

Sight, Smell, Taste, Touch, Hear

Writing Sample
Seniors 2011
Spirited
Story
Jan 12/11

As I sat quietly ~~with~~ inside the walls of an impressively furnished cabin, I noticed my finger moving closer & closer to my nostril. Finally, the finger reached its destination. I smelled my finger intensely, investigating every inch of ~~my~~ the tip of my finger with my nose. Right at this moment, a cannon ball smashed through the window, taking out Halverson's freakishly intelligent genius head. I traced where the shot came from. The shot came from a giant pirate ship. I squinted my eyes & saw that it was the Spirit Lake pirates. I quickly ran to the remains of Halverson's highly developed brain and mourned the loss of the brain that would cure cancer. Then an overwhelming feeling of rage overcame me ~~and~~ when I heard the pirates chanting, "Spirit Lake! We're gonna take!" I immediately picked up a picture of the lake hanging on the wall & fired it towards the first pirate I saw. Acting as a ninja star, it penetrated his leg and he fell immediately. Trying to find another picture, a pirate came behind me & said in a British accent, "ello." Rather confused about why a British pirate would be in Spirit Lake, the procedure of ~~staying~~ ^{staying} me ~~to~~ up became quite simple & easy for the pirates. I was then thrown up off the ground & told to walk towards the pirate ship. The closer I got, the more intense the ~~smell~~ odor became. I identified it as baby food, ~~and~~ (some bear flavored ~~chicken~~) As I get closer & closer until I'm

10/ Molly O'Meara

University of Iowa
UMA
Museum of Art

Moisés Jiménez Arrazola
Opossum Family
Copal

Dear future wife,

Well, hello. I don't know you yet, but I love you. I just got abducted by the dreaded Spirit Lake pirates. But I'm alright. Because of the fact that I'm writing to you. My "future" wife, means that I have a future. So that must mean I make it. 😊 I just want to make one thing clear while I'm writing. I don't do diapers. That's gonna be your job. You have no choice. With love, Moisés

name: Rosalie the loney girl

problem: tired, just waken up, drowsy startled and doesn't want the camera in her face, sick
what they ate for breakfast: decaf coffee & a muffin

Closest relationship: husband

- 'high production is not limited, however, to polluted. ~~hot~~ waters.'
- "It is fashionable to find the distance of even the nearest fixed stars inconceivable."
- "There is no reason to suppose that interstellar space is infinite."

The singing couple

Problem: The guy doesn't want the girl to leave, but the girl is like "no, get away from me". He is frustrated so he begins singing.
relationship: they are both close to each other

This disease is variously known as xerophthalmia, keratoalacia, or conjunctivitis

Odum claimed that the Black-capped Chickadee male assumes the leading role in breeding territory defense, although the female may join him in occasion

The man with the mustache

He looked like trash
while the lady in blue

Didn't know what to do

She tried pulling away

He said Nay

~~Now she's stuck with the~~

He started to sing

Her ears started to ring

So she decided she would sing too.