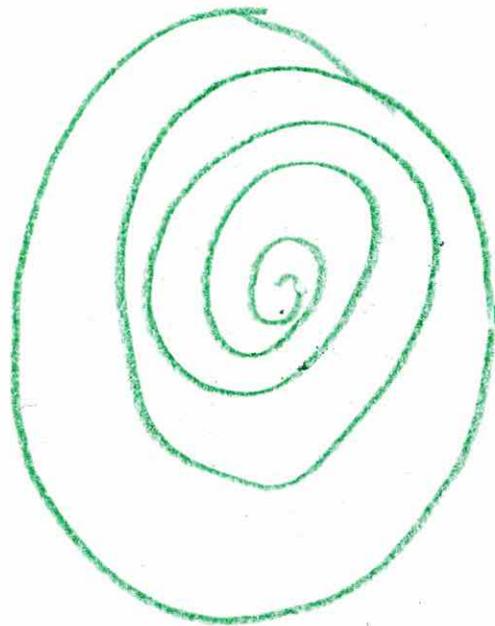


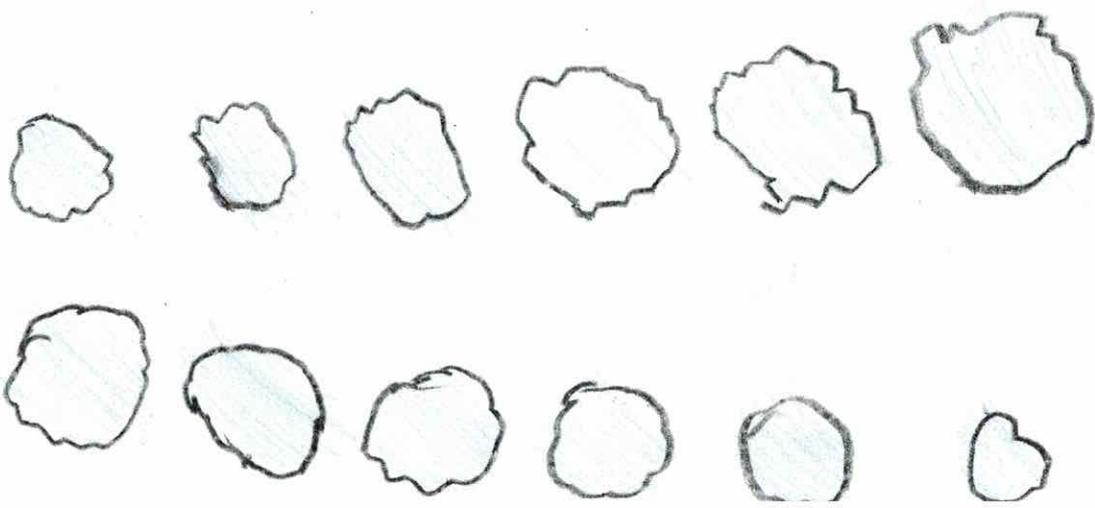
A Collection of Moments

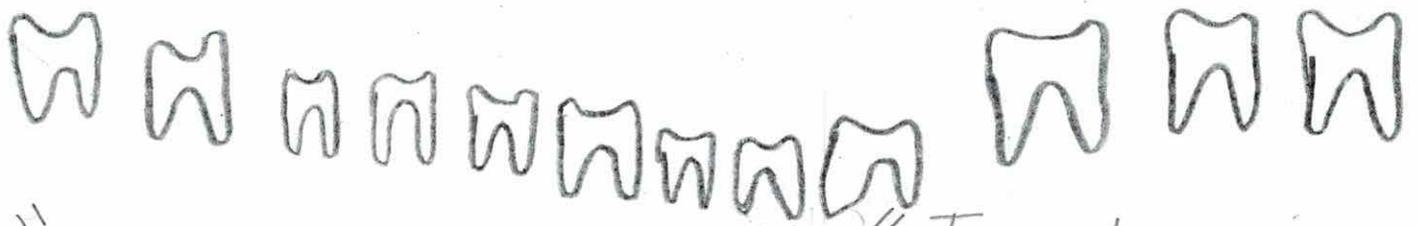


By Linnéa Elzinga

I run to the mailbox,
stepping around the snow. I open
it & look inside. Empty. Step, step,
step. CRUNCH. My foot
sinks deeper into the ground, &
snow falls into my boot. Great.

My foot is soaked, & I'm going
to be late for school!





"Do you see my tooth?" I ask my dad. "A little bit," he replies.

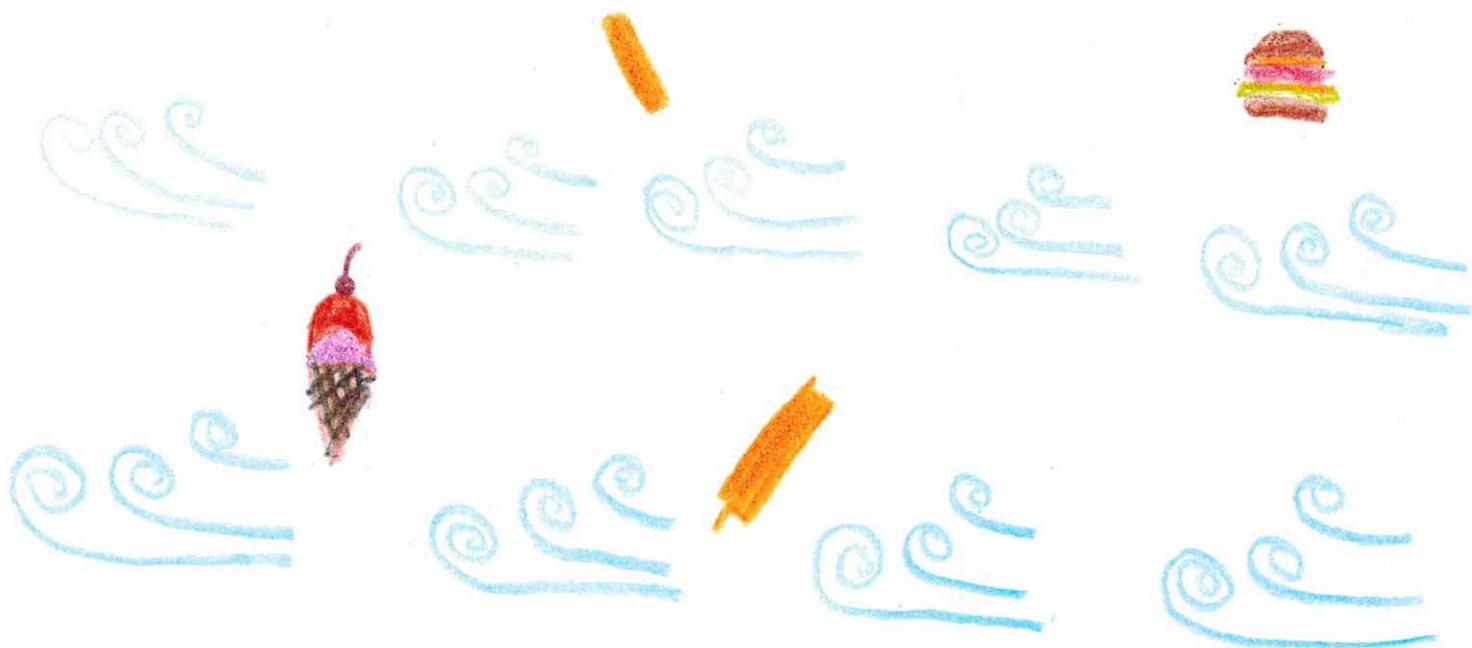
"So soon I can learn to play the trumpet!" I ask again.

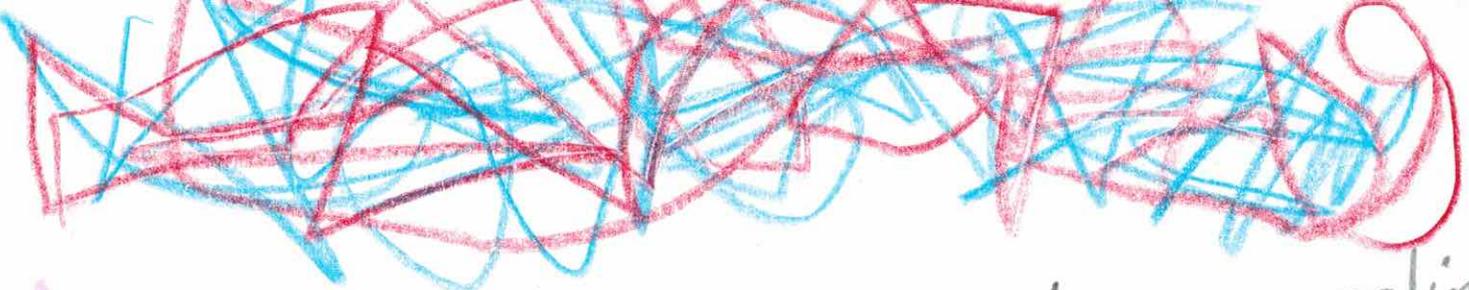
"That's absolutely right!" he says back to me. Now I'm even more excited to play the trumpet.

It will be ~~so much fun~~ so much fun!



The wind blew fiercely in my face as I struggled past the strong wind. I was getting closer, but then started getting pushes that were humongous! I was searching for my strength when suddenly I got an upburst of speed & rocketed forward. Then I grabbed the door handles & yanked. When I stepped in, I inhaled the smells of fries, burgers, & ... ice cream!





"I don't want to go!" I said, anger pooling up inside me. I sat on the wheel of the stroller watching each minute tick by. I was very disturbed that mom wasn't giving in. It seemed more like hours as we sat there, & then finally she said the words I had been waiting for. "Okay, buckle up," she said. But then she said something I thought she would never say. It was, "I don't plan to keep you home the whole day." I stared at the seat in front of me, eyes wide.



I stepped onto the stage & peeked out at the audience. "Wow" I wanted to say, but I couldn't, otherwise everyone would hear! I was nervous but also excited. I wanted to scream! Then I skipped over, & started singing. I didn't have to act that I was excited! There I stood, on stage, my biggest dream coming true.



I stared up at the ceiling, clicking
the end of my pen. I closed my
eyes & kept on thinking.
Then, I had an idea. I started
writing, the words flying onto
the page like a flood. Period, comma,
exclamation point, capital. I smiled
down at my work & started reading.
Beautiful.



Twist, turn, & POP! Making
balloon animals is harder

then I thought!" I said to
dad. A turn here and...

Pfoooo... My balloon deflates

"Aww, I was so close!" I
say to nobody in particular.

Twist, turn, twist. "Yay" I say.

"It's done!"

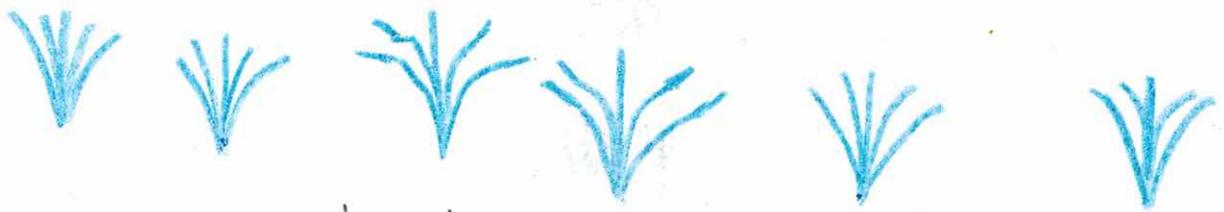
I sat on the chair, talking to my brother Fielding. "What if we pretend we were superheroes!" He says. I reply quickly, "Or we could have magical powers & be superheroes."

"Yeah!" said Fielding. Then dad says, "Stop talking & get to work. I don't want to give you any more reminders." "Okay" we answer. Then Fielding whispers, "We could make comics!" "Yeah!" I say.

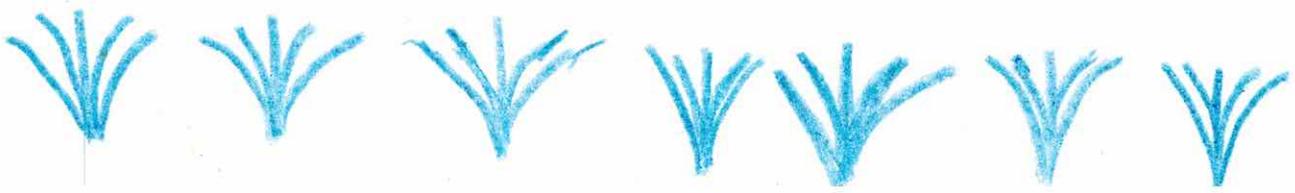
"Achoo, Achoo" My baby brother
rolls a train back & forth, gets bored,
& makes a toy dump truck play a song 1, 2, 3
times! He's only one year old. As he plays
the song for the 4th time he sways his
hips back and forth & bobs up & down.

He crawls around like a tornado, flipping
toys on their sides & throwing them
across the room. He is the cutest
little brother ever.





It's a hot summer day, & my mom
has a new toy! She brings it in,
& cleans it off. At first I
don't know what it is, but then
I realize. It's a new sprinkler.
I run outside, the sprinkler trailing
behind me. I connect it to the
hose & turn it on. I run through.
Ahhhh... refreshing!



Zoom! I fly past the deck,
& around the basketball hoop on
my rollerblades. Suddenly, I crash down
hard. At least I had my pads on! I jump
back up again & keep on riding lap after
lap, sometimes falling but getting
right back up. I feel like I could
do it forever! Then in for dinner,
but I know there's always tomorrow.