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# STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

## The Ice Moose

*by Amanda Fosnight, Grade 8, Crestwood Middle School*

Jimmy Bo Walker built it. He was always a sort of weird kid with his shoulder-length black hair and his light blue eyes and his habit of reading books with really weird names like *The Night of the Living Carrot* or *The Chronicles of the Noodle Man*. He was that strange kid. You know, the one who always sits alone at lunch. That kid who's always picked last in gym even if he's a good athlete. Yeah, that was Jimmy Bo Walker.

Jimmy built it at recess. The rest of us were doing normal things like building snowmen or ice forts. Malcolm had thrown a snowball at my head, so of course, I had to throw one back, which resulted in a snow war which was quickly ended by Mrs. Biggs who lumbered over to tell us off. Then Johnny licked the flagpole (on a triple dog-dare, of course) and suddenly Mrs. Biggs had a lot bigger problem than Malcolm tossing snow. Basically recess was pretty normal, but today it wasn't. Because all that time, Jimmy was building it.

I didn't see it until the end of recess when Mrs. Biggs blew her whistle. I was trudging toward the school building when I noticed a crowd had formed. Faced with the decision of going inside or investigating the mob, I chose the obvious one.

As it turns out, the kids were all gathered around Jimmy—or more, what Jimmy had built. They were all laughing and saying stuff like, “That’s not a snowman, stupid” or “Why would you build that?” or “LOSER!” And Jimmy, poor Jimmy, was looking more pathetic than he ever had in his whole pathetic kid career. I almost felt bad for him.

Almost. What I mean is, if you don't want people to laugh at you, you can't go around building snow moose. Yes. That is what he built. An ice moose. It actually looked kind of cool. But I wasn't going to say that if nobody else did. It had antlers and everything.

Then Mrs. Biggs came over and yelled at us and made us all come in, and I forgot all about Jimmy and his moose. I remembered it again after school. Most kids take the bus, but I walk home. My house is right down the street.

It was hard not to notice it. It looked all pathetic and sad because someone had knocked off one of its antlers and someone else made a twig mustache under its nose. Glancing around to make sure no one was watching, I walked over to it and patted its icy head. The sun had melted the snow slightly, and it had refrozen into ice. I pulled out the mustache and dropped the sticks beside my boots. The moose stared at me with black pebble eyes.

Poor moose with no antlers.

Poor Jimmy with no friends.

Slowly I took off my red, knitted scarf my grandmamma had made me and wrapped it around the moose's sturdy snow neck.

“What're you doing?”

I spun around to see Jimmy, panting as he ran across the flattened snow.

I looked him right in his lonely, blue eyes and shrugged nonchalantly. “He looked a little cold.”

With that said, I turned to walk home. ❧