

ELEMENTARY PORTFOLIO

**Miss Andrews' Elementary Writing
Class of 2021-2022**



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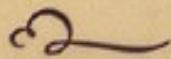
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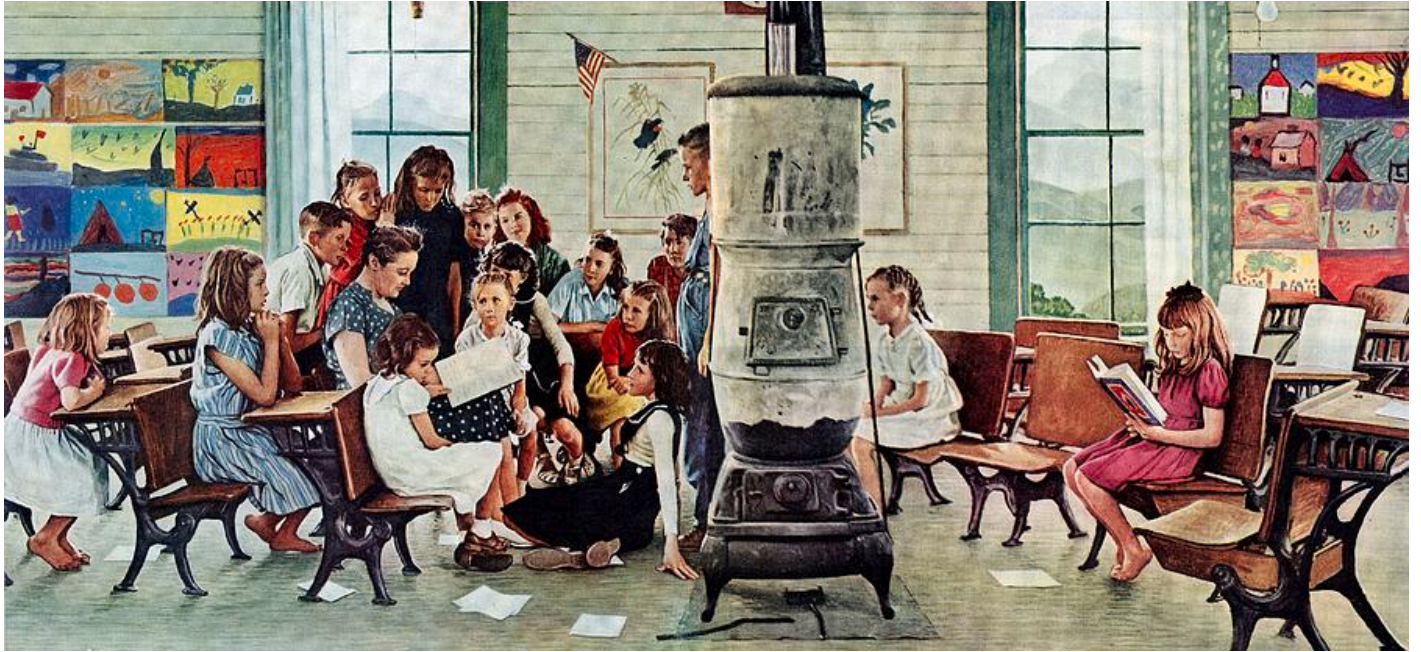
*The world is dark, and light is precious.
Come closer, dear reader.
You must trust me.
I am telling you a story.*



Kate Dicamillo

The Tale of Despereaux

Elementary Writing, Section A



Chub the Dragon-Slayer
By Colin C.

Today I tell of great and valiant Chub,
Who with a rag his sword began to rub
Until it glittered and shone like the sun,
But at that moment Chub began to run
Straight toward the dragon's dark and evil lair.
Nothing would stop him, not the slightest snare;
He plunged into the dragon's filthy hole,
And vanished in the black, the black like coal.

But suddenly a flame of red and gold
Burst out and all could see our Chub so bold
Beside a beast, all scales, and fangs, and fire.
Below them looked to be a deadly pyre,
And then the light began to beat the dark
As Chub came soaring down just like a lark
To crash upon the thrashing dragon's head,
And run him through, so now the dragon's dead.

And now the cave he strides from is empty;
Thus all the people of this town are free.
The village now rejoices and has fun
Because the battle is over and won.
So Chub traversed back to his home again

Accompanied by brave and loyal men.

And this is where my song comes to an end

As we leave Chub to round the final bend.



Muddy Pup
by Elliot C.

Don't worry, Mom, I promise I'll explain...

The bad old dog went running up the lane!

I tried to shout and loudly call his name,

But he kept quickly running in the rain.

He had a stick, or something of the sort,

I heard him breathe a long and happy snort.

He turned and dared me to come play his game;

I could not easily resist his sport!

The ground was slick and muddy so I slipped;

The dog he ran around and zoomed and zipped.

He ran back to the house and stepped inside,

And on the muddy stick he tore and ripped.

Up the steep stairs the muddy tracks, they led,

The dog, he jumped upon your fresh, clean bed.

Your bed is soggy, dirty, and so wet,

And mostly where you lay your sleepy head.

I did leave the door open I confess,

But dog's the one who caused so much distress.

It really isn't me whom you should blame,

Because I did not make this frightful mess.



The Race for Riswyk

By Lydia C.

Gazing out at the snowy and seemingly serene landscape, I marveled at the tiny town of Riswyk below me, hardly aware of the frigid and wild wind tearing at my clothing and cheeks. Already I could hear my friends and their sleds coming up behind me, their chatter muffled by the thickly falling snow, and I knew it was time to begin. Climbing carefully aboard my sled, the precious packages gently prodding my sweater, I felt the hard ice beneath my feet as I pushed off from the top of the mountain. As if the wind and sleet knew what we were doing, they blew a fresh, algid gust into our faces. I heard the hushed, almost anticipatory *whoosh* of the sled on ice, the tops of the frost-bound trees leaning into my face and the blast of wind stinging my cheeks. It was adventure as the children of Riswyk had never seen before, and despite the looming danger of the Nazis, we met the challenge with all our hearts. We had a mission to finish, and we would complete it.



No Just Cause for Pride

By Clara H.

Prince Gwydion of Don influences Taran's concept of manhood because Taran notices that Gwydion is actually selfless, which changes Taran's perspective on heroism; before, Taran surmised heroism was being known for doing big things, and we know he has changed because in the end of the book, Taran says to Dallben, "I have no just cause for pride." Through his maturation under the guidance of Gwydion, Taran shows the reader that true heroism isn't easy, and that if "heroism" is done for the reason of pride and wanting to be known, then it isn't *true* heroism.



My Adventurous African Experience

By Ethan H.

In Kenya, many animals surround you. Walking around, I peered beneath me and detected termites scurrying around under the yellow grass, and were feverishly constructing a termite mound to protect against bat-eared foxes. As I walked, I constantly heard the swishing of yellow grass every time I strode forward, which was like walking down the ruby-red carpet to meet Queen Elizabeth II. Peering out into the distance, I noticed a baboon lying in the towering acacia tree while a male giraffe and its mate ravenously plucked tree leaves and mashed food in their mouths like crushed mashed potatoes. Noticing that I had walked aimlessly around while lost in the beauty of nature, I stumbled upon a crystal-clear waterfall cascading into the watering hole. Teeming with life, the river sloshed onto the dusty banks of the savanna. An elephant-snout fish swam swiftly slicing through the water while a baby hippo chased the fish for sport. As a peregrine falcon dove rapidly down from a tree branch, I pinpointed a ferocious lioness fervently holding her own against crocodiles, her deafening roar shaking the earth, her eyes narrowing and her whiskers twitching and swaying her tail.

I am Mfalme, which means king in Swahili. I have chocolate-brown eyes and curly black hair. Although I am only ten, I can go on breathtaking nature hikes alone. Today, I toiled on the farm transporting heavy loads of fruits and vegetables to the wildlife rangers. The other day, I bravely engaged in a fierce standoff with a King Cobra. Although I had an advantage over the snake, I decided not to kill it because the Holy Spirit told me not to. Even though my mother and father are both trillionaires, they teach me to work extremely hard. I wear my safari hat, snug gloves, shirt, boots, and pants in the animal reserve. I have never hurt an animal since my father told me, "The good Lord created these animals so why should we hurt them?" I enjoy sitting on the grubby ground for hours watching the scorching sun set and the constellations after nightfall.

After I went to bed and watched the constellations, I got up at 5:00 am to hike through the dense jungle. Instinctively, as I peered into the distance and noticed a stranger, I drew out my jet-black pistol and carefully grasped it in my left hand. Fortunately, I was ambidextrous. Listening to the queer chattering of the stranger, I crept closer like a lion stalking its feeble prey. He remarked, “Have you trafficked the lions yet? Send it to Tajiri Rich. He will pay you handsomely for your lion. I want no hesitation whatsoever. Deliver it to his mansion.” Processing what the black-market dealer was saying, I loaded my gun and shot the stranger’s elbow, which caused him to whimper. Unfortunately, someone crept behind me and jammed a white rag on my face. Struggling to get free, I fell on the hard dirt. All I could see was black.

When I woke up, I was still in the impenetrable, lush jungle. Famished, I had a voracious appetite like a lion. Luckily, there was a banana next to me. Unpeeling it, I climbed into a car I had found and started driving. Pondering about what the trafficker said, I decided to go to the police station, hoping the police would believe my story. Tajiri Rich lived next door to us and we needed to hurry. Sprinting into the office, I told them what had occurred. Consequently, they drove me to Tajiri Rich’s house. Banging on the door, the police forced the door open with such force that Tajiri Rich was knocked over. After Tajiri Rich was arrested, I ventured back to my parent’s mansion and became a world famous detective like Sherlock Holmes.

The End



Willow the Tree

By Aspen H.

I'm Willow the tree
who whispers in the wind.

No one passes by me

Not a single sapling.

Only me.

I sit and stare so peacefully, just me.

Bright and early

I wake every day.

I sip

And then I sit.

I like to whisper

While the sun rises.

Just in case.

Will Treaty

By Easton H.

Now listen to this tale I have for you.
At first you'll think this tale has a weird hue.
So now pull your blanket up to your face.
And now I'll tell you about this new race.

This boy grew up and met a man named Halt
The fact he was alone was not his fault.
This boy could sneak around without a sound.
He could blend in to look just like a mound.

Halt trained him well so that he could survive.
His goal, to keep his kingdom all alive.
When evil came to squelch the force of good,
Will fought and earned his leaf of ranger-hood.



O, to be an Egg

By Danielle L.

O, to be an egg

Taken and cracked upon a pan,

Poached, fried, boiled by Meg,

Quickly gobbled up by Dan.

The time is near for me to die,

The pan is out.

“O no!” I sigh.

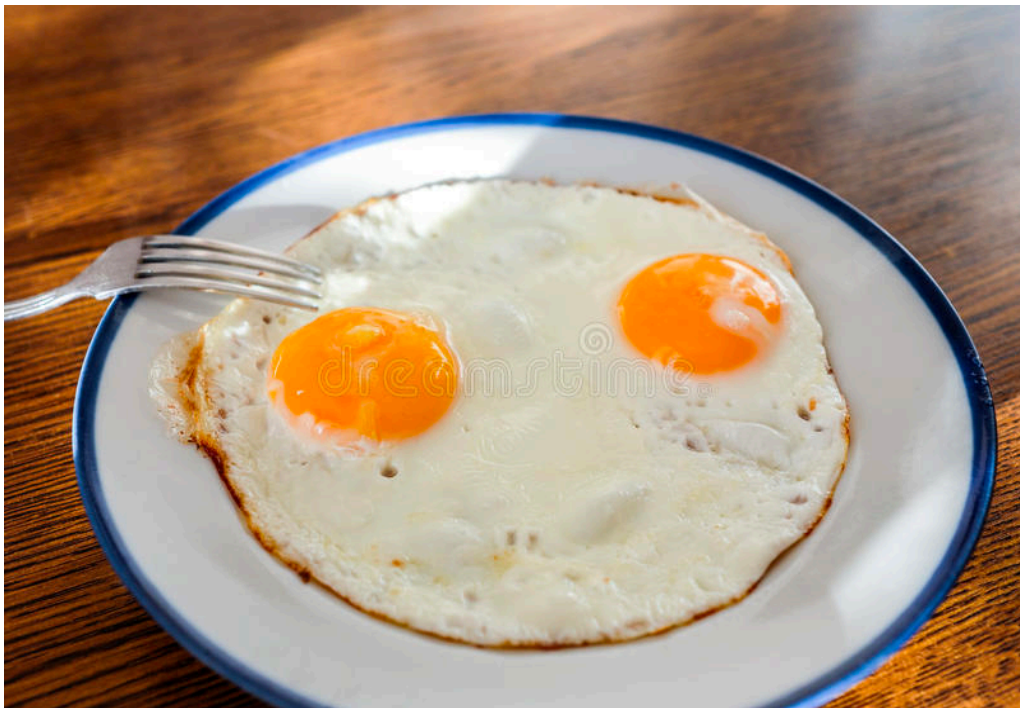
My solemn face cooks as I shout,

“Alas, oh me, I do not doubt,”

I’m full of fear,

And I am out.”

The end is here.



Song
A story of hope, joy, and music

By Audrey L.

One day, I walk out of the academy for girls when I notice my teacher, Master Vinwip, talking to somebody about me! I press my back against the wall and listen. Master Vinwip is saying, “There is something up with Winter—”

“Is something wrong with her?” a distressed voice cries out, which I recognize to be my guardian, Master Belro. “You know, I’ve regretted my decision to keep her, so don’t blame me that she is strange and...and deformed! Sometimes I wish I had never found her!”

“No, it’s not that at all,” Master Vinwip hurriedly explains, “she has been quite excellent in school. In fact, she is ahead of her whole class, but the other girls tease her and call her ‘teacher’s pet,’ and I feel like she doesn’t really belong in Weatherstrong. She’s rather pretty though, don’t you think, with her bright blue eyes and her long dark hair?”

“You’re actually on her side?!?” Master Belro fumes, “Have you seen the crazy things this ‘girl who appeared out of nowhere’ has done around the house? She always cleans up after people and makes...well...better food than the cooks! She’s just TOO UNIQUE!”

When I hear this, I finger a bright cobalt blue necklace that I have worn for as long as I can remember. *Master Belro’s right, I think, I really am too unique. I’ll never fit in with my community, never ever...*



The Replaced Vase

By Aliza L.

As I sit upon my seat, my pencil in my hand,
I glance up and see a leaf, withered and despised.
The flowers in the vase, looking blue and bland,
Are seeming very gray, that is, to my eyes.

A purple petal drooping down, saying, "Farewell, my friends."
The once-green leaves have turned brown, and are crinkling in the breeze.
Stargazer lilies, once a blaze, their lives have come to an end.
The mournful wind, it seems to be, has come again and grieves.

But as I feel so downcast, so depressed just like the plants,
Which grow to life and wither, and all in one vase,
A lady whom I know quite well with something in her hands,
Approached the table, and the gloomy flowers replaced,
With a lovely bouquet of lilacs, grown in our backyard.
And now, as I sit doing math, it doesn't seem so hard!



Skippack Creek

by Logan Lynch

The mumbblings of the rapids accelerate with the melting of winter's last snow. They increase in volume to serenade a welcome to the buttercups nudging through the lifeless, leftover leaves. Dancing pebbles tumble in the water, smoothing their rough edges and combing their algae beards. The petrichor of the forest hovers over the creek. Muffled by the dense forest trees surrounding the creek, the strong breeze and tumult of the raindrops sound more like pitter-patter on a window pane. The few raindrops that make it through land like warm, salty tears joining in on the joyous celebration, welcoming the new season.

The sound of crunching foliage echoes throughout the woodland, and the wildlife make way for two beings journeying through the forest. These creatures reek of earth and moss, and at a quick glance their appearance reflects the forest just like the mirrored image in the stream. But a closer look reveals a boy and a dog outfitted for life and adventure in the forest. They make their way to a log cabin nestled in the bank of the stream. The cabin features a mossy beard of its own, as if a cousin to the pebbles of the stream. The boy brings in the coziness of the warming forest and whispers an affectionate greeting to the bear cub on the armchair, the bees buzzing around a nest in the ceiling, and the fox on the harthrug. He tosses some sketches of creatures in their natural habitat, different plant specimens, and journal pages onto the cluttered desk in the corner and turns back to the door. His piercing whistle shoots out between the raindrops and hangs in the air before it's answered by a galloping wolf joining his unconventional pack.



Dragon's Fate
By William M.

With the sound of cat claws scraping across the tile floor of the farmer McGregor's kitchen, Dragon, the deadly, killer cat, sprang into the air, knocking down a jar of salt. The deadly mammal flew through the air when finally, it landed on its prey, Justin the valiant rat. Then Nicodemus gave Mrs. Frisby the signal. She ran into the hole and sprinkled the strong sleeping powder into Dragon's food dish. Meanwhile Justin was still having a brutal fight with the dreaded cat. They were tumbling around on the floor dodging strike after strike. Finally, Justin got into a good position. The strong rat pushed the killer cat down the laundry chute. The cat meowed with fury as it helplessly fell onto a misplaced pile of Lego's in the laundry basket. Dragon's eyes sprang open and the hair on his back stuck straight up as he meowed in pain. Justin wasn't done yet. He jumped down the chute with a kitchen knife in his hand. He landed on the cat and killed it, but not before the cat had landed a set of claws to his chest.



The Great Gator

By Bennett M.

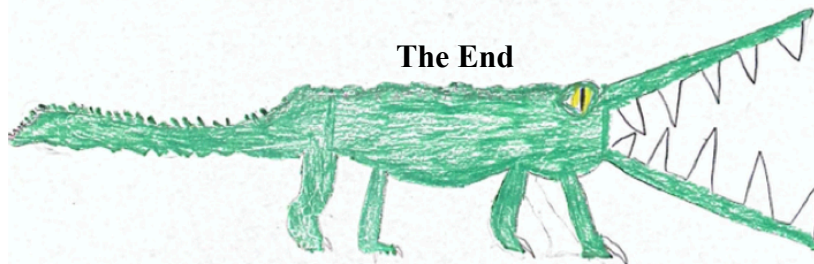
A boggy swamp lies between the trees. Algae lounges on the rocks, and now and then the swamp water rises. The trees have giant curling branches. The sky swirls with mist. The water is so foggy, you would never see anything coming. The top of the swamp looks like solid ground.

A creature slowly rises from the swamp water, algae hanging from his head and limbs. His long mouth contains sharp teeth glistening in the sun while its scaly green body whips around under the water. As he scans the nearby land for his next victim, he soaks up the warmth of the sun. He spots a human, he crawls up to the human, but the human sees him, and zig-zags away from him. The alligator, completely bamboozled from his vulnerable eyes and crawls away in the wrong direction.

The zoo sends trappers, all over the forest, until at last they find the swamp. The trappers put a recorder at the edge of the water, a giant net in the water right in front of the recorder, and turn on the recorder to play a baby alligator's voice. The alligator swims towards the voice and he gets tangled up in the giant net. They lower the hooked stick into the water and hook it through the net. The alligator is trapped!

From his new fenced off habitat, the alligator sees murky water and hears people chattering on the bridge overhead, but he wants to be free. He digs a long tunnel through the wall of dirt under the fence. He digs upward and finds himself on the other side of the fence. Someone sees him and calls the zookeepers. They come wearing long black rubber boots making squishing noises. A zookeeper comes and tries to throw a net over the alligator, but he just lashes his tail around and bites. A zookeeper tries to wrestle the alligator, but he knocks him off, crawls away and slips off into the depths of the forest.

The End



One Sunny Sunday Morning

By Charlie R.

One sunny Sunday morning I stepped up to the plate
Everything seemed right but I wasn't feeling great
Ball one, strike one, then a big BANG!
I saw the ball soar, and then start to hang
Down, down, the ball came falling
Over the fence, my mom was bawling
Rounding third I ran when Smack!
My coach had slapped me on the back
And then I ran the last stretch to home plate
Where my whole team came down with such weight.
So that is the story of my first home run
Under the shimmery Sunday morning sun!



One Sunny Sunday Morning is a true story about my first home run.

On Saturday, November 20, 2021 I went 0 for 6 striking out 5 times, so I was quite upset. But on Sunday morning before the game my dad read me a passage from the Bible, we prayed, my coach gave me a slight adjustment for my swing, and then in my first at bat of the game I smashed my first ever home run!

Omri's Heart Desires

By Eliana R.

In the beginning of *The Indian in the Cupboard*, Omri selfishly wants to take care of Little Bear whom he believes is his own, but by the end of the story, Omri desires Little Bear to have a good life. When Omri first meets Little Bear he selfishly says “You are MY Indian.” At the end of the book, Little Bear talks about his village and Omri realizes that he wants to give Little Bear freedom. We know Omri's desires change because he sends Little Bear back home. At first, selfish Omri views Little Bear as his property, but by the end he sacrifices his own happiness for Little Bear.

The End



Ready for Adventure

By Ellie R.

The snow crunched under my heavy, leather boots as I walked to my sled. Fresh snowflakes covered everything like a blanket, heavy and thick. A cold scent mixed with the dark earthy smell of the evergreens filled my nose and calmed my frantic thoughts. I breathed in and brushed off the snow that covered one of the evergreens like powdered sugar. Laughter drifted from every little cottage that dotted the hillside. A whisper of adventure echoed excitedly everywhere and gave me a thrill.



Pawprints

By Grace S.

Don't worry, mom. I promise I'll explain ...

The cat came through the window from the rain.

I left the window open by mistake.

It happened when I went to eat some cake.

I tried to read my book but wanted sweets.

My lunch didn't satisfy (eww pickled beets).

I'm sorry 'bout the pawprints on the bed.

Don't throw him out; please punish me instead.



Winter Mood

By David W.

Somewhere, there is an immense forest that is stuck in winter. This forest is always snowing or raining with ice growing on everything. The weather is never hot and the cold wind is always blowing into the little leaves left on the trees. In the middle of this forest, there is a village trying its best to survive the cold weather. Not only is this forest always cold, but some animals live in it, like polar bears that crawl in the snow, leaving their footprints. Penguins that soar on the ice while on their stomachs, and many more animals. Despite being cold, in this forest, you can grow any type of food and plants. All throughout the forest tropical plants are healthy and beautiful.



The Forlorn House

By Joanna W.

The grimy golden bells that dangled from the front door handle jingled every once and a while,

The doors of the house swung this way and that way, revealing a dusty aisle.

Dim lights inside the forlorn house turned on and off sporadically,

Every time a person walked past, the rusty gate closed automatically.

People think that the house was haunted and bewitched when they passed,

For they always saw a spectral face at the window who incessantly whispered: "At last."

But maybe the house was just trying its best to be kind,

Maybe the house was just trying its best to be mine.



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VACATION

A Mom's Perspective

By Eli B.

Oh this is going to be great!
We are going to sleep so late.
A whole week of just relaxing;
no work, stress, or anything taxing.

Ok guys, time to pack,
deodorant, toothbrushes and maybe a snack.
“What do you mean your clothes are all dirty?”
Well let's get them washed, hurry, hurry!”
“Alright it's time to get in the car,
Buckle up, settle in; our destination is far.”
“ what do you mean you forgot to pack socks,
Quit kicking my seat, you're giving me the shocks!”

“Are you kidding me, you already have to pee?

Please stop, no more tea.”

“No we're not there yet,
why in the world is the seat all wet?”

“Ok finally, here we are,
Never again will we travel by car.”

“I need a vacation after this vacation.”



NIMH's Plan

By Jonah Costa

Thanks to Mrs. Frisby, the plan of NIMH to capture the rats was well known, and the rats had set to leave that very day instead of waiting for tomorrow. They carried their tools, seeds, and troops while scanning the area for a place to stay after traveling some distance away from the house. It almost seemed an eternity before they could find a suitable place to stay. They eventually found an old, hollow log, which inside could be perfect for rats, and after a vote they decided to stay there. The old hollow log was warm and cozy and had lots of room even with the crowds and groups of rats. They made multiple exits in case NIMH were to track them down and come a day early, but that would not be so likely. The following day chased, and soon rose the sun. They had found a good home, and would start living without stealing from others. They thought they had found a safe and cozy home that was far, far away from NIMH. Or was it?

The End



The Deep Blue Sea

By Emily L.

I was standing on the ice with my pole in hand,
When I heard a great “crack”, and I drifted from the land.

I drifted for a while on the great blue lake,
Wondering how long my rescue would take.

Waving my arms in the deep blue sky,
Hoping someone would hear my cry,
Along comes a sailboat here at last.
Now I'm home rescued from the past.



Trouble With Cookies

By Lucy R.

Don't worry Mom I promise I'll explain,
Your sweet cookies made it hard to refrain.

I tried so hard to stop, failing in vain.

It started with one nibble then increased.

I was unstoppable, a cookie beast!

But left were the crumbs from my foolish feast.

I knew they were for Dad's surprise soiree.

I can and will make a new batch today.

I am so sorry next time I'll obey.



The Frog
By Tialynn A.

Floating on a lily pad one sunny summer day,
I felt an earth-quaking rumble that wouldn't go away.
A gnat, a fly, a grasshopper in my tummy,
Any one of those would be quite yummy!

Buzzzzzzz, then I saw out of the corner of my eye,
A big.....huge.....juicy..... fly!
I opened my mouth and out of it flung,
My long, pink, sticky tongue.
SMACK! That fly was out of luck,
Because on my long, pink, sticky tongue he stuck!



Death Could Not Hold Him

By Gabriella B.

Look out under the star of Bethlehem,
And see the baby Jesus with his mom.
And listen while He breathes in holy sleep,
The Lamb of God born into darkness deep.

He grows to be the savior of mankind
So watch while He turns water into wine
His miracles will never be forgot
Though there are some that wish for Him to rot

And they will plot against Him thinking how
Can we get rid of Him right here, right now?
He never sins while He walks on the earth
But dies and pays the price for sin and hurt

So He is dead before the strike of noon
And taken from the cross into the tomb
There never was a sadder Friday night
Than that night when they thought that Jesus died

But look and see, He's not dead after all
He came to save the whole world from the Fall
He rose again and never will he die

He is the son of God, He is the Christ



The Basil Plant

By Finley Z.

“Basil basil, will you grow?

This is a question I must know.

Sprout higher higher grow up tall

While you do I'll bounce my ball.

I want a salad now now now!

Grow bigger while I bow bow bow!

Sprout higher higher grow up tall

While you do I'll bounce my ball.



Walking in the park

Kyla C.

I like walks, I like being alone...

Why is it the perfect time for me to have self-time?

Walks are good for me so I'm keeping myself healthy,

Why but it's not fun when it's raining.

Looks like I have to go back home for an umbrella

It's a shame I couldn't go for long in the sun,

Maybe I can try to go for another one someday.



A Harsh Landscape
By Joshua D.

The cold, crisp air cut into me like a steel trap. The towering trees swayed but refused to give way to the howling winds, which threatened to uproot them with every gust. Last night's rain had turned the soft, fluffy snow into a crispy, ice skiffed landscape. As I plowed through the unforgiving landscape towards my sled, the snow crunching beneath my feet, the smell of smoke came to my nostrils.



My Little Girl

By Grace E.

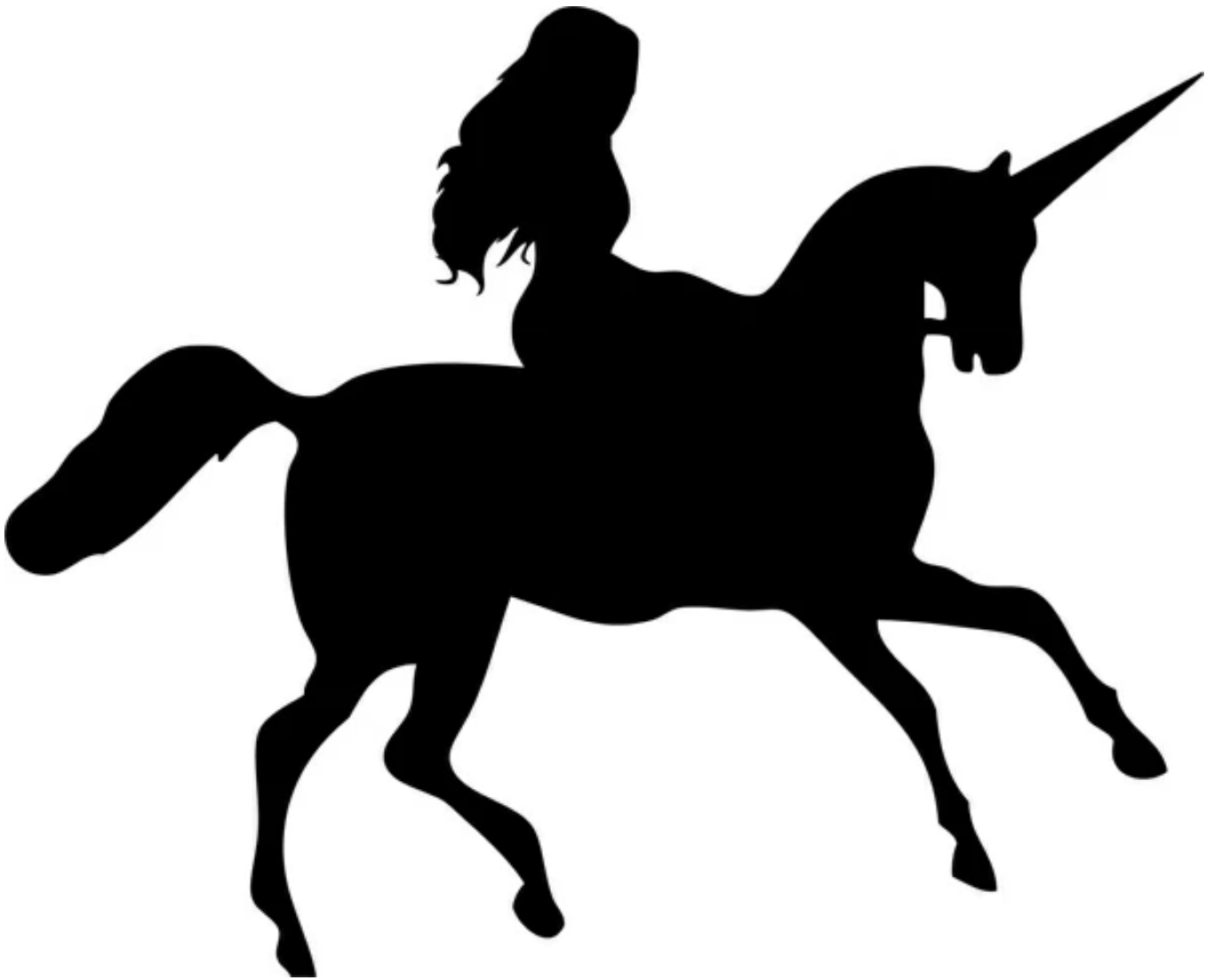
I used to have my little girl,
And I was not so miserable;
I'd gallop through the fields of green,
My turquoise fur a healthy sheen;
Belle sat upon my little back,
And carried goodies in a sack.

And on those days when it would hail,
She'd braid my mane and comb my tail;
She'd fill a pail with oats and grass;
She cared for me, my little lass;
My horn would sparkle, as it should;
To stay that way, I wish it would.

But now my little girl is gone;
My little Belle's not there at dawn;
My turquoise fur is snarled and gray;
There's *no* case for a joyful neigh;
My horn is gloomy, dim and black,
For no one sits upon my back.

Perhaps, somewhere, there's joyful noise,
And foals and yearlings play with toys;

But in my stable, there's no way,
To blow away the bleak and play;
For even though the sun is bright,
Without poor Belle, I see no light.

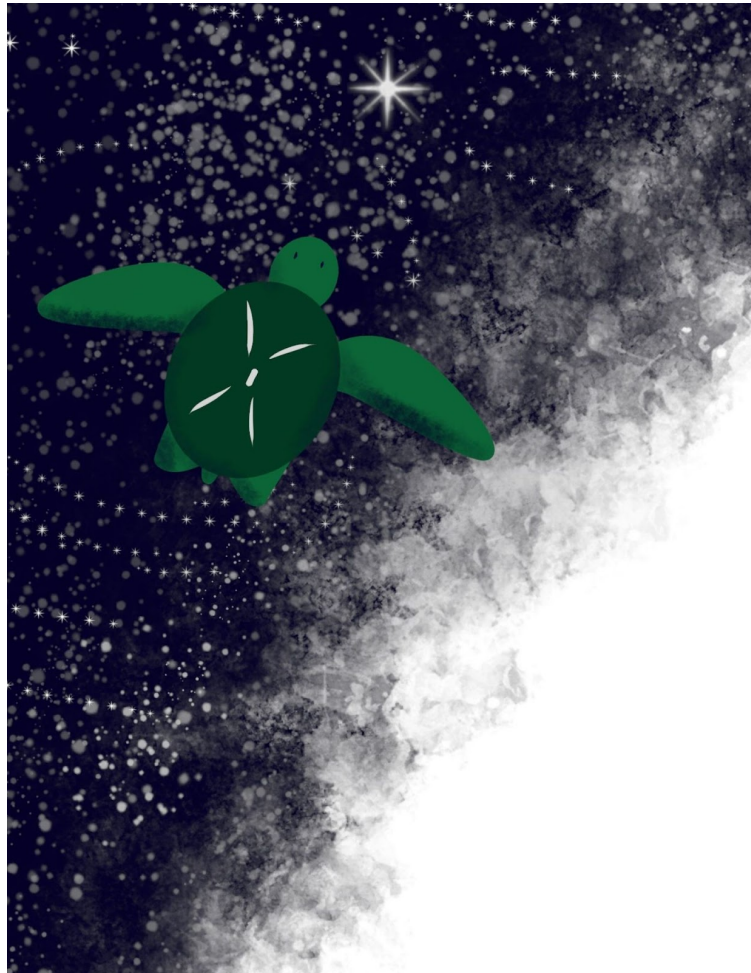


The Tide and the Stars

By Jordan G.

I am a turtle, drifting through the sky, riding the wind currents. Everything is quiet, swirling gently like the sea. The stars glow softly in the distance, and the only things to disrupt the constant ebb and flow are the looming monoliths of clouds. Mountains soar upward almost to the heavens, and I rise with them up to the stars. The current builds like water disturbed by a flick of a leviathan's tail. I am propelled so close to a star that I can hear it, cold and tinkling like ice. For a fleeting moment, I reach out and touch it, and the world holds its breath. A second passes, and I am ripped away by the roiling tide, swept wildly in all directions, but now I can see the wind itself, a great wild creature with hundreds of tails, rushing, howling, branching off then rejoining itself, sweeping everything up in its shrieking foam-lashed gale.

The End



A Spiff Story

By Gavin Guilanians

Intrepid Spaceman Spiff weaves through the stars,

In his ship he explores near and far.

Oh fright! Bad aliens are on his trail,

They fired beams, they hit! His engines fail.

The ship turns off, it plummets to the land,

He ejects right before he hits the sand.

His chute deploys, he scans the land below,

He steers his chute, while drifting down real slow.

Some aliens await our hero Spiff,

They arrest him and take him to a cliff.

Instead of throwing him off of the edge,

They take him to their leader Mr. Sledge.

“I’ll never give into this torture Zorgs,

It doesn’t even matter if you’re Borgs.”

“Be Quiet Spaceman Spiff” declares Sir Sledge,

“And if you want to live to us you’ll pledge.”

“Won’t pledge will I, throw me into a cell.”

They did just that and left him till he smelled.

He searched for holes to start his journey out,

He used his knife to scratch away the grout.

He found a crack and started, and at length,

He opened it with his almighty strength.

He found his ship and began to repair,

Then monsters came and screamed at him “You DARE!”

He started up his ship and flew away,

He nuked the planet and he saved the day.

Those awful Zorgs won’t ever be a pain,

He was flying, then he heard a scream.

“OH, CALVIN! WAKE UP! YOU’RE IN HUGE TROUBLE,”

His teacher Ms. Wormwood was in his bubble.

“GO TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE YOUNG MAN,”

At home his mom rolled her eyes, “Not again!”



What Happened to Toad?

By Megan K.

Through a beautiful oak door was the kitchen with its red brick floor and large, crackling fire. On each side of the fireplace were two sturdy high-backed benches that faced each other so that many could sit by the fire and have a nice conversation. The shiny plates grinned at each other, the beat up brick floor smiled at the ceiling, and the oak benches cheerfully glanced at each other. And in another room were soft, cozy beds with linen sheets that smelled like lavender.

In this house lived the warm, inviting Mr. Badger. He was wise, compassionate, and was like a grandfather to Mole, Rat, and Toad, his three best friends. Mr. Badger had an immense fondness for children, and he was constantly willing to help. He always had some great advice and could be stern if he had to. Mr. Badger liked to take walks through the wonderful wood and hang out with his friends.

One sunny morning, Mr. Badger realized that he had not seen Toad in some weeks and became very worried. After looking for Toad everywhere, Mr. Badger resolved to explain the situation to Rat and Mole and ask them for help. They decided to split up and search in different places. Sadly, when they all gathered back at Rat's house in the evening, none of them had Toad with them.

As the three friends entered Mole's house the next day, they found that it was awfully messy. When they walked into Mole's bedroom, Toad jumped out of bed and started apologizing very rapidly to Mole. After they had given Toad a very serious talk, the four friends traveled back to Mr. Badger's house to eat, talk, and rest. The next morning, after they had had breakfast, Rat, Mole, and Toad said goodbye to Mr. Badger and went back to their homes.

The End





Surprise in the Toy Room

Adele L.

One day I was playing with legos. Suddenly I saw a movement in the corner of my eye. I looked and saw one of my lego mini figures stand-up and stretch. I am sure you can imagine my surprise when I saw this little piece of plastic move. He was still made of plastic but he had a mind of his own. He happily bounced up and down, and he murmured to himself, “I’m hungry and want a piece of pizza.” I slapped myself to see if it was a dream while the little person did five jumping jacks. Then he looked up at me with happiness glinting in his eyes as he said, “Do you want to play?”

THE END

The Razor Incident

Micah W.

“Don’t worry Mom, I promise I’ll explain,
But after, please don’t think that I’m insane.

I know it’ll grow,

That much I know,

And maybe afterwards your trust I will regain.

“You see, I was messing with the razor,

When our puppy, chewing on an eraser

Did pass by me,

And I did see

His fur was shameful, longer than an acre.

“It looked so shaggy, woolly, and uncombed,

It surely wasn’t right to let him roam

With such disgraceful fur

That it did occur

For me to shave until it looked like chrome.

“My hand did slip, and accidentally I shaved,

Right down his back, it couldn’t have been saved.

So now you know

Why our dog, Snow,

Has got a bald spot on his backside paved.”



Indoor Baseball

By Avalyn R.

Don't worry, Mom. I promise I'll explain.

I'm really not at fault for this at all.

My brother was becoming quite a pain.

He had a thought about a bat and ball.

He said that I should play. But I said, "Pass."

The weather was too cold to go outside.

He took off when he heard the crash of glass.

Beneath the bed is where he chose to hide.



THE END

THANKS FOR A GREAT YEAR, EVERYONE!
GOD BLESS EACH OF YOU.
HAVE A WONDERFUL SUMMER!