

FOREST DREAM

By Carissa A.

Today I am going out hunting with my father. We are driving to our favorite hunting location. We get there and it's a beautiful twilight night. We are setting up a tent and I realize what a beautiful night it is. I see a raccoon, a fox run by, and a rabbit go into its hole.

I wake up and realize what a breathtaking morning it is. The sky is gold, yellow, pink, and a little bit red. I hear the howl of a wolf. I spot it and run back to my tent. I wake my dad up and tell him to come outside and see what a beautiful morning it is, and he agrees. But the part I love the most about hunting is being with my dad and watching the scenery.

MISSED CHRISTMAS

By Coles J.

I couldn't sleep, my eyes wide open, staring at the presents gleaming in the blue lights. I glanced over at the clock every five minutes, hoping it was seven. It was Christmas morning but I couldn't wake up my parents until seven. It was only six-thirty. I drifted off finally at six-forty. When I awoke the clock read twelve-thirty. Oh no! I had slept through Christmas! Then it hit me. It was all a dream. It was only Christmas Eve. I had dreamed it was Christmas morning. Well, better go to sleep.

LIGHTNING STRIKES

By Amber G.

Lightning strikes
the horizon
cutting the cloudy,
black sky in half,
then shrinking back into the sky,
taking the light with it.

WHAT IS LOVE By Kyla N.

What is love?

Does it fill you with fire or ice?
Does it make you feel sad like on a rainy day that you leave your ball outside, or happy like warm cookies out of the oven?

What is love?

Is love a dog, cat, or a warm and sunny day?

Could it possibly be a slice of bread and butter that your mom gave you?
Love is the oddest feeling in the world,
But what is it?

Is it a heart that you give your mom or dad?

A lollypop or slice of cake?
Does it make you smile, laugh or walk away embarrassed and red?

What is love?

Is it part joy and happiness?
Again I ask what is love?

My mom says it's when I give her a hug;

My dad says it's when he says good night to me.

I think it's family and friends.

Is that love?

Yes

Then love is the best thing ever!

QUICK WRITE By Rory B.

My two-year old brother found a magic marker...it was a black magic marker and he scribbled all over the walls and made a huge mess. But suddenly a portal opened to another dimension and we hopped through it. We popped out into another planet that was made of candy. OH how awesome it was. It rained gumdrops. Chocolate rivers flowed down mountainsides—made of marshmallow...

SEAN

By Bridger D.

Once upon a time there was a guy named Sean who went hunting a lot. He has been hunting all his life. When he was a kid he killed the biggest bull elk in the town. It weighed about 600 lbs. Then one of his friends died from hunting. He died because a bull elk came up to him and gored him in the chest piercing his heart with its sharp antlers. Sean stopped hunting for weeks. He was so sad that his best friend was gone.

Weeks later, Sean went back out hunting again. Once more, he got the biggest elk in the area. This elk weighed 800 pounds. It fed his family for two years.

Next, Sean tried his luck at fishing. He caught a big brown trout. It weighed 19 pounds. He had it mounted and hung it on his living room wall. Sean lived to be 101 years old and he died of old age.

ALLITERATION By Kayley O.

My pretty purple penguin plays patty-cake with pink Patricia.

UNTITLED

By Rebecca V.

The woods behind my house
darker and duller with little light
coming in,
I ride my horses bareback through the
trees
just for the thrill of trying not to slide
off while the horse jumps and
dodges the limbs and broken logs.
Every once in a while she will
stumble but quickly get back on track.
The pits where she trips are large but
not very deep
like something so heavy sat on the
ground and it had sunken ldown.

I know there were once camas pits
used to roast camas roots.

Here is Camas Prairie—the whole area
where my friends live
but right here is where the name
comes from.

HOUND DOGS

By Danner N.

Hound dogs—they will make
you or break you. They come in all
different shapes and sizes: short-
legged, long-legged, fat, skinny, or
muscular. The way of their bark is the
most beautiful thing a houndsman can
hear. It's the mountain's music.

There is a reason God put them
on this world to make such a breed for
just one thing. They are born to do it.
You can't raise a hound in the city;
they have to be raised in the
mountains. They just aren't city dogs.
Most people just don't understand, but
I do, my uncles and cousins do, and
everyone that has gone cat hunting
does. I don't know what it is but there
is an adrenaline rush that I can't
explain. You may have to get up at
3:00 am every time you go, but if you
are dedicated, you will. Yeah, it's hard
work and a patience game, but if you
put your heart and soul into it, it will
pay off.

QUICK WRITE

By Lydia H.

I couldn't fall asleep in the tent.
I heard this noise outside. I got up and
looked outside and found a bear with
its rear to the tree. It had a weird look
on its face. Apparently he was
enjoying himself. He was making a
weird noise and I just had to smile. He
saw me and still didn't stop scratching
his bum. Maybe it was because I didn't
have a gun in my hand.