



**Ronan is where I feel fat with snow pants on.**  
**Ronan is fun and adventurous.** Ronan is lots of people in a small town.  
Ronan is a big tree by the bank. **Ronan is McDonald's! Ronan is hay bale contests.** Ronan is the Boys and Girls Club and PE in the gym.  
Ronan is swimming in the summer and sleeping over at my friend's house.  
Ronan is riding horses all day and pumpkin fields. **Ronan is going to the Mission Mountains.** Ronan is bowling with my dad and Town Pump for snacks.  
Ronan is the coffee shop where my auntie works. **Ronan is the Event Center where I watch my brother's games.**  
**Ronan is home to the Chiefs and Maidens.** Ronan is kids to play with and the summer breeze.  
Ronan is stepping in dog poop everywhere you go. Ronan is the sunrise in my eyes and people who look out for you.  
**Ronan is rodeos, bulls, broncs and horses.** Ronan is friends, family, love and kindness.  
Ronan is dusty fields. **Ronan is kinda sketchy in places.** Ronan is parks green like my favorite color. **Ronan is telling my cousin to eat cat food.**  
Ronan is the last greatest place on earth to get snacks. Ronan is airplanes flying and the buildings over your head.  
**Ronan is animals and people working together in harmony.** Ronan is the crunch at the popcorn place and the best home I could ever live at.  
Ronan is where I was born and raised. **Ronan is waterfalls to hike to.** Ronan is restaurants, freedom, no tornados, earthquakes, or hurricanes.  
**Ronan is beautiful mountains with white tips where dogs run and play.** Ronan is life to m. Ronan is the Pizza Cafe and also living in the woods.  
**Ronan is my forever home.** Ronan is beautiful fish jumping out of the water and gut piles behind the butcher shop. Ronan is cheese and mayonnaise.  
**Ronan is a place to feel any emotion.** Ronan is home to our ancestors and Pollywog Park. **Ronan is small but big in kindness, a place for anyone.** Ronan is hippo heroes!  
**Ronan is a universe of nature. Ronan is a piece of heart.**

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K. William Harvey Elementary, 4th Grade, MWC Writer Chris La Tray





**Dixon is hearing the crickets at night.** Dixon is laying in the grass and looking at clouds. **Dixon is a place to take sunset pics over the water.** Dixon is walking the Bench Road in summer and listening to birds chirp in the morning. Dixon is the quiet and the beautiful land. **Dixon is lots of rez dogs.** Dixon is flowers blooming on the side of the hills. **Dixon is nice and sad.** Dixon is a place to go fishing on the river. **Dixon is home to me.** **Dixon is playing with my siblings and my dogs.** Dixon is strange figures walking the streets at night. Dixon is amazing to tourists but just every day to others. **Dixon is staying outside until the street lights turn on.** **Dixon is quiet until it's interrupted by barking dogs.** **Dixon is a small school with endless drama.** Dixon is a place where people like to take hikes because of the pretty views. **Dixon is a place with a lot of history the horses running through the fields.** **Dixon is the Jocko River.** Dixon is where people find out they're cousins. Dixon is beautiful from different perspectives. **Dixon is the Agency team.** **Dixon is the sun shining brightly as I ride my longboard along the streets.** **Dixon is playing in my friend's yard and playing my Xbox.** **Dixon is walking the train tracks.** Dixon is roses everywhere. **Dixon is people going fishing on the icy water.** Dixon is a place to leave to get chicken nuggets. Dixon is playing basketball with my friends. **Dixon is skipping rocks on the river.** **Dixon is dogs chasing birds in the sky.** **Dixon is hiking and hunting and fishing.** **Dixon is where I have fun playing with my friends.**

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K. William Harvey Elementary, 4th Grade, MWC Writer Chris La Tray





**Missoula is hearing the crowd go wild after your team wins a soccer tournament.**

**Missoula is a kid getting the winning shot in the basketball championships. Missoula is skiing down Snowbowl. Missoula is the place with no exit. Missoula is the beautiful sunrise rising as fast as the speed of light. Missoula is the sun, joyful and bright. Missoula is playing video games at 3 AM. Missoula is playing basketball with your family in the summer. Missoula is going to my cousins' house and playing basketball. Missoula is as exciting as playing your favorite sport, soccer. Missoula is playing hockey and cheering when your team wins. Missoula is as bright as the sky in Hawaii. Missoula is the big blue sky city. Missoula is seeing almost all of the city from the top of the M. Missoula is looking for snakes, deer, fish, lizards, frogs, and friends in the wilderness. Missoula is laying down with your friends and trying to count and make patterns with the stars. Missoula is the sunlight shining on your garden. Missoula is eating spaghetti, cereal, and candy. Missoula is the beautiful view from the top of the third building in the Council Groves apartments.**

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Hawthorne Elementary School, Thayer 4th Grade, MWC Writer Dana Fitz Gale





**Seeley Lake is hearing birds sing and it's cool.** Seeley Lake is bears going hunting. Seeley Lake is the willow tree that sings to me in the morning wind. Seeley Lake is the school bells ringing. Seeley Lake is wildlife. Seeley Lake is humming birds humming. Seeley Lake is where is snows 6-8 months of the year then the lands are alight with flames. Seeley Lake is hunting with my aunt and uncle. Seeley Lake is the sound of water. Seeley Lake is where is snows 6-8 months of the year then the lands are alight with flames. Seeley Lake is fun. Seeley Lake is the smallest fish. Seeley Lake is a wonderland. Seeley Lake is swings. Seeley Lake is good for mud bogging. Seeley Lake is full of bald eagles. Seeley Lake is watching the sun go down and the moon come up. Seeley Lake is as awesome place to live. Seeley Lake is cuddling with my dogs under the trees. Seeley Lake is snowmobiling. Seeley Lake is a frigid layer of ice dotted with ice fishing tents. Seeley Lake is where I feel safe. Seeley Lake is the Rocky Mountains. Seeley Lake is fireworks for special events. Seeley Lake is the smell of the forest. Seeley Lake is morel mushrooms. Seeley Lake is endless rivers leading to the next lake. Seeley Lake is burgers and ice cream on green picnic tables. Seeley Lake is the tree-covered mountains around us. Seeley Lake is nice people.

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Seeley Elementary and High School Students and MWC Writer April Cypher





**Potomac is where love is.** Potomac is the third town I've lived in. Potomac is rough terrain. Potomac is fish that taste like candy. Potomac is the smell of pancake mornings. Potomac is riding through a meadow with a horse you love so very much. Potomac is where all of us ride four-wheelers. Potomac is the volleyball chant P-O-T-O-M-A-C Potomac! Potomac is moving cows down the pavement. Potomac is cool in a good way. Potomac is great for farming. Potomac is where you can trust people. Potomac is hunting at 4:00 A.M. Potomac is fresh garlic bread. Potomac is cows mooing when they want food. Potomac is chase bear off your porch. Potomac is hunting. Potomac is snowball fights. Potomac is Otter Pops on a hot summer day. Potomac is Cully's soda and ramen. Potomac is my family playing darts in the front yard. Potomac is winter's breath nipping at your neck. Potomac is full of deer. Potomac is a lot of scratchy stickers in your clothes after a long walk in the woods. Potomac is the occasional car driving by. Potomac is weird kids. Potomac is bumpy roads to school. Potomac is warm until it's not. Potomac is the good morning song by the kindergarteners. Potomac is the sound of morning animal calls. Potomac is being able to say "yeah, I've shot a buck er two!" Potomac is gathering with family and friends on the 4th and lighting fireworks. Potomac is tractors growling. Potomac is a small town getting bigger. Potomac is 11 kids in 8th grade.

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Potomac Elementary Students and MWC Writer April Cypher





**Missoula is an idea, static electricity, a tiny speck of fuzz. Missoula is playing darts with my grandma, Noodle Express's Chicken and Rice. It is skiing through gates, the pain of my puppy's needle teeth, poodles and doodles because they rhyme. Missoula is ice fishing and feeding cows, bears clawing trees. It is neon lights glowing at night, the snowflakes that fall out of a dark sky. Missoula is trees and leaves, the crack of a rifle, and snowmobiles. Missoula adores me so much, the phenomenal muscle my arm has when I play tetherball. It is a dog running as fast as it can and boogie dancing underwater with Sponge Bob Square Pants. Missoula belongs to the dogs and wolves, respect them and they'll respect you. Missoula eats through books like worms, bookworms, that don't want to reach the end. It is playing *Knockin' On Heaven's Door* on guitar, from solar flares to the Northern Lights. Missoula is drinking hot cocoa on a snowy day, skiing the double blacks at Snowbowl, and wanting to die here. Missoula is black bean chili and Acrotainment. It is hiking to the top of Jumbo and watching the sunset. Missoula is butterflies in your stomach on stage every time, vanilla ice cream, and books that altered my life. It is Rattlesnake Creek, sledding, Saturn, and eternity. Missoula is a long day of hiking to sit on the couch. It is making a basket that wins the game. Missoula is home to rattlesnakes and rivers—the forest owns me.**

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Rattlesnake Elementary, Wright's 4th Grade, MWC Writer Mark Gibbons







**Missoula is a place to do something new.**  
**Missoula is like a forest with many animals living together.**  
**Missoula is a city that is very small.** Missoula is like biting into a juicy, seedless piece of watermelon. **Missoula is a place where dragons fly and fish can walk the streets of your imagination.** **Missoula is a place where you can see stars that are brighter than Einstein.** **Missoula is like Funland with lots of activities to do.** Missoula is the feeling after you beat the best team in any sport. **Missoula is smelling the fresh, smooth air on a cold day.** **Missoula is the home of foxes, deer, eagles, bears, bobcats, elk, and people.** Missoula is snowmen in the winter, flowers blooming in spring, splashing in cold creeks in the summer, and jumping in leaf piles in the fall. **Missoula is the wise owl watching the young heron snatch a trout from the water's depth.** **Missoula is the eye of a giant face.** **Missoula is coming home from rafting the river.** **Missoula is as delicious as El Cazador on a summer night.** **Missoula is a place of imagination and creation.** Missoula is going to a Griz basketball game and getting the most buttery batch of popcorn there is. **Missoula is the scent of fresh-cut firewood for a delightful camping day in the forest.** **Missoula is birds chirping in the summertime with a violin playing.** **Missoula is an oven cooking Pizza Place pizza.**

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Hawthorne Elementary School, Weber 4th Grade, MWC Writer Dana Fitz Gale





**Missoula is the peaceful sound of reading a book. Missoula is the orange and red trees blowing in the wind on a fall evening. Missoula is the wind that keeps pushing you back. Missoula is as sweet as soda or fruit punch. Missoula is smelly like the 75% alcohol wipes that you get at the Dollar store which is not a dollar anymore, it's a buck twenty-five. Missoula is the great big life of the year-round party in the best city! Missoula is a brook trout on a late night. Missoula is being cozy in bed eating potato chips when it's cold outside. Missoula is special and unique like nowhere else. Missoula is Snorlax searching for cupcakes. Missoula is special. Missoula is petting a soft kitten. Missoula is watching my brother play Sentinel basketball. Missoula is the sound of rain pouring on a summer day. Missoula is a place of friendship, families....and a whole lot of stress. Missoula is bright and colorful like flowers blooming in spring. Missoula is a cat with a hat.**

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Lowell School, Hewey 5th Grade, MWC Writer Dana Fitz Gale







**Missoula is my basketball team in the playoffs.**

**Missoula is watching my dog running across the field. Missoula is walking the dog to the dog park and petting him. Missoula is when I ride my bike when cars wave by. Missoula is the change of the seasons and the new possibilities for people to grow. Missoula is the loud crowd cheering for the Griz football team. Missoula is doing what's best for you.** Missoula is deer roaming through the streets. Missoula is watching a Griz game in the cold winter air. **Missoula is my dog chewing on his toy. Missoula is squirrels coming up to you so you can feed them. Missoula is your dreams. Missoula is thousands of skateboarders riding around town. Missoula is a blue frost going through the town.** Missoula is feeling alive and fresh at the park. Missoula is feeling the Clark Fork River water on your feet when you first get there. **Missoula is playing basketball with my unstoppable team. Missoula is where I will see myself grow up and have kids.** Missoula is walking through the overgrown park as the thick vines grow over the slide. **Missoula is the Burlington Northern Santa Fe trains running past Greenough Park. Missoula is playing with your friends as all of your imaginations go wild. Missoula is biking around the Paddleheads baseball field and breathing in the fresh river water air like the best dream ever. Missoula is the hope of my heart.**

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Hawthorne Elementary School, Williams' 4th Grade, MWC Writer Dana Fitz Gale





**Drummond is hunting with my dad on a cold night. Drummond is the best place in the world. Drummond is the rodeo in July. Drummond is where you can know everyone. Drummond is 15 trains a day. Drummond is the Community Church. Drummond is always going to smell like dried grass. Drummond is chickens. Drummond is very very very big. Drummond is like a scoop of ice cream. Drummond is mostly loud from trains. Drummond is the loggers. Drummond is the sight of cattle being branded. Drummond is bumpy roads on my way home. Drummond is a loud school bell ringing. Drummond is hearing cows moo. Drummond is where my family moved because it is perfect. Drummond is grass on a football field. Drummond is buying candy from Fic's. Drummond is where birds fly home in the summer. Drummond is a place to ride four-wheelers and dirt bikes.**

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Drummond Students in 4th and 5th Grades and MWC Writer April Cypher





**Drummond has a bar where you can taste the salt on the fries. Drummond is the taste of handcut fries from Parkers. Drummond is knowing mostly everyone around you. Drummond is a quiet town except for the trains. Drummond is full of pastures everywhere you look. Drummond is empty. Drummond is going to all the neighbors' branding in the spring. Drummond is the town that last the best restaurant called Frosty Freeze. Drummond is a place without many people. Drummond is where you can float the river. Drummond is a place full of nice and kind people. Drummond is jumping off the black bridge. Drummond is pine trees. Drummond is where the cotton and pine trees sway. Drummond is floating down the river. Drummond is seeing how many times you can walk on the new walking path. Drummond is where there are more cows than people. Drummond is playing in two feet of snow in the cold blizzard weather. Drummond is a fun place to hunt, fish, and float the river. Drummond is quiet. Drummond is sledding without snow. Drummond is cows, horses, deer, and elk. Drummond is football games in the dark. Drummond is the perfect place for hunting. Drummond is riding horses on the frontage road. Drummond is where my friends are. Drummond is walking your dog. Drummond is the home of Mentser's Used Cow Lot. Drummond is an amazing football team.**

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Drummond Students in 6th, 7th and 8th Grades and MWC Writer April Cypher





**Missoula is spring green woodpeckers.**  
**Missoula is a place to explore, seek, and hide things.** **Missoula is sunsets.** **Missoula is mystery, you never know what will happen.** **Missoula is hunting for deer, elk, moose, duck and geese.** **Missoula is different from the rest.** **Missoula is a place that can have tricks up its sleeve.** **Missoula is the university clock that dings every hour.** **Missoula is not turning your electric amp too loud because the neighbors will get mad at you.** **Missoula is hanging out at the Adam Center with Monte the bear.** **Missoula is full of colors like a cup of summer on a winter day.** **Missoula is a world of absolute wonder.** **Missoula is the petals on my flower.** **Missoula is a farmer market town.** **Missoula is a white bowl in the winter.** **Missoula is mystical.** **Missoula is exploring.** **Missoula is the blanket over my shoulders.** **Missoula is busy like an ant race on an old television.** **Missoula is where you never know what's coming next.** **Missoula is weird like wonderland.** **Missoula is rivers, lakes, and mountains.** **Missoula is ducks with beautiful blue feathers.** **Missoula is blazing hot summer like the stars.**  
**Missoula is home.**

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DeSmet School, 4th and 5th Grades, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Arlee is the taste of cotton candy. Arlee is the smell of dirt bike gas. Arlee is Stageline Pizza, the best ever. Arlee is the smell of fresh bubble gum. Arlee is every day I can see my teacher. Arlee in the winter is the sound of bull elk bugling. Arlee is the place for me. Arlee has the best school. Arlee is no tornadoes because the mountains protect us. Arlee smells like doughnuts. Arlee is the smell of daisies. Arlee is the sound of my class yelling. Arlee is peanut butter everywhere. Arlee is the best rodeo. Arlee is awesome. Arlee is the place where if you have dogs you feel safe.**

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Arlee Elementary, Dreiling "The Fantastic Pandas" 4th Grade, MWC Writer Caroline Keys





**Arlee is the sound of grass whistling.**  
**Arlee is where dogs roam free.**  
**Arlee is a humble place.** Arlee  
is basketballs bouncing on the  
road. **Arlee is windy.** **Arlee is a**  
**place with pow pows.** **Arlee is**  
**the smell of buttercups in spring.**  
**Arlee is loud.** **Arlee is horses running**  
**on the road.** **Arlee is the sound**  
**of trains.** **Arlee is dirt.** Arlee is the  
place with the screaming cows. **Arlee**  
**is full of wonder at night.** **Arlee is**  
**the smell of dried meat.** **Arlee**  
**is the sight of the Running Boy.**  
**Arlee is the one chaotic bus.** **Arlee is**  
**sound of dancing at the pow wow.**

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Arlee Elementary, 5th Grade, MWC Writer Caroline Keys







**Arlee is such a beautiful looking place. Arlee is home. Arlee is where the sun raises. Arlee is a good morning. Arlee smells like fry bread. Arlee is the basketball pounding against the court. Arlee is a good place to be. Arlee is the smell of fall coming. Arlee is the best. Arlee is the smell of dry meat. Arlee has the best sunsets. Arlee has colors all around. Arlee is a place to hunt.**

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Arlee Elementary, Gaber "The Little Penguins" 4th Grade, MWC Writer Caroline Keys





**Missoula is the memories of the woods, the lakes, and the fields growing along with me. Missoula is the smell of the Roxy Theatre's popcorn. Missoula is kids listening to music on the "M" trail. Missoula is the steady line of cars heading to a Griz game on a crisp fall day. Missoula is a fox hunting in a gully for rabbits on a dark spooky night. Missoula is the potential of people waiting to be awoken. Missoula is the sour yet bittersweet taste of our famous huckleberries. Missoula is the sound of rivers flowing. Missoula is me and my dog walking near St. Mary's cemetery on a lukewarm night. Missoula is the smell of Bridge pizza on a warm afternoon. Missoula is a strong and sharp community ready to take on any challenge. Missoula is camping in the middle of the woods, eating a warm s'more. Missoula is hiking to the "M" and gazing at the city from afar. Missoula is someone giving you a long comforting hug after your favorite chicken dies. Missoula is a place of wonder that surprises you at every turn. Missoula is walking downtown at night and all the pretty lights go on. Missoula is the sun that lights the day. Missoula is black bears in the forest. Missoula is the smooth ice that makes you bump into your friends and fall down. Missoula is woods and adventures. If you come here, be prepared to never want to leave!**

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Lowell School, Notti 5th Grade, MWC Writer Dana Fitz Gale





**Florence is like looking at a picture. Florence is a hawk zooming through the clouds. Florence is a puppy getting licked by its mom. Florence is a splash of the alpha fish. Florence is a woodpecker pecking soft and tender wood. Florence is riding horses. Florence is a marshmallow floating in a cup of hot cocoa.** Florence is a Queen of Drama. Florence is where the stars are so bright like the sun. Florence is the western meadowlark perching on the ponderosa pine. Florence is the newborn lambs. Florence is not just a town, it's my weird, fun-loving home. Florence is my brother jumping in the pool and feeling the water on my skin. Florence is my family picking potatoes to eat. Florence sounds like crashing waves whoosh splash! Florence is getting away from the busy city. Florence is a falcon flying through the air crowing. Florence is the place to go swimming. Florence is a fresh picked dandelion. Florence is a walk along the highway path. Florence is sweet like chocolate. Florence is a red-tailed hawk on a fence. Florence is a hook fishing for cutthroat trout. Florence is a bee zooming flower to flower. Florence is where I bee-long.

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Florence-Carlton Elementary, 4th Grade McCann, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Florence is colder than cold colors blooming like a sunset. Florence is smoke rising in summer and rose-red fire glistening in evening. Florence is home to elk. Florence is nature always near me. Florence is the cold breeze hitting your skin. Florence is the smell of all holidays at once. Florence is tart delicious huckleberries. Florence is deer, birds and happy people. Florence is fresh air in the mornings. Florence is hanging out with family and friends. Florence is long hours of school, pencils clicking against lead-filled paper and getting scraped with a bright barbie pink eraser. Florence is cold winter snow, warm summer sun, and the sound of leaves in the fall. Florence is a cool breeze when I wake up. Florence is jumping in the pool with your friends. Florence is my teacher screaming in fear. Florence is Glen's Cafe. Florence is flowers blooming and birds singing in their nests. Florence is my only home. Florence is wild fresh air after waking up with your window wide open. Florence is flowers and railroad tracks. Florence is scratchy bark against goeey sap. Florence is screech owls and bees. Florence is the sun and moon fighting over day and night. Florence is scattered deer sheds. Florence is my 4th home. Florence is where my imagination seeks light.**

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Florence Elementary, Mazur 4th Grade, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Missoula is full of good humanity.** Missoula smells like pine trees from thick, green hiking trails. Missoula is floating the Blackfoot River. Missoula is raccoons running at night clattering their claws. Missoula is camping and watching the stars, smelling the fresh air of night. Missoula is home to great kids. Missoula is paddleboarding. Missoula is beautiful in summer. Missoula is watching Monte doing backflips at Griz games. Missoula is children running and playing in the sun ablaze on a summer day. Missoula is full of great hunters and fishermen. Missoula is playing football with your friends. Missoula is full of dino nuggies. Missoula is nice and shining after it rains. Missoula is people looking at a respectable amount of cat memes. Missoula is hiking and looking at the pumpkin at the top of the University in the fall. Missoula is home of the Greats. Missoula is bitter cold in winter. Missoula is my second home. Missoula is hiking up hills, listening to waterfalls, and white as a snow owl in winter. Missoula is the smell of fresh pollen in the spring.

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Jeanette Rankin Elementary, Chrestenson 4th Grade, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Florence is falcons soaring through on an autumn breeze. Florence is sun hot like lava and hummingbirds singing with you. Florence is a really good football team. Florence is a hamburger from Naps. Florence is big mountain ranges. Florence is cow feet stomping. Florence is fresh bacon burgers. Florence is cows mooing in the morning. Florence is a place where you will have a real life. Florence is a beautiful sunset rising. Florence is eagles flying in circles and sounds of "caw caw." Florence is the smell of pine trees. Florence is dogs, cats, eagles, plants and rivers. Florence is pigs running on the roads. Florence is where a cat might get lost. Florence is a grassy meadow. Florence smells like lilacs in summer. Florence is an eagle feather. Florence is buttercups in the spring. Florence is where the mountains meet. Florence is where I live.**

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Florence-Carlton Elementary, Hansen 3rd Grade, MWC Writer Megan McInerney







**Florence is where elk live.** Florence is the blue sky we're lucky to see. **Florence is the smell of cows.** Florence is wolf packs hunting. **Florence is hockey.** Florence is sunshine on a cold winter day. **Florence is the sound of tires on the road and tiny rocks chipping the paint of the cars.** Florence is a cup of steaming hot cocoa with marshmallows and sprinkles on top. **Florence is chickens running on the road.** Florence is the sound of kids screaming with joy. **Florence is where everybody goes skiing.** Florence is riding horses. **Florence is where god is.** Florence is baseball in the spring. **Florence is the smell of sawdust by the mill.** Florence is peacocks roaming outside school. **Florence is where you grow old.** Florence is a beautiful sunrise with red and yellow too. **Florence is those purple flowers by my bus stop.** Florence is the big rush of cars going to work. **Florence is herding cows in the pasture.** Florence is rainbows. **Florence is duck hunting.** **Florence is where I love to be.**

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Florence-Carlton Elementary, Horsens 3rd Grade, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Florence is hikes, lakes, and mountains shaped like a tooth. Florence is the sky when it's wet. Florence is peaceful like water dripping on a leaf. Florence is a lot of nature. Florence is dirt bikes. Florence is riding a horse in a glossy flower meadow. Florence is a pitcher. Florence is great teachers. Florence is wind howling through the trees, little leaves going side to side, and a waterfall crashing down below. Florence is western things like old horse saddles. Florence is Subway and "mmm" with the sound of crunching salt and vinegar chips. Florence is a good place for hamburgers. Florence is where the moon shines in the darkest nights. Florence is skating on the ice rink. Florence is spending time with family, friends, and pets. Florence is wolves howling in the night. Florence is foxes running. Florence is a flower floating across the river. Florence is the tall, rocky green mountain with beautiful animals. Florence is home to many people and animals. Florence is spring butterflies. Florence is a tart gooseberry. Florence is a balloon that will never pop. Florence is my home.**

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Florence-Carlton Elementary, Kiffe 3rd Grade, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Florence is the falcon's missing feather.**

**Florence is my imagination soaring across the sky. Florence is coyotes jumping in the dark and chickens cockadoodledoing. Florence is a town that doesn't have a mayor. Florence is the falcons football team winning state. Florence is as awesome as a panda playing hockey. Florence is elk waking you up in the morning and a beautiful emerald green pine tree. Florence is a castle of horse droppings. Florence is my backyard. Florence is riding bikes at the gas station in warm weather. Florence is mountains and rivers. Florence is a dirt hill filled with ants. Florence is the best place I've ever lived and the best school. Florence is where pine cones fall from trees. Florence is a cold outdoor hockey rink with snow falling down. Florence is a meadowlark chirping. Florence is louder than the elk's bugle. Florence is where I play outside and get to see my friends. Florence is where your parents get off work early to play catch with you. Florence is the burning feeling you get from a wood fireplace warming up the cold, damp winter. Florence is fishing, hunting, and fun. Florence is the taste of burgers from your own cows. Florence is the moon when it lights up the world. Florence is a bitterroot flower. Florence is as Florence does.**

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Florence-Carlton Elementary, Tucker 4th Grade, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Missoula is a blanket of stars covering the blood red sunset sky. Missoula is birds chirping, dogs barking, cars honking, and deer chewing. Missoula is Big Dipper with a line going around the block. Missoula is the Griz. Missoula is cutthroat trout. Missoula is Cocomelon, a colorful rhyming song. Missoula is camping, huckleberry picking and campfires. Missoula is cars and gas. Missoula is home to Ft Fizzle. Missoula is the smell of pine trees. Missoula is like a finished painting full of colorful heart red sunsets and stars that make you feel warm and happy. Missoula is Big Sky Country. Missoula is paragliding. Missoula is home to nature. Missoula is a place where sounds echo. Missoula is a harsh winter and hot summer. Missoula is the most democratic city in Montana. Missoula is rafting. Missoula is where you hear bears roar.**

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Jeanette Rankin Elementary, Wilsey 4th Grade, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Missoula is the chocolatey brown grizzly bear hunting with her cubs and the smell of sticky sap in the forest. Missoula is mountain lions. Missoula is a beautiful place to go to college, be a griz dancer or get a job. Missoula is bumpy. Missoula is a place where you can just let go and enjoy yourself, where the grass sways in the wind. Missoula is mountains white with winter. Missoula is big sky skiing down big hills and big blue skies with fluffy clouds. Missoula is home of the Montana Grizzlies. Missoula is a colorful painting and the smell of flowers blooming. Missoula is elk and deer going for a drink of water and the "M" and "L" and the University downtown. Missoula is a place to enjoy life and the smell of freedom. Missoula is waking up to squirrels and birds chirping. Missoula is a fun and cool place. Missoula is people running and walking at their own pace. Missoula is football. Missoula is a bright place. Missoula is swimming at the pool. Missoula is where you can run and jump and workout. Missoula is mountains, mountain lions, crows, bears and trees. Missoula is a natural place with trees and birds flying high, where the trees blow fast on a windy day. That is our Missoula and that is how it will stay.**

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Jeanette Rankin Elementary, McHugh 4th Grade, MWC Writer Megan McInerney





**Lincoln is a place with animals that come and go.**

Lincoln is a town with a school that looks like a brick warehouse with nice people. Lincoln is the place of many forests, cold deep forests. Lincoln is the place where you might buy chips, every brand and every flavor. Lincoln is the place with tons of animals like deer and elk and a whole bunch more. Lincoln is huge for some but small for others. Lincoln is my new home. Lincoln is a place where the magic fills the forest with the calm wind and the smell of the fresh water flowing. Lincoln is where the Blackfoot river runs so fast while coyotes run to keep up with it. Lincoln is the home of a sleeping green giant. Lincoln is a nice place where people embrace. Lincoln is where you can lay in the grass with your class. Lincoln is where it is nice to eat at the Wheel Inn. Lincoln is full of awesome creatures. Lincoln is where you think about how cool Lincoln is! Lincoln is the sight of snow and rain on the roads. Lincoln is all the memories that me and family have created. Lincoln is quieter than a mouse sewing. Lincoln is smaller than a fish. Lincoln is where animals, people and the forest come together! Lincoln is the smell of cattle. Lincoln is green trees standing with the grass flowing beneath them. Lincoln is getting colder and colder as the moon rises. Lincoln is small as a house. Lincoln is the town where you don't have to be afraid. Lincoln is where the sun shines down like it's saying good morning. Lincoln is where you can see where the adventure takes you. Lincoln is smells of wood in the winter. Lincoln is sap from trees, you can feel the heat. Lincoln is a green apple tart and stiff. Lincoln is swings squeaking and wind whistling.

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Lincoln Elementary, Fitzgerald 3rd Grade, Mannix 5th Grade, Burns 4th Grade, MWC Writer Sam Dunnington







**Lolo is tasty like an apple pie that just came out of the oven burning hot.**

**Lolo is skipping rocks upon a creek. Lolo is deer running.**

**Lolo is me and my cousin picking huckleberries for hours. Lolo is sun gleaming as I ride along the river. Lolo is fishing as the hot sun cooks my face. Lolo is snow covered mountains. Lolo is rivers and lakes. Lolo is the best creek. Lolo is kids riding bikes down the street with the wind in their faces. Lolo is as nice as the people who live in it. Lolo is laughing running playing. Lolo is dogs barking. Lolo is as peaceful as Martin Luther King Jr. Lolo is bright juicy huckleberries dancing in the sunlight. Lolo is riding dirt bikes, bikes, and 4wheelers in the summer. Lolo is TVs, iPads, Xboxes, and PS5s. Lolo is baseball and Dairy Queen. Lolo is baking fresh apple pie with my grandpa. Lolo is pretty mountain tops with elk traveling to their last destination. Lolo is a bright place. Lolo is playing with my puppy when he was first born. Lolo is an ice cube in the winter. Lolo is trees growing an inch taller as the ice melts, birds come back, picnics arrive. Lolo is peace and justice for everyone. Lolo is a place to live, laugh, and grow. Lolo is my heart.**

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Lolo Elementary, Bermis 4th Grade, WMC Writer Cedar Brant





**Lolo is fishing 'till you think you got the biggest one. Lolo is summer night with stars and the grass on your back with the campfire growing. Lolo is my home. A small home. Lolo is like an eagle with a wingspan of 100 miles. Lolo is crowded in mountains. Lolo is McDonalds after basketball or swimming. Lolo is where the animals run free. Lolo is awesome because I live there and I can smell food. Lolo is a car in the night. Lolo is winter harsh. Lolo is a fire hazard. Lolo is birds chirping nonstop in the winter. Lolo is flickers, nut-hatches, and gold finches. Lolo is Traveler's Rest, where Lewis and Clark stopped twice. Lolo is a peaceful, beautiful place to be. Lolo is a place where you can see raindrops on plants. Lolo is green mountains looking down at the colorful valley below. Lolo is fresh from the garden. Lolo is climbing tall fruit trees that produce the sweetest apples you would ever taste. Lolo is fun like the park. Lolo is like a forest. Lolo is where you can feel a forest and the animals in it. Lolo is the smell of wood dust. Lolo is camping on the Clark Fork River. Lolo is where friendship never ends.**

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Lolo Elementary, Burrington 4th Grade, MWC Writer Cedar Brant





**Ovando is cows mooing in the distance. Ovando is the roaring of the tractor filling the sky. Ovando is mama cows licking the babies clean. Ovando is a place where dogs bark from 9pm to 5am. Ovando is the sound of wind whistling through trees. Ovando is waiting as the day passes by. Ovando is chickadees saying Chicka-dee-dee-dee. Ovando is the taste of rain going in your mouth. Ovando is the cold snowy place. Ovando is houses and big yards. Ovando is wind echoing across snow-covered pastures. Ovando is the antlers of an old bull. Ovando is the jagged mountain peaks rounded with age. Ovando is the highway slowly awakening. Ovando is the creak of a green gate as it closes. Ovando is the crunch of hooves as horses journey to a manger. Ovando is a stream, undisturbed for years, which gives life to the things around it.**

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Ovando Elementary, Tougas K-3rd and Graves 4th-8th, MWC Writer Sam Dunnington





# **Pablo is the smell of pine trees.**

**Pablo is where we celebrate parties-no wonder why my dad moved here! Pablo is full of cars and buses. Pablo is beautiful. Pablo is the forest of a place. Pablo looks like dead trees wanting to grow new leaves. Pablo is a school with cool teachers. Pablo is Native people teaching us Salish. Pablo is the place where you make friends. Pablo is surrounded by clean and dirty waters. Pablo smells like nature. Pablo is a place that is peaceful with birds chirping. Pablo is the taste of cotton candy just being made. Pablo feels like home. Pablo smells of cow poop. Pablo is my home. Pablo is cool teachers. Pablo is cars beeping on the road and dogs barking. Pablo is the smell of horses. Pablo tastes like snow falling on your tongue. Pablo is amazing. Pablo is the feeling of a hot summer day. Pablo is the changing weather. Pablo sounds like slush swishing around. Pablo is a bit of a place. Pablo is the sound of kids playing in their yards. Pablo is plain like paper. Pablo is how we tell our coyote stories. Pablo is a 200 year-old Indian Reservation. Pablo can help you.**

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Pablo Elementary School, Ness and Lane 4th Grades, MWC Writer Caroline Keys





**St. Ignatius is culturative. St. Ignatius is family and friends, parades and candy. St. Ignatius is creative, happy and hopeful. St. Ignatius is adventurous. St. Ignatius is most likely to sleep in on Saturdays. St. Ignatius is farmers. St. Ignatius is to lose and still be proud. St. Ignatius is most likely to have a dog bite you. St. Ignatius is a special tiny home. St. Ignatius is candy at the store. St. Ignatius is a place in my heart. St. Ignatius is a rez. St. Ignatius is Ronan's neighbor and the Bison Range. St. Ignatius is the sounds of dogs barking for no reason. St. Ignatius is full of love. St. Ignatius is made of beautiful land and yelling kids. St. Ignatius is a storytelling town. St. Ignatius is getting chased by rez dogs and rez kids. St. Ignatius is beautiful songs in Salish. St. Ignatius is expensive pickups parked next to clunky cars. St. Ignatius is an annoying cell tower and the Mission Mountains and lakes and trees. St. Ignatius is the fresh scent of ponderosa pine and Mission Dam. St. Ignatius is sunsets and moonrise. St. Ignatius is Rod's Harvest Foods. St. Ignatius is where I've lived my whole life. St. Ignatius is buffalo chips and a school where we can go learn all our stuff. St. Ignatius is the creek behind my house and ranching and farming. St. Ignatius is woods full of amazing animals. St. Ignatius is lakes full of beautiful fish. St. Ignatius is the skatepark by the highway. St. Ignatius is the big brown bear. St. Ignatius is full of nature and life. St. Ignatius is not big but fun. St. Ignatius is the people in the place dead or alive. St. Ignatius is coyotes sorrowful wailing in the hills. St. Ignatius is having my grandparents around and doing fun stuff at school. St. Ignatius is the root of my home.**

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St. Ignatius Elementary School and MWC Writer Chris La Tray





**Havre is big and colorful like green, yellow, brown, blue, and pink. Havre is just like rivers when it is sunny, and the clouds are as fluffy as marshmallows. Havre is the school where I learn how to add, read, and write. Havre is where you should be careful of cold, very slippery hills in winter. Havre is where you should be careful of tons of bees in summer. Havre is where you can ride horses. Havre is where it's okay if you don't like it, because people are different and that's it. Havre is beautiful flowers, my mom, and my dad. Havre is colorful mountains in the distance. Havre is where my grandpa and I went once. Havre's fields are as green and grassy as freshly watered prairie. Havre is weeds and honey bees, lots of bees, but the bees are so nice and friendly just like the people. Havre is where the houses are made how people want them to be, where they walk by and see how all their ideas are different. Havre is a town of many seasons. Havre in the fall is a paint palette of bright and dim gray, yellow, and browns. Havre is colored rocks and the crystal I dug up. Havre is the man winning "Best Car" with his 1966 Chevy Pickup. Havre is the perfect place to grow chokecherry trees. Havre is where I smell fresh coffee. Havre is where the sidewalks are as hot as hot sand in the summer. Havre is a rainbow. Havre is a giant game. Havre is where my dad works on the railroad. Havre is the place my little brother was born. Havre is steam in the spring. Havre's leaves have fallen but not your dreams. Havre is where a little rain must fall.**

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Havre Elementary, Lynch 4th Grade, MWC Writer Sam Olson





**Havre is dogs wailing as I walk by. Havre is camping down by Fresno Lake. Havre is snow in the night. Havre smells like gas from a mile away. Havre is the bowling alley at the edge of town. Havre is as beautiful as a gleaming river. Havre is big valleys to small houses to little hills. Havre's streets are crowded but not like New York. Havre is dogs running on yellow dried grass. Havre is lakes and rivers and ponds. Havre is a town where the grass is dead. Havre is like a freezer in winter. Havre is a soft blue sky pouring down on shiny cars. Havre is as soft as a blanket. Havre is the ice cream shop. Havre is fun at the pool. Havre is an oven in the summer. Havre is where flowers grow and slowly fall down again, like the circle of life. Havre is a time to be happy and leave everything behind us. Havre is the faint light of street lamps. Havre is beautiful plains and graceful mountains. Havre is where big, small, fluffy, rough, cute, weird, and many colored wildlife roam. Havre is a cup of warm coffee in the spring. Havre is a freight train in the morning. Havre is a soft wind at night. Havre is filled with my memories. Havre isn't where I was born but it's my home.**

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Havre Elementary, Brandt 4th Grade, MWC Writer Sam Olson







**Havre is the home of poetry. Havre is bobcats and bears and eagles in the sky. Havre is hot like chili peppers in the summer.** Havre is the Northern Lights. Havre is the shooting range. **Havre is COVID-19.** Havre is a construction site. **Havre is harsh winters. Havre is birds squawking on a sunny morning. Havre is shy. Havre is creeks gushing on Monday. Havre is the Blue Ponies. Havre is the Bear Paws. Havre is brown house sparrows. Havre is splashing in the pool with my friends. Havre is the air against my chest. Havre is the crickets making sounds at night. Havre is the smell of campfires. Havre is the land of deer. Havre is the land of bees.** Havre is in a bad drought. Havre is big black clouds. **Havre is gardens.** Havre is water, ice, frostbite, grass, and dirt. **Havre is as small as downtown LA. Havre is where if you stay for two years, you will get to know the places and become friends with the people that you bump into. Havre is sprinklers under the trampoline. Havre is snow flying across the road. Havre has some jobs at Dominos, Pizza Hut, Gram's, and DQ. Havre is like a cheeseburger in summer. Havre is Sunnyside. Havre is like the North Pole in winter. Havre is playing with cousins. Havre is the swimming fish on the hook. Havre is my mom in the truck drinking tea. Havre is a hunting place. Havre is confusion. Havre is pollution. Havre is a place where the weather is random. Havre is elk, deer, foxes. Havre is as busy as someone chopping wood. Havre is as cold as an ice dragon's stomach in winter. Havre is stinky when you ride on the bus. Havre is love and birds.**

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Havre Elementary, 4th Grade McNew, MWC Writer Sam Olson





**Havre is the Blue Ponies. Havre is dogs and ice cream. Havre is little and hot. Havre is my friend. Havre is as cool as a hippopotamus. Havre is beautiful weather in the summer. Havre is the three great lakes and bald eagles and hills and trees. Havre is a beast. Havre is a wrecking ball. Havre is as cool as a mole rat. Havre is as cold as an ice block. Havre is where the air flows and it goes through my hair as I run down the hills, where the breeze is cool and fresh, where the deer and birds I see run wild in the streets and the birds fly freely in the air. Havre is proud. Havre is life. Havre is the Bear Paws. Havre is Ugly Burger. Havre is where I grew up. Havre is home to others. Havre is a big eagle. Havre is agriculture. Havre is as free as a horse. Havre is a pretty sunset. Havre is lots of farms and houses. Havre is hot as a lava. Havre is a double rainbow shining in the sky. Havre is a butterfly flapping through the air. Havre is a frog hopping everywhere. Havre moves no matter what. Havre is dogs and cats that want to have homes. Havre is learning. Havre is Las Vegas. Havre is beaver trapping. Havre is thankful. Havre is a lot of secrets.**

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Havre Elementary, 4th Grade Zook, MWC Writer Sam Olson





**Havre is as hot as a hot dog in summer. Havre is grain bins, semis, and grass. Havre is the border to Canada, thirty miles away. Havre is as dry as a dried leaf. Havre is fields of wheat where cows graze. Havre is all the little restaurants we eat at. Havre is where deer and antelope play. Havre is where some people ride horses. Havre feels like a hot tub in the summer. Havre is the store that always goes out of business. Havre is Havre beneath the streets. Havre is as warm as an engine. Havre is butterflies and flowers. Havre is a dead town with big abandoned towers. Havre is my new home. Havre is where I am grateful Mother Nature lets herself cry, where she lets out her tears.**

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Havre Elementary, Hagen 4th Grade, MWC Writer Sam Olson





**Missoula is the cherry on top of my ice-cream. Missoula is a sparkle. Missoula is bike paths that twist and turn and dirt bikes on gravel. Missoula is where I can smell the river. Missoula is more than a city, it's a forest, home to fish, birds, foxes, owls, bugs frogs, bats, hawks, eagles, falcons, and herons. Missoula is the clock tower in the middle of town. Missoula is the Big Dipper ice-cream, Splash, Currents. Missoula is the rushing Clark Fork River, Bernice's Bakery, Snow Bowl, and cotton candy sunsets. Missoula is rafting on Brennan's Wave. Missoula is the heart in me. Missoula is the home of Monte. Missoula is landscape covered in mountains and a star-gazer site. Missoula is fresh mountain air on your tired skin. Missoula is a swan outside above the water gracefully gliding but on the inside a lot of frantic pedaling. Missoula is rainbow trout jumping up and down in clear water. Missoula is lemonade stands at the Farmer's Market, Bonner Park, and a rainbow of personalities. Missoula is concerts and music in the park. Missoula is where if you don't like the weather, go indoors, wait five minutes and the weather is different. Missoula is playgrounds. Missoula is rolling down a tall hill getting leaves in my hair. Missoula is jumping off the roof of the chicken coop. Missoula is elk and deer roaming on Mt. Jumbo. Missoula is dragon Hollow and the sounds of kids laughing. Missoula is the M and the L on Jumbo and Sentinel, and the place where I buried my first fish. Missoula is the Maple tree where we buried our dog Missoula is a giant backyard.**

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Lewis and Clark Elementary, 4th Grades Harper, O'Connor and Jones, MWC Writer Sheryl Noethe





**Missoula is cars honking and bikes dinging and trains roaring and rivers and brilliant colors and fresh stars. Missoula is the fawn standing under the tree. Missoula is Biga Pizza, the Mustard Seed, the Humane Society. Missoula is a diamond in a mining cave. Missoula is a small cozy house at the edge of the darkening woods. Missoula is the Cherry tree in my yard, my swing-set, a bowl surrounded by mountains and intersected by rivers. Missoula is one big landscape and the horizon up ahead. Missoula is the Bridge by Mary's Mountain Cookies, the University of Montana, The Art Museum, the Natural History Center, Fort Missoula, Mismo Gymnastics, Krispy Kreme Doughnuts. Missoula is a place to learn and make friends and hike. Missoula is where my heart is. Missoula is here you don't have to be shy, you can express all your glory. Missoula is wings going up and down, Dairy Queen, the sun coming out of the cracks of the mountain, a book with a thousand pages. Missoula is home of the Salish. Missoula is a town, a forest, a river but not a city. Missoula is a peaceful place filled with wildlife, Rockin' Rudy's, neighborhood dogs barking. Missoula is gateway to beauty. Missoula is the arcade in the mall. Missoula is maple trees being tapped for syrup. Missoula is Butterfly Herbs and the Bitterroot Flower Shop, an impossible triangle of fun. Missoula is water lilies and Buttercups and the best place to ride your bike. Missoula is a beautiful friend with flowers. Missoula is home.**

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Lewis and Clark Elementary, 4th Grades Harper, O'Connor and Jones, MWC Writer Sheryl Noethe





**Lolo is having a best friend for ever but now he's gone. Lolo smells like pine trees. Lolo is horses running free in the field and playing. Lolo smells like s'mores in the summer. Lolo is a literal spider in my sink Lolo is the taste of fresh huckleberries. Lolo sounds like wind breezing through the air. Lolo is bison grazing. Lolo has roasting marshmallows. Lolo is Lewis and Clark not spelling mosquito right over 16 times. Lolo is hunting for elk. Lolo smells like a rushing river. Lolo is a wonderful place with wonderful people. Lolo is fishing every day in the freezing cold. Lolo is having a fun life with my friends and having a cool class. Lolo is the thunk of the football in my hands. Lolo is a stream flowing down under bridges. Lolo is the sound of trampoline springs on my street. Lolo is freezing winters. Lolo is burning summers. Lolo is the smell of moist soil. Lolo is the noise of cars zooming by. Lolo is history. Lolo is a sanctuary of life. Lolo has sprinklers running in the summer. Lolo is coffee roasting on a grill of love. Lolo is swimming in hot springs. Lolo looks like a wide open stage. Lolo is an eagle. Lolo is the white bison. Lolo is hope. Lolo is home.**

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Lolo Elementary, Maniello 4th Grade, MWC Writer Caroline Patterson







**Missoula is dirty back roads, going really fast with my brother driving our side-by-side, the scent of pine and earth, open doors when rain pours. Missoula is the water I drink, the rivers I raft down, the sky that holds the very air we breathe. It is the Ice Age, the blood of our ancestors, wind and grass, where no one is left behind. Missoula is the nexus of the multiverse, a parallel universe, an infinite hive mind, nature's corruption. Missoula is floating down the Clark Fork River, jelly bellies from P-burg, and morning fresh air. It is taking care of pigs, sheep, cows, and horses. Missoula is buttery popcorn and soft pretzels dipped in cheese sauce. It is barking, meowing, yipping, howling, and hissing, soft blankets, and movie nights with friends. Missoula is wet yards from sprinklers on sunny mornings, drops and drops of syrup on waffles, living in the sky. Missoula has the best hiding spots in the world, great parents, and a generation of Covid kids. It is looking out the window at nothing on the street, bunk beds and coffee shops. Missoula is blooming flowers and deep white snow, green trails in the sky. It is chocolate chip cookies just out of the oven, You Tube, and a teacher nicknamed "King." Missoula is birds, bears, mountain lions, and hares. It is grassy fields with dandelions, roast beef po' boys, wandering minds and dreams, where you have to have the right boot for the right job.**

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Rattlesnake Elementary, Crider 4th Grade, MWC Writer Mark Gibbons







**Missoula is change, not so small anymore, hot hills with dry dead grass. Missoula is soccer fields and hockey skates hitting the ice, Karate Kid and Red Pandas. It is Ace "is the place," drawing sharks and rockets, lilac bushes, apples on big Rattlesnake trees. Missoula is the meadow beyond my backyard, steep mountains and small hills, nothing that comes to mind. Missoula is eating oatmeal every morning, sharp teeth and razor claws. It is hot pizza, touchdowns, a panther stalking its prey, all the magical worlds in my mind. Missoula is the keys of a piano, the crack of thunder, rushing water, silent snow. It is the gentle purr of the cat in your lap, the gift of education, the sweetest honey, French fries and ice cream. Missoula is St. Patrick's Hospital, Dad's homemade bread, hamsters and comics. It is morning swims, huckleberry pancakes, me and my grandma playing in the woods, board games with my mom. Missoula roots like trees twisting and turning, some old dog's scat, a young girl's hat, if you put it all on paper there would be no trees left. Missoula is snuggling Your dog, the crack in the cement, scum between your toes. Missoula is from the past, from space far above the clouds where you can never find me. It is nothing and something, the moon and the sun mixed together, a time of great mystery. Missoula is a fantasy world, country music, canasta, sleeping in late, pine cones hitting the ground. It is sweet strawberries, eagles soaring high, the shot of a rifle, and the flick of a bow and arrow. Missoula is a lush green forest with winding trails, the freedom of open lands, rivers and steams. It is the Rattlesnake valley, and Missoula is the rhythm of my breathing, my life.**

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Rattlesnake Elementary, 4th Grade Pierce, MWC Writer Mark Gibbons





**Missoula is the home of sweets and the land of make-believe, a place of power in my head. It is gummies, marshmallows, and jawbreakers, the moon that tastes like cheese. Missoula is orchards, picking apples with Grandma and Grandpa early in the morning to night, baking a cake and waiting for it to cool down. It is unimaginable, drifting through the darkness of my thoughts, a distant past and a near future—time will tell. Missoula is an island in the middle of an ocean, fresh fish and delicious pizzas. It is rad bike trails, Maple trees, parks where kids play in the summer and ice skate in the winter. Missoula is narrow walls in a narrow room, apple pie... homemade apple pie, and dancing in the rain. It is the hissing sound of rattlesnakes to make my sister go away, it's reading a book outside my garage. Missoula is apple orchards all around, the ice-cold water of streams flowing through the cracks and dents of the earth. It is bacon and eggs, falling off trampolines and breaking both wrists in one go, my sister's rickety rocking chair going back and forth. Missoula is fried food after rock climbing, my older sister yelling at me, wrestling and corn fields. Missoula is fluttering leaves, a summer breeze, a light in the dark, fire, one thousand sparks. Missoula is taco night, rotten apples on the ground, warmth under my blanket, and a pencil in my hand. It is ice and muddy snow, red leaves, red cliffs of mud, more than a dream. Missoula is older and older like numbers adding up, ready to soar above the clouds. Missoula is black, blue, and red, it imagines the best, yet the worst is still coming, goblins and dragons live here. It is tulips and lilacs, the monster tree. Missoula is a place not far from the dawn. The Rattlesnake is the heart of nature and Missoula.**

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Rattlesnake Elementary, 4th Grade Sweatland, MWC Writer Mark Gibbons

