

Writing Workshop Pieces

2002-2003

Nonsense Wards (I mean Words)

by Sean Kirkpatrick

As I was walking out one day,
I heard somebody say:
"Snapple-apple, Snugglepuss
and Dr. Seuss!! Six-a-fix, next week
a giant sheep, eat a peep and soda cheap!"
Why did they even bother to speak?

The End

by Kathryn Pope

After being hung like a
leg of meat in a smokehouse,
the drooping form
of the lazy man --
a tattered blanket
blown about by fierce winds --
hangs limply in the gallows.

Bivouac

by Skye Fischer

I awaken, snuggled in my tent.
A cool morning breeze blows slowly.
Two unknown smells mix , creating a
refreshing and pleasant new one.
The tranquil lake shines reflected light into
my tent.
Shadows of leaves block unwanted
sunlight.
I emerge into the sun; under my feet the
sound of shifting rocks fills the air.
Mist covers the ground;
each step sends white puffy clouds
up to my face to blind
my eyes.
The rest of the day stretches out

Graceful

by Rachel Hall

Silky brown
hair waves
as
I sway to music.
My eyes
glisten
in the sun,
showing their
darkness.
I am short,
but my
strength
shows.

Indolent

by Emily Mulnick

Sleeping the sloth lazily droops from
a kapok branch.
Finally it awakens
slowly dragging itself out of Bed;
moving awkwardly,
looking for food.
After eating all the leaves
it can handle,
Its inept body crawls
back to sleep.

A Horrible Act

by Emily Mulnick

"What are you doing?"
Dad roared like a raging hippopotamus.
We dropped the scissors,
startled by the booming noise.
The smell of murder
drowned the scent of shampoo and soap.

in front of me.

Kiely

by Bailey Hoover

My real mom, Kiely, started drugs when she was just twelve years old. Now she has become a wrong-doing person and has gone to jail a multitude of times. That is one of the reasons I live with my grandparents. Living with them has been such an extraordinary experience.

When I was a baby, Kiely used to leave me in my crib for days at a time. I became so frightened that when I was just two and three I would scream, "No, No, No!" whenever I would see metal bars. All her boyfriends hit me and abused me, because they were always terribly drugged out.

When I was four and five, we lived in a house abundantly full of termites, scorpions, tarantulas and other reptiles, which were crawling all around our house. I would keep having to leave Kiely because she was unable to take care of me herself, but my Grandparents could.

One time while I was with my Grandparents, the police called, saying that Kiely was in Prison. After that phone call I was so happy because it was the best place for her and I would not have to go back to her. My Dad fought for custody of me, but he did not succeed. Part of the reason I did not have to live with him was because he already had two other kids. I will never go live with my biological parents, but I will have to visit my dad.

My Grandparents take me on a lot of trips. I have learned a bunch about different countries. They treat me so well I could not think about what it would be like to go back to that life.

The Giant Man

by Sean Kirkpatrick

An angry baboon was standing
in the doorway.
Shaking in fear, we sat on the counter,
pondering our dreadful fate.
"What were you thinking?"
he bellowed.
It shook the earth.
Feeling braver than I thought I was
I peeped,
"It was only a game,
what harm could it do?"
"Only a game!" he yelled.
"Look around, there is hair everywhere."
Hey! It was just a game of
Barber Shop.

The Great Dive

by Skye Fischer

A cool ocean breeze
combs through my hair as
the smell of salt
hits my nose like a brick wall.
Diving deep into the great beyond, I
explore sea life:
blasts of yellow, pink, and blue
fish flow like rivers in front
of me, sending underwater waves
to my face.
Brown swirls
float up,
clouding my vision.
"Boodle, boodle, boodle"
pure white bubbles soar as
my head begins to
emerge.
The vast, open ocean faces me.
Aqua water looks back, and
sunlight fills the sky.
Each step sends a brown cloud
flying upwards;
my feet sink into soft sand.

Reading

by Scott Patterson

The fat man, like a
giant thundering monstrous elephant,
drooped upon his chair
to awkwardly watch T.V.
Slouching into the lumpy couch,
like a potato thrown into a bag,
he slumped lazily until the
rest of his days.

Slumber

by Rachel Hall

Drooping into
the antique sofa,
a lazy
cat relaxes, a dishcloth
hanging over dripping
faucets.
The cat sinks
into ripped cushions
like a smooth
marble
dropped into
silver water.
Suddenly,
dirty pants
cover its furry head.
rapidly jumping off the
lavender sofa, he
runs
for his life.

Anubis

by Sean Kirkpatrick

Anubis glides swiftly
through
foggy graveyards
stopping here
and there
to read
tombstones
like a dog sniffing
around your yard.
Suddenly disappearing, Anubis emerges in a

Preparing your
lazy body, you
slump into the comfy chair.
Now, relaxed like a Frisbee in the
wind,
you slouch forward to read,
instantly absorbed by your mystery book
which turns you into a
bookworm.

The Flabby Fellow

by Ben Smart

Once a lazy slouch
lay relaxed upon
a comfy bed,
like a needle of pine
floating peacefully
on a tranquil lake.
Sinking beneath his weight,
the bed drooped over his face,
like a mattress of hot candle wax.

Unexpected Surprise

by Katie McDaniel

Slip -- I put on my gear and start off for the mountain. As by
buds and I flop on the lift, we spot little dots screaming like
maniacs as they fall into white powder, creating a new
snowfall.

Then we ski off the lift, my teeth chattering; my mind is on
the crystal clear run ahead. My friends and I decide to take
Hidden Valley, one of our favorite runs on Brundage. We
love the fresh powder and huge jumps.

We start skiing and *bam* my face is buried in snow causing
my body to feel like a snowman. My skis take flight into mid-
air. I start laughing and realize that I had hit a hidden jump.
Katie helps me up and we ski off to see what the run has in
store for us next.

bright and joyful place,
standing next to a golden
scale which holds someone's
heart.

On the other side lies
the feather of truth.
The heart is lighter:
the person may pass through.
The next heart arrives, but
the feather rises --
Ahhh! The newly dead screams.
His heart is now
warthog chow.

Snowman

by Rachel Hall

Ice crystals glisten
as my footprints travel
toward the fluffiest
snow.
I roll the snow into
three different
sizes of balls.
The frost bites
my cherry cheeks.
Snow melts on my tongue.
Stacking the enormous balls,
I fall into cushioning
snow.
White powder covers
my face.
When all three
balls sit, like baby blocks, on top
of each other
two black pebble
eyes shine; a carrot
sinks into the
ball for a nose.
Now my snowman is complete.

Sean

by Sean Kirkpatrick

The House

by Sean Kirkpatrick

I walk the ice-cold path:
Suddenly,
a terrible moaning sound
hits my ears.
Ohhhhh!
Uhhhhh!
An acute pain stabs my side
like a coconut thrown too hard.
The doorknob bounces away,
as the door slowly creaks open
like an old coffin.
A voice thunders:
"Welcome.
Come in!"
Something wet slobbers over
my foot.
I open my eyes and see my dog.
It was only a dream.

"Hello!"
says the voice.

Or was it?

Danger Lurks!

by Emily Mulnick

Sky hovers, blue as a
bubbling creek; grass
sways calmly with the breeze.
Streams flow softly as if
they were painting with watercolors.
Smells of wild flowers stream
up your nostrils.
Suddenly, the screech of a
mountain lion splits the air
like lightning.

Ebony and the Bird

by Bailey Hoover

Dark brown eyes
like the night sky
search the world.
Reddish-brown hair
like the bark of a tree:
never is neat and tidy.
In fourth grade
I study:
Math,
Language,
Reading,
Spelling,
History,
Science.
I was born on a
Friday the thirteenth.

Me

by Scott Patterson

In fifth grade, I achieve straight A's.
Because 254 Alta Vista Drive
lies seven miles
from town, I usually arrive
late for school
due to the drive and my
sister, who eats very slowly.
I play soccer aggressively with
the U12 boys. I am Scott Patterson
at age eleven.

Nameless

by Kathryn Pope

As the slimey, slithering, scumball approaches,
the return of this mornings' stale,
unbrushed teeth gives me
the terrible urge
to spray my saliva,
coating the stingy individual
walking towards me.
The stench of unmistakably
unshaved armpits
fills the air,
sending me reeling backwards

My lazy Black Lab,
Ebony, hovers over the
dead flexible Blue Jay
as if it were a
bone
ready to be eaten.
With drool hanging
from her watery mouth,
she drops her
pinecone,
snatches the bird, and drags it across
the large green puddle
of grass.
Ebony sits down
in a bundle of
gorgeous flowers
looking very relaxed.

Winter

by Ben Smart

My best friend and I were fleeing for our lives from a group
of insane eighth graders. We dove behind a snow hill and
started packing a wall. As I randomly tossed a blob of mushy
cold wetness over my shoulder, I realized there couldn't be
much more to life than this.

Suddenly, a white frozen ball zoomed directly at my nose and
wacked me across my face. "Charge!" yelled my best friend.
We leaped from our hiding place and started throwing as hard
as we could.

"Come in," called my mom.

"Drat!" I mumbled angrily as we tromped through fields of
wet powdered sugar towards my house. Later, I took a big
gulp of hot chocolate, and warmth flooded my body. "I love
winter," I exclaimed.

Emily

by Emily Mulnick

Light brown hair waving

into a group of innocent bystanders.
I can almost hear the scratchy voice
giving me useless commands,
"Eat your peas" "Finish your long division, double
multiplication, fraction sheet!"
The withering glare
fixes itself on me
and I strengthen my resolve
not to give in.
Finally, the stinker moves away,
to terrorize another unsuspecting child.

Surfing

by Rachel Hall

In Hawaii, I surfed for the first time. My dad asked if I wanted to see what it was like to stand on the board. I felt like I could jump up and tell the whole world that I was going to surf.

I stood on the board for about two seconds and then fell into the water. When I stood up again, I smelled the fresh water. After spitting out the salt water I had swallowed, I told my dad that I wanted to try again.

The second time I stood on the board, I stayed on longer. My dad told me to try to ride the wave this time. I jumped off the board and laid on it, facing the shore. I could hear the waves behind me, but I didn't dare to look back.

Suddenly, my dad said that there was a perfect wave for me. I felt excited to ride it. I started to paddle, then stood on the board and rode the wave. It felt like I was flying across the ocean. That was the best sport I have done in Hawaii.

Under the Bed

by Kirsten Wiking

Peering over the side of my bed, I think "Gee, I hope the brute doesn't grab me."

"Eeee!" There's an appalling fuzzy tail. I slip back under my covers, hoping the demon doesn't see me. I

like the wind; blue eyes
glistening in the sun's rays.
Short but steady, like a
newborn tree. A young woman,
dancing softly
to the music.

Myself

by Bailey Hoover

My kind grandparents
lovingly tow me around the world.
I despise shellfish, otherwise,
just about everything gets
devoured.
On the speedy ski team,
I slice past each
finish line.
Sliding across the
basketball court, I seize the
ball; dunk a basket.
Sage green eyes
drift to sleep
under my silky,
brown hair.

Tranquility

by Rachel Hall

Silver water
arrives again,
creating light orange poppy fields.
Sunshine
escorts winter
to its hiding place, as
bluebells sway in
cold wind, and the sugar
smell of roses blooms wildly.
Grass rustles like wind
flying across the
ocean.

Egypt

think to myself, "The giant must perish, THEN it will go away."

I throw my flashlight down at the monster's white furry end. It moves, but just a little bit. A faint "*grrroowl*" hits my ear. Now it's irritated. Something bigger is needed to get rid of the monstrosity: an alarm clock.

I slowly stick out my hand and throw down the weapon as hard as I can. Darn! Still no reaction. The only way I'll defeat it is if I go out there, use a pillow as my defense, and turn on the light to startle the fiend.

I jump away from my bed and flip on the lights. My eyes are adjusting to the light, but the hideous gray tip of the beast is still visible. I slam the furry blob with my pillow. I have slaughtered the monster. I have conquered the horrible, threatening sock.

My Dog Fiefie by Skye Fischer

POOF!
My dog Fiefie
relaxed
on the arm
of our antique chair.
Dust flew
as her fearful
claws
dug deep
into the soft, dusty
recliner. CRASH!
Falling to the
floor,
Fiefie slumped like a muffled cotton ball...
Skip! A flexible pillow fell.
Frightened Fiefie raced across the garage floor
in shock.
Trying to stop herself,
she slid
into the brick wall,
lifted up her head,
and said,
"ROOF!"

by Sean Kirkpatrick

IN
EGYPT
IT IS AS
HOT AS FIRE.
THERE ARE
MANY CAMELS.

THE PYRAMIDS
GO DOWN

DOWN
DOWN
DOWN
INTO

THE GROUND.

IN THE BRIM-STONE, THERE ARE TRAPS FOR
CATCHING ROBBERS. PHAROHS LIE WITH
THEIR GOLD IN THE TOMB.

Butterflies

by Emily Mulnick

Last Spring, I decided to play soccer for the first time in five years. I had quit when I was in gymnastics and it was too much. It being our first game, along with the brisk air which smelled like frosted grass, made me feel extra nervous.

When the game started, I was on the bench. Our coach would let me go in later on. When I finally stepped on the field, it felt like there were butterflies in my stomach. After awhile I headed the ball and from then on, I was in the game.

We ended up losing, but I was so happy with myself I couldn't wait for our next game.