

QUICK WRITE

By Matthew C.

I was riding on an elevator when the elevator moved faster and faster until I was on the moon, I was a test dummy for NASA, which was here and there.

Sometime it will get out of hand but it was fun being nerds, is what my sister calls us.

"I can dream." I said to my sister.

CHRISTMAS

By Bella D.

Once upon a time there was a family and there were three people in the family. The mom's name was Elizabeth; the twin boys' names were Bob and Conner. They were five years old. They did not have a dad because he died in a car accident. Their dad was driving home one night when a driver was going fast. They collided. They took their dad to the hospital and that's when he died from his injuries. Now they don't really think about their dad any more.

SIX YEARS LATER

"It's snowing everybody. It's snowing," said Conner.

"Yah, I know it is. It's almost Christmas so why shouldn't it snow?"

"Boys, stop fighting. How about you guys go make a snowman and snow angels, outside?"

"OK," said Conner.

Bob said, "Hey, look at our snowman. It's as tall as Dad. Let's go get some scarves and a hat for him."

He grabbed the stuff and put rocks as his eyes and snow as his arms. When they were all done they put a black and red hat on the snowman. Then they went inside.

It was getting dark. Bob had a magic harmonica. It worked sometimes but it made the snowman come alive. It was their dad. The snowman went to Bob and Conner's window.

They both screamed and said, "Who are you?"

He said, "I'm your dad, remember?"

"No you can not be. Magic isn't real."

"Oh yes it is."

"OK, fine. If you are my dad, what is my favorite football team?"

The snowman said, "It's the Dallas Cowboys."

Conner said, "Oh my gosh, you are my dad!"

So after that they hung out. Elizabeth met the snowman and started crying. Then he had to go because the snow was melting.

Dad said, "I will see you next year if you make another snowman."

Goodbye. The End

QUICK WRITE By Ethan T.

A young deer stepped into the river and bent down to drink. From where I was standing, I felt so free! Away from the city, the people, the crime. I never really like the city. Only the country. No crime or crowds, just open land and fresh air. If only this moment could last forever. But everything has to end. If by death or leaving, it always ends.

QUICK WRITE By Mallory P.

I was riding on an elevator when the power went out. All the lights went black and the elevator stopped moving. *They're after me*, I thought. I pried open the door and jumped; looking back it wasn't the

smartest idea but then again, they were already jumping on to the elevator. They had just noticed me.

Wait, I thought, wait for it, there! Ladder rungs, I grabbed on and started climbing. Now I know what you think, why was I going up toward the people trying to kill me? But I had a plan...

QUICK WRITE By Michaela A.

A young deer stepped into the river and bent his head down to drink. From where I was standing I saw a beautiful look in her eye. She made me leave cause I was going hunting with my father.

He said, "Do you see one?"

I said, "No, Papa. I thought I saw one but I did not."

We left. I kept it a secret from him. The deer was just so pretty to me I couldn't shoot it. Then we left and I hope they go back up into the woods tomorrow.

I went home to go to bed. I prayed to the deer. I hope she doesn't get killed.

The next morning, Papa woke me up to go hunting but I said, "No, Papa. Leave the deer alone."

HAIKU

By Sydney M.

Green and speckled legs
Hop on logs and lily pads
Splash in cool water.

When a winter breeze
Sweeps its way into fall air
Snow is coming near.

The flowing river
With raging strength and power
It needs some respect.

Cool air hits your face
As you run out the doorway
Go sledding, hurray!

HYPERBOLE

By Brennan R.

My mom is going to kill me.

HOT CHOCOLATE

By Maya B.

Hot chocolate with whip cream or marshmallows is the best, but never both. You can have whip cream with grated chocolate, which is always good. But sometimes plain ol' marshmallows are great! If you ever want both, I advise you not to do it because they are both almost exactly the same. Not that closely the same, but they have almost the same texture when they are melted on hot chocolate! I prefer whip cream because if you mix it with the hot chocolate it gives it a creamy delicious flavor. Then if you grate chocolate on top of the whip cream, it makes it look like gourmet hot chocolate and it tastes like heaven.

THE SNOW

By Dawson N.

One New Year's Eve, I was sledding with three of my cousins. I was riding a jet sled and I was going fast. I did not know there was a big log down the hill. When I saw it, it was a tad too late to even try to keep from hitting the log. I went face first into it.

After I crashed I was knocked out for two minutes. My brother ran down to me. He took me to the house. My nose pointed to the left side of my face. All of the skin on my nose was off. When I came back to school I had a bandaged nose and a black eye.