

Elizabeth Dawsey

The Secret Garden Rewrite

LIC 540

Frances Burnett Hodgson

Babita awoke just as the sun was peeking over the horizon. The morning air, already steamy, barely rippled the gauzy curtains over the French doors left open for the slightest chance of a faint breeze. She threw back the mosquito netting and emerged from her cozy nest. Quickly she shed her cotton gown and slipped into a brightly colored sarong, slid her nut brown feet into her sandals, and slid silently across the floor.

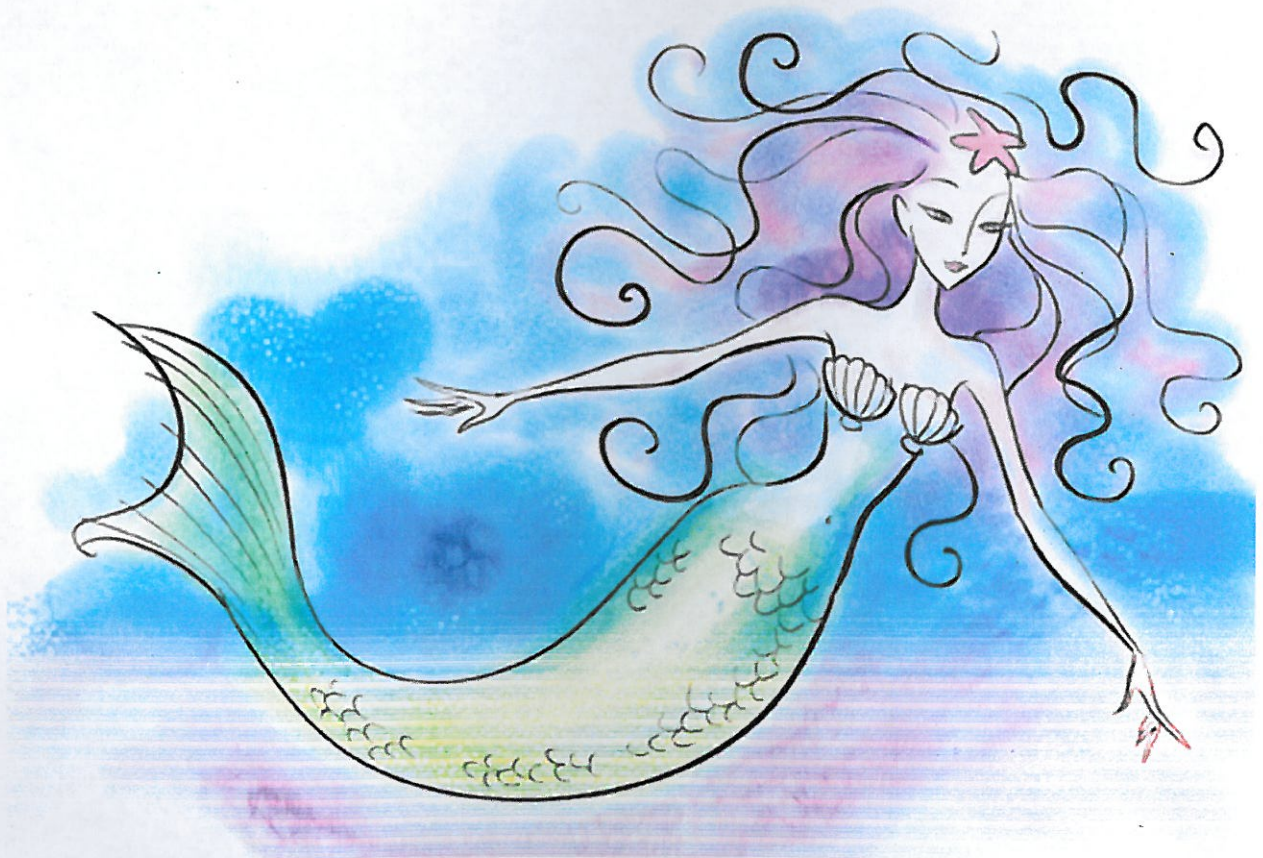
Her thick black braid hung over her shoulder as she crept along the tile floors, pausing occasionally to peer over the balustrade to the courtyard below. Anya was known to rise early, and she didn't want Mrs. Patel calling her back from her pre-dawn exploration. Aahva had promised to meet her in the garden by dawn, and she didn't want to be late.

When she reached the outer courtyard, she broke into a run, heading straight for the large Banyan tree. Before she had reached the far end of the garden, she could smell the sweet scent of the angelwing jasmine. Its fragrance hung on the damp morning air. So early was it that its delicate white blooms were still open from the night before, but before long, they would intertwine their fragile petals together to await an early moonrise. Sheltered beneath the Banyan tree, she searched the jasmine covered garden wall in search of the hidden opening that would take her into the world of the Secret Garden.

Suddenly, she heard the extravagant song of a lark. Peering out from her hiding place, she spotted a flame-throated Bulbul. Against its golden feathers, the scarlet throat warbled heartily as it greeted the world with its lovely aria. As if on cue, the air unexpectedly lifted a trail of jasmine to reveal the rusty latch beneath the vine. Babita turned the latch and quietly entered another world.



"It's almost time," said the blue mermaid. All the mermaids gathered together for the solstice picnic. Each mermaid brought their own favorite food to eat. They noticed how curious the turtles and the seagulls were and decided to invite them to join in the feast. The youngest mermaid asked in her sweet, soft voice, "Please, won't you join us? All you need to do is bring your favorite food to share at the picnic. Come be a part of our feast." So the turtles and the seagulls joined in the celebration. The turtles brought with them their most amazing seagrass, and the seagulls brought fish and mollusks to share with the mermaids. When the meal was ready the mermaids and all the sea creatures gathered to enjoy the picnic together.



But after a month Fisher
got bored. He said, "Dad,
did I make a mess?"

"Nnnooo," said his dad.

"Did I burn my arm?"

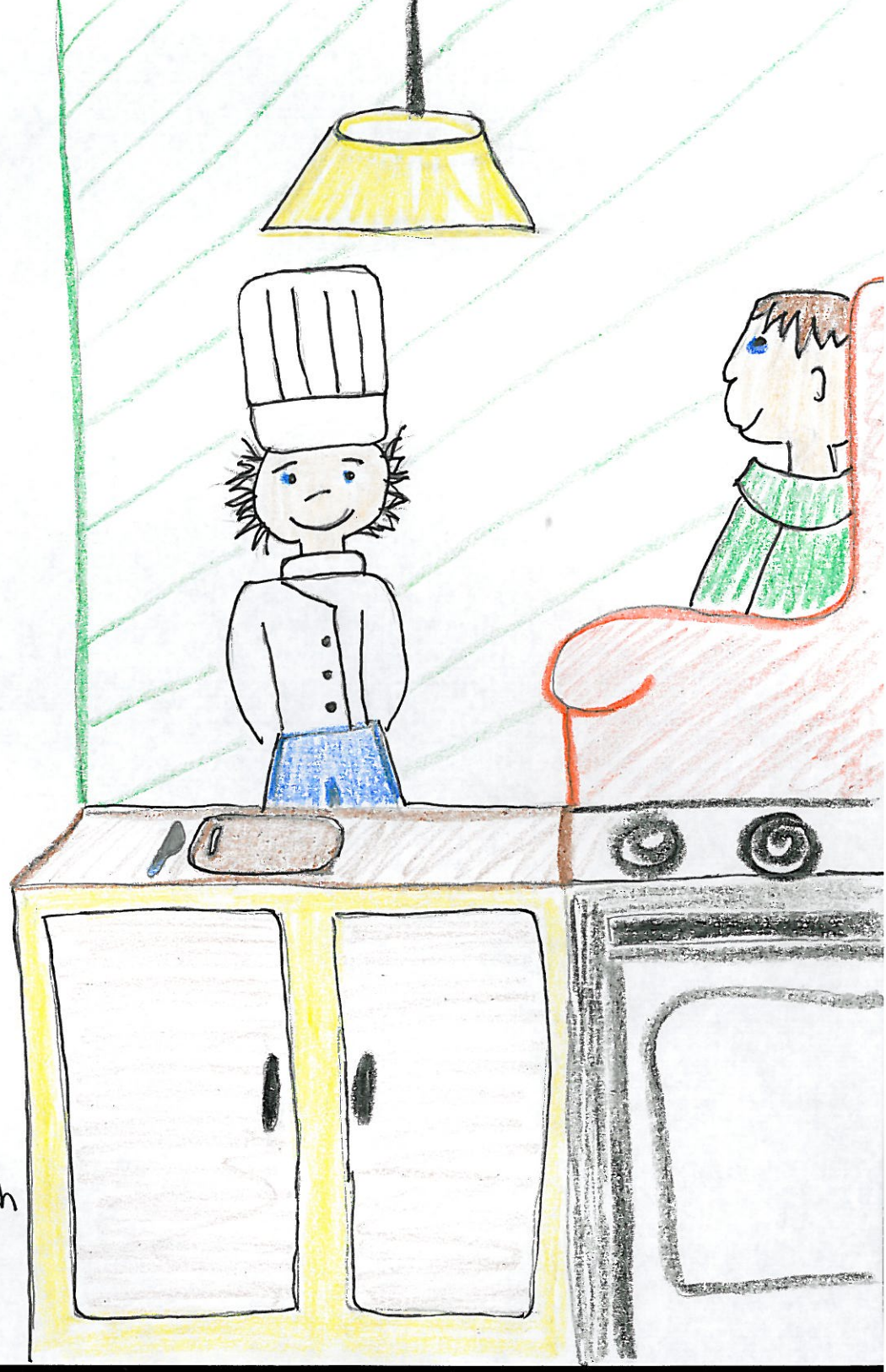
"Nnnooo," said his dad.

"Did I cut off my finger?"

"Nnnooo," said his dad.

From Purple, Green, and Yellow
by Robert
Munsch

Kelly Read
LIC 540



Everybody Needs a Bike, modeled after Everybody Needs a Rock by Byrd Baylor

Rule Number 1

If you can, go to an old junkyard that is loaded with mysterious objects, interesting thingamabobs, and is guarded by a purple peacock. If you can't find one, then any bike shop will do.

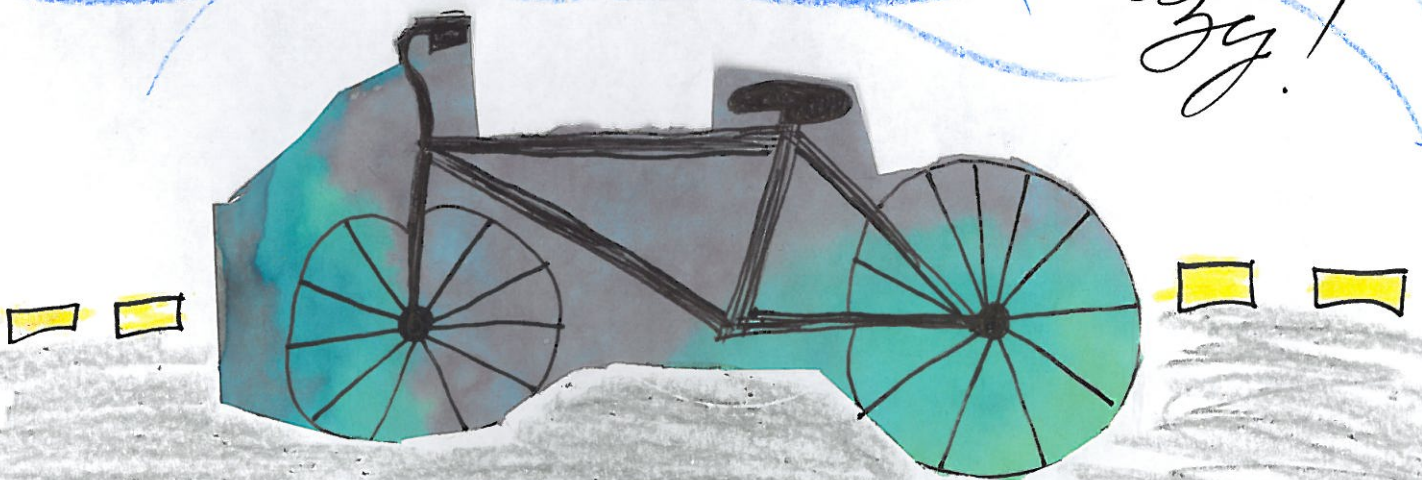


Rule Number 2

Don't choose a bike that is too colorful and crazy. It will distract drivers and babies might think you're in the circus. (Believe me, that happened to a girl I know who lives in Pensacola, Florida)

Distraction!

Crazy!



Simon Makes Waves!

By Jeff Lappin

Illustrations by Jeremy Madl

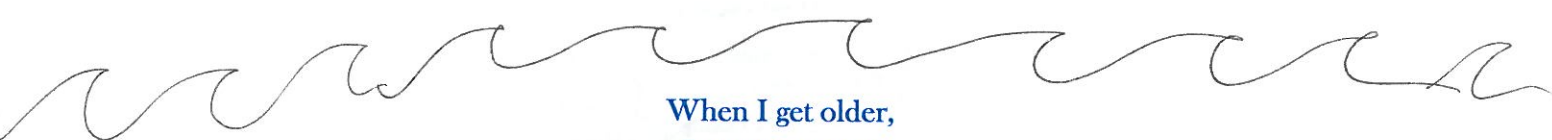
Rewrite-Amy Caliva

EDN 340-Dr. Fox

Summer 1

When I get older,
I want to spend
my life on the beach.

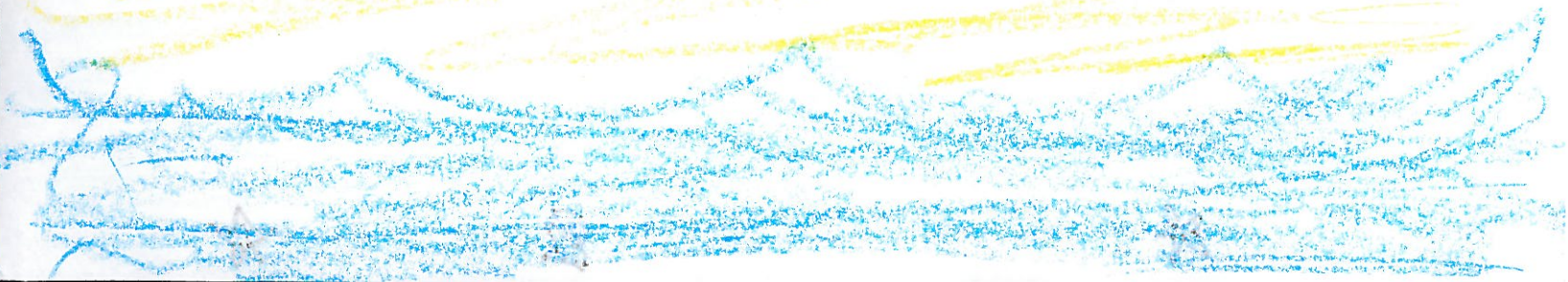
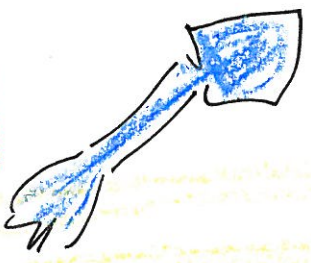
Now that I can stand up,
Everything I stand on
I imagine to be
my surfboard.



When I get older,
I want to spend
my life on the beach.

Now that I can carry my
beach bucket and shovel
I imagine building an award winning
Sandcastle that all my friends will love.





The early summer days at the "rivah" are the happiest and most pleasant days of the year. Azaleas and honeysuckle bloom and make the air fragrant and sweet. The tall marsh grasses start to fill in, and the cicadas start their long journey to the surface of the earth and up into the trees. The days grow warm with the afternoons hinting at the heat headed that way in a few weeks. School ends, and children have time to build forts and catch crabs off the dock. June and Amelia often brought a bucket of crabs home, bubbling and snapping at each other, ready to be steamed at the picnic.

Around this time, the crab and oystermen start working overtime in their dead-rise boats. In the early hours and into mid-morning, the men in their white rubber boots haul up pots to the sound of seagulls and boat motors. In the late afternoon, the thunderclouds roll in and sheets of rain soak the ground, feeding the hydrangeas and cooling the air. The crab men have taken cover but as soon as the rain lets up, they are back to work hauling and sorting crabs. Jimmies get tossed into one bucket, the Sook's are tossed back in the river to release their eggs another day.



The Three Brothers

(adapted from the Three Billy Goats Gruff)

Once upon a time, there were three boys, and they were all brothers.

The three brothers were all in class and were very, very hungry. They wanted to go to the cafeteria where there was burgers and fries and they could eat and eat and eat and get fat. But on the way there was a long hallway. And at the end of that hallway was a mean and ugly bully.

First, the youngest of the brothers decided to walk down the hallway. Squeek! Squash! Squeek! Squash! went his shoes on the tile. "Who's that walking down my hallway?" roared the Bully.

"Oh it's only the tiniest little boy," said the first brother. "I'm going to the cafeteria to eat some burgers and fries."

"No, you're not," said the Bully, "for now I'm going to take all your money!"

"Oh please, don't take my money! I'm too little. Wait for my second brother. He has much more money."

"Well, then, go ahead," said the Bully.

After a while, the second brother walked down the hallway. SQUEEK, SQUASH, SQUEEK, SQUASH!" went his shoes on the tile. "Who's that walking down my hallway?" roared the Bully.

"It's the second of the brothers, and I'm going to the cafeteria to eat some burgers and fries," said the brother. And his voice was not so small

"No, you're not," said the Bully, "for now I'm going to take all your money!"

"Oh please, don't take my money! Wait for the third brother. He has much, MUCH more money."

"Well, then, go ahead," said the Bully. And by now the Bully wanted a lot of money.

Just then, the third brother came walking down the hallway. SQUEEK, SQUASH, SQUEEK, SQUASH!" went his shoes on the tile. The third brother was so heavy, the ground shook under him.

"WHO'S THAT WALKING DOWN MY HALLWAY?" roared the Bully.

"It is I, the third of the brothers," cried the oldest brother. And his voice was as big and as loud as the bully's.

"At last!" said the Bully. "Now I'm coming to get you and take all your money!"

"Well, come along," cried the third brother. "I have two big fists and two large feet, and I'm not afraid of you!"

So down the hallway ran that big, ugly bully, and the third brother punched him with his fists and kicked him with his feet, and throw the bully into the closet on the end of the hallway.

Then he went into the cafeteria to join his brothers. In the cafeteria, the brothers ate all the burgers and fries they could. They were so full, that the brothers could hardly walk back to class.



Mr. Tweet

Mr. Tweet was one of these very bald-faced men. The whole of his face except for his forehead, his eyebrows and his nose hair, was completely bare of hair. Even his ear-holes were without any hair at all!

Mr. Tweet felt that his baldness made him look terribly dull and dumb. But in truth he was neither of these things. Mr. Tweet was sweet. He was born sweet. And now at the age of sixty, he was more sweet than ever.

The hair on Mr. Tweet's face didn't grow smooth and matted as it does on most hairy-faced men. It didn't grow at all, not even in spikes that stick out straight like the bristles of a nailbrush.

And how often did Mr. Tweet wash this terribly bald face of his?

The answer is EVERY DAY, especially on Sundays when he washed it twice.

Mr. Tweet always washed his face.



Matilda by Roald Dahl
"The Trunchball"

"Enter!" boomed the deep and dangerous voice of Miss Trunchball. Miss Honey went in. Now most head teachers are chosen because they possess a number of fine qualities. They understand children and they have the best children's best interests at heart. This is why no one in the whole town, could not fathom why Miss Honey had not gotten the job. Miss Honey was a stocky woman who was direct and showed great care and attention for her students. She dressed smartly and was adored by the students and parents alike. Miss Trunchball however, possessed none of these qualities and how she ever got the job was a mystery, she was a writhed up old lady. She had been a prison officer in her younger years, and she treated all the children like they were a number and it was still clearly evident in the way she addressed the students, as though their time was limited. Looking at her you got the feeling that this was someone who had witnessed devilish acts, she stared right through you.

She wore a dark lilac dress made of coarse twill, and stockings which reached just above the knee. On her feet she wore flat heeled bottle green brogues with leather flaps. She looked in short more like a rather eccentric escapee from a mental institute.



Miss Trunchball



Miss Honey.

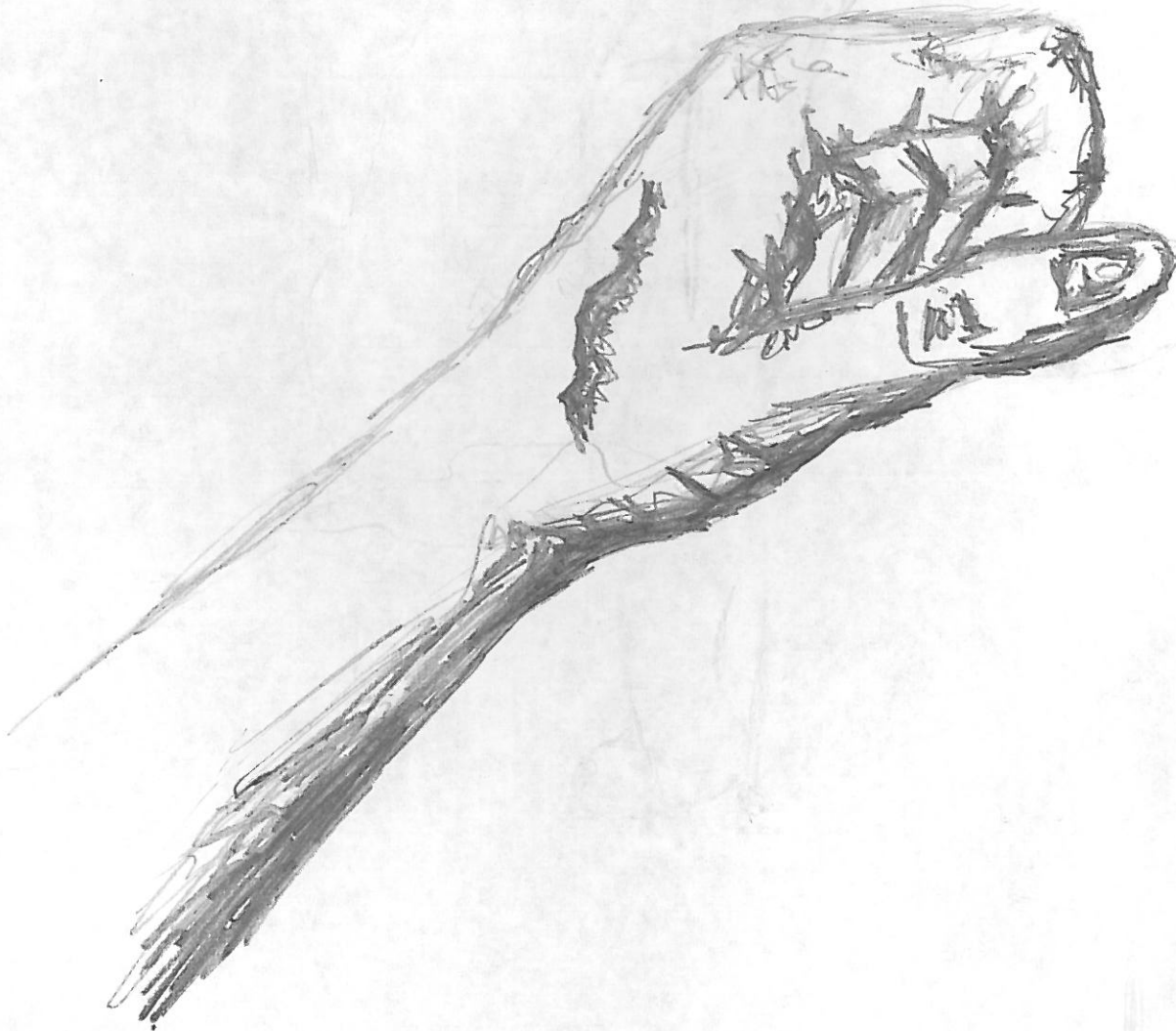
Goose Chase by Patrice Kindi

One might expect that the scar would heal with a sense of elegance. A memory that is long forgotten, yet never lost. The event stays forever close even though the pain has long slipped away.

I was unable to make my own stitches. I looked on as the open wound begged for me to repair it. I just didn't have it in me to make the proper corrections. The needle and thread sat close by but never seemed so far away at the same time.

I picked up the needle and cringed as it stared back at me. Solumn.

After the first morning the river had dried and the blood appeared in many shades of deep burgundy. The scar looked back at me with an emotion that resembled a sense of entitlement. It forever owned me, and I will wear it until the day I die.



"Woodney Wat" We-Write page 8 By: Alex Dominguez

With all of the teasing Wodney became a loner.
He would stand at the back of the line, by himself.
He would eat lunch at the very end of the last table, by himself.
He would stand in the corner of the playground, by himself.
When Wodney spoke, it was quitter than a mouse.

{Actual page 8:

All of this teasing day in and day out made Wodney the shyest rodent in his elementary school. His squeak could barely be heard in class. He gnawed lunch alone. }



Stephanie Dean

Say!
I like macaroni and cheese!
I do! I like it, Mr. McGeez!
And I would eat it in a plane.
And I would eat it with Mark Twain...

And I will eat ~~it~~ in the snow.
And in a pool. And at a show.
And in a boat, with some peach tea.
It is so good, so good, you see!



Say!

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I do! I like it, Mr. McGeez!

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pg. 59

pg. 60

Katasha Simpson
From: Brown Bear
Brown Bear
What do you see?



My Child My Child

What did you eat?



My Child My Child

What did you eat?

I ate a red apple from the tree.

My Child My Child

What did you eat?

I ate a yellow banana from the tree.



My Child My Child

What did you eat?

I ate a blue berry from the tree.



My Child My Child

What did you eat?

I ate a green pear from the tree.



My Child My Child

What did you eat?

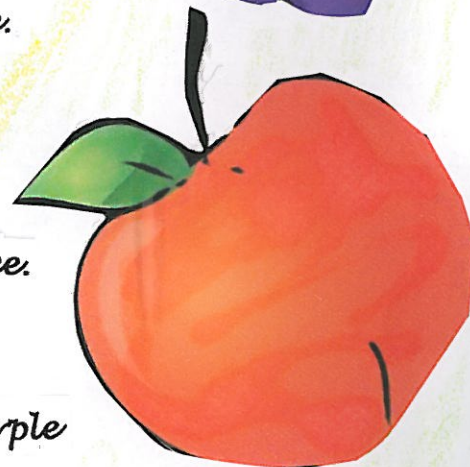
I ate a purple grape from the tree.



My Child My Child

What did you eat?

I ate an orange peach from the tree.



O' child O' child

What did you eat?

I ate a red apple, yellow banana, blue berry, green pear, purple grape and orange peach.

Nathaniel A. Johnson

From the Grouchy Ladybug – Eric Carle

Just as soon as the clock struck midnight, the sly slithering snake, sauntered his slender body into the pig pen. Hey said the puny pink pig; “What are you doing in here?” You must be looking for something to bite. The snake stuck out its long tongue and replied, “Well, if you want me to bite you stay stuck in the mud.” No said the pigs, you’re just a little green grass snake; you’re not at all like our friend Mr. Boa. The snake strolled slowly out of the pen.

