This story could be straight out of your imagination. The only rule is the story has to be by YOU, and you have only TWO SENTENCES to tell it! The moon was shiring across the spourhay, White show, and you could see the Siloutes of the ewis sitting in the tree branches. Heaving their soft calls, I remembered how much I loved owling in the winter wonderfound.

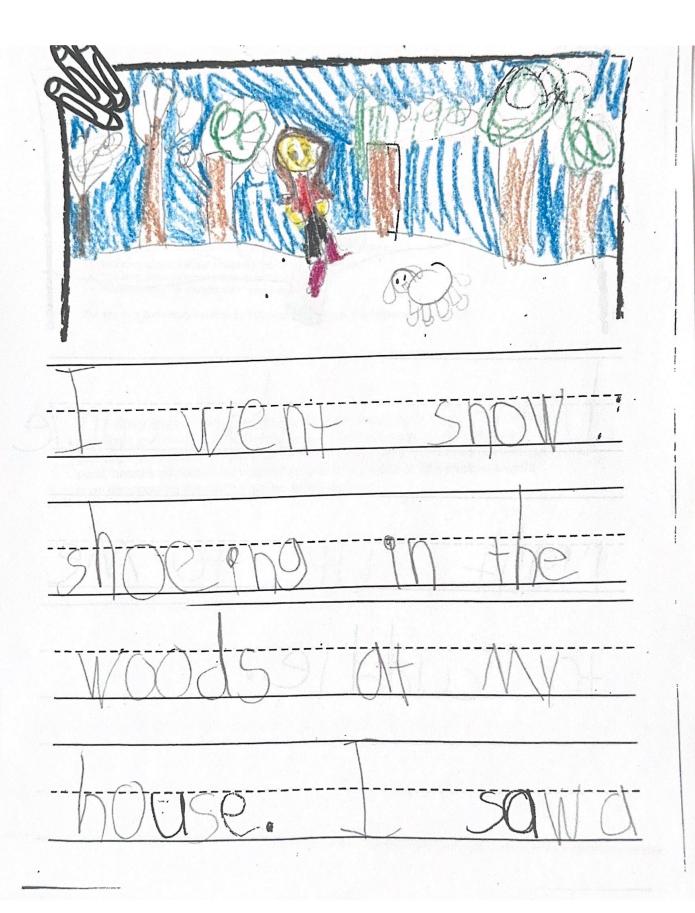
CLiF Winter Writing Contest

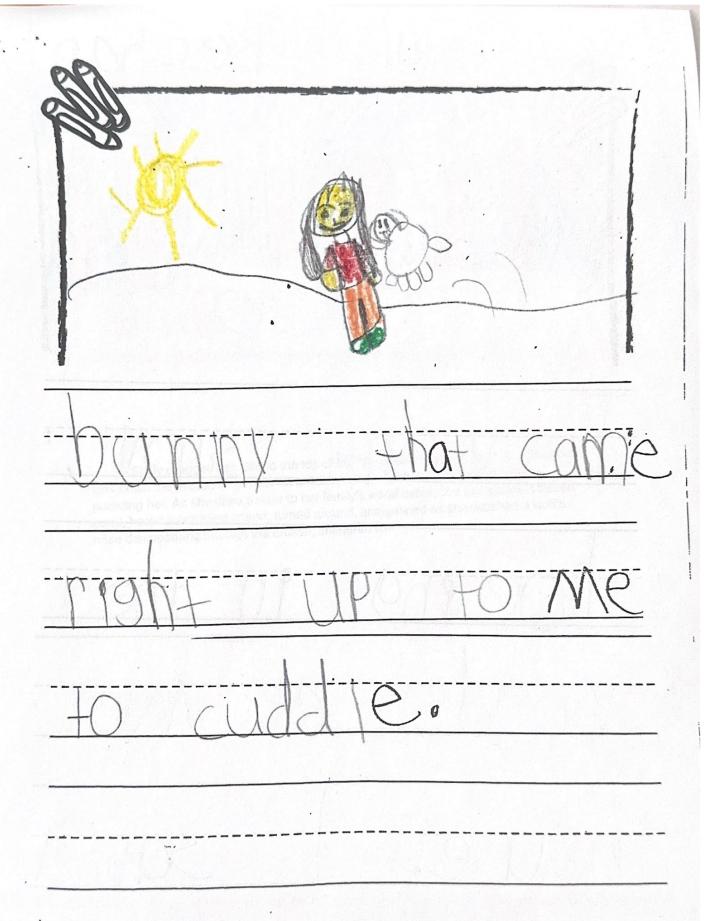
Using only TWO SENTENCES, tell us a story about winter.

- · This story could be about something you like to do in winter.
- This story could be about a favorite winter memory.
- This story could be straight out of your imagination.

The only rule is the story has to be by YOU, and you have only TWO SENTENCES to tell it!

The tempuratures are dropping, and icides hang, fierce and shiny, in a long jagged line across the roof, as if they were soldiers, ready to attack. In the living room, there is a cozy, crackling fire, that goes nicely with a large mug of hot cocoa, creamy and chocolatey, and Just the right kind of hot to warm you up a cold winter day.





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Emily dragged her sled to the top of the hill, swung her body on it, and frantically flew down the hillside in an attempt to escape from the hungry wolves that were pursuing her. As she drew nearer to her family's wood cabin, she slid across a frozen pond, heard a crackling sound, turned around, and gasped as she watched a wolf's nose disappearing through the broken, shattered ice.

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Looking through the window, I watched as tiny icicles fell on the glassy pond, wishing I could stay at home all day in my boft and cozy pajamas, drinking my warm, not cocoa with a sheen layer of chocolotte drizzle. Watching my bus come to a stop right infront of my eyes, I let out a deep sigh of lament.