

7M – Journal Writing

Surprise!

Has anything ever surprised or shocked you?

The most surprising thing that has ever happened to me occurred about three years ago.

I was eight and my sister Ava was two. We had been harassing my parents non-stop for about three months to get a dog.

They'd always say, "Maybe for Christmas."

This particular time, Christmas WAS coming. In a week!

"Your dad and I are going out to Madoc to go to the guitar shop," Mom said, inferring that we were to come along. So we slowly trudged our way to the car, not wanting to go all that much. *Something's not right*, I thought to myself.

Now, I may have been only eight years old, but I could read. We were passing a big sign with the words "Madoc, Please Visit Again". I was reading it aloud, and just then, we turned a sharp corner. I saw the puppies!

We got out, and the owners let all 30 barking puppies free to run around in the snow. I was shaking with excitement!

We were getting a puppy!

(Will C.)

Shocked? Totally!

"Jack, did you see it?" my mom asked.

"No, what are you talking about?" I replied.

It was my 11th birthday, and when I walked in my front door after school and my mom said, "Did you see it?", I was wondering what in the world she was talking about? After, she said, "Oh, never mind."

A few minutes later, I was done unpacking my backpack.

Dad said, "Jack, come into the living room."

I did, and there it was!

A brand new race bike. I was totally shocked.

My family was curious to see my reaction.

"I love it!"

I went outside and took it for a spin around my street.

It was a great birthday, to say the least.

(Jack G.)

My Grandfather

I'll bet you have had a moment when you were totally shocked or surprised by something. Me, too. About two years ago.

I still remember where I was when I found out. Sitting on my bed playing with my Nintendo DS. Totally oblivious.

I had just received a new game for Christmas, and was busy figuring it out, when my mom walked in with some devastating news. I still remember exactly how I was sitting: leaning against the wall, legs crossed, pillow propping me up, Mom had told me that my grandfather had cancer, and would probably not survive past two months.

I didn't know what had hit me. The day is still so clear in my head except for what my mother said to me. It was like my body just rejected the words. My grandfather was 92 and had been in and out of the hospital a lot, but I had no idea he had cancer. I could not cry. The words would not register. It just seemed so wrong. My grandfather lived with me, and I could not imagine life without him.

Eventually, I made my way slowly down the stairs to the kitchen. My own home looked like something out of a nightmare. The walls seemed to be moving. I was spinning at dizzying speeds. In the kitchen, my sisters, aunt, mother, and my brother were crying. THAT'S when it finally began to sink in.

My grandfather was a kind man, but always critical and picky. Everything you did had to be his way, and up to his standard; but in a way, that made it more special when he told me he was proud of me.

He passed away over the March Break. Even though I knew it would happen, it came as a shock.

I don't think people are ever truly ready to say 'permanent' goodbyes, although they may pretend to be.

I loved my grandfather, and I always will.

(Keziah H.)

Special Place

Do you have a special place to go to when you want to be left alone?

I do.

When I'm upset or want to be in peace and quiet to read a good book or to do my nails, I go to this one 'special' place. It's in my shower.

Seriously.

I know that may sound weird and absurd, but it's the truth.

Once, I was just grumpy and in a bad mood, so I went to the shower. I placed a towel down (the shower was dry) and I sat there to read. That was when I realized for the first time - it was the perfect place. Just perfect.

Uncomfortable? Not really. I have this special towel and pillow for some "decoration", I guess.

It has a door with a lock. I can sit and listen to my iPod without anyone coming to interrupt me. The music drowns out the "other" noise of the moment - any problems or busy things going through my head.

It's my special place, my own confined area.
What's yours?

(Leah G.)

Fish? Gross!

Fish?!

They're the slimiest, squirmiest, surliest, most malodorous things I can think of! So why did I go on a fishing trip? In Florida? In an ocean filled with sharks?

My grandpa asked me to.

"Sam, I was wondering if you would like to go on a fishing trip with me and my friends?" How can you say no to your grandpa? I can't. So on a beautiful morning a few years ago, I slathered myself in sunscreen, packed a lunch, and headed off on a fishing trip.

Once aboard the boat, I was not surprised to see that I was the only female and also the only person who had never been fishing before. I was surprised however, to have a bite after the first time that I put the hook into the water. I started to reel the fish in - and it stayed on! I didn't know what to do once the fish was out, so I started yelling that I caught something and trying to stay as far away from the fish as possible.

"Calm down!" the captain bellowed. He unhooked the fish and put his lips to the fish's mouth. It looked like he was kissing the thing!

By now, my grandpa's friends had started to gather around. I looked at my grandpa. He motioned for me to watch. The longer the captain kissed the fish, the bigger it became. I realized he was blowing the fish up!

The fish just kept getting larger and larger. I backed up, fearing an explosion.

Finally, the captain stopped.

"This is what a puffer fish looks like when it's all blown up," he explained.

He threw the fish back into the water. The captain looked at me.

"Cool..." I said, and tried to smile.

For the rest of the fishing trip, the captain continued to unhook my catches. Thank goodness he didn't blow any more up! My grandpa tried to get me to unhook the fish, but there was no chance of that happening.

After what seemed like ages, the fishing trip was over.

Surprisingly, I enjoyed it. Well, most of it. Now, I actually fish for fun!

(Sam B., 2010)