

# Wild Muir for Kids

A Collection of Short Stories

By The Big Pine Elementary Second Grade



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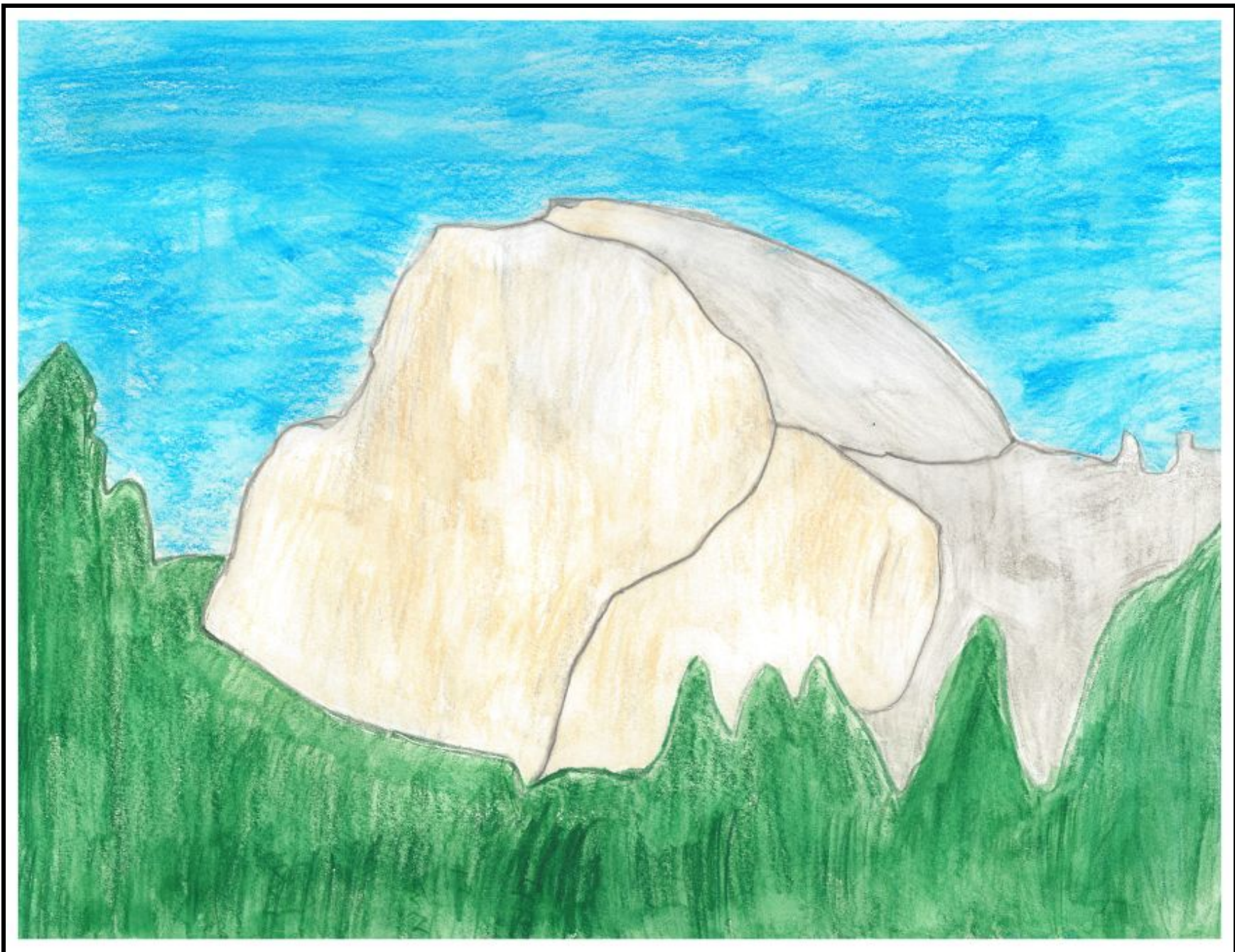
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## The Edge of Yosemite Falls

By Roger

It was a warm summer day in Yosemite Valley. Pine trees shaded the valley from the hot summer sun. Rocky cliffs towered above the valley, just waiting to be climbed. Bees buzzed around the wildflowers.

John Muir looked up the valley to Yosemite Falls. He wanted to see the view from the top. John set off through the woods to the base of the falls. He started to climb. Birds chirped above in the trees.

After hours of climbing, John reached the top of the falls. He climbed out onto a rocky ledge at the edge of the falls. John felt the water spray on his face, as he looked 2,425 feet down to the bottom of the falls. Across the valley, the Sierra Nevada Mountains continued as far as he could see.

John balanced on the slippery rocks and looked across the valley for some time. Then, he slowly backed away from the edge to safety. He hiked back down through the forest. After a few hours, he reached his cabin. He would always remember standing on the very edge of Yosemite Falls.



The Bear  
By Waylon

It was a crisp fall morning in Yosemite. Spiky tall pine trees swayed in the cool breeze. The crashing waterfall sprayed water onto the rocky cliffs. A baby black bear scrambled up a tall pine tree, seeming to chase a small bird.

John Muir was hiking in the dark forest. He wanted to listen to the beautiful sounds of nature. He walked under the tall trees, and stopped to listen to the small blue birds singing. They sounded like they were following him, as their song carried from one tree to the next.

Walking into a small clearing, John came face to face with a large brown bear. The bear looked like it would be about six feet tall if it rose up on its back legs. John knew the bear was powerful, and could be very dangerous. His heart began to race as he stared at the bear.

John yelled at the bear, hoping to scare it. The bear stared back. John waved his arms at the bear. It stared back. John bluff charged the bear. It stared back. John stood still for a long time. Finally, the bear turned and slowly walked away.



## Behind Yosemite Falls

By Lucas

It was a cool, spring night in Yosemite. The moon rose up in the sky. Yosemite Falls crashed in the distance. An owl hooted overhead.

John Muir looked up at Yosemite Falls. The Falls looked beautiful, and John wanted to explore it. [spray bow] He walked to the base of the waterfall. Then he started to climb next to the falls through the tall pine trees.

As John climbed, he noticed a rocky ledge behind the waterfall, Fern Ledge. The water poured down past the ledge, soaking it. Then a gust of wind blew the water away from the ledge, and John scrambled onto it. But when the wind died down, the water crashed down again and John was trapped. He could not pass the waterfall to get off of the ledge.

The wind blew the waterfall aside again, and John scrambled off of Fern Ledge. He felt a spray of water as the wind died down and the waterfall slipped back into place. The roar of the waterfall faded away as John hiked back down to the valley. He would always remember climbing behind the waterfall.





## Climbing the Ice Cone

By Arayah

It was a shivery, winter morning in Yosemite Valley. The rocky cliffs were snowy. A creek splashed through the valley. A squirrel scampered up a tall tree.

John Muir was hiking near Yosemite Falls. He saw a huge ice cone towering underneath it. He wanted to climb the ice cone because he wanted to see what it looked like from the top. He hiked to the base of the ice cone. He tried climbing the base of the cone. He climbed up partway, but then slipped back. Next time he climbed a bit farther, but still he slipped back. Water from the Falls sprayed him as he climbed.

Next, John hiked in the forest, climbing next to the waterfall. He climbed up next to Fern Ledge. The waterfall cascaded past the ledge into the cone. Then the wind blew the waterfall aside. John scrambled onto the ledge and peered into the cone. The waterfall had hollowed out the center. When the breeze died down, John felt the spray of water from the falls.

The wind picked up again, and John scrambled off the ledge away from the ice cone. He slowly backed away, and crunched through the snow on his way back down to the valley. When he reached the bottom, John looked back at the ice cone, proud he made it to the top. He would always remember the day he climbed the ice cone.



## The Snow Avalanche Ride

By Sidonie

It was a cold, winter evening and it began snowing up in the mountains. As the snow fell harder, the wind started to blow and the snow began swirling in a blizzard. When the storm finally stopped, the sun came out, but the snow did not melt. Squirrels began to come out. They made a tap, tap, tap as they climbed the trees.

John Muir came out of his cabin and peered up at the steep, snowy walls of the canyon. He wanted to climb to the top to see what it looked like in winter. John pushed through the snow. It was hard work. As he climbed up the canyon, sometimes he slipped on the snow. He noticed a splat, splat splat of a brown deer walking by him.

Suddenly, John heard a rumble and felt the snow under his feet begin to move. He flipped over onto his back as he started to slide. Snow went across John as he fell. John's heart pounded in his chest. John flipped onto his back and began to wave his arms so that he would not sink into the avalanche.

John's fall began to slow as the ground leveled out. His heart rate slowed too. When John came to a stop, he got to his feet and stretched to make sure everything was okay. Looking around, John saw that he was on top of a pile of snow at the bottom of the canyon he had been climbing. John grinned and shouted "Yahoo!" on his way back to his cabin. He would always remember the avalanche as the most exciting ride of his life.



## The Rattlesnake

By Calvin

It was a hot summer day in Tuolumne Canyon. A cool river rushed down the canyon. Tall pine trees shaded the hot sand. Blue jays dropped pine cones from the branches.

John Muir listened to the roar of the river. He looked up the canyon. He began climbing up the canyon next to the river. He scrambled over rocks as he climbed. Tall trees shaded him from the hot sun.

Suddenly, John heard a loud rattle. He pulled himself up the rock. There at the top was a rattlesnake, coiled and ready to strike. John stared at the snake. It was just 12 inches away.

The snake continued to rattle, but did not strike. John slowly backed away. The snake watched John disappear down the rocky canyon. Then the snake slithered away.



## The Earthquake

By Ryder

It was a cold March night in Yosemite Valley. Orange, glowing fire lit the night. Snowy mountains and rocky cliffs surrounded the valley. A raccoon was eating a fish from the creek.

After a long day of hiking, John headed back to his cabin because it was getting dark and cold. He followed the river downstream. He found his cabin and went inside to rest. A coyote hhhhhoooooooooowls.

John heard rocks tumbling. The ground shook. Rocks and trees fell. John ran out of his cabin. He shouted “A noble earthquake!” as he ran to see the earthquake.

John looked around and the ground was still shaking. John heard a loud crash. As he looked up he saw Eagle Rock collapsing. He ran up the valley in the moonlight and climbed on the broken rocks, jumping from rock to rock. He wanted to see what the earthquake had done. When the rumbling finally stopped, an owl hooted softly. John learned that earthquakes can be fun. He would always remember the great earthquake in Yosemite Valley.





## Dangerous Night on Mount Shasta

By Tayden

It was an icy April morning near Mount Shasta, an active volcano in Northern California. Snow covered the mountain. A hot spring pool bubbled nearby.

John Muir stared up at the mountain. He really wanted to go to the top. He started to crunch through the snow. Fluffy white clouds drifted across the sky. He noticed some squirrels scampering around.

After a long day of hiking, John got to the top. Dark clouds covered the mountain. Snow began to fall. John inched his way down the mountain, but he couldn't see through the snow and clouds. John felt a burst of warm air and knew he had reached a steam vent in the volcano. Then John dug a snow cave near the steam vent to stay warm.

John huddled in his snow cave. He shivered through the cold night. A crust of snow piled on him. After a long night, the sun came out. John slowly began working his way down the mountain. His legs sunk into the snow with every step. John finally made it back to the bottom. He was happy that he had survived his stormy night on the mountain.