

Writing Workshop Pieces

2011 (April & May)

Energetic

by Paige Robnett

Sitting
at my desk
makes me
jumpy.
Paint splatters on my paper
making my heart
pound fast.
It smells like
something divine.
Each stroke of my brush
sounds like something
different; oil pastels
feel like
clay.
My spit makes
me thirsty; it is worth it
once I am done. My art
looks as colorful as a
rainbow.

Dogs

by Noah Ormsby

I like dogs. My favorite type of dog is an American Bulldog. That's probably because my dog is an American Bulldog. Dogs love to run. Usually my dog likes to run but because, well we don't know how it happened, but she hurt her left back leg. Now the next day after Sadie runs, she limps. I love dogs, not cats, especially killer cats!

Escape

by Isabella Colbert

I see sheets of white
dancing in front of me:

Calm Songbirds

by Hunter Hagen

Morning sunlight glints
on sparkling dew; my senses alight
on the smell of spring grass.
Cold air drifts in on soft wind;
birds chirp and bees buzz,
zooming around flowers
and puddles
of liquid sunlight.
Beams of light
bounce in warm air,
shining on blossoms,
pink and blue.

Moscow Tournament

by Noah Ormsby

My hockey tournament in Moscow was awesome. We lost two games, tied one, and won one. The first game, I was goalie. It was hard: the team we were playing got first place in every tournament. The second game, we tied because we didn't get much sleep the night before. There were no penalties in either game yet. E

The third game we won, because all the kids on that team were really small and they didn't know how to play. But there was a kid on that team who was pretty good. The score ended up being ten to one. Still no penalties.

Then, the last game we played the team that had beat us in the first game. Since my friend Peter had earlier (before this tournament) in Lewiston slammed someone into the boards, I thought it was my turn. So there he was, skating with the puck right next to the boards. So I slammed right into him. It was a penalty: I had to go in the penalty box.

Then later I had the puck right on the boards behind the goalie when this kid came up and rammed me into the boards and I'm pushing him trying to get him off me and he wouldn't get off so we started punching, pushing, and

hail pounds on my face like bullets.
Pitter patter. Pitter patter.
Feet run on frozen grass:
crunch crunch
I make my way to the
glowing house flooded
with light and warmth.
I step inside.
The smell of food dances
like ballerinas in my nose.
Water drips off drenched clothes:
drip drop; drip drop.

Guitar

by Hunter Hagen

Guitar is part of me. I can sense the texture of the strings; the smell of the wood frame. Sure, it took a long time to learn, but it's fun!!! Now, playing the guitar is as simple as breathing. Then, not so much.

"Mom, I'm done opening my Christmas gifts!" I said loudly, stranded amongst shredded cardboard, toys, clothes, and a wasteland of paper. The smell of the tree in the corner was like a whole forest.

"Oh, I think you may want to look in your room," she said with a radiant smile. I stepped into my part of the house, which was as dim as a cave. I found a good-sized guitar waiting for me. My dream had come true.

I dived into the deep end; at least, after we found Ben Herbst, my soon-to-be guitar teacher. At first I was shy, but I realized I shouldn't be. He was nice and didn't rush me. He let me take my time, because my fingers weren't long or strong enough to hold down the strings.

Eventually, after learning quite a few easy chords, I moved onto more exciting chords, like *Bm*. It was stressful at first, but now I love it: the way my hand grips the pick; the way my knee supports the guitar. It's great to find something you love, and to learn how to do it well.

shoving! Finally, someone just came over and grabbed the puck. We placed second out of all four teams. I love hockey.

tried to knock a hard ball of sap into a little hoop in the middle of the ball court. The Aztecs had ceremonies for special days and religious gatherings.

Carnivals and festivals were a tradition in the Aztec culture. Sacrifices played a big part during religious ceremonies. Many scientists and historians have found the remains of the Aztec legacy: today, many artifacts are in museums in Mexico. The Aztec way of life is very interesting but also very gruesome.

Autumn

by Hunter Hagen

Autumn leaves droop, hanging
over slumping debris
covering the soft forest floor.
Lazy winds
send a leaf twirling,
whirling, dancing like a ballerina
on the sweet-smelling breeze
to finally land
in a pile
of slouching pine needles.

Indolent

by John Sabala

Every muscle relaxes
in the hot tub's water which
is as hot as lava.
My body feels so lazy
it makes me tired.
Not wanting to get up and slump
across the snowy yard --
I feel so relaxed.