**Teen Creative Writing Event**

**Sept. 2 2010**

The writing challenge: Each teen was to draw four numbers out of a hat, each number corresponded to one of the fallowing categories:

Character

1. a new mother

2. a photographer

3. a recent high school graduate

4. a restaurant owner or manager

5. an alien from outer space

6. a homeless child

7. a 93-year-old woman

8. an environmentalist

9. a college student

10. a jazz musician

Setting

1. near a National Forest

2. a wedding reception

3. a celebration party

4. an expensive restaurant

5. a shopping mall

6. a city park

7. the porch of an old farmhouse

8. a polluted stream

9. a college library

10. a concert hall

Time

1. during a forest fire

2. after a fight

3. the night of high school graduation

4. after a big meal

5. sometime in December

6. late at night

7. after a big thunderstorm has passed

8. in early spring

9. first week of the school year

10. during a concert

Situation/Challenge

1. an important decision needs to be made

2. a secret needs to be confessed to someone else

3. someone's pride has been injured

4. a death has occurred

5. someone has found or lost something

6. someone has accused someone else of doing something wrong

7. reminiscing on how things have changed

8. someone feels like giving up

9. something embarrassing has just happened

10. someone has just reached an important goal

The teens then had to write a story using the character, setting, time and situation specified from the drawing.

The following stories were compiled by the ACPL YAK group on Sept. 2nd 2010 and have been transcribed from their original written format. Efforts have been made to keep both the formatting and style of each hand written piece.

Who’s idea was this anyways? A concert in the middle of a library? What the hell? I mean, it would be one thing if the band had been playing after the normal library hours, but this stupid concert had to be at two in the afternoon? Seriously??

So how did this problem get fixed? By turning off the amplifiers. Why is there a concert happening anyways? Doesn’t it defeat the purpose when no one can hear the music?

And why am I here? I was supposed to be taking pictures, but then I got in trouble with the head librarian for having a camera which clicks too loud.

To make things worse, even without being able to hear the band, I know they suck. I think it’s a blessing that no one can hear them.

Eventually, I get sick of listening to non-existent music, so I sneak out, past all the people glaring at me for leaving early.

On my way out, I hear an argument between two or three people so I try to get closer so I can hear the conversation.

Apparently, it’s between the bands manager, and a few people who work at the school.

The manager’s angry because his “great band” isn’t being done justice in the library. The school officials just argue back that there wasn’t any other option, due to various circumstances, but the manager wasn’t buying it.

No matter. I managed to get a few pictures of them without being seen. Too bad they didn’t say anything interesting. Thant’s okay though. I can fabricate a story.

I’m thinking the headline will be something along the lines of “Prestigious School Books Local Band In The Library, After Forgetting That Bands Are Loud!”

**-Sophie**

**Pay Day**

**(New Mother: College Lib: Late at night: Accusing someone of doing a bad thing)**

Late one night a mother went to a collage library and she was accused by a guy of stealing his wallet. She pulled out a bag of baked gold fish snack crackers and gave him some. He said “what this” This is my wallet with a surprised on his face. With a mysterious look on her face she said “bonugiach”.

Suddenly a grenade slammed through the window. The grenade landed in between the guys feet as the mother sailed through the window and landed in the bushes. The guy said “why me” KABOOOOM!!! She ran off and in her Aston Martin and drove off with her pet orangutan named your face.

-**Aaron**

**(Restaurant owner: college library: December: something embarrassing)**

There once was a restaurant manager

He managed all right, one day

He had a brilliant idea, and it

Just wouldn’t go away.

For you see, this idea was so

Wonderful, it lingered inside his

Head.

It was sure to make children laugh

And make all old ladies cry.

His dream was ingenious, it was

Sure to not fail, his dream was

Wearing no pants.

And then he realized he was laying

In the snow outside a college

Library with no pants on.

-**Bryn**

**Mission Improbable (007 image down the barrel of a gun)**

**…Choices...so many choices….**

**(Student: spring: Important: restaurant)**

I guess I should start from the beginning. It all started when I was shipping for greek letters for a new fraternity I was starting and then?!! (squiggles) No you hang up first! Well long story short I’m Phrat Man! (squiggly exclamation point) but this is something even I might not be able to defeat. My arch nemesis “the Dean!” he has given me a choice at an expensive restaurant.

I only have enough time to either save all the buffalo wings, or save all the early spring flower. (Without them the bees would kill everyone….don’t ask). Then I realized I had my handy shake weight. I pulled it out and shook it as hard as I could. The dean felt so uncomfortable he had to leave! The day is saved thanks to….

*PHRAT MAN!*

**-Jesse**

**(a homeless child: a celebration party: in early spring: reminiscing on how things have changed)**

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Daddy used to tell me that the people who begged for money + food were evil, and they deserved to die because of how useless they were in the world’s system. I guess, at the time he never knew he would die with mommy and leave me in the same situation as those he looked down upon. It’s funny how I can only grow colder. My hands are frozen against the glass I stare through. So much happiness inside, so much warmth. Out here, all I feel is the chill of spring.

Oh, how terrible things have become. To think, just months ago I was the center of the party. Opening expensive gifts and smiling. Now I stare at the spoiled by inside, and I almost thank my circumstances.

I’m poor, but at least I’m not that.

**-Sam**

**(93 year old woman: a celebration party: after a big thunderstorm: someone reaches a goal)**

Rosie slowly shuffles through the snow, pulling herself forwards with a jagged stick twice as tall as her hunched over form. She comes to a pot marked tin door in a short rocky rise out of the snow. Rosie falls onto the door, takes of her hat and shakes off the fresh snow. Thunder crashes in the backyard from the receding clouds.

The tin door creaks open and the snow that had been piled up against it fell into the beyond hall, and immediately started to melt under the gas lamps. Rosie squeezed through the tiny door and shuffles down the hall. A man comes out of the shadows and greets her. He leads her through cramped tin halls and into a brightly decorated room.

Rosie enjoys her party. All her childhood friends are there, then once she’s done eating, they vanish. All that’s left is the man, and a large tin room. “Come” he says, “Rosie 59, on the 13th year of your life, you came of age and embarked on your journey here, to become a respected elder. Though everyone embarks on this journey not everyone makes it, but after 80 years, at age 93, you have made it. And now, you meet your creator.”

The man takes little Rosie’s hand and takes her to a small white room, leaves her there, and shuts the door. Nothing happens, and Rosie starts to wonder where the creator is. It’s starts to reel stuffy and she can’t find the door.

Her last thought is that she journey 80 awful years for this.

**-London**

**(Environmentalist: library: after a thunderstorm: someone’s pride has been injured)**

When the storm hit, she had been in front of the parson building. They wouldn’t let her in when the rain came down in sheets, and now, sulking in the Sci-Fi section, she couldn’t blame them. Protesting their use of redwood on all the floors of their ten story building didn’t warrant any pity from them. “If you’re going to continue to soak that chair, I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

“Huh-?” she looked up to see the fierce eyes of the angry librarian.

“oh, uh…” she looked down to see the puddle pooling at her feet, “Sorry.”

**-Dana**