

Miranda Lamb  
Grade 5  
Cabin Writers  
Alan Minskoff

### Apple Tree

It was not just any apple tree. It was mine.  
I planted it, and grew it. I was climbing it and I noticed  
the leaves started to wither as winter grew near.  
I grabbed the last apple and pulled it off the branch.  
I don't know why, but it always calms me to feel  
the smooth apple. I saw a worm crawl out then I threw  
it as hard as I could. "Thug." I heard it as I accidentally  
threw it at Mr. Lugford's bald little head. Mr. Lugford  
was a grumpy grouchy old man. He hates me. I don't  
like him either. We're natural enemies.

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