

Martyn Godfrey Young Writer's Award Entry Form

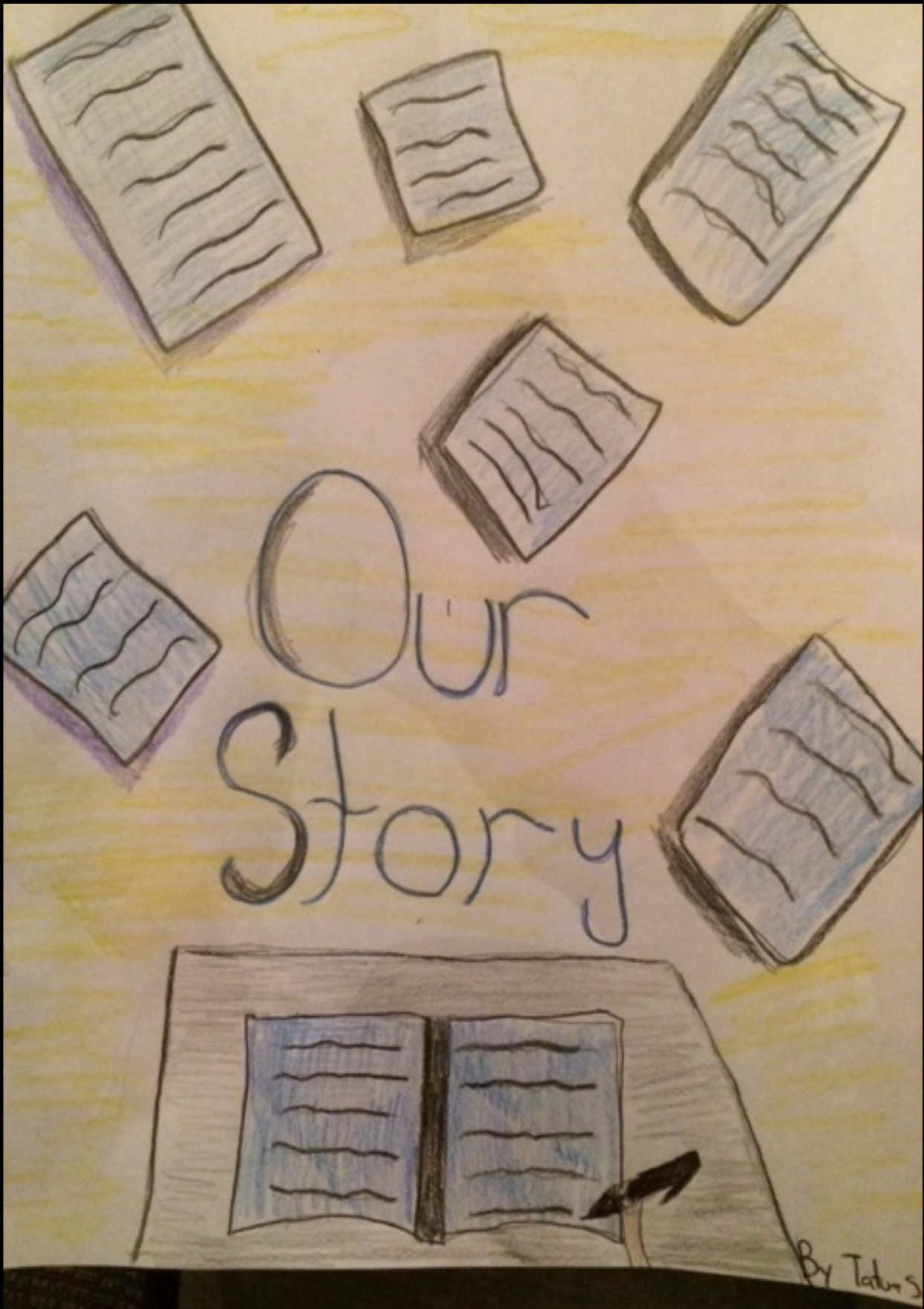
Presented by the Young Alberta Book Society

First and Last Name: Tatum Jaye Sedran

School Name: Arbour Lake Middle School

Grade: 6th Grade

Title of your story: **"Our Story"**



By Taber S

Our Story

By Tatum Sedran

“Okay class, before you go I would like to remind you to read for 20 minutes tonight.”

Read? I hate reading. How am I supposed to read for 20 minutes when I can hardly even read a baby book? Ugh.

“Hi, I’m home.” I hollered to my mom as I got through my front door.

“Hi honey. Your snack is on the table.”

“Okay, thanks Mom.”

As I walked around the corner, I noticed my brother. “EWWWW, Emit! Get your feet off the table!”

“Whhhaatt?” He groaned back.

“Well for one, your feet are over my peanut butter sandwich and you have WARTS on your feet, remember?”

“No I don’t” Emit whined as he immediately took his feet off the table.

“Well, I just lost my appetite.”

“I’ll have it!” Said Emit.

“Go ahead wart boy, it’s all yours.”

I handed my brother my sandwich and went straight to my room to start my twenty minutes of reading.

I sat down on my bed, flipped to the first page and began reading, but four hours later, I heard a knock, knock, knock, on my door. “Honey, can I come in? It’s time for bed. Hey, you’re already asleep? You need to brush your teeth.” As I unglued my face from my book, I realized I was still on the first page!

“Mom, can I stay up for a few more minutes?” “No, sorry Bronwyn, you missed dinner and it’s already late.” Sadly, I brushed my teeth and hopped into bed feeling worried about not reading.

The next day, on the bus, my best friend Sam sat next to me and asked, “So, did you read last night?”

“No” I answered, “How about you?”

“Ya, I did but don’t worry, I’m sure you aren’t the only one.” Sam was good at making me feel better.

“Let’s hope not.” I whispered. When we got off the bus, we went straight for home room and grabbed our seats and the first thing the teacher, Mrs Cook started off with was the reading assignment. She asked the class if anyone had not completed their reading last night and in fear, I raised my hand. Sam was wrong. I was the only one. So, since I was the only one that hadn’t read, Mrs Cook sent me down to the library.

When I got there, I went straight to the back. I skimmed across the shelves and out of the corner of my eye I saw a dusty, black book. I pulled it out, blew of the dust and began reading. Before I knew it I was half way into the book, it was so exciting. It was about this boy and girl on a wild adventure. I flipped to the next page there was nothing there. This doesn’t make sense! The book ended all of a sudden with the words, “But then”. I sat there confused about why the book wasn’t finished and then I thought why I don’t write the rest. So I grabbed my pen out of my backpack and began. I finished writing an entire page when I heard Mrs Cook call my name. She was saying that I had been here for over two hours! I couldn’t believe that me, Bronwyn Foxall, had spent over two hours reading and writing a book. So I decided on the spot that I would come back tomorrow. The next day I opened up the book and I immediately noticed that someone had written the page next to my writing. It was good too. So good, that I felt I had to keep writing where this mysterious person left off. The next day was same. This unknown person had picked up the story where I had left off again. Days went by and the story got

better and more interesting each time I returned. Then as I came to end of the story, on the last blank page of the book, the librarian came up to where I was sitting. "You know that book was mine and I could never quite finish it, well that is until you and your brother came along and finished it off."

"My brother is the one that has been writing in this too?"

"I guess so, and I have to admit, when I was reading it the other day, I was very impressed."

"You should enter the Martyn Godfrey Young Writers contest, I read about it online and it's for talented kids in Alberta, like you two."

So after hearing that from the librarian, I raced home with the book. When I got through the front door, I ran to the kitchen table and placed the book in front of my brother. "Where did you get this!" he said surprised.

"I got it at the library; apparently we actually make a great team, wart-boy."

The End