



The Magical Field Trip
Omniscient Writing
Katie P.

It was a beautiful fall day and Mrs. Maddox's class went on a field trip to the Museum of Art in Washington D.C. Avery and Morgan were walking with their class looking at all of the beautiful paintings. Avery and Morgan were both great artists. They were both excited to explore and see different types of art. They wanted to go home and try to see if they could create some new art work and one day have their art in a museum.

They saw a section of the museum that was closed off to visitors. This made them curious and they wanted to peek behind the wall to see what type of art was hidden to the public. Mrs. Maddox was giving the class a direction to stick together and move to the room to the right. But Avery and Morgan had other plans.

They slipped away from their class and entered the closed off area. Both were curious as to what was being hidden to the public. They wanted to see what secrets the museum was keeping from them. Behind the wall were beautiful statues. There was a statue of a beautiful woman with long flowing hair with a red patterned dress that went down below her feet. They were both mesmerized by her. Avery could have sworn that she saw the woman blink her eyes. Similarly, Morgan thought she saw the woman wiggle her fingers. They each were too freaked out to say anything to each other but at the same time they were too interested to move.

All of a sudden, a door on the platform underneath the statue opened. The girls grabbed each other's hands and Avery said, "we better go!" They turned and ran out of the room and quickly caught up to their class. For the rest of the day, they just walked with their class and did not say a word about the statue.

When they got back on the bus to go home, they finally felt ready to talk about what they saw in that room. They agreed not to tell anyone about the statue. Instead, they decided that they would ask their parents to bring them back to the museum over the weekend. Next time they would be ready to enter that door to see what was on the other side.

The Magical Field Trip
First Person Writing
Katie P.

It was a beautiful fall day and my class, Mrs. Maddox's class, went on a field trip to the Museum of Art in Washington D.C. Avery and I were walking with their class looking at all of the beautiful paintings. We are both great artists. I was so excited to explore and see different types of art. Avery and I planned to go home and try to see if we could create some new art work and one day have our art in a museum.

Avery and I both eyed a section of the museum that was closed off to visitors. I was curious and she was too. We decided to peek behind the wall to see what type of art was hidden to the public. Mrs. Maddox was giving the class a direction to stick together and move to the room to the right. But Avery and I had other plans.

We slipped away from our class and entered the closed off area. We were skeptical as to what was being hidden to the public. I had to see what secrets the museum was keeping from them. Behind the wall were beautiful statues. There was a statue of a beautiful woman with long flowing hair with a red patterned dress that went down past her feet. I was mesmerized by her and I looked over and Avery had the same look on her face. I could have sworn that I saw the woman wiggle her fingers. Under her breath, Avery said, "I could have sworn that I just saw the woman blink her eyes." I was too freaked out to say anything but at the same time I was too interested to move.

All of a sudden, a door on the platform underneath the statue opened. I grabbed Avery's hand and she said, "we better go!" We turned and ran out of the room and quickly caught up to our class. For the rest of the day, we just walked with our class and did not say a word about the statue.

When we got back on the bus to go home, we finally felt ready to talk about what we saw in that room. It was my idea that we should not tell anyone about the statue. Instead, I said that we should ask our parents to bring us back to the museum over the weekend. Because I knew that next time we would be ready to enter that door to see what was on the other side.