

Writing Workshop Pieces

2001-2002

Something Special About Ben

by Kelsey Mack

Ben has a shirt that he likes. He went to Maho in the Virgin Islands and bought a shirt that had shells, crabs, and the ocean on it. The shirt is white on the outside and has blue ocean, creamy orange shells, and red-orange crabs.

Ben was six at the time, and he liked to find hermit crabs. Ben said finding hermit crabs is fun because, "You are looking for shells and you pick up one and suddenly a hermit crab pops out!" Ben still has that shirt to this day.

Skye's Unicorn

by Kathryn Pope

Skye owns an interesting piece of art. It is a silver unicorn mounted on a beautiful, multi-colored stone. She received it from the tooth fairy (her dad). She first saw it in a mall in Salt Lake City, Utah. It enchanted her immediately, and she ran over to show her mom. Her mom also fell in love with it. After Skye walked out of the mall, her mom took longer than usual, so Skye had to wait for her. Skye states, "It kind of gave me a hint."

The next morning, she found the unicorn in a box under her pillow. "I was very surprised," she said.

Later that day, her whole family had to drive to Elko, Nevada, where they lived. Skye brought the unicorn with her and placed it on her dresser. "It is now my favorite thing in my room!" she said, "and I like to look at it at night when I am trying to go to sleep."

Scott's Legos

by Katie McDaniel

Scott loves legos. Playing with them is his favorite thing to do. He also likes to play "Frogger" on the computer, but not as much as he likes to play legos. "My favorite legos are the pirate ones, but I hate the big pink Barbie legos," Scott says.

Scott likes to build legos when there's no school and also around four o'clock in the afternoon. He likes to build legos anywhere except in the car.

He has five big boxes of legos that he keeps in the basement: "that's where it's best because there are so many legos."

Although Scott loves legos, he doesn't like school. He told me, "It wastes time, but I like my teachers, Miss Murphy and Mr. Kiely." So maybe Scott will be an engineer instead of a teacher when he grows up.

The Ride to Freedom

by Kelsey Mack

When I ride on Caitlin's motorcycle, I feel like I can fly to the sky. Riding through dry meadows, I see a whole new world passing by like a snap!

As we go off the amazing jump, I hold a little tighter onto Caitlin! We land and I feel like I have won the downhill ski race of the 2002 Olympics.

Then she takes me through the pine trees on a path unlike any other. It shows me a place I have never seen. As trees fly by, I hear the *vroom, vroom* of her motorcycle. That is a world where only she can take me.

Jump, Boing, Whee!!!

by Katie McDaniel

Coming home from school *whing*...there goes my backpack...*Slip slip* My shoes are off. I run out the door to the trampoline like a road runner.

Immediately I'm on , with a *step, step* up the ladder. On the tramp, it feels like with one jump, all the problems are out of me. Jumping makes me feel relaxed and free, as if I could jump up and touch cotton candy clouds. Then with a bounce, boing, whee... I'm flying through the air.

About thirty feet from my trampoline, there are huge hedges. I have fun trying to jump high to see the flowing canal on the other side. Then my mom calls me in for dinner and I'm done jumping for today.

Fish Pond

by Kirsten Wiking

Tiny toads about the size of my thumb-nail skip toward my feet. Yuck! They're slimy and slippery, but so cute. Their tiny black eyes shimmer like two glass beads. Chocolate-colored mud pulls my feet deeper and deeper like quicksand. Dark green pond water hides little tadpoles and minnows, soon to be fish and frogs.

The sun begins to hide under grassy landscape, turning a green pond into gold. Finally, only the top of the sun's head is showing. Goodbye, pond.

Me, Myself, and I

by Skye Fisher

Shiny hazel eyes
never
fade.
Sandy hair is a
big disguise,
for when
it falls upon

Kathryn

by Skye Fischer

Kathryn is ten years old right now. When she was zero years old, her great grandpa gave her a blanket. Her grandpa is ninety-two and lives in Reno, Nevada. Kathryn loves her blanket so much that she loves it more than chocolate.

Kathryn's blanket is very very soft and very very small. It shrank over the years because it was put in the washing machine too many times. She hangs it on her wall so it won't get lost, it's so small. "I used to carry it around with me wherever I went," she said. I wonder if she will still have it when she is ninety-two like her grandpa.

Cotton Candy

by Bailey Hoover

Cotton Candy smells sweet, and sugary like cookies coming out of the oven. When you pop it into your mouth, the sugar melts like snow on a hot sunny day. Cotton Candy is a sunset cloud, pink, orange, and puffy. Cotton Candy feels sticky and smooth, like a baby's butt.

Anonymity

by Ben Smart

A lamp's shadow acts
as a monster; a beast's
seems like a chair.
Sweet
tastes sour,
sour discriminates against
sweet.
Strange seems normal,
normal substitutes
for strange. Rough
feels smooth.
smooth refines rough.
Loud takes the place
of soft; soft opposes loud.
And it's not even
opposite day.

my countenance,
I appear as
a big disgrace.
Smooth and slippery, I spy on
an unsuspecting family.

A Hungry Bear Family

by Kelsey Mack

A big furry mama bear
lumbers slowly
out of her dark den.
Two little cubs,
small and soft,
come wrestling
after her.
They lumber
over to the patch
of raspberries and blueberries
across from their den.
Chomping
plump, juicy berries,
Mama bear
straightens
on her hind legs,
smelling
smoky pine air.
When they return,
their paws and muzzles shine like
purple grapes, waiting to be
picked.

Fall & Winter

by Bailey Hoover

Fall is beautiful: leaves turn bright yellow, like the sun up high, and orange, like a juicy orange. Some leaves become red, yummy, juicy cherries.

Bluebirds fly south before Winter comes, but Canadian Geese fly north. All the wild bears and squirrels are getting their nuts, and the bears are fattening up and going into hibernation.

Reading

by Kathryn Pope

I am absorbed in a book called The Wizard of OZ. Dorothy and the Scarecrow have just been acquainted with the Tin Woodsman and they're off to find the Wizard! On their way through the forest, they get slightly nervous. I would be too: the trees are like spooky Halloween ghosts and the wind whistling through them sounds like ghostly screams.

All of a sudden, just to make things much worse, a lion's roar echoes through the woods, bouncing from tree to tree and finally reaching the travelers' frightened ears. I can't wait to see what happens next! But, "Kathryn, It's time to turn off your light and go to bed!"

"But, Mom..."

"Now!"

Okay, okay!" *Click*. Off goes the light. I will have to wait until tomorrow to finish my book.

Whirlpools

by Kirsten Wiking

Little whirlpools
churn rough over
black rocks.
Salty sea air
makes you sneeze-
as if someone
were tickling you with a feather.
Miniature orange, red, gold crabs
and fish seem to dance
before your eyes.
It's time to leave.
You wave goodbye,
and the beach waves back
with sand ripples.

When I wake up for school, it is dead silent. The ground sparkles white with frost.

Light snow falls softly on metal roofs. Snow falls as free as a dancer. It glitters like diamonds in the winter sun. In the wintertime, my friends and I ski as if we were flying above the clouds. Winter is the free time of year.

Buddies

by Katie McDaniel

I have a few
unpredictable friends.
Skye....
isn't
what you think.
She's a tornado
full of energy;
lighting
up the room
when she
whirls
in.
Katie
glows like a
fire
that will never
stop:
she's always
burning.
Kirsten
glistens
like the
fresh, clear
rain that pours
forever on a new
spring day.

The Big Snow

by Kathryn Pope

I remember the first big snow at
our house. It turned cold
and brisk like a glass of iced tea
just out of the fridge.
Aspen trees stood bare,

Halloween Night

by Scott Patterson

Glowing in the night,
ghost cotton candy
swishes.
Pumpkins burn.
Bats screech through
the night
like stiff, uncooked beef.
Frankenstein itches
in his costume.
The Middle-of-the Night
ghosts
creep around vacant lots.
Bats fly
all night long.
Trick-or-Treat
someone yells to you;
seven shapes move
up toward your house.
Halloween night:
when the ghosts
are on the move.

Life Around Me

by Skye Fischer

Grass rustles under stomping feet
as they bound through
pine trees.
Willows blow in the brisk breeze.
Little creatures
dive into their holes,
so you will not
squish them.
The fresh smell of new aspen leaves
fills the air.
Clouds form as you
dash home for winter.

like scarecrows that have lost
their clothes.
Evergreens turned white
with a few small spots of green
peeking through. Snow no longer
fell from the sky, but off the roof instead:
I wanted to prance outside,
to frolic and play
as I gazed longingly
out of the window --
but the best I could do
was stand on the
porch... stretch out my hand
to catch snowflakes.
They felt
soft and light like cotton
floating in the sky.
Cold nipped at my nose.
My mother said, "Come inside
now, and go to bed."
I sulked to bed,
waiting anxiously for
tomorrow.

White Puffy Things by Kirsten Wiking

Lying on your back in the green grass, you notice the white puffy cotton balls in the sky. As they change from a frog with no legs to a sloth with a big nose, you wish you could fly up to the clouds and play in their white fluffy fluff.

Then, magically, a small silver cloud floats down by your side. Something seems to whisper, "sit on the cloud." The silver puff slowly starts to float up. You cling to the sides of the cloud: if you were to fall off, it would surely be a bad ending.

Finally, you're at the top. You jump out into white cushiony cotton. It bounces you like a trampoline, only you go higher. You keep on jumping until you get tired. You fall onto your back and enjoy the sun's rays. Thinking about your mom and dad, you realize you will never see them again!

You start to cry; the cloud below you becomes a soggy mess from your tears. The sun goes away, leaving you to cry. At last you wake up. It's raining, 'tis nothing but a dream.

Spring in a Meadow

by Bailey Hoover

Flowers pop up, forming
a big balloon
that grows bigger
and bigger each minute.
Periwinkle,
golden,
and lavender
petals spread
over lime-green grass.
Flowers smell
brilliant, like grape perfume on a hot sunny
day. You walk
in them, and feel
smooth,
silky petals kissing your feet.
New grass peeking
around the edges
prickles bare toes.
Blue jays caw:
"macaw,
macaw,
macaw."
Bushes
rustle in the soft breeze.
Spring in a Meadow
jumps
with joy.

Halloween

by Ben Smart

Creeping up in moaning night...
zombies lurk on midnight streets,
dragons torch green munchkins,
wizards waddle wearily,
knights know nothing.
Quick crickets quarrel quietly,
pirates poke precious parrots,
crumbly candy cracks keenly.
BOO! It's Halloween.