

The Music Monster

By Noah S.

Once there was a boy named Chris, his uncle was probably the richest person in Texas. But only one object made him rich, his Golden Flute. Well anyway, Chris had curly brown hair and brown eyes and lived in College Station. In a few weeks he would sleep at his uncle's house...

One night, when Chris was curled up in his uncle's extra bedroom, he heard a strange sound downstairs. So, he slowly crept down one step at a time, each step felt like an hour, but when he got downstairs, he saw something he never could have thought of. A huge monster banging on the safe of the Golden Flute. The monster had a trumpet for a mouth, a tuba for a body, a base drum for a stomach, drumsticks for arms, and violins for legs. Suddenly, the monster gets into the safe! He takes the Golden Flute and runs!

So, Chris follows the musical sound, hoping that someday he would bring back the flute. To get there, he had to cross a huge lake, walk a few miles, and there he was standing right in front of Music Mountain. There were trees everywhere, it was like a tropical island.

Chris had to think of a plan to get the flute back, so the first thing that came to mind was to get a vine from one of the trees, then drop down into the cave by the vine. He slowly crept down the vine. Ahh chooooooo! The monster sees him, grabs, and throws him out of his cave. His next plan was to throw a coconut into the cave (hoping the monster would chase it) and then run into the cave, grab it, and run. So, he did that, and it also failed. The monster shredded the coconut into pieces and then threw them at Chris and that made him run. He had noticed something, the monster noticed everything. Chris had an idea!

Chris would make a fake person and then just toss it in. It was so easy! So that's what he did. Chris got his creation and tossed it in. The monster chased it and ripped it to pieces. Meanwhile, Chris had the Golden Flute and was already running down Music Mountain to get back home. And once again, he had to run a few miles, then swim a giant lake. Chris was finally back at his uncle's house. His whole family was happy that he had gotten the flute back, and they had a happy life from then on.

The End