

The Girl Who Believed She Couldn't Write A Story

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Chapter one

There was a girl named Calista who believed she couldn't write a story. Nothing would spark her imagination no matter how hard she tried. She tried and she tried hoping that she would be able to write something magnificent. Whenever Calista tried, the only thing that came out of her pencil was pictures. She would sit at her desk for hours drawing wonderful sketches. She would imagine the characters coming to life. Calista used those pictures to create her stories. Day by day, those drawings grew bigger and bigger. Calista wouldn't go play at recess at school. She would sit under the large oak tree coming up with different ideas.

One day, her teacher told the class to write a short story about something that happened to them. Calista didn't know what to do. How could she explain to the teacher that she couldn't write a story? She raised her hand trying to get the teachers attention. The teacher wouldn't look at her no matter how hard she tried. Calista decided to do what she did best. She picked up her pencil and started to draw. When the teacher came to collect the papers she took a glance at Calista's paper. She picked it up, looked at it, crushed it in her hand, and threw in the basket. Calista's heart sunk. She picked up her backpack and bolted out of the room as fast as she could. She jumped on her bike and rode home. Tears streamed down her flushed face. When she reached home she parked her bike, ran inside her house, and slammed the door. Calista felt horrible about herself. What she didn't know was the fact that she had a special gift that no one else had.

Chapter two

The next day, Calista woke up to a strange light shining out of her notebook. She picked it up and opened it. A few seconds later the shining light disappeared. Where had it gone? Suddenly out of nowhere a girl jumped out of the notebook. It was the girl Calista had drawn in her notebook. The girl said nothing but stretched out her hand to Calista. Calista took her hand, not knowing what was happening. The girl let go of Calista's hand and pointed to the notebook. Calista assumed that the girl wanted her to jump in the notebook with her. The girl jumped in and so did Calista. Down, down they went circling into the notebook. The girl took Calista's hand and pulled her into one of the pages. They landed on a hill with many flowers. Calista recognized this place. She had drawn it a few days ago. The

girl stared at Calista with her bright blue eyes. Finally, after staring at Calista she said, "I'm Sarah, welcome to Storyland."

Chapter Three

"Storyland?" Calista asked. "What is that?"

"You have never heard of it?" asked Sarah. "You are the one who created it. Everyday, we would wait for you to add more to it. One day there was this strange rumbling and our page was ripped out of your book and crushed. I was the only one who survived."

Calista realized what happened. "I know what happened," said Calista sadly. "Yesterday, my class had an assignment to write a story but you see, I don't know how to write a story. I started drawing a ton of pictures and when my teacher came to see how much I completed, she saw what I drew. I guess she thought it was kind of dumb of me and she crushed the paper."

"What do you mean you can't write a story?" asked Sarah. "Without you, we would just be characters in a page. With your amazing imagination you brought us together like a story. Your teacher just doesn't understand your point of view."

"I still don't really understand," wailed Calista.

"Here, let me show you," said Sarah. Sarah took Calista's hand and they jumped on to another page. On that page were three girls and a dog near a volcano. "Look over here," directed Sarah. "If you hadn't added the volcano or the dog you wouldn't have created a story. It would have just been three girls on a page."

"I kind of understand," Calista said with a little bit of hope. She still had a little bit of doubt in her mind. Then Sarah grabbed her hand again and they jumped on to another page.

"If you look over there you can see that there is a giant wave washing over a bunch of kids," explained Sarah. "They are in trouble but if you had not drawn the lifeguard that saved them the story would not be completed. So you see, you basically wrote a story using pictures. Maybe you should go and talk to your teacher on Monday and explain your point of view. You have a wonderful imagination."

"I guess you're right," Calista said happily. Calista felt a lot better about herself. She gave Sarah a hug and jumped out of the notebook. She carried on with her day, confident about proving to her teacher that she could write. She went to bed with a smile hoping that the next day would be great.

Chapter four

The next day Calista went to school with pride. She was ready to show her teacher that she could write. Just not in the normal way. When Calista walked into the class nobody was in there yet, only the teacher. Calista was really

glad about that. "Hello, Mrs. Jeffries," said Calista. "I am sorry for storming out of class a few days back. I need to explain something to you." Calista walked over to her teachers desk and put down her notebook. She opened the book up to one of her drawings. "If you look at this page, this may look like a bunch of drawings," said Calista. "If you look closely and look at the pictures you can see a story. In this picture it shows kids under a giant wave. They are in a lot of trouble. If I hadn't drawn the lifeguard it wouldn't have become a story. I see the world differently. I have trouble coming up with ideas but when I draw them , it feels like I am writing a story. I hope you will understand."

Mrs. Jeffries looked at Calista closely. She inspected the drawing one more time. " I am sorry Calista for the way I treated you. I guess I should've asked you to explain what you had done. Please forgive me."

"I will forgive you," exclaimed Calista. Calista felt so much more confident and happier after she explained her drawing to her teacher. She believed that she could write a story.