

FOCUS

A Selection of Writings by Elementary School Children

The writings which follow are the work of elementary school children printed in the form in which they were submitted to us. These writings represent the kind of composing activity which engages teachers and pupils in an English or Language Arts class: poetry, stories, reports, exercises, interpretation or responses to literature, and so on. They were assembled by Sister M. André Marthaler, O.S.B., with the cooperation of teachers and administrators throughout the state, to whom we are grateful. We hope that those children who do not find their own compositions included will understand that we had space to print only a sampling of writings.

Whenever the information was provided, we have printed a description of the assignment or discussion that led to the composition. It is particularly useful to know what suggestions stir children's imaginations, and it is instructive to see the range of responses in a class. We hope in the future to print more elementary pupils' compositions with full descriptions of what preceded the writing itself.

Kindergarten

SANTA CLAUS

by Steven Voth

Santa Claus flies through the air
When toys are packed,
He climbs down the chimney
And fills up the socks.

PUSSYWILLOW

by MaryBeth Hanson

Pussywillow, rose,
The other one
Nobody knows.

SANTA IS GAY

by Ruth Younger

Santa is gay
On Christmas day,
Bells are ringing
And children are singing.

SNOW

by Gail Gellerstedt

Snow comes down
When trees are sleeping,
Flowers are sleeping
Under the snow.

Washburn School
Duluth
Teacher: Mrs. Genevieve Brown

First Grade

THE ODDATY

by Paul Leonard

Once upon a time there was a young witch named marabell with her three pets, a owl, a cat, a goose. the grate white owl named loona was vary clever. she new how to fix the wether. 1. hoot - breez 2 hoots - gale 3 hoots - huracane. Right wing is flaped for rain. Left wing for snow. the big black cat named blister was allso clever. if he licked his back a tong of flam shot out to light the cindling under the wood cadron. if he sharpened his claws he coude set of fire worcks, roman

candels and sparclars of many colerd sparcks and if blister was made he coude start a forest fire but marabell's third pet the big goose was not in the least bit clever or talnted. she was just a goose who falod the witch around and marabell called her honey, and loved her derly. so time past harmonasly intil one day a bit of trubl began. honey started it all. she had grown enveus of loona and blister and there surpereur brains and dasling acomplishmant. she was also bord by the undless prwasshion of goslings ech like the last. marabell was stirring a magic poshan of wild flowers, moss, pussy willos, whil Blister tended the fire under the pot. loona was perched on th mantle trying to disid whther a light rain, or a downpur wood be better for the vegtabl gardens in the vally until honey who hade been sulcky all morning, rose from her nest dried her fethers erdibly and wadled across the harth, twecking the witches aperun she whind Marabell. the witch stope stirng and loocked down axsusly. yes honey what is it? Marabell can't you do me one littel favor. i will if i can said the witch. well this is my very last egg. i wish it woude hatch into a nice gosling, a marvolis baby not like any one elses. marabell stird the broth thotfully finly to honeys content she said well yes i think that can be don. From then on honey sat on the egg with inthusyasm and whenever the clock struck 12 by day or by night she left the nest at marabell's comeand. then marabell purd a spoonful of broth on the egg, the magik broth to which she added a fether from loona, a whscker from blisher and a fist full of dandylion seed so by and by after some weeks of this treatment the egg split open with a musical (ping) and out steped a truly un-usal baby

blister loona Marabell and honey gatherd around and staid down at the infant. it's a odd fleging! said loona. a quir cat yowld blister. it's nicer then i expeckted said marabell. honey was a blast. there never!! was! such a butiey!!!! in the world!!!! she said. suddntly the crechur spred out some crecent shaped wings. there! said looona I bet you never saw a cat with wings. the cretchur opend his rosbud mouth and mewed. her that loona blister cried? and whar is ther a bird with a nose and not a beak. stop that, said Marabell. it's a oddaty and i made it. evryone inthe cave loved the oddaty. marabell petted him and named him Gosket. loona gloded over his wings and fethers and clamed that goskets eyes were just like her own. blister addmird his gracefull cat-like shap and honey of course was e-aten up with pride at haveing hached such a nice baby. so the oddaty grew up in a happy home and led in a amazingly free and fun life. sometimes a sheperd or a herdsmen would catch sight of gosket raceing across the passtur, darting through the air or swiming in the lake. the end

Edison School
Rochester
Teacher: Catharine Flemming

THE ELEPHANT
by Sherri Strelow

The elephant is gray.
He lives in the zoo.
People feed him peanuts.
He is a good elephant.

THE BAT
by Craig Scott

I saw a bat.
It was black and brown.
It was in a tree.
It was at night.
It was a black night.
The bat flew away.

THE PIG
by Wade Seadlund

I saw a pig.
It was a pet.
It was at the zoo.
It was a big pig.
It was a fat pig.

THE MOON
by Kristine Landherr

I saw the moon.
It was white.
It was in the sky.

THE CAT
by David Robinson

I saw a cat.
It was black and green.
I play with it.

Folwell School
Rochester
Teacher: Mrs. Loretta Wiehr

Second Grade

RED
by Wendy Jarchow

Red is an apple
I like to chew
Red is a light
My dad went through

St. Stanislaus School
St. Paul
Teacher: Sister Mary Colling, SSND

Given: A fairy touches you with her magic wand and makes you invisible. What would you do -- what happens to you?

by David Ek

I would sneak out of the school room and go to the lunch room. There I would swipe food from the cooks. I am always hungry, you know.

by Lisa Hanson

I would sneak and bump into people! I would get into trouble! I would go to an avenue and give the policeman a swat and I would hold a spider in his face. Then I would go to the airport, get in a plane and I would go to Washington D. C. I'll go to the White House and take the President's chairs away.

by Joan Thomsen

I sneaked on a ferris wheel without a ticket. Then I went around the world to see the cities. I went in school and my teacher got scared. A fairy came and turned me back, so here I am.

Tyler Public School
Tyler

MY PET
by Deborah Zschokke

As pretty as a neck lace
As brown as wood
Can bark like a seal
Fond of good dog food.

A FLAG
by Mark Long

As red as a crown
As white as milk
As blue as the sea
As soft as a rag
As fluffy as a pillow
As pretty as a colorful clown

St. Bernard's School
St. Paul
Teacher: Sister Nillon

LITTLE FLOWER
by Jamie Bawek

Little flower do you know?
It is God who makes you grow.
He sends the rain and dew,
And His great sun shines down
on you.

Lincoln School
Rochester
Teacher: Miss Lord

WINDS
by Justin Hollander

Men will be chasing
their hats in March!
March is near March is here!
The wind is smart
The wind blows darts.
Where ever you go,
It will blow.

THE TREE
by Lynn Browning

I have a tree
It is good to see.
The branches will swing.
The wind is king.

Lincoln School
Rochester
Teacher: Mrs. Hisey

Third Grade

POEM FOR DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING'S BIRTHDAY
by Gary Peterson

I'M BLACK, I'M RICH

I'm black
I'm rich.
I'm rich because I'm black.
I'm black and proud.
Rich soil is black.
Good things grow there.
The black community grows tall
Black night is beautiful
I know that.
Sometimes white is bad.
Sometimes black is bad, too.
Martin Luther King was all good.
He liked both black and white.
I learn from him.
I'm black. I'm rich

CHIPPEWA BOY
by Terry Peet

I am a Chippewa boy.
I have a headdress of porcupine quills.
My grandma gave it to me.
I can go dancing.
Many years ago
Proud Indians danced in the woods.
Today we can dance outside or in a big hall
We play with our friends at a powwow
We can eat wild rice;
We drink pop.

LOOK AT US
by David Kaatrud and Greg Johnson

Look at us.
Some call us white.
But, look at us carefully.
You will find out
That we are all colors.
White, see our teeth.
Black, see our lashes and shadows.
Red, see our mouths.
Yellow, see the freckles in our hair.
Brown, see our freckles.
All colors have power.
We should be proud of ourselves
We are not a majority
Or a minority.
We are all people.
Like Martin Luther King said,
We, too, have a dream.
In the dream,
Black is rich.
Red is powerful.
Yellow is good.
Brown is beautiful.
White is nice.
Look at us again.

Eugene Field School
Minneapolis
Teacher: Pat Schorweiler

Motivation: Discussion of the legend of the leprechaun
and what would happen if one were caught.

THE DAY I CAUGHT A LEPRECHAUN
by Diane Hoffarber

Well it happened one day when I was walking through the woods. And I saw a Leprechaun bending his back the other way. I saw him but he didn't see me. I ran home and got a box. (By the way, I live by myself.) Then I looked to see if he was still there. Yep, he was. I got the box ready and picked him up gently. He said in a funny voice, "O.K., I'll show you the gold.

I said, "If you do, you can live with me."

He said, he didn't have anybody to be with, so we both had gold and we both had each other.

THE DAY I CAUGHT A LEPRECHAUN
by Tami Sanders

I caught a Leprechaun! He was not like other Leprechauns, he was medium size, and was not the color he should be. He was pink! I told him to stay with me. He said, "Yes". That night in the middle of our yard was a moon beam. The Leprechaun took me up the beam, now I live on the other side of the moon.

Sheridan School
Richfield
Teacher: Mrs. Jacqueline Kuhns

Fourth Grade

These compositions and poems are samples from individual notebooks made in a special writing class which met one afternoon a week.

A WALK THROUGH PARADISE
by Mimi Kim

On dark windy nights I like to take a walk. The wind whisks about my face while the trees are rustling. I feel like I'm the only one in the world. The stars start popping out one by one staring at me. The crickets are telling stories to the world. It's a paradise only for me.

THE MAPLE IN OUR YARD
by Marie Gemuenden

In our front yard is a huge fiery maple. It's bright red and orange leaves are very beautiful. I like the way it sways in the wind. It seems to be keeping time to music -- first right, then left, then right again. When the bright leaves finally fall, I like to rake them up and make leave houses with my friends.

A BIT OF HEAVEN
by Julie Olin

As I walk home from school on a sunny winter day, I see a bit of Heaven. The trees make a silver archway over my head, and the sky makes a beautiful blue background. The pink clouds roll gently, the delicate-looking orange sun sets, leaving its rays to decorate the sky. Slowly the light vanishes, leaving the world wrapped-up in a velvet gray. Soon the moon comes out,

and covers the earth in a pure, white light. When I go to bed, I thank God for showing me a Bit of Heaven.

Washburn School
Duluth
Teacher: Eila Stenback

If you could be any color, which would you choose? Tell why you would like to be that color and what problems you might have if you were that color.

Eric Root:

If I could be a color, I would be red. Red is a color that is living and working and feeding and rushing. It is running and alive like a stoplight, or even better -- blood. Let's take blood for an example. Blood is partly something that supplies life. Red is an on the move color, and blood helps us live.

Scott Moehnke:

If I were a color I'd be green because I like grass and I like to climb trees in the summer. In the summertime I get my pants so grass-stained I get used to it. There's always something wrong with the color I like because if I was a piece of grass I wouldn't want to be chewed or stepped on. And if I was a leaf I wouldn't want to be blown away or torn apart.

Richard Hall:

If I could be brown I would be a tree trunk and if someone hit me they would fall flat. And I could rest in the cold shade.

Jeffrey Allert:

I'd like to be fluorescent orange because artists that make pop art would use me because I'm so bright. I think it's psychodellic. And it catches the eye and it glows in the dark.

Anndrea Johnson:

If I were a color I would like to be blue because I like to swim and you swim in water and water is blue. But in some ways it would be difficult. Like if you were a drop of water in a swimming pool and someone swallowed you, or if you came out of a faucet and some kid swallowed you, what would you do?

Elton Hills School
Rochester
Teacher: Miss Laura Lewis

MISS GUNSON AND THE GLASSES
by Leslie Jacobs

Miss Gunson is a sixty-five year old widow, who everone in the neighborhood says she needs glasses. But she refuses to wear them. She is always getting into trouble. For instances once she put little black candies on a cake she made and put it in the oven, when she took the cake out she swatted it. She thought the black candies were bugs.

Just then someone knocked on the door. (She went to get it.) Well! it was more than one, more than two, more than three. The whole neighborhood was there. They took her and put her into the car. They took her to Dr. Hanson. When they finally got down some glasses and got them on her, she didn't like them. She liked the ones highest on the shelf. Dr. Hanson said, "they are very old and besides I don't think they will work, but if it will make you happy you can have them."

So Miss Gunson went home very happy.

When she went to dinner and put on her glasses there appeared a feast, big enough for a giant. Then she took them off again and the food was gone. She put them on again and took them off. Then a little man appeared in front of her. He said "you have my glasses, "well I bought these they're mine," But said the little man, I can prove that they're mine. Glasses come to Powanta, and the glasses wents of the table to him. "Well never in my life," then Powanta cut in and said, "If you will give me the glasses and don't ask where I came from, I will give you good eye sight and I'll give you one wish."

Miss Gunson thought a minute, all right please give me a picture of myself in the glasses -- then Pow! right before her eyes was the picture but Powanta and the glasses were gone.

Miss Gunson was very happy and she put the picture on the all. And from then on noboby said "watch wehre you're going Miss Gunson.

THE DOG THAT WASN'T MANS BEST FRIEND
by Dean Lillquist

There was once a dog who had no master. He lived in a park away from all the people that visited the park. But if he saw someone he ran and bit them on the leg. One day he went to the city. He did not have a license, and do you know who saw that dog? You're right the dogcatcher, And when the dog saw the man get out of the truck, in about ten sec. SLAM--the man was in his truck with a sore leg. By the time he got down town every dogcatcher in the country was after him. As time went on more people were Crippled, to put it in simpler words more people got bit by the dog and got sore legs. In the Kennels a man said "we must get that dog." So they hired one of the best dogcatchers. In about an hour, in limped the man. He said you

have to shoot him and they tried to shoot him but they never got him because they could'nt find him. OH well, I think I just found him.

Bryn Mawr School
Minneapolis
Teacher: Mrs. Harris

These poems were written in connection with a writing assignment in the Roberts English Series.

THE DOZE

by Theresa Flynn

How the Doze goes? I don't knows,
But I knows that he has two toes.
And I knows that he makes a noise,
lives in the woods but doesn't play with toys.
But he loves flowers, but as fast as
you can hear with your ear, the
flower crumples up when he comes near!
So if you meet a Doze, you'll be
in quite a daze for days and days
and days if you meet a Doze.

Now you knows!

THE DOZE

by Brigid McGough

The Doze is a ding-dong beast.
The only thing rong is his two left feet.
He walks all day, and all night.
But no one has ever seen him in
sight. I was walking along one day.
And I saw something stomping in
a clompy way. I looked at him
and he looked at me. I ran for
my life but he said, "please do not
go!" I said why not?"

He said "I like you.
And my tail is stuck in these
bushes" Stuck in bushes!
o.k. I said and know we
are best friends.

The End

St. Rose of Lima School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. R. Rumpser

WHAT IS LOVE?

by Sarah Kelly

Love is caring for someone.
Love is someone you like alot.
Love is carefree.
Love is happy.
Love is the center of the world.
Love is my new furry puppy.
Love is a holiday.
Love is a pen pal.
Love is a friend
Love is peace
Love is freedom
Love is brilliant colors.
Love is my family
Love is nature
Love is modern
Love is everyone
Love is warm
Love is everything
Love is my staffed animals

WHAT IS LOVE?

by Craig Armstead

Love seem's to be unknown, never brought into a fourth grade mind. To him or her, Love is kind of dumb. In the real meaning of Love there is joy happiness, and wild life. Love in animals too. Love isn't only kissing and darkness, theres a real meaning that everyone seem's to miss (in Valentine cards, for instance). Love is a teddy bear in a little mind. In a fifth grad mind Love is picking all the flowers in your neighbor's yard. But his mistake is that it's not Love its dangerous. It's not hate that you're here in the world right now, it's Love. Yes Love and generosity to. The great Lord couldn't have more Love in his heart.

WHAT IS LOVE?

by Sarah Ross

Love is getting a baby lamb just for a present.
Love is getting to just be in a Buffalo Wall.
Love is a bird flying over a sandy beach.
Love is music--a rich, flowing tune.
Love is a word that is impossible to describe.
You have to find out what it is for yourself.

Linwood School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. Mary Cromer

ESSAY ON OCEANS

by Martha Saltvold

Oceans are big. They are wavy. On nice days they make you feel calm, rested. On stormy days they make you feel proud. Oceans are blue. They change constantly. Oceans are proud, great. They are filled with life. Fish, crabs, starfish, sea horses. You can walk along the shore and see shells, stones, barnacles and other things the great ocean waves have cast upon the shore. Oceans are vast. There are always ocean waves. They make loud noises when they hit the shore.

Woodlake Elementary School
Richfield

I AM A BEAR

by Cheryl Maslund

I'm a bear. (Not an alive one though). Some people bought me in Yellowstone. I was carved out of rock. I'm very shiny, I'm not dull. I can't move. The color of me is black and a little white. I have green eyes. I like what I am some days, but when it is cleaning day, all the noise hurts my ears. When they dust, they put polish on me and dust me. I'm not good to eat. Even if you tried you would break a few teeth.

I AM A DISH

by Kris MacDonald

I am green. I look like a leaf. A girl made me. I hold small objects. In some places I am smooth and in some places I am rough. I was dropped and I broke. I am made out of clay. To make me, someone first put a leaf pattern on me and cut me out (that hurt a little bit). Then shaped my sides and gave me a handle and then-- they put me in an oven (that was hot stuff). Then I was cooled off and one week later I went in a car. I went to school a lot. And for the rest of my life I have lived in a bookcase below a lot of books. Right now I need dusting (A-a-choo!)

Lincoln Hill School
Richfield

CINQUAINS

The sun
The sun is round
It burns lots of gases
The sun makes me feel hot
Big star

Susan Samuelson

Flowers
Nice white flowers
Growing in the garden
So pretty I'd like to have one
Roses

Jeffrey Hoffman

Candy

Is colorful
It breaks up in pieces
It is sometimes hard and good, too
Good stuff

Mark Lockhart

Puppies

Funny puppies
Bite everyone they see
They make me feel very happy
Small pets

Kelly Land

Mississippi School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. Hunziker

IF I WERE A GIGGLE

by Diana Watson

If I were a giggle,
I could easily make people
Wiggle and wriggle.
Why, their chairs would hop and hop
And never stop!
That is (sigh), if I were a giggle.

If I were a giggle
Imagine what fun!
I could cheer someone up and stay for awhile
Or be off with a run.
I could make a silly face,
Or tickle someone running in a race.
If only (sigh), I were a giggle.

St. Anthony Park School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. G. Nelson

SUMMER FUN
by James Heydon

This summer I hope we can go to the lake.
I know the road that we will take.
We'll twist and turn, among the trees.
And all the time we'll feel a breeze.

When we get there, we'll swim and fish.
We'll play in the sand with a broken dish.
We'll build sandcastles, everyday.
At night the waves will wash them away.

St. Francis School
Rochester
Teacher: Sr. Jacqueline

SUGAR SNOW
by Janice Sass

Here comes the sugar snow
The children chant.
Its frilly doily like edges
Are their delight.

They don't care how cars get stuck;
Dad's late for work, sis's boots
are somewhere in that mess of sugar snow.
All they care -
Oh Boy!
Here comes the sugar snow.

Jefferson School
Rochester
Teacher: Joel Grettenberg

Fifth Grade

"JANUARY IS".....
by Steve Ahrens

January is.....
The delicate snowflakes
Tumbling through the air.
Covering the deserted streets,
And tucking in the houses.

January is.....
The biting wind,
Forming ruffled covers
Upon the summer flowerbeds,
And tugging on your coat.

January is.....
The blazing cold
Silently creeping upon you,
And striking suddenly with
Fierce, overwhelming force.

Jefferson School
Rochester
Teacher: Joel Grettenberg

THE SKY
by Ricky Henk

Did you ever stop to wonder why,
When God made the earth he made a sky.

When the sun is shining,
And the sky is blue,
We laugh and play outside,
And do the things we like to do.

When the clouds are rolling
And the sky is gray,
Rain and snow start falling,
On these early winter days.

On a dark and shining night,
On the ground I love to lie
And watch the stars,
As they twinkle by.

It's getting late
I'll say good-bye
I know why God
Made a beautiful sky.

Ames School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. Judy Coates

CLOUDS

by Susan Martinson

The clouds in the morn,
Have just been born.

They are fluffy and white,
And get tangled up with every kite.

At every move they change,
Even on the wide open range.

At night as they fade away through the sky,
They say a faded good-bye.

Ames School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. Judy Coates

CHOPSTICKS

by Vickie Broberg

Did you ever eat with chopsticks?
It's really quite a chore.
Every time you pick good up,
It falls down on the floor.

Some people say to eat with chopsticks,
Is really quite a snap.
Then every time you turn around.
The food is in their lap.

Sometimes I have to eat with chopsticks,
And every time I do,
I use so much energy to pick food up
I hardly have any left to chew.

MY POEM

by Lesa Brackenbury

Hidden away deep under the snow,
So far to see, so far to go.
Deep down in the woods the wind will blow.
The hills are white and covered with snow.

The sun will come and melt the snow.
Then from the ground the flowers will grow.
The birds will fly, high in the sky.
O how I wish I could fly so high.

Jefferson School
Rochester
Teacher: Mrs. Erickson

A STRANGE NOISE AT MIDNIGHT

by Leann Jensen

Casey woke up at ten minutes to twelve one night. She went down stairs to get a drink of water. She went upstairs again. She thought she would read her book. She read for ten minutes and then she heard a noise. She thought the noise was coming from the attic. She got out of bed and started to go up the attic stairs. She paused a moment and then went on. She was scared and now she was beginning to get cold. She slowly opened the attic door. She looked-- but she couldn't see anything. Then she listened-- but she couldn't hear anything. So she shut the door and went back to her room. She got into bed and shut off the light.

The next morning she got up and got dressed. She told her mother what had happened. Her mother said, "Oh, it must have been the wind."

That night she heard the same noise at midnight. She went to get a flashlight. Then she started for the attic. She opened the door and looked around. What do you think she saw! Right! She saw a squirrel. Her mother forgot to shut the window when she was cleaning. Casey started to laugh so loudly that she woke everybody up. She kept the squirrel and named him "Spooky."

THE HURRICANE

by Bradley Vander Sluis

One night when we were camping I heard a strong wind but I didn't pay any attention and went back to sleep. But then after a while my dad woke me and said "We, have to get out of here, boy! I just heard on the radio that a hurricane is coming!"

Man, I dont think I have ever dressed that fast before. When I got outside I was surprised how much the wind was blowing. Dad said, "Pick up the pans and every thing because they are blowing away." I picked up all things that were left there. Then Dad said, "Hurry and help me get the tent. It's starting to blow away." I picked up the rope on the tent. It was blowing so hard I started to go up with the tent. If it weren't for Dad I probably would have gone up with the tent. We folded up the tent and put it in the car. Then we started to go back. As we were going along we had to watch for boards and other rubbish. When we got home we had to tell the adventure we had had in all the confusion.

Tyler Public School
Tyler

NEGRO POEM
by Tim Withers

Black is Black
White is White,
So unite and rejoice.

SPACE
by Jonathan Lindfors

Space is a vast ocean of darkness that goes on and on--
a never ending sea of silence;
the thousands upon thousands of stars that dot the
sky light up the countless worlds with the
brilliance of diamonds, where maybe other beings
like ourselves live;
the suns of the many galaxies stand out in
the sky like gigantic fireballs and rubies
giving off their radiant light;
the many moons that are like tiny dots
compared with the giant suns orbit their
planets like electrons circling the nucleus;
the zooming asteroids dent other moons
and planets.

Neill School
New Hope

Sixth Grade

ICICLES
by Susan Hedin

Icicles
Sleek and shining and cold,
And, oh, so slippery to hold.

THE "SCULPTING" WIND
by Steve Watts

The "sculpting" wind carves out the drifts
So they look like big waves frozen stiff.

PICTURES OF WINTER
by Sandy Pederson

The shadows on the snow
Make winter's blanket striped.

WINTER IS...
by Ann Wandmaker

Winter is...
Snowbanks like layer cakes,
Drifts that look like frozen waves,
Icicles that make patterns on the eaves,
And fierce winds that bite your face.

ICICLES
by Mark Hedin

Icicles hanging like dormant spears.
When they get warm, they shed their tears,
And boys knock them down with hockey sticks.

WINTER HAIKU

Screaming, biting wind
Cuts through my coat like a knife,
Stings my ears and nose.

Footprints in the snow
Making designs as they go,
Intricate and deep.
-Mark Taylor

White layered snowdrifts
Strain against the window pane,
Blocking our view.
-Brian Ball

Pinnacles on March snowbanks
Reaching out to touch the sun
Look like dirt-covered fingers.
-Brian Ball

Endion School
Duluth
Teacher: Eila Stenback

FUN AT OUR CABIN
by Judy Halbert

I love to go to our cabin, which is on the Brule River in Wisconsin. There are so many interesting things to do. I like to go swimming in the cold river on a hot day. We have fun in a tree house with a pirate flag propped in the braces and only a rope to get up with. We also have a pet chipmunk which doesn't live in a cage but in his hole in the ground. I just think of him as a pet because he eats peanuts out of our hands.

Sometimes I just wander in the woods and walk down a new path. I also like to read while sitting up in a big willow tree that leans over the river. When canoes come down the river, we go running across the swinging bridge. We call it that because it sways back and forth when anyone walks on it. We run to the rapids and watch the canoes capsize in the swift water.

Some days I play in a little log cabin that was built in a small clearing a short distance from the big cabin. You can see that my favorite pastime is playing and the perfect place to do it is at our cabin.

CHIPMUNK HUNTING
by Mike Bagley

When I'm up at our cabin on Ten Mile Lake and all my work is done, I quickly prepare myself for a chipmunk hunt. A chipmunk hunt? It's not what you think. I don't use a gun or a bow and arrow. I use a secret weapon - a fishnet and potato chips.

I sit quietly on the porch with my net baited, ready and waiting for the small striped chipmunk to come to my trap. I wait and wait until finally I see the little furry figure come sneaking around trees and chopped wood to my fishnet trap.

Just then my sister decides to come out to watch. The chipmunk comes closer to the trap. Then my sister giggles and scares him away. I get mad at her and she leaves me to sulk. However, I know the chipmunk will be back tomorrow, and I'll be waiting for him with my secret weapon.

Endion School
Duluth
Teacher: Eila Stenback

LIMERICKS

There once was a lady named Daisy,
Who's friends all thought she was crazy.
So she sat down to weep
And soon fell asleep
And now all her friends think she's lazy.

-Gaye Skelly

I once had a cat named Boston,
Who went on a trip to Austin.
And when he got there;
He went to the fair,
And then his poor master had lost him

-Julie Davis

I once knew a cow named Greg,
Who had a frog friend named Craig,
While chewing his cud,
He heard a green thud,
And that was the end Of poor Craig.

-Julie Davis

Unlucky Man

A man got swallowed by a whale
He went right down to his tail,
While the whale was drinking,
The man sat thinking,
How shall I get out of this jail.

-Peggy Vesey

UNTITLED

by Barbara Orner

Boycotts, riots, segregation
What's becoming of this nation?
N____r, beggar, black soul
Are these the word we want to
know?
Prejudice is something that is
taught,
When we're born we know it
naught.

How long must the blackman
endure
The harshness and cruelty of
this world?
Inter-racial marriages, that's not the
word,
It's marriage of love and people pured.
I have a dream, like many others do,
Of no poverty, equality, and freedom anew.

Lincoln Hills School
Richfield

JAPANESE HAIKU

The Wind
by Karen Schrobilgen

Listen to the wind,
Blowing on this summer day,
Sweet breath of flowers.

Birds
by Francis Slavik

An old bird fly, fly;
Land in tree: old, old pear tree.
Wipe feet on pear leaf.

Blossoms
by Linda Morales

Blossoms delicate:
Becomes very perfect fruit
That tastes very good.

WEEPING WILLOW
by Ann Cooper

Weeping willow bends low
To sob over the loss
Of a long gone self

MUSICAL CRICKET
by Susan Barnes

Musical cricket chirps
Wind tousles and rustles the
grass
Then all is silent

I STOOD
by Chris Starnes

I stood in the maze of fields
Trying to sooth my dying dog, yet
Trying to go some place-
I know not where.
Helplessly wandering,
Wandering what shall become of us.
Now I sit in a field
With a dying dog.
Help us, O Lord
Sooth my suffering dog.

Washburn School
Duluth
Teacher: George Mead

THE FOUR SEASONS by Karen Lewandoski

Spring

Spring must be here
Puddles all around
Ground finally showing through
And mud all around.
No more boots
No more caps
Spring must be here at last.

Summer

Summer must be here
Butterflies are in the air
Spreading their golden wings.
Buds burst into flowers
Yellow, red and blue
Summer must be here.

Fall

Fall must be here
Oaks wearing their reddish brown suits
Maples wearing their gayest red
And leaves are all around.
Fall must be here.

Winter

Winter must be here
Snow flakes are dancing about the skies
Snowmobiles drive about the country side
O what fun!
Winter must be here.

St. Bernards School
St. Paul