we were going

up the back street,
down the alley:
"Bark, bark, bark!"
Chasing the flexible cat..
Darn. It went up a tree.
Bark ineptly.
Up the alley, lazily chasing a cricket,
down the backstreet awkwardly,
around the corner,
hang at the deli.
Beg, hover, beg.

Sweets
sticky, yummy
tasting, licking, loving
sugar, candy, goop, slime
eating, hating, spooning
thick, yucky
Yogurt

by Caitlin Patterson

The Back Way

by Laurel Faurot

I dragged my backpack
over the hill.
Walking to school,
I slouched, even though my mom said
not to.
When I finally made it, I
slumped into my seat,
like a storm clearing up.
My back felt
awkward, and
I was a lazy baboon.
At lunch hour I reached for
my thermos.
Help! My
inept self
forgot it!

Sound
soft, loud
hearing, listening, yelling
noise, drums, motion, color
dancing, painting, jumping

to be for Halloween. We'd been thinking about it all year, but we still didn't know what we were going to be.

A few minutes later, Katie had to go home. As she left, my mom was just taking the pumpkin seeds out of the oven. "I hope they cool fast," I said to myself.

So I went up to my room. Then it hit me: I wanted to be Pippi Longstocking. As I picked up the phone to call Katie, my mom yelled, "Katie, the pumpkin seeds are ready." I rushed downstairs to eat my tasty snack. They were delicious. After I ate my little bowl of pumpkin seeds, I walked upstairs into my room and called Katie. "Hi Katie, I think I know what I'm going to be for Halloween."

"Really," said Katie, "because on the way home, my mom said I should be a fifties girl."

"Oh that's a great idea, Katie! I'm going to be Pippi Longstocking," I said.

"Good idea," Katie replied. "I'll see you tonight for trick or treating."

Mask
colorful, feathery
disguising, glittering, shining
cover, paper mache, flesh, bone
smiling, frowning, laughing
normal, regular
face

by Laura Reed

The Night Shadow
by Kirsten Wiking

Only one moonbeam
streaks through
black sky. Shining
at an acute angle,
it makes all the frozen snow
glow bright. Maple trees
throw dark black shadows
on pearly snow. It
seems unreal.
I turn my gaze over to the
snowcapped mountains:
a peep of light
shines through. A

bright, beautiful
Sight

by Marshall Hoke

Enclosure
by Katie McDaniel

I'm trapped:
surrounded by stone dungeon walls
the color of a
thunder storm,
cracked and crumbled.
The old straw
that lies on the floor
smells like rotten eggs
and vinegar.
When I look up the towering figure
there is a crack --
bigger than the others --
just big enough
for a light to
stream down,
shining its light on little
specks of dust,
just making them
visible.

Beyond Reach
by Alina Everett

Just past shining silver
icicles with moonlight
filtering
through them, soft as
a kitten;
Just past the last
star as you count
them all,
is the place you'd
best like to be.
Just past a raindrop; some
soft, freezing snow; a
tree branch; a meadow; the
sun, burning hot; the sea;
a plain; a field of
wheat; the universe, big and vast;
beyond them all, is the place

new day has
come.

Brush
hard, stiff
scraping, smoothing, painting
watercolor, bristles, ink, paper
writing, drawing, sketching
ballpoint, pink
Pen

by Bryce Drake

Freddy Fish
by Willy Smart

This is the song of Freddy Fish,
who tried to hop to dry land.
He wasn't very successful,
'cause he only got to the sand.

All his other fish friends laughed
to see him attempt this feat.
They said he wasn't too smart.
They said he would turn into meat.

They said it was probably suicide,
but Freddy didn't care.
They kept on making fun of him,
but all Freddy did was glare.

Freddy's big day came at last.
He started it with a sigh.
He knew what must be done:
When he hopped out he would die.

The funeral was fast and short.
It was a ton of fun.
Everybody was laughing hard.
Freddy had vanished from under the sun.

Paper
plain, white
waiting, lying, sitting
pasty, ugly, masterpiece, canvas
blooming, shining, overflowing

you'd best like to be.

Getting There
by Katie McDaniel

As we finish dinner, my dad says, "Let's go in the hot tub."

"Yeah!" my brother and I yell as we go to grab our bathing suits. When we're done putting them on, my dad is out the door, in the freezing weather, going to open the hot tub lid. We look out the window, trying to see the turquoise light: our signal to come out.

"I see it!" I say, and my brother and I rush to the door.

As we open the door, the wind chills our bodies. We're going into PHASE ONE: Trying to Jump Over the Grate. If you touch it, the metal will feel like sticking your tongue to a frozen swingset pole (you know what I mean). Jump. Jump. We both make it.

PHASE TWO: The Slippery Ice. We start to walk, and my brother slips. Luckily, I catch him. He's all right. We struggle to walk on the hard, cold ice. Our toes are like little pink icicles.

PHASE THREE: Crossing the Crunchy, Cold Snow. Taking one step, your foot breaks through the crusty ice, going in ankle-deep. We make it across to VICTORY. Freedom in a 105-degree hot tub. Sticking one foot in feels like stepping on 100 needles, but then you get used to it and think, *I'd better enjoy this while I can, because I've got to do it all over on the way back ...*

Costumes
fun, beautiful
disguising, shimmering, sliding
slinky, fancy, stiff, horrible

watercolor, mural
Picture

by Katie McDaniel

Sun

by Anna Burica

Bright! Bright! Sun so bright:
Why don't you ever gleam at night?
Why do you exist at all?
Why are you just a burning glass ball?

Sun, oh sun, what do you see from up there?
So would you care, oh, would you share?
What do you view up in the sky?
Do you watch all the moons and stars go by?

Wait, don't go! I just want to know:
Have you observed any snow?
Do you ever sleep in that bright light?
Oh beautiful, dazzling sun, I miss you at night.

Bright! Bright! Sun so bright:
Why don't you ever gleam at night?
Why do you exist at all?
Why are you just a burning glass ball?

Party
fun, colorful
walking, dancing, eating
candy, masks, people, streets
writing, tipping, working
bored, tired
job

by Skye Fischer

Christmas
by Laurel Faurot

I jump out of bed;
it's 4:30.

boring, calming, regulating
colorless, immaculate
Uniforms

by Anna Burica

The Terrible Twos
by Laura Reed

I sat down after another horrible afternoon,
silently thinking
about the day.
It was like an awful tornado
spinning and swirling
and destroying the house.
"Search and Destroy" escaped
into my room and it fell
into a thousand pieces
like a jigsaw puzzle.
The house was now quiet...
so I knew they were into
deep trouble. Suddenly,
they screeched and screamed
like angry parrots.
The wait for my mom
was too long. I couldn't
stand it anymore: I put
the tsunamis
to bed. But
the noise went on.
I waited hours, days, maybe
years, it seemed. My mom
finally
returned and it was
her turn
for those
angelic little toddlers.

Paper
dull, blank
sitting, lying, waiting
canvas, sheet, watercolor, paste
waving, twirling, spiraling

I run to the living room
and slide on the slick floor
like an otter.
Peeking at presents
is against the law.
But I do it anyway.
Lots of little presents surround
one big one.
It looks like a sled;
I hope it's for me!

ANNOYING SALSA
by Marshall Hoke

"Meow!"

For the fiftieth time today!! "No! I will not let you in, you pea-brained cat!"

My sister's cat is so annoying. She meows until someone lets her in. Then, "Meow" and she's out again. After a few rounds of this routine, she stays out for the night.

When she's not asking for entrance, she's asking for water: "Meow" comes the telltale question. If **you** want to put her out, good luck!! My sister named her Salsa, partially 'cause she spends half her life on her heels, hissing her head off!

Under The Light
by Kirsten Wiking

When life seems to be
so cruel, I look up
at the light
and wish
I could fly away to
the clouds to drink
ice-cold lemonade
and take long naps
under a deep blue sky.
But my wings
of imagination are still
too small.

Molly And The Attack Of The White Flags
by Laurel Faurot

I, Molly Faurot, am going to tell you about my encounter

colorful, rainbow
Painting

by Kirsten Wiking

Snow
by Laurel Faurot

It melts in my mouth
like cotton candy,
frozen.
I swallow
and it tickles down my throat:
cold.
Picking it up numbs
my hands as I put
more in my mouth.
I glide through the air
on my back,
landing in a cottony
puff of coolness
and drift
into a dreamless
sleep.

The Expedition
by Bryce Drake

The baboon went on an expedition way out in the water to The Great Barrier Reef. The water was see through: it glowed with phosphorous. He started onto the bumpy rough terrain of the reef. He saw lions; they scared him. He ran back to his canoe and hurried on his way to the lagoon.

The baboon arrived at his region. When he arrived, a huge fire had destroyed his region. There was no sign of his family or friends. So he was sad.

He went back to the reef and was on another expedition. He was never seen again.

Paper
colorless, white

with the white flags.

On the day that my humans bought a new collar for me, I went out to play and decided to check out the road. On my way, I saw some little white flags sitting in the ground. I was curious, so I trotted over to take a better look at them.

For some reason, this didn't feel safe. I stepped up to them. My new collar went "beep, beep, beep." So I went closer and, "yelp, yelp, yelp!" It shocked me! I couldn't believe that my new collar shocked me. Oh thank goodness. My mom came out of the house and I thought, *You've come to save me. Take this collar off of me pleaseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease!*

The next day, I needed to go out, and I thought that maybe they had turned the collar off. In the night, I heard my humans say something about an invisible fence. I went out of the house. The white flags were still there. I went over to them. Beep, beep, beep, yelp, yelp, yelp! MY COLLAR shocked me again. It's still on. I'm never going close to those nasty beeps again! I'm glad that they warn me to stay far away!

Mid-Winter Moonlight
by Kirsten Wiking

Looking up at distant
stars, you fly
to the heavens and bathe
in moonlight.
The candle-lit moon
glimmers
on crisp snow,
making a blanket of white sheets
sparkle
like diamonds.

Cinquain
by Willy Smart

Knife--
Pointy, deadly
Run away fast

thinking, stirring, waiting
canvas, rough, brushes, watercolor
painting, coloring, mixing
beautiful, Mardi Gras
Art

by Laurel Faurot

Nice Summer
by Caitlin Patterson

Wading in a small stream--
cool water
trickles over my feet.
It's lovely.,
with sun burning my back
like fire.
A wonderful sensation to be free.
Stream water gurgles coldly. I take my feet out,
put one on each side of the small stream,
and run:
free as the wind that blows through my hair.
When my feet dry,
I place them back in gushy mud.
Squish, squash, squish, squash.:
the cool sloppy silly putty squooshes under
my feet.
Goosh, goosh...
ooooooooohhhh.

Spring Sunset
by Laura Reed

As I walk through a meadow,
soft wind trickles through
green grass
like a mountain stream.
Smells of lilac
tickle my senses.
Daisies cover the
hills like a blanket.
They glow in the
evening
light.

This story is rated R by the Insane Clown Squid. If the thought of carnage makes you sick, he suggests you stop reading this.

Gory Story

Kill all who oppose
Inconsiderate.

B.O.
Super stinky
Smells like roadkill
I'm going to puke
Sulfur

Monster--
Bad news.
Where's my head?
I'm going to die!!!
Scary.

Chemistry
Blam, boom!
I'm in trouble:
Mom will be mad.
Oops.

Attack of the Yellow-Jackets

by Laura Reed

I walked down my driveway after riding the bus home from school. My one-and-a-half year old brother Sean, and sister Nora (who are twins), were playing outside in the yard. I walked up the steps onto the deck and took off my backpack.

I said 'hi' to my mom, and went to find some food for the babies. I came out of the house a couple of minutes later with half of a tuna fish sandwich for the twins. As we were breaking off pieces of sandwich and giving them to Sean and Nora, we all sat down on our wooden swing in our yard and swatted at the bees landing on the twins.

A second later, we could tell that Nora had been stung by a bee because she started to screech like a Banshee. Sean began to scream also, but we weren't sure if he had been stung in his mouth or not, because a bee was just crawling into his mouth. This all happened within a few seconds.

I carried Sean inside, and my mom carried in Nora. We looked into Sean's mouth for the sting but it was on his lip. My mom and I gave the twins a lot of Benadryl, and iced their stings. They were all right, but I thought that if my mom hadn't been there to help, I would have gone crazy!

by Willy Smart

[Hey! I said don't read this.]

"Come on!" I yelled. "Arm your weapon!" Marshall and I ran at full speed into battle. It was early morning, and the dew was still sparkling on the green grass.

I rounded a corner and saw the enemy. There must have been hundreds of them! "Not for long!" I thought.

"Charge!" Marshall yelled. I tightly gripped my weapon and sprinted forward. I wound up and whacked the first enemy. I saw half of its green body fly ten feet into the brisk air. It landed with a satisfying plop.

I madly whacked down three more evil beings before the dark ones realized what was happening to them. Then it happened: they started using their only defense.

"Ahhhh!" I yelled. Deadly gases!" The smell was so bad that I wanted to puke. I looked at Marshall, who was still whacking like a madman, even though his face was green, he was so nauseous.

"These morons will pay!" I thought.

I brought my weapon to the body of another and watched the guts spew out its back. Not many remained standing. Those that did would soon be pulp.

I ran around and killed off the last few. There was still one more. Marshall and I both saw it at the same time. We broke into a sprint to reach it first. When I was five feet away, I dove and swung. My swing was successful. It was dead. "Ha!" I yelled.

I looked around the battle field. Bodies were everywhere, and arms and legs were detached. Gore was splattered all over the ground. The strong odor of death was in the air, and I had huge blisters on my hands. My stick was dyed green. These were all signs of a good day of skunk cabbage whacking.

Scented Fields
by Caitlin Patterson

Spring: the awakening of plants.
Old brown snow, littered with pine needles,
melts quickly.

Spring Frost
by Katie McDaniel

Out the window
there glitters
a blanket of white
snow. Air lies still,
smelling of fresh pine.
Robins chirp
happily
in the big
cherry tree.

Not Quite Marshmallows
by Bryce Drake

Snow falls: fast and fluffy.
Not very easy to make snowmen
in this fluffy, dry snow.
Air blows cold,
but that's okay:
we can't tell
because
we are playing so fast and furious.
Can't trudge through so
much powder...
so we build snow tunnels
instead.

Candy
sweet, sticky
dripping, glopping, mouthwatering
sugar, honey, slime, goop
disgusting, intruding, destroying
yucky, green
Brussels Sprouts

by Alina Everett

Dead grass appears under weak sun with
little warmth,
then sprouts new
life, peeping around the corners
like mice.
Little shoots pop out of cold, damp ground.
Plants come alive
from a winter of death. Spring --
a lively time of year.

Shadows
by Alina Everett

I walk into the haunted, old
house. All I hear is the
dripping
of rainwater soaking through
the deteriorating den,
and my heart pumps steadily. It
is one of the
loudest things
in the whole house. My shoes
pound
against the hard wooden floor. A
whisper
of wind touches the
back of my neck,
and I shiver.
The gray staircase leers
down at me as I
pass. I head
toward the door to
the kitchen. I notice,
for the first time, the
sheets covering old furniture, a
smell of must, the
decaying walls.
Drifts of wind sing
the song of tragedy, creaking through
boarded windows. It's
Halloween night.