**Tales of Utopia - Period 9**  
  
Lillian Zimmerman

Ryan Verzuh

Helena Allison

Jacob Kempa

Kaydee Smith

Kaitlyn Koterba

Roya Blake

Sarah Nelson

Katelynn Davis

Nick Rowe  
Dorie Cameron

**A Beautiful World**

By

Lillian Zimmerman





Chelsea was a young girl who always loved dreaming about a world for herself. "A utopia is a perfect world," she'd tell her friends. Of course, they would never listen to her babble on about her imaginary world.

One day, she decided to go on a walk around the city. She went all around the block. Just as she was about to turn back to home, when she tripped on something. She began to fall. Something was wrong, though. She saw space all around her. Plus, she didn't fall; she glided down. But down wasn't the down that she knew anymore. As she landed, she looked around. All she saw was white. As she looked further, she saw a small box. She walked towards it. As Chelsea picked it up, she read the words: MAGIC MARKERS. "I would scribble on the walls, if there were any!" she thought.

She took out a marker labeled "green" and took off the cap. As she moved it around, a small line followed the tip. "Wow!" Chelsea said. "I could make anything I want!"

Chelsea drew. She drew and drew and drew. When she finished, she looked at everything. Chelsea created a large forest of fruit trees with long, uncut grass growing on the ground. There was a wide sky with a large sun and big, white clouds. She plucked a red apple from one of the trees. As she took a bite from it, she felt its sweet juice hit her chin. She then lay down on the sweet grass. "Now this is a utopia!" Chelsea thought.

She then remembered that she had to be home for dinner. "Hmm," she wondered, "How will I get out?" Just then she began to float up to the sky. When she went past, she saw space again. As quickly as it began, she was back on the street near her house. Chelsea ran home as fast as she could to tell her mother. Then she realized something. If she told anyone, they might change her world to the way that they wanted it. Chelsea decided not to tell anyone.

When she got home, Chelsea ate dinner and went to her room. She took out her cellphone. "I must tell somebody, I suppose."

She called her best friend Garry and told him all about what had happened. "It's right next to Mrs. Harris' house!" she told Garry. "I just tripped and there I was! You can go there if you want. Just don't tell anyone about it. Promise?"

The next day, Garry decided to see for himself what Chelsea was talking about. He went to Mrs. Harris' house and walked around. "Well, I don't feel anything."

Just then, he hit his foot on something. He began to glide through space just like Chelsea did. When he arrived, he saw all the trees and grass growing. It was so peaceful. A little too peaceful.

"This is great and all," Garry said, "but where are all the animals?"

He looked on the ground and found the magic markers. He took out a brown one and removed the cap.

Garry drew. He drew and drew and drew. When he finished, he looked around. There were deer eating the long grass and squirrels taking fruit from the trees. There were birds flying everywhere. He sat down next to a family of white rabbits. As they nibbled his fingers, he thought, "This is what Chelsea said when she meant utopia!"

Garry had an idea. He drew a sign and stuck it into the ground. Then he drew the words "No one shall kill anyone else," so that all animals would be kind to each other and be happy in the utopia, too.

After Garry had finished the sign, he thought to himself, "Now how am I to leave?"

Garry began to float up into space. When he returned to the street, he quickly ran home. He called his friend Jamie and told her what he did. "It was beautiful!" he said. "All of it was right next to Mrs. Harris' house! You can see if you promise not to tell anyone."

That next morning, Jamie walked over to Mrs. Harris' street. When she tripped like everyone else had, she saw the beautiful world that had been created. She wanted it to be all hers, so she grabbed the box of magic markers (which Garry had made a wooden stand for). She grabbed a yellow marker and removed the cap.

Jamie drew. She drew and drew and drew. She looked around. She had created a statue of herself made of gold. She had also made a crown and a throne. As she sat down, she thought, "How wonderful! My own land. I will name it Jamarica!"

After a while, Jamie grew hungry. She drew a gun and killed all of the animals. She realized that she didn't want meat so she picked all of the fruit off of the trees. All off her leftovers were thrown onto the ground.

Jamie noticed the sign and changed it. "What a silly rule," she thought.

When she had left, Chelsea and Garry were walking down the street to visit their land. When they got there, they saw that the land was covered in animal carcasses. All of the trees were dying due to the enormous population that had sprung up from the nutrients released into the ground. The land looked awful.

"What has happened?" Garry shouted. "I had planted a sign that said no one was to kill another. Then he saw his sign. When he read the writing on the sign to Chelsea, interestingly, the words were, "No one shall kill anyone else without cause."

Chelsea thought about this. "Well, nothing is perfect. I guess it would have to fail eventually."

So they left and never returned.

The End

**The Adventures of Jimmy and Billy**

By

Ryan Verzuh

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|  |
| Sugar Candy mountain from outside |

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| Sugar Candy mountain on the inside |

A little boy named Jimmy lived in the rich city. His once big city was divided into a rich city and a poor city. One day Jimmy was so curious about what was on the other side of the wall that divided the two cities. So, he sneaked out of the house. Slowly Jimmy approached the wall that divided the two cities. He was curious. He had to know what was beyond there. He located a small opening in the wall and climbed through. Just as he got through, he met a scrawny boy called Billy.

"Don't come in here," Billy said.

He came in anyway. He asked Billy to take him around the poor city and give him a look. Billy agreed, but warned Jimmy that he might not come back alive. Jimmy did not care. Billy took Jimmy around the city and it was an amazing tour since Billy knew the in and outs of the streets and alleys. By the end of the tour, Billy and Jimmy were friends. The next day, when he was going to go back and see Billy, he noticed that the hole had been patched up in the wall. Jimmy went back home and called Billy. They both agreed that they should go to sugar candy mountain. Sugar candy mountain was where the government was at. They were planning on asking if the cities could go back to being one big city. On the way to sugar candy mountain, they had to go through a dark forest. The only reason that they were able to make it through the forest was because Billy had street smarts. When they got through, they continued on until they were at the top of sugar candy mountain. Sugar candy mountain was a misleading name. The mountain was actually very dark and stormy. When they approached the ice cream palace that held the meetings, they almost got too scared and backed out, but they did not. They opened the door and realized the meeting was about to start. They joined the meeting and waited their turn to talk. When it was their turn to talk, they spoke about how the two cities really should become one so that they should all be able to interact together. The government listened respectfully and it looked as though the government were leaning towards the two boys and were thinking that it was a bad idea to divide the city. After the boys were done, the government told them that they were not sure and would need the boys to talk again the next day and they gave them a hotel room to stay the night. The boys stayed up late reviewing what they would say the next day. The next day, the boys woke up later than they wanted because they stayed up late. But, they still made it to the meeting on time. They told their speech and it was looking like the government had made up their mind at were going to tear down the wall. But just then, a flying man flew in and fought against making it one big city. He reminded them why they had made it two cities. "All people are equal, but some are more equal than others" he explained.

Apparently, that was enough to change their mind. At that moment boys realized that their always has been and their always will be a rich class and a poor class and that two boys weren't going to change that.

The End

**The Salad Prairie's Destruction**

By Helena Allison





In a far place away from you, there was once a magical prairie. This prairie was magical because it was made entirely out of ingredients for salad like salad dressing, lettuce, cucumbers, and so on, from every salad in the world. It was called Salad Prairie. In the Salad Prairie, there lived 6 bunnies named Smokey, Choo-Choo, Autumn, Glue, Ghost, Velvet, Chocolate, Marble, and Vanilla. There were also robots named X-12, Y-17, Z- 22, AND W- 99. The robots were in control of the Salad Prairie for as long as the bunnies could remember, even Autumn, the oldest animal in the prairie could hardly remember a time before the robots were busy making life miserable for everyone and eating all the salad so the animals were starved. Today, the bunnies gathered in a desolate area with a lovely oriental dressing pond. The two bunnies named Marble and Velvet had just begun eating lettuce when Chocolate and Vanilla hopped in, fighting as usual. Marble calmed the siblings and they were best of siblings again. Finally, Smokey, Choo-Choo, Autumn, Glue, and Ghost all sauntered into the open space. After everyone was comfortable, Autumn began " Fellow soft ones, I believe it is time that the robots learn what life is like for us. For too long we have suffered and died. We have lost so many soft ones over the years of their rule and leadership. There used to be hundreds of us bunnies roaming the Salad Prairie. Now there are only 9 of us left! Soft ones, the time has come to rebel!"

Everyone cheered except for Smokey, who seemed to be deep in thought, until they heard the dreadful sounds of, "Beep. Get away from the area immediately! Beep."

Everyone scampered. The very next day, it was time! The bunnies gathered around the robot's new area destined for destruction. Smokey then yelled, "Soft ones, ATTACK!"

Chocolate and Vanilla started the bickering to distract the robots if only for a second. Then, everyone else started attacking and capturing the robots. Finally, the battle was complete. The bunnies had won! The robots were to be abandoned in Nightmare Valley. After that order of business was complete, the soft ones rejoiced and always celebrated this. Little did they know that something very bad was about to take place in the Salad Prairie. A few days later, something seemed to be happening to some of their fellow soft ones. They became more violent and started eating less salad and more of some type of food known to others as meat. The bunnies that got sick are Chocolate, Vanilla, Autumn and Glue. Many weeks passed and the bunnies’ symptoms became worse. Chocolate and Vanilla stopped talking and only roared and grunted now. Autumn could barely walk anymore. Glue started seeing things. But they all had one symptom alike, they all started puking up this weird black stuff. Smokey, Choo-Choo, Ghost, Velvet, and Marble were concerned but were unsure of what to do. One day, Smokey called a meeting to the remaining non sick soft ones. He said, " Fellow soft ones, It has come to my attention that many of our fellow kind are becoming ill. So, I hereby declare me leader to help stabilize my control and my wishes... I mean the interests of all of us."

Everyone was outraged! Ghost, the quietest of the bunnies finally spoke, " Smokey! You can't be so inconsiderate to our fellow soft ones! They have done so much for us!"

But then Ghost realized something. Smokey was in league with the robots! Ghost was sure especially when she saw the evil and greed that was in Smokey's eyes for a very long time. All of a sudden, they heard a roar fill the prairie! Everyone turned to see Autumn sprinting, not running, sprinting! "Autumn?!?!?" everyone asked except for Smokey, was laughing the most menacing laugh any of the bunnies have ever heard. " Mwahahaha you stupid fools! You will be stuck as being my slaves being controlled by my... ZOMBIE BUNNIES!"

Choo-Choo was furious! He charged up to where Smokey was standing, picked him up (since he was the strongest) and threw him all the way over to Autumn, who immediately began to eat Smokey! Screams began to fill the air as everyone tried to escape from the other zombie bunnies popping up over the hill. The zombie bunnies eventually caught up to Velvet and Marble first. The remaining bunnies hurried and hid in a dense spinach patch.Tears ran down their faces as they saw their family and friends eaten alive. The zombie bunnies began burning everything! Then, everything stood still. All was quiet except for the crackle of the flames. "Oh no!" whispered Ghost. " They must be looking for us!"

The silence became eerie to Ghost and Choo-Choo until... Choo-Choo disappeared. Ghost searched the clearing until she saw her fellow soft one being dragged. " Choo!" Ghost cried, "NO!"

Ghost tried to tune out the screams of her good friend. Then all became silent. Ghost was concerned and afraid that zombies had found her until something cold grabbed her fur. " AAAHHH!!!" screamed Ghost.

The last robot turned Ghost around and she saw that Y-17 was still alive. " Beep, I am sorry, beep." With a sigh, Y-17 died right in front of her.

Now, Ghost was the last normal, living thing. And forever, Ghost stayed in the destroyed prairie.

The end.

**The Cave**

by

Jake Kempa



Ronald, a confident mountain goat, stared over the wreckage of the once grand house. Splinters of wood and debris were scattered all around the house. Smoke was spiraling up from the southern part of the house which once housed the kitchen. He heard footsteps behind him.

"Come on Ron. We have work to do," said Robert, a great bull moose.

Ron was proud of the animals defeating the evil rancher, Harrold. So far the animals had been celebrating their victory, but they all knew that they had to get organized to survive. They had moved into some caves they had found at the edge of the property, and so far they had proven very useful to the animals as a base camp. When Ron and Robert arrived back at base camp, the animals were looking nervous. The animals had all agreed they wanted some sort of democracy. The animals all had made it clear that they wanted Ronald to be their leader as he was intelligent and very tough. The problem was that the owls seemed to be assuming they would be the leaders. Granted, they had helped organize the great rebellion and overthrow of Harrold, but they had never actually done any fighting. The animals wanted a real fighter to be their president.

"Fellow forest dwellers, gather around this clearing," declared Winthrop, one of the owls.

The clearing in front of the entrance of the cave had been designated for the meetings and gatherings. After about 10 minutes all the animals had settled in. The prairie dogs (Meriwether, Albus, and Leonard) had made a huddle off to the side. Though they were considered fairly intelligent, they lacked common sense. However, they were good-natured and handy in a fight as they were quick and nimble. Robert settled next to Max, a great grizzly bear. They never said much, but they were obviously friends. May and Geoffrey bedded down along with each other next to Robert. Even though the deer were among the bigger animals, they enjoyed the protection of a moose. Ronald settled down next to the deer and together the animals formed a semi circle around the owls."Fellow forest dwellers, we have all fought valiantly to overthrow that retched rancher," began Winthrop,"but it is time for us to become self sufficient. We know that a democracy has proven the best form of government in the past, so tonight at dusk, we will hold a vote to select the leader and three congress members. Who has any nominees?"

After an hour of debating, the nominees for president were Ronald, Winthrop, and Max. The nominees for congress were Albus, Leonard, Donald (the other owl), Robert, and May.

"Tonight, you will all cast your vote by dropping an apple in the designated bucket for the nominee you want. Only one person will go at time so the votes can remain anonymous. Everyone, into the cave. Let the voting begin."

In the morning, every one gathered to hear the results. After careful counting, Winthrop read out the results which was suspicious as it was noted that Winthrop had spent a long time voting the previous night. "The Congress members will be: Leonard, Donald, and Robert. And your new president will be.... me."

A shocked silence filled the animals. What could this mean? The previous night they had all discussed that they had voted for Ronald. "Recount...I demand a recount." said Max slowly.

"I am sorry, brothers, but I have counted and recounted 3 times. These results are accurate. As my first act as president, I elect Donald the lead congress member. Things will never be the same."

As it turned out, Winthrop would have many new "acts" as the leader. Soon, he had the animals all working in shifts so they would have little time to talk. There were 6 shifts in the morning and 6 shifts at night and each shift was 2 hours. The jobs were anything from gather food, to traveling and mapping the extensive cave system. There was no discrimination either, which Winthrop took pride in. He said they were all equal, but in this way, he soon wore down the animals. Even with the little strength the prairie dogs had, they had to take their turn carrying plants and nuts. And even with the raw power of Robert, he still had to take his turn organizing the camp. And even with the bad night vision of Ronald, he still had to take his turn mapping out the caves. But it would be one winter evening when most of the animals were in the warm caves exploring that the cry came out. May came out screaming, "They're gone! They're gone!"

Winthrop, in a "merciful" spirit, had allowed the animals to go in groups of two to explore the caves. Many animals had complained they had heard something scurrying down deep in the cave, but Winthrop would have none of this. He said it was simply a draft coming from a whole somewhere within the cave.

"Who?" Robert said as he and Meriwether were the first to get back.

"Geoffey and Ronald and Max! We (Max had been traveling with them when the cave forked. When we heard two distinct screams, we turned back and traveled down the cave 'til we hit a dead end. They weren't there... Then we heard another scream--no a roar. I immediately took off. I didn't even think Max couldn't keep up. But he's gone to.”

"This is your fault!" Roared Robert at Winthrop.

"This is a tragedy! Would we want to mar the memory of Ronald and Geoffrey by pointing fingers?"

"Memory? Are you kidding me? We told you we aren't the only ones inhabiting this cave! I demand a new leader! You are done Winthrop!"

The next morning, Robert was gone.

Soon there were no pretenses. Winthrop promoted Donald to Junior President, and the other congress members were demoted to mere citizens. Donald and Winthrop made all the executive decisions and did no work themselves. After a while, other animals joined, but were soon trapped under Winthrops rule. He had found 2 stray wolves and they were loyal to him as long as he gave them more of the food rations and let them hunt. Two more deer, Patrick and Xavier, and another mountain goat, Harry, had joined. Xavier proved to be extremely intelligent and was devastated to learn of the death of Ronald, who he had known. He promised he would avenge him. Soon.

One day, as Patrick came back to the camp, he found it silent. There was only a slight screaming echoing from the caves. Then May emerged. "Xavier kept his...his promise," she panted. "He just started attacking one of the guard wolves and soon a fight broke...broke out. We somehow ended up fighting in the...the cave. Then something...”

“ROOAARR!!"

She was interrupted as all the animals finally came out sprinting followed by what looked like a polar bear, but much faster. It paused, then instantly ambushed them and many animals were taken down. They all started running until only 3 remained at the remains of the main house, May, Patrick, and Xavier. The rest were no where to be found.

"We will never speak of this again." Said Xavier solemnly. And they never did.

One day they went back to the camp to investigate the wreckage and the whole camp was destroyed. Only blood stains and the lifeless remains of the animals remained, except for Winthrop's and Donald's.

"You don't think they knew about this?" said May after Patrick made the observation.

"No, they wouldn't do that right?" said Patrick.

"Well I know they wanted power, and all of us dead would do no good for them. Right?"

"Wrong." said a familiar voice in the trees. Winthrop. "I knew I would never have complete control over you all, so I took you to this cave of legend. This is actually my second attempt at control. But my utopia cannot exist. I can never control those who can think for themselves. It's over."

Then the same white bear came out and they were all killed on the spot within seconds....

The End.

**When Things Went Bad**

By

Kaydee Smith

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|  |
| The Group's Motto |



It was the year of 8th grade at Edison Middle School and about the first week or two of school when the group of teens came up with an idea... It was lunch time when the conversation began.

"So guys, I was thinking, what if, since we’re the top dogs now, if we took charge? Who's with me?" said Laura.

Of course, her twin brother Brian said yes, and because of that, so did everyone else. As Laura always does, she spoke her mind again. "I believe that everyone should look up to me (her brother coughed making her correct herself)....uh, I mean all of us. We are the most popular group in school."

As the lunch bell rang Laura told everyone to think of ideas on how this whole thing was going to go down.

That night while Emma was in bed contemplating the take over....all of a sudden her phone started buzzing, she was startled and screamed. She read the text from Emily it said: **u ready 4 tomorrow**?

She replied back: **yah totally,** she lied, **HBY?**

The reply came, it said: **ABSOLUTELY!**

She thought to herself, "I don't know if this is right but usually Laura's right and same with her brother." She turned over and fell asleep. That night everyone was thinking of ideas and was thinking if this was right except for Laura and her brother Brian.

The next day at lunch break as usual, Laura held her meeting. She started, "My brother and I have decided to run for class president and vice president with, of course, me being president. I believe this is our shot at being in control of this school."

Emily then said, "Wait, what about our ideas you had us think about all night? Don't we have a say?"

Rebecka then replied with a dagger in her voice, saying, "No, because Laura and her brother thought of this amazing idea and there is really no reason for your ideas Emily! Okay, that's the end of that now, so we all agree that they shall run for student government and that will be our reign. Meeting over."

Just then, the bell rang and Zack then whispered to Emma "Saved by the bell," and so it was, because later that day during 8th period apparently Brian, which Emily had a crush on, went up to her and told her that she was no longer to hang out with the group, and was not allowed by Laura to talk to any of them. Emily went home that day with a crushed spirit. How depressing and sad.

A couple weeks went by with everyday meetings and no communication with Emily. As planned, they ran for student government. Also, as planned, they won, but the ironic thing was that as everyone knew that you never challenge the Mott twins, because they always won and always got what they wanted. Out of spite, Emily decided to run against them to see what would happen, and, of course, to make the twins angry. To make sure they won, Laura decided to do everything to win she bribed, lied, and coaxed people to vote for her and her brother. The next annual meeting Laura said that she thought that "all students are equal...but some students are more equal than others. I've decided that because like we are amazing and everyone else like Emily is just not in our level." Now this made Emma and Zack mad because that was one of their friends which Laura said not to talk to, but they had been talking to her because they still liked to be around her. Now usually Emma doesn't talk back, but some type of fire lit inside of her, and she talked back and said, "HEY, don't you remember that at one time Emily was a good friend to you?"

Laura suddenly said "Don't you dare speak to me like that I am your...." She was then interrupted by Rebecka and she said, "Oh Emma don't you remember that our dear Emily stabbed us in the back? She planned to take the class president away from them all along."

"Okay", said Emma.

She really didn't want to lose another friend so she held her tongue and just left the situation alone, not that she wanted to. Zack would have said something, but he kind of just sits back usually because Laura usually manipulates him and so he just decided to let it go.

Later that night Zack was sitting on his bed, realizing that he should have stood up for Emily with Emma. He decided to start texting Emma.

**Zack: Hey Emma you up? :)**

**Emma: Ya**

**Zack: I agree with u about Emily they have treated her like dirt after all she's done for them. 2marow ive decided to tell Laura, Brian, and Rebecka the way I feel. RU with me.**

**Emma: Heck ya I think it's time to take a stand for what is right :)**

**Zack: I don't know about you but I think she won't like it so I've decided to leave the group**

**Emma: Me too I'm done with this garbage see you 2marrow**

**Zack: CU 2marrow 2 Bye**

**Emma: :)**

The next day, both Zack and Emma walked up to the others, and for a change, Zack started talking, which shocked everyone.

"Laura, Rebecka, and Brian, you should be ashamed of yourselves because you were cruel and rude to Emily, and since you've done that to her, now I bet you'll try to do it to one of us to later in our school lives, so Emma and I have decided to leave this group. There are too many things that I have not agreed with, but have not said a word because I know one of you three would try to cover it up or give me an explanation. Well, I'm tired of it and so is Emma. This is the end of this madness. So goodbye."

He then walked away with Emma, so they could go catch up to Emily and tell her the news.

"That was odd," said Rebecka. All of a sudden Laura screamed for no reason. Everyone stared at her. Her brother and Rebecka calmed her down. At lunch the same day it was like a mental breakdown at the table because Laura started crying and mumbling and sobbing. It was unusual for her to do that. She told the others that she realized what had been going on.

"I realized that I am selfish and actually kind of rude, and because of that, that has influenced you to follow me. It is my fault that no one likes me."

Then, Rebecka started crying because she realized what Laura had said was true. The same happened with Brian, but he just stared because guys usually don't like to cry in public.

"I, Laura Mott, swear from this point on, to change my ways and to be more friendly to anyone who is nice to me. I also want to know if you two also take this pledge?"

At the same time Brian and Rebecka said "I will."

Later that night, they were texting each other about what they were going to do the next day.

The next day after school got out, the three of them went up to Emily, Emma, and Zack. Laura said "We're very sorry for what we have done to you guys. We're sorry for being rude and letting popularity and power get to our heads. We are especially sorry to you, Emily. We were the rudest to you."

Rebecka and Brian both nodded after Laura said that. Emily then said. "On the behalf of Emma, and Zack, and I, we accept the apology."

They then all hugged each other in forgiveness and put the past behind them and never let power or popularity get in between their friendship again. They kept these promises to each other through the rest of school in Copper High School and in college. They were all very good lifetime friends.

The End

# Pencil Mania

By Katie Koterba







“How long we have all been waiting for summer,” thought the school supplies.

They all were still sitting in the pouch, celebrating the days to come. Meanwhile, three pencils were trying to plan a new government. Before, the kid had been their ruler. Now it was up to the supplies to rule themselves for the months to come. "I think that the pencils should rule. We were used everyday and have a better sense of the outside world than the other supplies." says Tyson.

Marvin agreed, but Robin wasn't so sure. "The other supplies have aspects of the outside world, too. They just have been used at times other than we have. You know that," she pointed out to the two other pencils.

Marvin, the mechanical pencil with white, black, and red strips, thought about how Robin might be right. Tyson was a blue pencil with a black eraser. He immediately objected. He had no reason but said that it was a good reason inside his head. Eventually, the three pencils decided that the supplies could help decide what went on in the pouch. The next day, the supplies had decided that everyone was equal. When it came time to elect someone to handle all of the money, the supplies couldn't decide who to elect. Eventually, the pencils Tyson, Robin, and Marvin decided they would all run in the campaign. Robin promised that the supplies would all get a fair share and would all be able use some money for their own uses. Marvin promised that if there was anyone who needed the money he would lend it, but generally he would have it under his control. Tyson said that he would decide where the money went and no supplies would be able to use it. He also has the scissors on his side. Scissors said ,"We need a strong leader. If you supplies made the wrong decisions where would be?"

There were some murmurs in the crowd, but no had the sense to object. Everyone was either frightened or didn't care as to who was leader. As the days of the campaign went on, Marvin was getting frightened at what Tyson was doing to win. He was forcing the supplies to work extremely hard and with out any food. Finally, Marvin ran away and wasn't seen by most of the supplies ever again. The day of the election Marvin was nowhere to be found. Robin eventually forfeited because Tyson was so scary. Tyson was very simple in his speech.

"All supplies are equal, but some pencils are more equal than other supplies." he said. "I am also banning Robin. I think that her ideas are bad and horrible for our society. The way she wants run things is bad. If you made the wrong decisions, then where would we be?"

Robin ran frightened that she was going to get beat. She found Marvin and said that she had been banned. He was furious. She was feeling really great because he really cared about her. In the pouch, Tyson was beating the rest of the group and hurting them. The rest of the pencils and the scissors had a great life. When any supply tried to object to this life style, the scissors said that its was better now then before. The only problem was that the supplies knew that wasn't true. Meanwhile, Marvin found a way to spy on the pouch. "It looks horrible in there." He told Robin. Robin was very concerned for all the baby pencil shavings. In years to come, it never got better. The kid never came back, as he had left for college after that year. Tyson was still a tyrant. Robin and Marvin were taken to college with the kid and eventually had baby pencil shavings of their own. All was good for Marvin and Robin, but as for the pouch the future is still bleak and undetermined.

# THE END

**Death of the Doughnuts**

By Roya Blake

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|  |
| "The Superiors" |

V.S.

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|  |
| "The Plain Ones" |

There once was a town titled Many Doughnuts. There was a doughnut factory in the town titled "Sweeties Sugared Donuts." At first glance, it looked like any other doughnut factory, and the inside was like any other factory, but if one were to spend the night, they would see strange things, for the donuts were different than any other donuts. The Sweeties Sugared Donuts had minds of their own. They looked like any other donuts, but acted almost human like. The most noble of all the donuts was Cherry, the smartest and nicest of the donuts, but not all good rulers last, and the time came for her to be bought and eaten by a human. Before she left, she gave her words of wisdom to the newer doughnuts. "Now remember," she said, "you all must work hard to have a perfect Utopia. No fighting, no arguing, and no cruelty." And with that, she left.

All of the doughnuts were eager to please Cherry, and worked harder than ever to do what she asked. The new ruler was Glaze, a maple sugar coated doughnut, and made sure everything was in perfect order. However, A new doughnut was made. A doughnut by the name of King. He was unlike any of the other doughnuts made. He would question authority when he did something bad, and wouldn't agree with new plans that were given. Soon the time came for Glaze to go, and there was an argument as to who would be the next ruler.

One of the main candidates was King, but the other was a shyer doughnut named Sofia. Sofia was a strawberry scented doughnut, plain baked. She was shy, but wanted what was best for the doughnuts. King, however was a better speaker, and won the job. He ruled about the same as all the other doughnuts for a time, but soon, new things started happening. It was King that gave the call for the fancier doughnuts, meaning the ones that were fried in oil with glazed and sprinkling on top, that would be attending special meetings. It was apparently meetings that talked about "How to govern the doughnut population" as King had stated. No one questioned it, for King was well liked and admired. But next, King announced that there would be two classes. ‘The Superiors’ being the higher class with all the fancy, glazed, and sprinkled doughnuts, and the ‘Plain Uglies’ being the plain doughnuts. Of course, no one questioned it, and life continued on. "After all," the plain ones thought, "King's rule is just a short rule. He will soon be bought by the humans, and then there will just be a new leader to take his place."

Oddly enough, no more humans came. Every now and then, there would be one that picked out a doughnut, but hardly anyone was coming anymore. The reign of King became more and more cruel. If a plain doughnut happened to pass by a ‘Superior,’ the ‘Superior’ had the right to bop them on the head, and pass right by. One particular ‘Superior’ by the name of Speckle, due to all the sprinkles that stuck to his beautiful glazed coat, took and enthusiastic attitude towards this, and was known by ‘The Plain Uglies’ to hit so hard, crumbs would fall off the disoriented doughnut. But the plain doughnuts didn't complain. They had grown used to having someone in control of them, and the thought that they were being treated unfairly didn't even cross their minds. This went on for quite some time, until one fateful day when a new doughnut was made. His name was Albert. Hew was a plainly baked vanilla doughnut, but was different than the other plain doughnuts. He did not agree at all with King's ideas, and scorned King behind his back.

"Why don't you fight back?" He questioned them.

"Why should we?" ‘The Plain Uglies’ wondered. "King knows what is best."

Albert sighed in disbelief, but didn't press it further, until one day when he was walking around the factory. He saw King coming up with a bunch of other ‘Superiors.’ When he saw them, Albert hid. As Plain Albert hid, he heard the ‘Superiors’ talking.

"Are you sure the plan will work?" asked Speckle.

"Of course it will," said King, "the plain donuts are clueless. Once we gain control of the plain donuts, we'll take charge of the factory!"

Albert knew the factory would never be the same.

Plain Albert raced back to the other ‘Plain Uglies,’ and related his tale. The ‘Uglies’ were shocked. How could their trusted leader do this? Albert, seeing his chance, told them that now was their chance to revolt.

Albert warned, "Your resolution must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that "’Superiors’ and ‘Plain Uglies’ have a common interest....we must not come to resemble them...No plain doughnut must ever have secret meetings, be rude to others, have a king, or dip themselves in glaze to become like them."

And so ‘The Plain Uglies’ forged their new name into ‘Plain Ones’, and marched to war. They marched forward against ‘The Superiors,’ and huge battle waged forth. Never before had The Sweeties Sugared doughnut factory seen such turmoil!

All of a sudden though, A huge group of humans stampeded into the factory, and began seizing the doughnuts, and scarfing them down. In all of the turmoil, none of the doughnuts had even paused to look at the sign posted on the door. It read: "Due to the new bakeries being built, The Sweeties Sugared Doughnut Factory will be closing down, and any person wishing to may come on May 20, and participate in a free doughnut give away."

Had the doughnuts heeded, they would have taken flight from the factory, for the day of the grand battle between ‘The Superiors’ and ‘The Plain Ones’ was May 20.

The End

### The Lunch Box

### by Sarah Nelson

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| Water bottles crying for the end is near |

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|  |
| apples. lots of apple's relatives |

Sarah couldn't wait for lunch. She had hot cocoa, a candy cane, a Twinkie, a bell pepper, baby carrots, an apple, and a water bottle. She shoved her lunch box in her locker and rushed off for her first class.Meanwhile, there was something important going on in the lunch box. Hot cocoa giggled maniacally in his laboratory.Well, it was Twinkie's laboratory, but he kicked Twinkie out to giggle maniacally. Twinkie went up to candy cane and complained. She consoled him out of a little more than friendship, but Twinkie didn't know it. Bell pepper was out working again. Apple was working with him because they had to, for Hot Cocoa was king and they had to do as he said, and that meant working. The baby carrots ran around trying to not get tagged by the one baby carrot.

Bell Pepper sighed and said, "I've had enough of working for the king. Let's consult the almighty glorious Water Bottle for advice."

So, they stopped working and went to Water Bottle for advice.

"Oh healthy food!” he said. “I have seen what you desire and will give you advice that I have never told anyone. Nothing lasts. The moment you get what you want, it disappears into the great cavern. Oh healthy food, heed my words. It is all for naught. Now go."

Meanwhile, Hot Cocoa started wondering were all the workers went. They've been gone for an hour. Suddenly, there on the edge of the hill were the workers. Hot Cocoa ran outside and started screaming at them.Candy Cane came out and calmed Hot Cocoa down, then asked them to apologize. She said this so nicely and sweetly that they immediately did so. She then thanked them and dragged Hot cocoa back inside. Now while this was going on, Hot Cocoa's teeny tiny brain was whirling. He knew that Candy Cane was so sweet that she could tell anyone anything and they would obey. He smiled wickedly then winced. He had a migraine from thinking so hard. In the hall, Hot Cocoa saw Candy Cane.

He smiled then yelled at her, "You are going to be my wife or else you will die." Then he walked away.

You see, Hot Cocoa was tired of being king. He wanted to be more than that, so he thought that Candy Cane could tell Water Bottle to leave. Candy Cane heard this then screamed. It was so horrible. The thought made her want to melt. But instead she ran to Twinkie’s laboratory and started to blubber. Twinkie pulled out a machine he had made for the times Candy Cane came and blubbered. The machine instantly said what Candy Cane was trying to say.

"It's so horrible, Hot Cocoa told me that I was going to be his wife but I don't want to! He's so mean and evil..." At this point, Twinkie shut off the machine.

"Now Candy Cane," he said. "You just need to run away."

"But,” said Candy Cane, “I thought I could just marry someone ELSE and I would be fine."

"Nope," said Twinkie. "You need to run away, so good-bye and I never saw you."

So, taking Twinkies advice, she ran away and came to the healthy food.

"ALRIGHT you healthy food. We are gonna overthrow the king and capture him, and then make that evil, maniacal thing suffer. You baby carrots, what is our objective?"

The baby carrots repeated her instructions. Candy Cane smiled grimly. "Now starts the rebellion!" She screamed. Apple and Bell Pepper were shocked. This was not Candy Cane. Apparently that evil maniacal Twinkie did something to her. So they decided that they would go along with Candy Cane’s plan and make Twinkie suffer. Water Bottle sighed, but there was no one to hear him. It would all end soon.Candy Cane led her attack. As they marched upon the place were Hot Cocoa resided, the baby carrots stared the battle chant. "Healthy Food good, junk food bad."

Obviously, they did not practice the habits of mind. When they got to the junk food, they captured Twinkie and Hot Cocoa. They squished and kicked Twinkie. Suddenly, something came from the heavens and took bell pepper.

"The great cavern!" he screamed.

Eventually everyone was taken. As Water Bottle was going, he said, "I told you so!" and then disappeared.

THE END

**Friends or Not**

By

Katie Davis

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|  |
| There Secret Tree House! |

This is a story that should teach you a lesson about friendship. I hope you enjoy it.

Tara had long blond hair and green eyes, she was a rich girl that had a bad temper. Samantha had red hair and purplish eyes, and was a sweet girl that was quiet and she only talked when she had to. Lisa was a tall girl with brown eyes and brown hair, she was just what was considered normal. Mandy was a bigger girl with blonde hair and hazel eyes. She was nice but she could sometimes be a little sensitive. They were all 9 years of age. They had been friends since as long as they could remember. They were small town girls with big houses, and the town had a population of eight hundred, and the school only had three hundred eighty-seven kids. They all lived in big houses in the same neighborhood, and they had a hidden tree house in the forest that they found and it had been their secret ever since.

They wanted the tree house to be their utopia, so that was their goal, and they were going to make it happen. They started by decorating the tree house with flowers and blankets and all the things that made them happy. When they were done, it was a paradise. The girls were together all the time, which meant that they were going to fight and have disagreements about things. They wanted their play house to be like a little town with a government and they just happened to be learning about that in school at that moment.

They decided that they would have nobody rule so that they were all able to make decisions together. They made a second tree house for their meeting to decide how to improve. They had to choose a tree that could hold the meeting house. That was one of the big things that they had to choose. Tara thought that the big tree to the right was the better tree, but Mandy thought that the tree behind was the better and bigger. Samantha finally said that they were going to just make it the tree on the left so that they would stop fighting. They had a builder build it so that it was done right.

3 Months later

Tara was 10, and she thought that she got to be the boss of everything and everyone. They were fighting with Tara about what food they should bring for a dinner they were having with some of their parents. Tara kept running away because she did not want to talk about it.

Tara screamed, “LEAVE ME ALONE!”

Samantha, Mandy, and Lisa ran to the club house. They all talked about how to fix things. Tara took all the memories of their friendship and ran to the beach. She threw it all in the ocean. They thought about all the times Tara had done stuff that hurt them. They completely ignored Tara for the rest of school, and that destroyed Tara. Later in life they had grown apart, but Samantha and Mandy still kept in touch. Tara had lost everything and became a homeless woman living in a box down the street. Lisa became a model and never talked to them again. So, I hope that this taught you a lesson about choosing your friends.

The End

**The Power of Unity**

By Nick Rowe



Mini-saga

The small group of shadowy figures darted through the forest, feeling horribly exposed despite the cover of trees. They had no idea if they were being followed or had lost a member. As they broke through the woods, they came upon their goal, a small dingy. It was their escape.

The dingy was once again thrown into the waves, threatening to break apart completely. The small boat pitched back and forth, with wave after wave crashing onto the deck like the feeling of certain death that seemed to engulf the crew. I knew we should have thought this through a little better. Seriously, we knew that we would be going during the stormiest time of the year, on the most menacing route a sailor could take. We weren't even a group of experienced sailors, just a bunch of desperate slaves who managed to steal a boat. We could have at least figured out where we were going, and by that I don’t mean "anywhere but here" as the Captain Phil put it. (Seeming to be the cleverest of the slaves in the group, Phil appointed himself as captain.) Stuck up little brat.

"Duke!" he roared at me. "Tie down what’s left of the food supply, before it goes over the edge!"

He continued to bark orders to the rest of the crew. I scrambled to where we had the food supply, and fumbled with the ropes to tie it down. It was no use. A humongous wave had arisen in front of us. As it came crashing down into the sea, it took the boat with it.

Though the sky was far too obscured by the rain to see it, we had actually been not far away from a little island. We dragged ourselves onto the wet sand of the shore, both mentally and physically exhausted. We lay there in the sun, too weak to move. I scanned the desolate looking terrain. There seemed to be a bit of wildlife here. Perhaps just enough game for us to survive. I then looked back at the expansive sea we had just escaped. Nothing. Not one speck of land on the horizon.

"I think we are going to be here for a while." I murmured to myself.

We settled down that night and quickly built a lean-to. Hungry, but too tired to care, we expected to fall asleep instantly, which we did. The next morning, we had a meeting on the beach as to what we would do now. It felt a bit odd having a meeting since we were not permitted to do so when we were slaves back in Louisiana.

We decided that the first thing we needed was a government. Captain Phil volunteered to take charge and became the leader of the group, along with some of his most favored crewmen to share the authority. He announced that we would be a democracy. That idea made us all very enthusiastic. After all, when we were slaves, we had never had any say in our daily lives.

The first few weeks of our time on the island, we were very successful. We flourished with the resources we had, much better than any of us had ever expected. Eventually, we formed an economy. Nobody did more work than was fair, and everyone was given the same amount of food. We were all treated much better than we had been before. We were not slaves anymore, and we had a sense of what equality was.

The days drew on, and everyone seemed to do their work fairly. Something seemed different than it had been in the beginning, though, yet nobody could quite put their finger on it. Then, I realized what it was. Captain Phil and his lot weren’t doing any work. I wondered what it was all about. They hadn’t really had much physical work in the first place, being the leaders and the brain workers of the group. When I asked them what it was all about, they told me that they needed extra rest in their muscles.

"We do something far more important than physical work," Phil explained. "We plan out how we will eventually sail away from this island. We organize what work needs doing on what day. Without us and our brainpower, this whole community would collapse. If we did not have the rest we needed to fulfill our duties, we would be slaves again. Yes, the white-men would come back!"

That one gave me a little jolt. Seemed pretty convincing to me. If there was one thing I knew for certain, it was that I did not want the white man to come back. I told Fred, my companion, what the captain had said, but he still didn’t seem very convinced. Seeing as everyone else had complied, I suppose he was just being stubborn.

We had a meeting about a week later that sparked something in my brain that hadn’t really occurred to me before. Captain Phil announced to us that an extra twenty- percent of the food obtained from now on would go to him and his council. There was silence for a brief moment, dead silence. Then, before I knew it, the whole congregation was in an uproar. I could pick up the bits and pieces of what the individual people were saying, but on the most part, it just sounded flat-out furious.

"That’s not fair!"

"Your just being greedy now!"

"What gives you the right to steal what’s ours?"

"We work hard for what we have, you little..." Maybe I shouldn’t go into what that guy said after that. I guess he'd picked up on the white-mans language.

The revolt continued for what seemed like forever. The head of our government, however, seemed incredibly relaxed. Finally, he stood up from his chair and bellowed one word.

"SILENCE!"

I realized what he was about to say. Everyone else apparently hadn’t. They kept their jaws clenched as if holding back another hostile retort.

The captain spoke again. "We need the all the extra food we can get in order to sustain our mental capacity."

Work went on and everything returned to normal within a day. If our government needed extra food to stay clever, why not give it to them? Everyone else was thinking the same thing. Everyone except Fred, he seemed to be a bit rebellious.

"They don't need extra food to think," he told me. "They've been having twice as much food as they ever did in slavery. They're trying to take over!"

Fred’s reasoning got me thinking. This government wasn’t what I thought it would be at first.

We had all expected a community of complete equality where nobody had less than others. The Captain continued to claim extra privileges for himself. Though we had decided at first to be a democracy, our leader seemed to be taking over. It seemed we had to work harder and harder every day, and got less and less for it. Still, most of us were fine with the government having more than anyone else. And though I believed that they had good intentions, I did think that it was a little unfair. Was the captain and his council taking over completely? Where they becoming more like the slave owners? I didn't think so, but there was a lot of evidence that said that they were. Anyone I talked to would simply deny anything wrong with the government, without giving any real reason. Anyone except....I ran to find Fred.

"They're trying to make us into slaves again!" Fred blurted out for the fourth time, after I had explained my thoughts to him.

Fred had gotten pretty excited that someone was finally having the same thoughts as he was.

“I'm telling you," he protested, "Captain Phil has been planning to become our dictator from the very start!"

I replied, "He said we'd be a..."

"He didn't mean it! If he had any intention of keeping this place a democracy, he would have listened to what we told him when he claimed that extra food. We have no say at all in how our lives are run."

I made another attempt, "But he gave a pretty good reason for it."

"The reason he gave didn't mean anything. He said he was taking the food to stay sharp-minded and eventually get us out of here. He's being sharp all right. Smart enough to turn us into slaves again," (I jumped and almost fell on my butt as Fred half-screamed the word "AGAIN"), "While Phil and his buddies get rich."

Once again I started to reason, "It can't be as bad as it was when we..."

"Not yet," Fred explained. "They’re easing us back into slavery a bit at a time so we won't realize what's happening. How much do you even remember about our life before we escaped? Mark my words, Phil and his crew of miscreants will be coming out with whips before you know it."

That one hit me pretty hard. Suddenly my brain felt incredibly jumbled up like a business man’s work desk. This was too much for me, I lumbered off to bed.

The next morning I awoke to a quick, loud CRACK! I could tell that the early work shift had begun due to the sound of tools hammering away. But what was the ‘crack’? It sounded again, "CRACK!" and I realized what it was. It was the sound I hoped I would never hear again. But there it was. It was the unmistakable sound of a whip.

As we worked that morning, I asked Fred what Phil’s excuse was this time. "The Captain said it would help us focus better," he said.

That was it. I’d had it. I came up behind one of the council members who was whacking away at one of the workers with a whip, yanked his weapon out of his hands, and gave a well placed blow between his eyes. That was something I just had to get out of the way. I cracked his whip with all my might to get the groups attention. A hush fell over the crowd as their faces turned toward me. There had been resistance among us before, but nobody had openly challenged a council member.

Taking a deep breath, I stared over the crowd and spoke. "Don’t you realize what is happening? We are slaves again. This is partly our fault. Failing to question authority caused our government to go out of control. We have been punished for our mistake and now it is time to fix it. We have no rights, no say in government, and..." I paused, "no freedom."

The crowd had been standing silent until my last word. Understanding dawned. "It’s time to get rid of the tyranny," I shouted.

"How?" inquired someone in the crowd.

After a moments thought I responded, "Without violence. Phil, not Captain Phil, is no better than any of us. All we have to do is believe it, and convince the rest of the island it is true."

"We do believe it!" Shouted the crowd. But then an individual questioned, "But how can we persuade everyone else?"

I stated, "We are smart and capable men, we can pull it off."

I then walked away from the gathering, a bit surprised at my on impulsiveness, trying to keep my appearance confident. But under my breath I mumbled to myself, "I really should have made a plan before I plunged over this cliff."

The End

**From the Pit**

By: Dorie Cameron



*Riches more than mind can picture, Wheat and barley, oats and hay,*

*Clover, beans, and mangel-wurzels Shall be ours upon that day.*

*Bright will shine the fields of England, Purer shall its waters be,*

*Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes on the day that sets us free.*

Orwell, George. "1." *Animal farm;*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1954. 4. Print.

It was a really nasty jail in a really nasty land. This jail was more or less a pit filled with dirt and swampy water. The prisoners never saw sunlight, and were never fed, so most of them had resorted to cannibalism. Most prisoners never lived for more than a few weeks. However, there were but a few who had survived longer than anyone else, and they were respected throughout this pathetic dwelling. There were four such of these people and, strangely enough, none of them were cannibalistic. Their names were Jacanob, Milinia, Stonachus, and Ricabint. Stonachus was actually the oldest of them all at 72, and had been confined to the prison for 20 years for stealing an orange to feed his family.

One day, he gathered all the weak prisoners together, and informed them of a brilliant plan; a plan of survival. Stonachus still remembered the days when it was a friendly government ruling them all. People lived without fear, worked happily, and lived in peace. Food was plentiful, society was productive. He had also been there when things took a turn for the worse.

The new king, Shishkabob, took the throne after his father Marter had been poisoned. He quickly replaced the members of the government, and established a strict rule. People disappeared in the night, others were arrested for ridiculous crimes and were given unfair trials. Many had already been beheaded simply for not eating their broccoli. All of Shishkabob's supporters had come into a great deal of money, while the rest of society quickly dwindled into poverty from hefty tax.

Many of the prisoners eyes twinkled with wonder at his recounting of the glory days, then misted over with tears when they remembered the life outside of the stone walls.

It was only Stonachus, Jacanob, and Ricabint who remembered the wonderful days. Milinia had been a small child when she and her family were imprisoned for shoveling horse manure, and was now 15 years old, the last living person in her family, and had but a faint memory of life before prison. Stonachus explained his plan.

He had been working away at a small crack in the wall, and it now opened into the garbage dump. At this point, if

he had chipped away at it any more, garbage would flow in, bringing old wood, fruit and vegetable seeds, and some half-living fish, as well as the rest of the smelly garbage.

If they were able to bring this useful trash into the prison, they'd be able to survive for much longer than they already were.

The prisoners all agreed to this plan. The next day, the prison was filled with an extraordinarily cheerful mood, as well as a terrible smell. Already, they had caught some catfish and cooked it over some sticks; their first meal in so many months.

It was difficult for most of the prisoners to change their ways of cannibalism, bloodshed, murder, and deceit that they had acquired over the recent years, but none could fully hide their true nature; and honestly, the fish looked more appetizing than their previous diet of eyeballs stewed in body fluid. Over dinner, Stonachus and his son Jacanob explained their plan. They could use the rubbish that now freely flowed in to expand and shape their society into a more civilized group. Everyone agreed. None were actually capable of horrible crime, it had simply been a necessity to survive. At least, that was the situation for most of them. They took up their old ways with vigor. Secondly, they would all work together. There would be no need for currency. No, they would barter and trade goods and services. They were all thrilled! They could each do the work they loved. All slept that night with full bellies and happy thoughts... Well, almost everyone.

In the dankest corner of the pit was the newest prisoner of the lot, a man by the name of Eglacius, arrested for making an assassination attempt on the life of King Shishkabob. He shivered and had a feeling of pure hatred for his fellow man. The idea of building this Shangra-la sounded absolutely ridiculous to him. He had arrived after the glorious fish meal, and didn't know of the conditions beforehand. Why should this happen, he reasoned, if conditions are already so wonderful? Eglacius made a plan, a brilliant plan. He closed his eyes and smiled wickedly to himself. All in good time, he thought.

The very next morning, some dead squirrels and some more fish washed in through the hole in the wall these were cooked, administered, and eaten with enthusiasm. Milinia claimed that it did, indeed, taste familiar, and perhaps this had been a common meal when she had been a civilian. After all had swallowed his last bite and washed their hands in the muddy water trickling in with junk, they set to work collecting anything they dubbed to be useful and piling it in the corner- the corner where Eglacius happened to be secluding himself in darkness. He first became aware of such activity when an old shoe hit him on the back of his head and bounced into the ring of rats he had planned on catching, sending them skittering into oblivion. He cursed and clutched his knees closer to his chest, and fumed silently. All in good time, he reminded himself. All in good time.

Within an hour, the heap had buried him, no one the wiser. He took out the flint knife he had smuggled in for protection, which glinted in the sun. All in good time, he thought as he brushed a mango peel of his face. This might be harder than he thought.

Milinia and Ricibant were wonderful friends, though one was 15 and the other was 8. Ricibant was the son of a woman who had gotten sick and entrusted the child to Milinia, who herself was 7 at the time. They had become family during those 10 years in prison. Ricibant trusted Stonachus as a son would to his father, and felt entirely devoted to the building of this Utopia. Milinia also felt the overwhelming sense of freedom, but she was still worried, what might go wrong?

After 2 1/2 hours of scrounging for useful material, Stonachus pronounced the pile to be sufficient, and all rested for a much deserved lunch of sparrow stew.

The first order of business, Jacanob declared, was walling up the whole with a portable blockade. Certainly, no one wanted this place to fill up, so the hole would have to be blocked until needed. They were all surprisingly spry and productive searching through the pile of junk for suitable material. The blockade was quickly made, consisting of jugs, wood, rope, and mud.

When they set out to place the blockade, however, something interesting occurred. The hole was already blocked from the other side. It was a large sheet of cotton, it seemed. When they tried to pull it out, it bleated pitifully. It was a sheep stuck there! They worked carefully to pull it through, and when this was accomplished, two little lambs bounded through the hole after their mama. Stonachus thought it would be wise to raise them, for perhaps when they were grown, they would start a flock in their prison. He had not finished this sentence, when a mooing was heard. Jacanob suggested later that these animals may have been the property of some poor soul who may have been executed, which had been disposed of. There was fresh milk to go around, Bessie's udder was bursting so.

But with accomplishment comes sorrow, and it was to come that night. Eglacius met with Jacanob, and words were exchanged:

"We both know that this will not succeed. The guards will see, eventually, and we will all be at the wrong end of the guillotine."

"I'd rather see these people know what freedom feels like for a week then to see them live in ignorance for a hundred years."

"I know what you have wronged."

Eglacius did not, in fact, know what it is that he had done, but everyone has something that can be held against him. What was Jacanob's deed, you may be wondering?

It was simply this: The palace guards had once thrown a young woman in the prison, a young lady of great beauty. The guards had later come back to kill her, but Jacanob could not bear to see her killed; instead,

the guard who had been sent was relieved of his weapon, his job, and his head. The girl starved to death a month later. He had only told Ricibant of this affair, who had been 3 years old at the time and too young to remember.

Jacanob had taken the bait, though he had already been moved by Eglacius' words. Eglacius told him the simplest way to save the people: there had been a spy placed in the prison among them. To get rid of him, Jacanob

was given a sharpened flint dagger coated with poison- poison from a dead serpent he had found in the rubbish heap earlier- and the location of the man's bed.

Stonachus felt very tired by the time he went to retire to his bed. But even a sleepy old man such as he would be wide awake if he had suddenly found a dead snake in his bed. He stifled a weak cry, one that brought Eglacius to his aid. He moved the snake with a stick and proclaimed that it would not be safe to sleep there that night. He recommended a sweet, cozy little corner which seemed quite comfortable. Stonachus thanked him, found the spot easily, and laid for the night. Jacanob approached the small cavern not long after. In this place was the hideous man who sought to destroy his father's dream. Coated with sweat, he approached cautiously, dagger clutched in his hand. He was not visible under the raggedy blanket which he slept. Jacanob stooped over the villain, preparing to strike. It would have to be a clean kill, he couldn't risk missing, or he would cry out. By the time poison set in, he would be caught. He closed his eyes, breathed a deep breath, and muttered, "for Utopia." Just as he struck, a tremendous roar was heard, followed by shaking and falling rocks. It was a magnificent earthquake! Jacanob barely grazed the man's side. Fortunately, he did not stir. But Jacanob tripped backwards, a rock hit his head, and the dagger plunged into his belly. In the commotion, his foot tore the sheet off the man he had just sentenced to death.

"Father..." Jacanob whispered, tears streaming down his face, and his body went stiff.

Stonachus awakened, sweating, and crying out in agony. Milinia was crouching over him with shock, pressing a wet cloth to his forehead, his fuzzy eyes glanced at where it hurt- the side where the traitorous dagger scratched him. It was swelling and green with the poison. He saw his dear son lying in the corner, a stone dagger in his stomach. It was too much for him. He closed his eyes for the last time.

In the farthest corner of the pit, away from the mourners, Eglacius was munching on a rat- the rat he'd finally caught. A wicked gleam lingered in his eyes. Now maybe these people would learn some common sense!

There was one very wise man in particular, a man strong, brave, and kind, named Ocrasin. He was the strongest supporters of the Utopia plan, and still believed in it strongly, despite the recent martyrdom. He studied the hole in the wall, carved at so diligently by Stonachus. He examined the blockade, woven so tightly with the care of Jacanob. This should continue, he said to the crowd in an assured voice. Continue their legacy! he proclaimed. This was met with murmurs of agreement.

It had been a few years since the martyrs had been buried. Under the rule of Ocrasin, the pit was expanded to nearly a mile in radius. They had even carved a few small windows in the walls, which brought sunlight and light breezes into their dank prison. It was amazing to think that the Guards had not yet found out. They had decided to make small doors on the North, South, East, and West ends of the pit for hunting small game. They dared not escape for fear that they would be caught and hanged. The sheep and cow had swelled into herds, producing milk, wool, and meat in abundance. They had even found some small bags of fruit and vegetable seeds. The carrots were all ready starting to sprout, which attracted the plumpest rabbits. Milinia and Ricibant had grown physically and emotionally in the past years. Ricibant and Milinia were perhaps the hardest and wisest workers, helping all who came their way. Ricibant, now 17, cared for the lifestock lovingly, brushing them and feeding them small vegetables when he could. He had constructed some ingenious structures and dwellings, and was teaching some other young men in carpentry. Milinia was now 24, and had blossomed into a lovely young woman. She had organized pottery, sewing, and cooking groups, she being one of the only ones who understood it first. She helped all who came her way with a sweet smile and the kindest words. She was also one of the closest advisors to Ocrasin. She had come up with crafty ways to distract the guards near the prison when they had become suspicious. The two were perhaps the most respected people in the prison besides Ocrasin. The trio had practically finished Stonachus and Jacanob's vision of harmony from the ground up. This, of course, infuriated the now elderly Eglacius.

Since he had killed Jacanob and Stonachus, he had been in a much more cheerful mood. One person even reported seeing him smile at dinnertime. This utopia would fall! He preferred the gloomy atmosphere. But then Ocrasin had opened his mouth. Who was it that said, cut off its head, and the snake dies? he thought. That person was an idiot. This utopia scheme was like a hydra- cut off one head, two more grow back! How did Hercules defeat it? He tried to remember. That’s right. He stopped the heads from growing. He would do just that. Get rid of any leader they could have, and victory was his. He would start with something small and easy this time. Some*one* who was small and easy. From his corner of the pit, he spied the two people, and young man and woman, one carefully stroking the cow, the other pulling vegetables. The terrible grin stretched across his dirty face. Perfect.

Milinia’s arms ached, and her knees were scratched. She had stayed behind, skipped dinner in fact, to finish harvesting their most bumper crop yet. Ricabint had helped the newborn animals out of the shanty stable he had first constructed at age eight, when his true architectural genius began to develop, a few months after the murder… Milinia tried not to think about it. It had changed everything for them. It meant that they were truly on their own. Now, though the whole prison was family, they still felt alone. Stonachus had been like a father to them both, and Jacanob had been their brother. Seeing his corpse had been a much bigger shock to Ricibant. He had fainted straightaway, not awakening for 3 days. Those wounds still hadn’t healed. They had stuck especially close for almost a decade. They wanted to build this place just as their father and brother wanted it- a paradise. They had each devoted themselves to doing just this, each in their own way. Ocrasin had become their closest companion through this. Ricibint had pulled out the three legged stool to start milking Choko, when he heard a sharp snap. Normal people would have just dismissed this sound, but Ricabint wasn’t normal; no, he was tense. Tense as he had been since he had awoken hours after the funeral. He squinted his eyes into the near darkness of the cavern. He hadn’t realized that this whole time he had been so close to the place where… it happened. There shouldn’t be anyone there, he thought, but that was, in fact, where he heard the sound. But one thought popped into his head, clear as crystal. *Run, hide.* He cautiously scooted over to Milinia and grabbed her arm, dragging her behind the shed, causing her to drop her radishes.

He clamped a hand over her mouth, and said, “We’re in trouble, someone is after us.”

Her eyes widened in fear, as these words registered in her head. It was a man in shabby clothes. His hair was scraggly, his skin was grimy. I won’t even mention the smell. But worst of all were his eyes. No one had seen Eglacius for several years, and in that time, they had grown absolutely dreadful in his anger. They were sunken pits, bloodshot and black irises. They were hungry, sucking away all the light. They were filled with evil, and hatred for man. Looking at those eyes would make you weak. Milinia's knees weakened as Ricabint grabbed her hand and hurried her to the hay field, where the hay had been stacked. He squeezed her into the straw, jumping in after her. She was gasping in terror. The man was pulling out a small knife. It wasn’t a particularly sharp one, and he wasn’t as fit as he had once been, but he was still a formidable opponent, and it was still a formidable weapon. They were unarmed. Two slashes to the neck would finish a job such as this nicely. Needless to say, the odds were against them. They could hide in the haystack for a while, but he would find them. As they were hiding in the haystack, Milinia’s heart beat in her chest, as the man with the knife grew closer. They knew that they would be willing to live as martyrs for their people, and he knew it too. She squeezed her eyes shut as his heavy feet pressed in the mud, squish, squish. He stopped, and he saw her. She gulped as he brushed aside the hay, their only refuge destroyed. “Finally,” he said, “This place shall fall... starting with you two...”

Suddenly, he stopped, cocking his head to one side. Ghostly whispering filled the air. “Yes,” he said, chuckling, “I killed Stonachus and Jacanob. Just keep my little secret for me, will you?”

He bent in closer with the knife, when his face went pale. Blood blossomed from his chest. He toppled over like a sack of potatoes, to reveal Ocrasin, a flint knife coated with an ancient green poison, dripping with fresh blood. Milinia fainted straightaway. She awoke in a cold sweat on a cot in the infirmary. Ocrasin sat on a chair near the cot, in another was Ricabint, snoozing.

“Is it true?” Ocrasin whispered, “Did he kill him?” She nodded weakly. “Then, the martyrs are avenged.”

Far across the pit in a small field of potatoes, some farmers were plowing. A sudden rush of wind came on, followed by the eerie whispering of two men. There, they saw the ghostly forms of Jacanob and Stonachus, son saying to the father, “I'm sorry.” Stonachus whispered these words in return:

*Riches more than mind can picture, Wheat and barley, cattle and hay,*

*Corn, beans, and potatoes Shall be ours upon that day.*

*Bright will shine the fields of Utopia, Purer shall its waters be,*

*Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes on the day that sets us free.*

It was only two days later that these words came to pass. The guards actually went into the prison! See, Shishkabob, now getting old, had a 3 year waiting list for urgent matters. Eglacius was never supposed to be in the pit. He was to be executed for his crimes, which, if you remember, were quite a bit higher than broccoli eating. At the last minute, he killed the guard and jumped in the pit, which he had stupidly thought was an exit. It was only now, after his death and after Utopia had been achieved, that the party poopers arrived to crash it. Ironic, isn't it? They had come looking for the escaped condemned, and to their bewilderment, there were meadows and buildings, and not dying and grieving people. Everyone saw them. Ocrasin knew what had to happen. *Bright will shine the fields of Utopia, Purer shall its waters be, Sweeter yet shall blow it's breezes on the day that sets us free.* “Attack!” he screamed.

Nearly 500 people armed with pitchforks and scythes versus 2 guards, only one with a sword, was no contest. The first guard was killed by Milinia, who through all this time had been teaching herself to fight, another result of Stonachus and Jacanob's murder. Of course, no one noticed her. She wasn't stupid, and disguised herself with men's clothes. The killing of the guards was heard through the whole castle, which sent the other guards scrambling for their weapons. A fierce battle ensued. Milinia snuck away in the chaos to the throne room, a green coated flint dagger concealed in her cloak. Only one person happened to notice; Ricibant. He sauntered inconspicuously after her in curiosity, thinking she was a man. She kicked down the door, where the king Shishkabob was eating his meal. He yelped, diving under the table. She kicked the table over, ready to strike, when she heard a familiar voice, “Milinia?” She turned to look. In that moment, the king seized her, armed with an eating knife and pressed it to her throat. Ricibant was reaching for his dagger. “Don't move! One move and she's dead!”

Milinia was hyperventilating. Secretly, she grasped for the dagger and held it behind her back. A cold draft wafted into the room. She heard a voice.

*Riches more than mind can picture, Wheat and barley, cattle and hay, corn, beans, and potatoes, shall be ours upon this day. Bright will shine the fields of Utopia, Purer shall it's waters be, Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes, on the day that sets us free.*

He turned his head. “Who said that?”

The dagger plunged in his arm, as Milinia broke out of his death hold. The poison was spreading through his veins. He was lunging to kill Ricabint when he heard Milinia's voice.

“Sweeter yet shall blow his breezes on the day that sets us free.”

He had to turn. She pulled back her hood, and reeled back her fist, planting a wallop bigger than any man could match, right between Shishkabob's eyes. His eyes rolled into the back of his head, and it was too much for the old man. The land of Iskanob was free.

The End