

Furbeas Dream!

By: Abdullah E

My name is Furbea. And just like anyone else I go to school, but today is different. I'm 22 years old walking up the stage receiving a gold trophy and a \$5,000 scholarship for writing, but let start from the beginning. Me and my Jason are in 6th grade. Today an author is coming to speak with us. Well we think its a waste of time, but ELA teacher insists that it will one day be worth it. So me and my classmates walked in to the lunch room because that's where the assembly was held. I sat down thinking what a waste of time. Jason sat right next to me thinking the same thing. The room lights went off and the stage lights went on. Hello a voice came from the stage. My name is Crystal Allen. I'm here to and you know, she talks to us about how important writing is an exedra, but the thing that caught my attention is the competition. And it wasn't any competition, it was a competition with a big reward. And of course it was a writing competition but that doesn't matter.

At the end of the whole thing everyone was excited even me. Our ELA teacher gave us time in class to brainstorm. I started to think about what I'm gonna write . Guess What! NOTHING. I thought again, NOTHING, but the a thought struck me. What if I wrote about a kid who won the writing contest. Then the bell rang and it was time to go home. At diner I told my mom and dad about what happened and my idea. The thought it was amazing. So after dinner I went upstairs and started writing. After two hour it was perfect. So I went to bed excited I woke up taking my prize the black BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. It was a dream.

I make it to school turn in my paper and my day day goes by as usual. But the intercom comes on and is ready to announce the winner. Don't be disappointed but this isn't going to end as expected. Sometimes a good story doesn't end well. I guess that just an opinion. The winner is Liz Martin.