

## Sixth Grade Writers

### **Katama O'Donnell** **Deerfield School**

Oh my god, I'm getting a puppy, I have been waiting for this moment for eight years! This rushed through my mind like Secretariat—my heart pounded excitedly like the sound of a horse's galloping hooves smacking the ground. Impatiently, I bend the front of my flip-flop back, I remember coming here three months ago to see if my mom was allergic. If she was, we would not get a dog because she was allergic to most dogs. I remember my whole family sitting in the back of our car. When we got out, my mom didn't sneeze; it was the best thing that could happen to me.

But today was even better. We're here again; now the nervousness turned to excitement. I squint to see through the opaque door; two puppies barely five inches tall tumble towards us. I smell the sweet scent of their fur, as their big brown eyes connected with mine; it was as if they were saying come, love me forever. A permanent smile spread across my face. "Come in," the breeder yells and tears of joy sting the back of my eyes. The dog that will soon be ours runs up to me. I kneel down & let the cutest dog I've ever laid eyes on lick me. She put her big white capped paws on my chest & wagged her fluffy tail in the other dog's face. I slowly pet her soft as silk, fluffy fur. I whisper to Julia, "Her name should be Lola." She agreed. Lola jumped over the other puppy, Bella & landed face first. I laughed as she trotted towards my mom to greet her.

“Go ahead, pick her up,” the breeder suggests, smiling. She could tell that I was so happy & would love this dog forever. I slowly bend down, careful not to scare her, and wrap my arms around her tiny body & lift her up. She looks at me wide eyed & puts her head, smaller than a baseball on my shoulders. Her big paws rest against my chest. I graze my hand across her soft, fluffy back. She turns her head & licks my face as my mom takes a picture. I pet her big, soft ears as she glances up at me, I am on cloud nine.

Happiness swells over me like a giant wave crashing onto a sandbar off the beach. My happiness builds like a wave that never crashes, as long as I have Lola, that wave will never crash. As the bright flash goes off I realize nothing could make me happier. I love this dog, I can’t believe I have a dog. My dream has come true.

That is how my life is as long as I have Lola. I will never forget this— the best day of my life. As I slip the collar over head, place her on the dark brown hardwood floor, I realize the eight year wait was worth it. If you are vigilant & never forget your dream, it will come true.

**Nataly Flores**

**Frank R. Conwell MS 4**

Mi Tia

Since I was a month old, Tia Syavena was there by my side loving and caring for me. The older I became, the more I learned to love and appreciate my mom’s older sister. I always helped her out and was there for her and she did the same for me. She laughed with me. She cuddled with me. She cried with me. And she got upset or mad for me when I felt upset or mad about something. The most special thing about her was that she never

judged. She never judged me for my mistakes or weaknesses because she knew that I am human and humans aren't perfect. Tia Syavena visited every summer until the end of August when she'd return to home to Honduras. Each time she left, I felt sad, as though I was losing my other half. I tried to remain positive, remembering she'd be back soon and then I'd fill her in on everything that happened in my life during those months. It never dawned on me that there would be no more summers for us.

Because suddenly something terrible happened that changed my life forever. On April 18, 2018, I woke up in my cute animal pajamas feeling tired, yet happy and content. Soon after this would become a day I remembered forever with great sorrow. When I walked into the living room, I saw both my parents crying, tears running down their cheeks. I had never seen my dad cry before; I wondered what happened to make my mom and my dad cry. I sat with them, waiting in silence for them to open up and tell me what happened. I placed my head on my mom's shoulder as she wiped a tear from her face. Then she told me. My grandma called from Honduras. There had been an accident. My aunt had gotten hurt in the bathroom and was found unconscious on the floor. They rushed her to the hospital, but she had a heart attack. My beloved Tia Syavena had passed away. This news was so hard to take in...knowing that one of my family members who I was so close to was dead overwhelmed me with sadness.

That week was a very emotional one for my family, especially for me. I cried myself to sleep. Everything I saw reminded me of her. I didn't want to eat anything. I wondered why. WHY, out of the 7 billion people in the world, WHY did God take my Tia Syavena? I cried and cried and cried and cried. It took time for me to realize that my aunt would want me to continue my life. She would want me to be happy and healthy.

Slowly, I returned to all of my daily activities, doing so knowing that Tia Syavena wanted that and that she watched over me every day. I may not see her anymore; however, my Tia Syavena walks by my side every day of my life.

## **Garrett Krygier**

### **Readington Middle School**

#### The Personal Narrative

I trembled in fear and couldn't believe my eyes and ears. I couldn't write a personal narrative without anything to work with. My notes were useless, so I had to come up with something out of the blue. I wanted to cry because my mind was completely-and utterly-blank.

Okay, I think we're getting ahead of ourselves. I'm Garrett, the Bug Boy. You may have heard of me. Anyway, I had to write a personal narrative for my language arts class. Okay, that sounds simple. So why was I so upset? Because my notes weren't usable.

Then it came to me. What if I composed a personal narrative about writing this personal narrative?

Okay. Got it? Good. So I came up with a good beginning but then, a series of what-ifs clouded my mind. What if this wasn't a good notion? What if writing about writing was the most ridiculous idea ever created by the human mind? What if I wrote a sentence that ended up as a paradox? I didn't think this was something the teacher would like. It isn't telling a story, it's just useless text.

Then I was summoned for a discussion with my teacher. I was so nervous about showing her my story so far because surely she would tell me it's a ridiculous idea. But she didn't say

that. She said, “The idea is very imaginative and clever, Garrett.” And if she had had a different opinion, this story wouldn’t exist. So here I was, pecking away at the computer keyboard, typing a detailed narrative about typing a detailed narrative. It wasn’t the easiest thing in the world, but it was definitely a lot easier than before because the pressure of “this is a crazy idea” was lifted off of my shoulders.

But then, I suddenly realized I had no descriptive detail, and if I were to turn it in, it would receive a zero. I had a temper tantrum.

I was escorted outside the classroom and was marched down the winding and twisting corridors to the guidance counselor’s office. The guidance counselor came in. He asked me why I was upset, and I explained that my narrative did not have all the requirements.

He said, “If you want to take the zero, then take the zero. But if you want to improve the grade, then you should work on it.”

Well, of course I wanted to improve the grade! So when I came back to the classroom, I wrote about this embarrassing incident. Sometimes the most pathetic idea is actually the right one.

Which brings us to now. I’m lounging in a big round chair and typing the end of this story. I’m just ending it here because I don’t know what’s gonna happen now.

\* The original narrative is far better than this. The only way I was able to shorten the story to 500 words was to get rid of everything that made it great.

## **Ebaad Siddiqui**

### **Mount Pleasant Middle School**

#### Racing Against the Lightning

The world was quiet, except for the patter of the raindrops hitting the pavement. I was staring through the window, passing the time. Minutes later, my mom walked into the room and asked, “Ebaad, could you bring me the clothes I hung to dry outside yesterday?” “Sure.” I replied. I wore my grimy mustard yellow raincoat, an “ancient artifact” of mine from innumerable weeks ago.

I located the clothes through the thick fog that had formed. All of a sudden, a deep sound emanated from the atmosphere. The inky sky flashed a purplish glow and a burst of lightning slashed through it. I ran back inside, shut the door and leaned against it. As an eight year old, I was horrified of lightning and thunder.

Since I was a kindergartner, I was frightened by the demolition the atrocious lightning produced. I had heard stories of people getting struck by lightning, plus whole fires created by them! Those moments were like logs, each story kindling the fire—my fear—causing it to grow. I would never tell anyone because they would’ve made fun of me, and my parents wouldn’t want to scare me! But how am I going to get the clothes without burning to a crisp? I thought as I breathed heavily.

After ten minutes of thinking of ways to escape the job, I could only make the conclusion that I was going to have to bolt across the yard, grab the clothing, and race back. Today is the day I face my fear, I concluded. So when the thunder and

lightning seemed to pause, I opened the door and stepped back. I then started a countdown. 3. 2. 1. I took a deep breath. Go.

I dashed through the door and jumped past the steps. With each step I took, my foot sunk deeper into the mud! Finally, I made it to the clothing, grabbed it, and raced back. I'm going to make it, I reassured myself repeatedly. I was halfway there, when the lightning struck.

Above me, the sky looked as if it was split in two. My heart skipped a beat then felt as though it had dropped to my stomach. But when I looked down, my feet were still carrying me forward! "The lightning didn't strike me! It never would have!" I realized then that maybe all those stories were over exaggerated. I made it to the door and slammed it shut. "Thanks." My mom replied as I handed the clothes to her. I couldn't believe all those years of fear were gone by a path that I cleared in a minute.

Over the past weeks, whenever lightning struck, I remembered this day, the day I faced my fear. I learned that if one wanted to face fears, they had to actually go out and accomplish it. Sitting around and thinking about it wouldn't have helped anyone! That was the day when I raced the lightning, and won.

**James Chen**  
**Millstone Middle School**

Conquering Zumanjaro

The line was crowded. The smell of sweat on this boiling summer day made me nauseous. The light of the sun blinded my eyes. This might seem like a perfect day for some people, but definitely not for me. My shirt was soaked like I had just dived in a pool.

Suddenly, my friend Jordan came up with an idea.

"If you can ride Nitro, then are you brave enough to go on Zumanjaro?" he asked.

I was about to say, "No!" When Jordan started laughing.

"Chicken! Chicken!"

I didn't want my friend to think I was a wimp, so I reluctantly got in line. Part of me regretted this decision, knowing that I'd be scared out of my wits, but somehow I kept waiting in line.



When I got close enough to see the ride clearly, the wails of the riders grew louder and louder. I wanted to leave the line, but I couldn't get my shaking legs to move an inch! "I'm a sheep to the slaughter," I murmured to myself.

After what seemed like forever, I finally stood at the front of the line. My heart was pounding as if saying "Let me out! Let me out!". The gates let out a squeal as they opened up. *It's now or never* I thought. I slowly sat on a seat and the people strapped me in. I desperately looked at the ride operators, hoping that they would come rescue me from this terrible ride. Instead, they pushed a button and up we went.

As we rose up and up, and it somehow felt rather peaceful. I could see the lush landscape in the distance and a big tower in the middle of a forest. Immediately, I felt calm.

When I got to the top, I suddenly heard a noise. Thump th-thump. I immediately felt dizzy.

Have you ever heard the expression "Calm before the storm"? Well, those four words perfectly described the scenario. The ride made a sudden drop and my stomach went up to my

throat. I screamed. To my surprise, I wasn't screaming in fear, I was screaming in joy! "Whoo hoo!" I shouted. This was really fun! Before I could gather my thoughts, the ride lurched to a halt.

"Yeah!" I shouted, "That was so much fun!"

When I got off, I was smiling as I sprinted towards the exit. The air smelled like sweat, and the sun still blinded my eyes. I looked back, and saw Kingda Ka in the distance. Somehow, I felt different. I now looked at the massive ride as a new opportunity to try something new, something that might be the best thing I'll ever do.

I realized something that day, I realized that conquering my fears can give the most fruitful outcome. Conquering my fear of Zumanjaro gave me a whole new way to have fun. Zumanjaro won't be terrorizing me anymore.

After all, a wise man once said, "Fear is nothing but a state of mind."