

First Place (K-6): Short Fiction



Maria Janis

Grade 5

Untitled Short Fiction

One day I went to see a fortune teller at the circus. I asked her a question, and reader this is what I asked. "How do people get rid of bad dreams?" For what seemed to be along time the old fortune teller didn't answer. Finally she said, "A dream catcher." Then she handed me a very cool, shiny and glowy dream catcher. "Wow!" I shouted. "Tonight you will have a good sleep." Come to me tomorrow and tell me if the dream catcher worked.

That night I slept great, I had very good and pleasant dreams.

That very morning I did as she told me to. Once again I returned to the booth. When I got there she said "give to me the dream catcher. I handed it to her very carefully. I didn't plan on breaking it. "Tonight she replied you will sleep without the dream catcher and return to me for the last time. When I got home it was already nearly dark. The darkness made me feel sleepy. When I tried to go to bed that night expected to doze off easely but no. I didn't all I saw was darkness no more pleasing, good dreams. "I want the dream catcher back I wondered to just myself...

The next morning I did as the old fortune teller told me to. When I got there the old fortune teller wasn't there. All I saw was the dream catcher. So I took it. Maby just one more night. Something inside of me told me not to. I didn't care I took it anyway's.

That night I had very good sleep and the same pleasing dreams, when suddenly the old fortune teller's face popped up into my good dreams! You thief! She shouted. You stole my dream catcher! I saw my dream in the background. I wanted to say sorry for stealing the dream catcher but it was only a dream. You will be punished for this! She shouted. Then suddenly she snatched something, a lot of somethings. See through things. "I will never give them back! She screeched. Then she dissapeered! My mind went completely blank. At first I didn't what she ment when she said "I will never give them back! But how I know she took my dreams a away ven my imagination. Now you knknow the story of how I lost my dreams. The End.

P.S. I suggest never go to a fortune teller because who knows that they will do next!