**The Sleepover**

“AHHHHHH!” screamed the group of girls, while listening to scary stories

“Hi, guys” hollered a little girl.

“AHHHHHH!” we shrieked again, not knowing who was out there in the wilderness.

We looked outside of our tent to find a little girl in a lime green hat standing outside of our tent. The girl began to hit our tent, and the tent ripped and screamed in agony. We ducked under our sleeping bags. We started to tell scary stories again when we heard a noise that sounded like a zipper. ZIP, ZIP, ZIP! We looked over and saw the little girl again! We looked at each other, but when we looked back, she was gone. We hoped she was gone for the night. We settled in and fell asleep.

The next morning, we woke up to the sweet smell of morning dew. We played a few friendly games of Truth or Dare, and we planned on what we were going to do that afternoon: go swimming, get some ice cream, and jump on the trampoline. When it was time to eat breakfast, we got out of our tent and saw the little girl again! The one who was pestering us the night before! She asked if she could join us, but we said no, she seemed very weird. We did not want to hang out with her.

After we finished breakfast, we went on the trampoline that was a big as an elephant. We jumped and jumped and jumped, BOING BOING! It was really fun. Then, we all took one look at the pool, and jumped in. We thought it was going to be warm, but it was as cold as ice water.

After spending time in the pool, we saw a guy walking past the house. We shouted to him, “What’s your name?” He looked at us, and shouted back, “Adam!”. We giggled, because he was really cute, but we think he was older. For fun, we dared Skyler to go and say, “Hi, how are you today?” She did, and we all giggled again. We started to act like our little girl tormenter, and we followed poor Adam. He started to get creeped out by us, so he ran away. We all started to think that maybe this is what that little girl felt like?

We went to find the little girl, whose name turned out to be Bailey, and we started to play with her, which was actually fun. We all enjoyed it very much. Soon our parents came to pick us up, and we knew the fun was over. I’m glad we decided to hang out with Bailey, we should be nice to each other, even if we think they are annoying at first!

**My First Year of School**

I walked into the classroom shaking with terror. I did not want to be there. The class was full of howler monkeys, but I was not one of them. The class was a bunch of five and six year olds. It was like watching a horror movie, until I met Mr. Keig. Mr. Keig was the best teacher in the universe.

Mr. Keig was like a giant to us, and he still is. At first, I was scared of Mr. Keig, but I found out he was super nice. He taught me how to write, how to add and subtract, and how to make school fun!

In the beginning of school, I was horrified by math and reading. I was soon shown that those subjects were not impossible, and I just needed to practice. Soon, I was speeding through math problems like Speed Racer! With writing though, I hate that too, and I felt like it was impossible. I hated writing because I wrote slowly, and it took too long for me to write. I would get so frustrated; I would snap my pencil in half, SNAP! I was always the last one to finish my newest story. It was also always boring for me. It was hard to find inspiration! “Do you know what you want to write about?” Mr. Keig would always ask. “I have no idea” I would reply. Mr. Keig helped me find inspiration during those tough times, and he told me to take risks!

I was still shy, and I only had a few friends in the first couple of weeks of kindergarten. I figured out making friends was not a piece of cake. I eventually made friends, though. Mr. Keig didn’t have to help me with that one.

What I learned from my first year in kindergarten was to face your fears. If you’re scared don’t run away from your fears, face them! I assumed school was going to be extremely hard, and I assumed wrong! School was not as hard as I thought it was going to be. Kindergarten was a breeze, do you know what is challenging? Seventh grade.