

Writing Workshop Pieces

2005-2006

Big Top

by Wes McDaniel

Pizza is as funny as yellow --
a clown with many pepperoni
noses. Pineapple sits:
big floppy shoes on red
sauce like a giant, fluffy, fat wig.
Bubbly yellow cheese floats
in thin air.

Netscape

by Dina Williams

Volleyball jumps
when she is served,
bumped, set,
or spiked --
bouncing on the ground
when she is hit
out of boundaries.
Volleyball wants to jump
over the net and feels
happy and joyful if
she does.
Sometimes she slams
into the stringy web.
Sad and dejected,
she tries again.
She mostly escapes
the grasp
of the nest.

Ecstatic

by Micaela Robinson

A mule is as happy as hot pink -- running
free in cotton candy fields,
every kick exploding bubble gum bubbles.

The Raft

by Alex Crogh

Ben came to the pond and yelled, "I want to be part of the group!" That day, my friend Garret and I had been as bored as lily pads. We went to see if my dad had any ideas. My dad suggested to try to build a raft. Garret and I went to see if there were any logs and planks of wood. My dad showed us where there was a pile of each.

Garret and I found some bent nails that were already used. The first thing that had to be done was to make the nails straight. We used some hammers to do it. Then the two of us were ready. We had to carry all the logs and wood to the pond. Now we were ready to build the raft.

Garret and I had different plans to build the raft. Garret's plan was to put the wood underneath the logs, but the raft would sink because the logs weighed a lot more than the wood. So we put the logs in a line and nailed them down, and placed the wood on top. Garret and I worked as hard as mules.

When Garret and I were done, we wanted to try the raft out to see if it really would float. So both of us went to get our swim trunks on, and met back at the pond. Garret wanted to push the raft out in the pond, so I let him push it out into the algae-covered water.

Then Ben came down to the pond to see what we were doing. When he saw the raft, he wanted to get on it. All of us went on the pond. Ben had to be in the middle, because if he were on one side, it would sink or tilt the raft. We went to the very middle of the pond. When we were tired, we paddled back to the shore, put the raft on the grass, went to the house, and played.

Brain Freeze

by Micaela Robinson

Black clouds circle stormy skies
like smooth chocolate ice cream sitting

Relaxing, like pink strawberry
thistles, waiting to
be eaten.

Delicious

by Kiana Chapman

Shrimp are berries,
small and tasty in my bowl.
Berries sway in gentle winds;
Shrimp rock in rough tides.
When I plop shrimp in my mouth,
they pop like berries,
exploding with a sweet and juicy
flavor.

Moving

by Dina Williams

"Are we there yet?" asked my little brother. We were
driving from California to Idaho because we were
moving to McCall.

"No, just a few more hours," my mom replied. Great.
Hours. It was a LONG trip.

I could read or write to pass time, but since my writing
would be bumpy or the book would rattle so I couldn't
read it, I didn't. I was bored from being in a car for hours,
but we had more hours to go. My brother had just fallen
asleep. I can't fall asleep in a car because cars are loud
and bumpy. Plus, with my brother sleeping, it is almost
impossible to sleep anywhere.

On the way over to Idaho, I thought: *I wonder what it is
like there? I hope the Middle School is good. What if all
the students are mean? I hope not. I wonder what our
house looks like. I hope it snows. I hope I can find all my
answers soon.* Well, in a few more hours, we would be in
McCall.

"Finally!" I exclaimed as we climbed out of the car. "We
are at the condos! That was a long trip." After being in a
car for twelve hours, I was very happy to be at our
destination. I ran inside to check out my new room. My

high. Hail pounds upon heads like
Rocky Road marshmallows tumbling from
their bowl. Cold vanilla clouds
stack upon
each other:
waiting to be licked every
sunny day.

Football

by Kellen Crawford

When I play football,
I get very hyper.
No matter what the size
of the person in front of me,
big or small,
I always knock him off his feet:
it feels very, very good.
Most of the time I sack the quarterback:
it's like squishing a toad.
When the running back is tearing through the outfield,
my teammates usually tackle him.
On defense,
I'm defensive end.
On offense,
sometimes they need me to block other players.
It might sound rough,
but, hey! Football's my life.
It's what I do.

My Dog Woody

by Wes McDaniel

Austin walks up to the front door. He sees Woody, and runs
for dear life.

Woody likes to play in the forest and the creek as much as
possible. Woody is big, black, white, and brown. Once
Woody got so mad that he picked up my cat, put him on a
log in the middle of a field, and left him there. I don't think
my dog will ever like my cat.

Woody hates it when you jump on the trampoline: he thinks
you're going to die. When Woody was just a puppy, his
head grew faster than his body, so when he ran down the
stairs, he would trip, fly, and land flat on his face. I was

room was an upstairs loft with windows so I could see into the living room. But it was empty, and would be empty until the moving truck came. I opened my window showing the living room and yelled, "Mom? When is the moving truck coming??"

"Soon, Dina," replied my mom. Gee. Just like her to never give me the date.

"What day, Mom? Like Sunday? Wednesday? The 22nd of 2010? Or maybe the 30th of February?"

"Oh. Um. Friday," said my mom. O.k. That wasn't too long to wait. It was now Wednesday night, so about one full day to wait.

When Friday came, no moving truck came. My mom received a call saying the moving company we hired couldn't find a driver, so they would come Monday. When Monday came, still no moving truck! My mom got another call saying that the moving company still couldn't find a driver, so the truck would come on Friday. It did come Friday, but it was a week late. Mitch, my brother, finally could play the game cube and my bed came so I did not need a sleeping bag, and all my clothes arrived, too. I was happy to set up my room with my stuff.

My Horse Dan

by Kiana Chapman

Dan is a pig when it comes to food. I feed him oats in the morning and hay in the afternoon, and for dessert, sugar cubes. I ride him every day, and when we're out, he finds thistles, and eats them whole.

The saddle rubs against my legs and makes a "saddle rash". A saddle rash is a rash between your legs. Sometimes, it gets so bad that you can't walk. It takes two days to heal. In the two days, my dad has to take care of Dan. Then I heal, and when I wake there is frost on the ground, and that is a sign that winter is coming. I store up hay so Dan can eat.

Then winter comes, and it is cold when I wake I have to make sure that Dan is fed, not cold, and that the water has not frozen. But if it is, that means that our water heater has broken, so I go get my dad. He is mad that he can't sleep in. He dresses and comes outside to fix it.

really little when this happened, and I wanted to do all the same stuff my dog did, so I jumped off the stairs and landed flat on my face.

My dog and I are both alike in some ways, but not always. If we were completely alike, I'd be walking around: a fat, black, brown, and white fur ball.

My Little Sister

by Micaela Robinson

I run into my mom's bed, so happy to be a big sister now. I see a spikey-haired little sister. I ask my mom, "Mom, who is that?"

"That is your little sister," my mom says. She was born the day after Christmas. Her name is Ashlee Kate Robinson. She always laughs and hardly ever cries. But when she does cry, it is very bad. She was 9.8 pounds when she was born, and loved to smile. We would read stories and it would seem like she'd understand everything. Ashlee loved to bite and pull hair. She was good at it, too.

She really likes to chase me in a game of tag, but she jumps on the tramp only when it is her game she made up. When she plays cook, she has to be the waitress, and the cook, and the server. I have to sit at her tiny plastic table while she serves me her plastic food. Her dream is to become a rock star. She always jumps, sings, and dances on my mom's and dad's bed.

Now that she is six years old, Ashlee has a major attitude. When she is mad, she acts like a stubborn cow. When my mom tells her to do something, she walks to her room and ignores her. But even though she's not completely nice to me all of the time, she is my sister and I have to live with her, and sometimes, I am glad.

Little Personalities

by Brooke Wolfe

I own mini-lops: bunnies, that all have their own personalities. Mini-lops are medium-sized, with droopy ears.

Then I give Dan new water.

I take Dan to Boise to get some exercise. He runs around in the fallen snow, then my dad and I take him back to McCall and I put him in the barn.

Then snow starts to melt, and flowers start to bloom. Spring is here!!! I let Dan out in the green pasture and he runs around. I am sure that he is glad that winter is over. Then the seasons start over again.

Nature

by Alex Crogh

Artichokes are pinecones,
opening up to drop their seeds.
Brown-green leaves spiral up
to the spiky top;
a sharp point finishes
every leaf or scale.
Squirrels like to eat pinecone seeds
just as people chomp
off the leafy meat of every
artichoke.

Delicious

by Dina Williams

Soup is a lake when
summer arrives --
the water warms up
and looks good enough
to jump in.
Noodles float by:
seaweed drifting
in the mellow tide.
Stirring soup brings
carrots and peas
to the murky surface
of a stormy lake.
Chunky chicken boats
catch swimming noodle fish
in clear water.

I have two black ones. One is little and one is big. The big one is Licorice. She is sour. She only lets you pet her for a short time, then she hops away. The little one is Ebony. Ebony is small, shy, and playful. When you hold her, she cuddles up into a small ball. When you set her on the table, she looks like a ball with a head.

I also have two black-and-white bunnies. One is big and the other is little. The big one is Oliver. Oliver is sweet, nice, loving, and likes to hop around. He also loves being petted. The little one is Gingie. He is a nice boy, and when you pet him, he snuggles up against you. He also is like his dad, Oliver. They both need love.

I have a brown-and-white mini-lop, too. He doesn't like being petted as much as Gingie does. He likes eating carrots instead, but he is not a mean bunny. I really love my bunnies.

Lucky Dog

by Dina Williams

Sky-blue is as happy as a dog.
Sunny, calming sky licks your face
with a refreshing breeze.
Jumping into a blue lake,
creating mini-waves;
shaking extra water
on soft grass, creating dew.
Running after birds in a clear sky,
sky-blue pounces on a fluffy,
white cloud.
sky-blue wags its tail;
shaking all the trees.
