

CREATIVE WRITING

Lost

Jacey Biggs 5th

One day I came home and found that my dog Duke was gone. I called his name over and over, but Duke didn't come around. I went inside and got a flashlight and started looking outside where I thought he could be. I decided to go in the woods to look, even though they were dark and scary and really cold.

I shined my flashlight in the dark woods and started walking, trying to step silently. The woods were silent, except the few strange growls and shrieks.

I yelled, "Duke!" over and over.

I finally decided to give up after a while and go home, but there was a problem. I was lost, too. I tried to retrace my steps, but ended up right back where I started. I froze as I heard slow footsteps behind me. But then it started to bark and whine, and I knew it was Duke. I was glad I found him but I was lost. Then Duke started running, and I started to follow him. He ran all the way back home! I still wonder where he went and

why he went there.

The Mystery of the Missing Man

Angie Evans 4th

When I was starting my business as a detective, my first case was a doozie. Ali Bolton was my original, long-awaited customer. Ali's husband, William, a snooty millionaire, was missing. According to Ali, he would leave home for about two hours every night. The day before, she had received a ransom note stating that her husband had been kidnapped. She was very concerned.

After agreeing to take her case, I offered to let her spend the night at my place, and she accepted. We unloaded her so-called "small" overnight bag. She brought enough clothes to stay for a month. Ali described her husband as having dark brown hair, pale brown skin, and eyes as wild as a dingo dog. One of his best friends was a man named Cooper Johnson. When he left home at night, he usually went with Cooper.

My first job was to contact Cooper Johnson and find as much information about William Bolton as I could. Mr. Johnson was very helpful and nice. He told us that the last time he saw William, he had a black pick-up following him. The two people in the truck were dressed in camouflage. Who could they have been?

Wait a minute! Weren't there two

people, about a week ago, wearing camouflage clothing at a gas station close to the lake? We decided to drive around the lake and ask questions. Maybe we could find a clue.

At the gas station, the owner recognized the clues and described the men as residents staying in a small motel on the lake. After cruising by, we saw the black truck. We watched the motel, and the two men left in their truck. We looked through the windows, and we saw William, tied-up! We were able to rescue him and call the law before his kidnappers returned. It turns out that William is also a F B I agent and had put them away years before. They were there to seek their revenge. What a great ending to my first case as a private eye

The Story of Pete

Alex Sanchez 5th

There once was parrot that was completely brown. His name was Pete and everyone made fun of Pete, because he was the only kind of barrel parrot in the world. When the parrots caught a cold, the parrots would go to Pete and spread the cold to him. Everybody hated Pete, but the parrot that hated him the most was Tony.

One day when he was in first grade, Tony was practicing flying; suddenly, Tony ran into Pete and fell down. Tony was squawking with pain, and a loud silence fell among the birds. Mrs. Macaw called an ambulance. Tony

had to miss school for four weeks. Then when he got back to school, he had to make up all the work he missed. When Tony thought of that, he got enraged. Suddenly he thought of a plan. He was going to run him out of town by getting him sick and setting up traps all over Wingville.

That night every thing was in silence except the rustling of the leaves. It was the perfect time to strike. Tony went outside to set the traps, and then he went to tell the all the parrots (except his parents) that he set the traps. Pete was walking to school the next morning when he set a trap off and a bunch of bananas hit him in the face.

"What was that?" Pete said.

But he just got up and started walking again. Moments later he set off another trap and before he knew it, there was water splashed everywhere on him. This time Pete didn't start walking instead he started crying.

Then he heard a loud noise. Pete went to go see what it was, and to his disbelief there were more Barrel parrots! "Come with me." Said Mayor Barrelstein and Pete did go with him.

Dreaming

Jazy Matlock 5th

One rainy Saturday afternoon, I was inside staring out my window and started to doze off. I awoke in a parallel universe (but I didn't know that yet). I went downstairs to watch T.V. Everything was always loud so

when I got downstairs I screamed for my mom.

She came running around the corner whispering for me to be quiet, which she never does so I asked, "Why?"

I've always been the youngest child in the family so what she said next confused me. Still whispering she said, "You'll wake the baby, of course. Now be quiet and read your book just like you little brothers and sisters." Just so you know, my family doesn't even know what a book is.

"What?" I screamed at the top of my lungs. This time a baby started to cry.

"We will talk about this after I get Alie. Matthew, watch the kids." She looked at me, shook her head, turned, walked up the stair and turned left at the first door.

I turn to follow her but Matthew said, "Read."


"Since when do you read, Matthew?" I asked, and the rest of kids gulped.

Mom came around the corner just in time carrying a baby. She asked me to please go to my room.

I went upstairs and sat at the window. It was still raining, and I started to doze off again. I awoke to the sound of my mom shaking me and the town alarm. There was a tornado three miles from my window. I knew at once I was back. We ran downstairs to the basement and huddled in the corner with all of our blankets and pillows and fell asleep until it was all over and there was a four-leaf clover on my nose. My name is Cleo and that is my story.

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