

Writing Workshop Pieces

2006-2007

Tragedy

by Betsy Sabala

One dark and stormy night, we were getting ready for bed. It was freezing that night. I felt like an icicle dangling down from the roof. It was snowing so hard that night, that I could feel when a snowflake touched the ground. When I finally went to bed, I thought something would happen.

My mother came in the next morning and told us the story. I thought something marvelous was going to happen, but that thought went down the drain. Bella got attacked by a fox. Bella is my dog. She is small and white and she's fluffy. I couldn't believe my ears. My mom was washing the dishes. My mom turned around and Bella was in the mouth of a fox.

My dad started rushing out from the den all the way at the end of the house. I hope my dog is all right. My mom said we could get her in two days.

Africa

by Amanda Batchelor

Africa is a really fun place. When I was there I went to a theme park. At the theme park, my cousin flew on an upside down ride while I watched.

Cape Town is in Africa. In Cape Town, I stayed in a hundred-year-old house. It was cool. I pet a penguin as shy as a fish. South Africa was the funniest trip ever. I saw my cousins for the first time. They were my best friends.

In Africa, my family stayed in a palace. At the palace, I went to the water park where I slid on a hundred-foot-drop slide. I swam in a wave pool.

Max and Me

by Heidi Carter

My blonde hair and blue eyes match
Max, who has blonde hair and
brown eyes.
We ran in Brown Park today.
The wind blew through our hair
like a cold bath. My dog turned one
which means he's seven years old in
dog years.
I am nine years old.

Border Collie

by Bryn Kennell

Like an angry bull,
the feisty dog charges
at frightened sheep:
an avalanche roaring
like a thunderstorm.
Tumbling down, they
are herded down
the grassy hill and
across the valley.

Hidden Meadow

by Hanna Veal

The silent meadow whispers
as clam as can be. Lilacs
doze all over my arm. I lie down
and listen to the bumblebees
from the tree above me: *buzz buzz*.
A deer
as dotted as a domino
hops to a fairy creek.
As I walk towards it, it scampers
off to the pretty woods

Meadow

by Bryn Kennell

The meadow sits still.
Under melting snow it lies
as damp as a swamp.
Buttercups glitter with dazzling
light. The breeze tastes like apples.
Yellow daisies bloom
like popcorn popping.
Leaves are wet from rainfall.
White birds go, "cheep, cheep".

Tranquility

by Collin Loveall

My back touches
wet,
green grass.
Sweet daisies release
a magical scent, like sunlight
in a smell.
Tulip petals
seem to dance in the green, dewy grass.
All is still as a lake on early morning.
I can hear a butterfly beat its wings:
once
twice
ripples in a pond.
I hear my heart beat.
It beats once.
It beats twice.
I look up and see the clouds
white: a canvas waiting to be painted on.
Bright golden sunbeams
shine brilliantly down
like a golden,
starlit road.
I lie peacefully in soft, green grass
in my backyard
on a Saturday afternoon.

with pansies flying out
from under it like butterflies.
I sit down in the pansies
and eat pb and j.

Near-Death Experience

by Kellen Crawford

I was heading into the rapid with my inflatable kayak, called a "ducky". Once I was speeding up, I thought about what the ducky captain had said. He had told us that there were two holes at the bottom of the rapid, so we would want to go through the center of the rapid. Unfortunately, as I headed into the bubbling water, I hit a big wave sideways, and my ducky flipped: I was swimming. My paddle sucked under, shot back up, and thwacked me in the nose. It felt as though my nose had fallen off. I looked around at the water and it was totally red, as red as fire. The last thing I saw above the surface was the sky.

An incredible suction on my body pulled me under. My limp, helpless self spun so fast I couldn't tell whether I was right-side up, or upside-down. I crashed into the bottom of the river. It felt horrible. During all that time, my lungs gasped for air.

Some fifty feet downstream, my head popped up. The first thing I did was gulp a ton of air. As I screamed, "Help! Help!" over and over again, the people standing on the edge of the raft next to me were also screaming: that didn't help very much. My brother zoomed over and hauled me into his ducky.

Back on shore, I was sitting on some mossy rocks next to the river when someone put a towel over me. I just watched the blood float downriver, and I thought to myself: *I'm never riding on a ducky as long as I live!*

Powerful

by Collin Loveall

I am a book. They turn my pages; I share mystery. Some read and cry for joy. Others read and cry for sadness. They all read the same page. As they sift through my pages, I take them around the world. I am a spaceship, a rocket, a sword. A key to imagination's door. Every time a tear hits

Baby & Mother Moose

by Bryn Kennell

In Canada, I saw a mother and baby moose. They were chocolate brown, standing right next to the road, six feet away from us, looking at us with muddy eyes.

Then my aunt jumped out of the car to get her camera, which made the two moose run off like cats, inching their way up a tree. I was angry at my aunt, but soon we saw another.

Harmony Meadow

by Mitch Williams

I run swiftly through the soft, grassy meadow, smelling pine-sap-covered maples. Strawberry jam feels satisfying on a hot day like this one. Running, touching every barky outcrop; feeling the puzzle pieces of hard bark. Every bit of life in the meadow seems to breathe at the same pace.

My Passion for Horses

by Sara Ivey

I have a horse named Willow. She has dapples and a star. Dapples are little dots on the side of a horse. A star is a diamond-shaped mark on a horse's forehead.

Willow can run as fast as the wind. She chases cars, so she looks miraculous when she jumps over the ditches. Her hooves sound like thunder. My mom has a horse named Ginger, and my sister has a horse named Jasmine. They're as beautiful as flowers and butterflies.

Although Ginger and Jasmine are so sweet, Willow is my favorite horse, and she always will be. I have a strong passion for horses. Other things will change about me, but my passion never will.

my page like a salty ocean spray of joy or sadness, I know I have done my job.

Once I met a boy who refused to turn the pages of my friends. One day, his teacher found me and handed me to the boy. I was finished in a day. The teacher knew she would not get me back. That day after school, she found a knife in the trash by his desk, broken. We books can change the world.

The Experiments

by Hanna Veal

I love to do a bunch of experiments. I do them with pepper and salt, vinegar, powder, and all that stuff. But most of them don't work.

One day, my friend and I did a little experiment and it started to bubble like a swamp. Then it exploded into green slop all over the cupboard. My mom got a little mad, so she said we should show it to my dad.

He was amused. He said, "Wow guys, let me guess what you are. Hmmm. You are evil scientists from a bubbly swamp."

"Yes," we said. After we talked, we had to clean up.

Love as Good as Candy!

by Heidi Carter

God is the greatest angel in the universe, and so is Jesus. They are saviors, and I love and believe that they are going to save us from sin. I love them, and they are the best. Some people go to church, and sometimes they don't. Sometimes I tell about Jesus and God, that they are as loving as my dog.

Weekends

by Conner Charles

Weekend days are the best of all days. There are sports on Saturday and Sunday, and no school or anything. Not saying school is bad, but the weekend is a break.

At the end of the week, you get to play around, watch games, and play football or other sports that you like to do. In my case, football is as good as ice cream with chocolate sauce.

Weekends are by far the best part of the week. On the awesome days you get to invite friends over and even have a sleepover. On week days you can't have a sleepover because of school. And that is the sweetness of weekends.

Cows

by Chase Hays

Cows are the single greatest animal on earth. They are as fuzzy as a peach. They are extremely smelly. They look like a large, big-muzzled dog with horns and a blown-up glove on their bellies. I don't even know why I like cows besides the fact that milk and cheese comes from them. I also like how cows look. COWS RULE!

My Sharp Teeth

by Mitch Williams

When I had two loose teeth, I had no idea that they would grow back sharp. One afternoon when I was watching T.V., I was wiggling my loose tooth. Then I pulled it a little too hard and it came right out.

I first noticed my sharp tooth growing in when my second tooth was loose. My family and I were watching *Cheaper by the Dozen Two*. The whole time I was wiggling my tooth. Then I twisted it a little too hard and it came right out.

Two weeks later, my teeth were pretty sharp. My sharp teeth are as useful as nails. They can chew meat really well so my other teeth don't have to work as hard. They are also useful to pry open stuff like bottles. They are pretty unique, and I really like them.