

Chores

Chores! Chores! Chores! Chores are boring! Scrubbing toilets, cleaning sinks, and washing bathtubs take up a lot of my time and are not fun at all.

Toilets! When you're scrubbing toilets make sure they are not stinky. I've scrubbed one before and I'm lucky it didn't stink. I think toilets are one of the hardest things to scrub in the bathroom because it is hard to get up around the rim.

Sinks are one of the easiest things to clean in the bathroom because they have no rims and they are small. I have cleaned one before and it was pretty easy.

Bathtubs, ever washed one? They are big, they are deep, and it is hard to get up around the sides. The bathtub is the hardest, I think, to wash in the bathroom.

All chores are boring, especially making my bed. Cleaning my room is OK because I have to organize, and I like organizing. Dusting is the worst: dust, set down, pick up, dust, set down. There are SO many things to dust, and it's not fun.

Chores aren't the worst but they're definitely not the best!

Learning to Tie My Shoes

The one thing I've learned that has made my life easier would have to be learning to tie my shoes.

When I was in first grade my classmates would tease me about not being able to tie my shoes. I would wear Velcro shoes, and all of the other children would shout out, "Danny can't tie his shoes!"

After a few months of hearing "Danny is stupid," I asked my mother Anne for help. I asked, Mom how do you tie your shoes." Mom replied with a smile "It's easy "Danny, let me show you how."

You grab tight of your laces, then you cross them like so." Mom demonstrated with her own shoe. Then she continued on. "After that you put the right lace under the cross, and pull." Once I finished that small step, mom encourage me by shouting "Great job, Danny. You finished the hardest part."

Next Mom told me to make two bunny ears (two loops made with laces), and I did. Mom continued "Alright now make a cross and slip one of the bunny ears under it. I followed her directions to the very last bit. Mom seeing that I had finished said "Danny you just tied your shoes!"

The next day mom and I bought me a new pair of tie shoes, and we gave away my old Velcro shoes.

This moment was so important to me not only because the teasing stopped, but because my mother and I really bonded. Also because tying my shoes marked a very big step from baby to child. If my mother hadn't been there to help me I would still be wearing those dirty, and old Velcro shoes. Thanks mom!

Kindergarten Personal Essay

I am at the lake shlane pool lrnen how to swim. With my mom + dad sister and grandma grandpa uncale + ante. I lrnde how to swim with a buch of footey stuff but now I can swim with only a swimyn tobe. You have to ceep your chin under wader and not get to panicy.

I am at the Lake Chelan pool learning how to swim with my mom and dad, sister and grandma, grandpa, uncle, and auntie. I learned how to swim with a bunch of floaty stuff but now I can swim with only a swimming tube. You have to keep your chin under water and not get too panicky.



I went kmp and we at lch out st. I got to driv the motr hom wn I wnt kameg and we stop and got sm chs brgers and sam org pop. And we got bk on the ro. Then we went to bed. Then I wot up and I wat a wroud then I went insid and then wan I was in the motrhm I had llnch.

I went camping and we ate lunch outside. I got to drive the motorhome when I went camping and we stopped and got some cheeseburgers and some orange pop and we got back on the road. Then we went to bed. Then I woke up and I walked around. Then I went inside and then when I was in the motorhome I had lunch.



I em playing basketball. I love to play basketball. I just shoot. I like to play ugest my bruthr. Sum times I win. Sum times he plays ese. My bruthr tot me to play basketball he told me that wen you stop grebling you cant start to grebling again.

I am playing basketball. I love to play basketball. I just shoot. I like to play against my brother. Sometimes I win. Sometimes he plays easy. My brother taught me to play basketball. He told me that when you stop dribbling you can't start dribbling again.

First Grade Writing

Dear parents,

If you did not here about the fire here is all I know. Theare waer 300 familys with no homes beacuse of the fire. You could see the fire from Seattle. They couldn't put out the fire because they hade no sprinkalers. I am mad because fires can kill pepol. Next time buy some sprinkalers.

Sincerle,

Albert



I got a shot in my hip. It hurt. I was limping. Because I could not straighten my leg. I got a shot because I had strep throt. It hurt to swlo. Strep is going around. My doctor said she had to have 15 kids get a shot. You should drink lots of fluids. So you won't get sick. If you cannot swllo and your throt is puffy, than you have strep. You should get lots of rest. And get a shot. Because the shot will make you better faster then the medicine.



My Dad Told Me To Clean My Room

My dad told me to clean my room. The next day I came home from school. It was a mess. My mom told my brother to clean the room. I had to make my bed. That's all. I got to have as much fun as I wanted. And I hate half a bag of Cheez its and watched Zoom my favorite show. It took my brother 15 minutes.



Hey! I got E-mail from the President!

I got E-mail from the president on Aug. 29 1997. The time was 2:30 P.M. I told him I see too much violent stuff on T.V. He said that he would talk to the T.V. company. You can E-mail the president to. The website is www.whitehouse.gov

Second Grade Writing

On Christmas vacation I played with my German Shepard Brandy. I sprade water at her. I wrestled her and I played soccer with her. We set down together, we telled jokes to each other, we played and played intell I had to go into the house and eat lunch. When I was done eating I went back outside and I read her a book called Flubber. I played tag with her and I tagged her 10 times and she tagged me with her tail 11 times so she beat me. Then me and her said all of the 12 months 5 times. Then we sang a song then we said the 7 contenents 10 times. We pretended to be a car but I was a car and she was just a regyler dog.



BOOM!!! The trunk slamed. Bang!!! The car door slamed as we got out of the van. Buses lined up on the side-walk. The screeches of the buses got annoying. Screch!!! Screch!!! We walked and walked until we found a place to sit for the parade. I saw a Grease van and someone threw me a dafudle. The dafudle petals were soft, and it smeled pretty. A Titanic float sailed by. All schools had cheers. One school's band was star-wars. A dummy was shot out of a cannon. It made me jump!!! We ate snacks at the parade, like sandwiches and juice and carouts. They were good. The parade was two-hours. We sat on a blanket. Things blew every where when [the] float went by whew-clunk. Finally the parade was done. We put the blanket in the trunk. BOOM!! It slamed agin and we drove away as I thoght how much fun I had.



Back-hand-springs

Wow! I was doing my back-hand-spring and I landed it! Floor exercize is my favorite event to gymnastics because of all the tumbling. The tumbling makes you get very excited! Gymnastics can also be a nerve-wracking sport because of having to compete. When your in your tank top leotard for practice the sun feels great! I was just about to do another back-hand-spring when I stopped myself. I was getting too excited! Finally I did one! As you can see I LOVE gynmastics!



Swimming

It seems like we never go swimming at Fife pool! There is a tun of fun things to do at the pool! Like a basketball hoop and two big slides. When we went there, the carpets that we found were 8 feet long! My Brother Ashton and I had a birthday party at the Fife pool! We used up all the carpets as a big long train! My Dad pulled the first big carpet in the water. Then the hole birthday party got the rest of the carpet. We hung onto the carpet in frunt of us! By then we had a big train of carpets. I was in the frunt car wear my Dad was going CRAZY. I felt like I was going to fall off the carpet! But was I going to fall off?

Third Grade Writing

Surprise Snowstorm

It was a snowy day in January. It was a Surprise Snowstorm with about 6 inches of snow. Grandma and grandpa came over from Ellensburg. Mom and grandma went to a baby shower and my sister Julia had our friend Lil over. Our grandpa wanted to see my dad's jobsite and we had to go over Whitney Bridge hill to get there. The roads were very icy so when we got to the top of the hill, I felt a big lurch and dad yelled "hold on"! But it was too late. We slid into the ditch.

Two other cars slid to the side of the road. Grandpa's truck did too, a few yards ahead of us. Dad got out of our truck to go help put chains on grandpa's tires. But when he got in, the chains fell off and the truck skreeched and slid to the bottom of the hill.

Dad's truck's tire had popped off, so dad, Dyllan (my other sister) Lil, Julia and I jumped down from it toward grandpa at the bottom of the hill. I sat in the sled with Dyllan to calm her, dad pulled us and Julia and Lil carried grandpa's chains. We started down the hill and a big truck passed by. When we started walking again, I slid on my knees in between some abandoned cars by the road. I felt the cars moving and one hit my head. I could not do anything but crawl through the tires to the ditch on the other side. Quickly, a man pulled me out.

I learned that the big truck had bumped into the cars causing them to move.

Everyone was okay. Julia and Lil had been in front of the cars. Grandpa gave anyone who wanted one a ride and dropped them off where they wanted to go. Then we went home. That is a story I will never forget!



Recorders

Screech, screech, screech! The first time we tried to play the recorders it sounded like a lion running his claws down a chalkboard. In other words we made a TERRIBLE noise!

See, a recorder is an instrument with a very high pitch. If you don't blow in it correctly, it does sound pretty bad. After Mrs. Romland told us there is a special place for our tongue to be, we understood why we sounded so bad. She said the place was right behind your upper front teeth, and then she said once your tongue is there, put the recorder up to your mouth and try to say "too, too, too, too". It's called tonguing. Then we almost got the right sound.

A recorder looks like a short skinny tube with one hole on the bottom, and 7 holes on the top.

There are a few different types of recorders. The one we are playing is called the soprano, it is the smallest with the highest sound. Another is the alto, it is bigger with a lower sound. Next comes the tenor, it is bigger yet, with an even lower sound. Last but not least is the bass, it is the biggest of them all and the lowest sounding too.

The recorder originally came from Europe. It has been an instrument for over 100 years. If you think it is related to the flute, it's not.

Fourth Grade Writing

The Beach House

I will always love my grandparent's beach house. The way the waves role over the gooey sand, and the way the sand weaves in between your toes. The way we pick up barnacle-covered rocks and watch the sand crabs scurry away, and how we dig for clams and end up knee deep in the never ending sand.

I'm not the only one to share these pleasures. My aunt, uncle, cousins, family, and of course, my grandparents also share this. In the summer we play volleyball, baseball, and badminton. At my grandparent's 4th of July party we go out on the boat called Sea Biscuit. At night we snuggle up in our blankets and toast marshmallows in the campfire while we watch the fireworks explode in the star-filled sky.

We have bullhead fishing contests to see who can catch the most bullhead. Then we throw the bullheads back into the salty blue-green ocean. With one final splash they say goodbye to the unfamiliar world. Then they disappear to somewhere known to only the fish and the crabs.

We go to a sand bar a couple houses down where we collect sea shells and sand dollars. We fly over the bar, our feet touching every grain of sand, leaving a sign that we were there. Gathering shells and dollars in our pockets, we head back to the place we love with all our hearts.

When it's time to go, none of us want to leave. As I say my goodbyes, I think of all the fun we had, and what fun we will have next time.



Kids Need Their Recess!

"Michael, please tell me..." This is a child's average day in the classroom. The teacher asks a question, the child answers. But children, as we all know, seemingly cannot sit still for long periods of time, and as the average school day lasts for about six hours, they need a break. This is only one of the many reasons that recess was created. Why now take away possibly one of the greatest inventions (besides the wheel) ever to come about?

Recess was meant to take the energy out of kids so they'd come back to the classroom ready to learn. If we take away even one recess, children may be too energetic and hyper to even pay attention to the lesson. The "art" of passing notes will most likely increase and kids may learn even less *without* recess!

It's not just a matter of education, lots of parents agree that children should enjoy their youth while they still can, and live a "worry free" life before they must face the "real world." After all, you have to admit, being cramped up in a desk all day is rather uncomfortable, not to mention boring. So, not only do kids need recess to learn, they need it to maintain their youth.

As you've probably heard on the news, lots of kids are complaining about too much homework lately. This is the main reason that some people want to take away recess, to cover the homework during this time. But most schools have a 15 min. recess in the morning and a 30 min. recess in the afternoon. How much more learning can you pack into 45 or 30 min. anyway? Recess isn't enough time for any heavy duty learning, it's just enough for kids to get their energy out.

So, I come to my conclusion: Kids need their recess!

Negotiating with Mom

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Louder and Louder It Goes

“What?! What?! I can’t hear you.” My music was blaring too loudly. “Let me turn it down!”

“Joe, this is the second time I’ve told you to turn your music down!”

That’s my mom. She is ALWAYS nagging me to turn my music down. I somehow have to convince her my loud music should be able to be as loud as I like it.

At first I was very weak. Every time I blasted my music, she would come in and tell me to turn it down. I would sadly mope over to the stereo and turn it down, and then apologize. That was when I realized I had to take action or risk some kind of lifetime psychological complex for not being able to stand up to people.

“Joe! Joe! Turn that music down!”

I could barely make out those words, but when my mom busted into my room I knew there was going to be trouble.

“Why don’t you ever turn your music down?” she yelled. “It seems like you are becoming deaf. The less you can hear it, the more you turn it up. Is that right?”

“No, it’s just that I like the music to be exploding with noise. You can’t tell me when you were a kid, you didn’t practically blow your speakers out listening to the Beatles or whatever you listened to.”

“You’re right, I can’t,” she admitted. I had her now, I thought. “But still, that doesn’t mean you have to blast yours.”

“Well, what do you expect me to listen to? Beethoven?”

“Well . . . Would that be so bad?”

“Yes! Of course it would. How about I can blast my music while I do my chores? Then you could go outside or something.”

“Well, okay, but if it doesn’t work out, you will pay the price in a way that you can’t imagine.”

From that point on my life has been good. Except for the chores. I think my mom got the better end of the deal on that one.