IMAGINE YOUR STORY

~Librairy~

Written by Gladys Minza, age 8, from Mosholu Library

Once upon a time, there was a town called Finsel and it was completely surrounded by a sunny forest. In the forest, there were a lot of different types of animals all living together and getting along. The people from Finsel liked the animals and were all nice to them. They all lived in peace and the forest had enough food for the townspeople and the animals. Some people even started planting gardens and fields inside. There was also a dragon living near the forest. He was a color-changing dragon. Sometimes he would have blue scales, white wings, green eyes, or purple horns. But his most favorite combination was red scales, red wings, yellow eyes, and yellow horns. But changing colors wasn't the only thing he could do. He could also read, talk, and change his size. His name was Libre and he was liked by all the townspeople and animals. Libre usually came to the town to tell the kids stories (and he would shrink down to human size because he would destroy the houses if he stayed his normal size). He also started to teach the kids how to read and make their own stories, too. There was one school in the town and Libre sometimes went to the school to see how much the kids improved (so he can give them extra work if they were not paying attention to the teacher). Whenever Libre went to the town, everyone was glad to see him and they started giving him gifts like books and food. Libre felt bad taking their books so he had an idea. He was going to make a place where everyone could put their books and read other books. But they would have to return it soon if they wanted to take a new book (Yep! A library! But they didn't call it that so they just called it a bookhouse).

The bookhouse was very popular and everyone in the town brought their books to it. But after a while, almost everyone already read all the books in the libra—whoops, I mean bookhouse. Since the town was small and it was hard getting new books, Libre had another idea (he was also very smart). They would have a writing contest! So one night, Libre decided to come to the town when everyone was still awake. This time, his whole body was a deep blue color and there were little white and gold stars all over his body (except his horns. One of them was white and the other was gold). The townspeople never saw Libre with this pattern before so they could tell he was going to say something new. Libre told everyone that he had an idea (and a lot of the people said "I knew it!"). When Libre finished telling them about how he wanted to make a contest where everyone in the village would write a story and he would pick the best stories to make into books, everyone was so excited. "Wow! We're going to make books" said one person. "I can't wait to read some new stories" said another person. "I hope I win!" said more than

one person. Libre didn't finish explaining the rules so he continued. The rules were that everyone had four weeks to write their stories, their stories had to be at least three pages long (because you can't really write a book with one page), and it could be about anything they wanted it to be. When someone asked Libre how he was going to pick the winners, Libre told them that he would pick them based on how interesting their story was and if it was easy to understand. Libre wanted to pick as many winners as possible so that they could have a lot of new books in their bookhouse. "Wait a minute" said one of the townspeople. "What prize are we getting if we win?" Everyone turned around to look at Libre and Libre started stuttering because he didn't think the people would want a prize for winning. "He'll give the winners a ride on his back!" said one of the kids who Libre gave extra homework to. "Yeah! I like that idea!" said a lot of people. Libre was a little annoyed because he knew the kid was trying to get revenge for the extra homework but he didn't have a better idea and he agreed. Libre's back didn't have any spikes so he couldn't use that as an excuse for why he didn't want the winners to ride on his back.

After that night, the townspeople started working very hard on their stories. Some people even forgot to water their gardens and fields but the animals knew how busy the people were so they decided to water it for them (and eat some of their vegetables and flowers. They won't miss them!). During the four weeks, the kids didn't play outside a lot and usually spent their time trying to write good stories (sometimes under a tree in the forest, in their homes, or at school when the teacher wasn't looking).

Let's fast forward to the last day of the four weeks. Since everyone had been working very hard for four weeks, on the last day the whole town decided to have a feast (a veeeery big one). There was pie of every flavor (okay, not EVERY flavor because that would be gross but you get the idea), different types of salads (like potato, egg, and fruit salads), pizza (wait...did pizza even exist back then...?), puddings, cakes, and a lot of meat (don't ask me where they got the meat from...it wasn't pretty). The townspeople decided to invite any animal that wanted to come and Libre (who had tiny green leaves on his red skin instead of stars today). As the sun was setting, everything looked like it was painted orange. The animals started to go back to their homes but everyone else stayed. The townspeople decided to just sit down and look at the beautiful sunset and Libre decided to change his skin color so now the leaves on him were red, orange, yellow, and brown and his skin color was now a very soft yellow. When the sun set, everyone who wrote a story handed over their papers to Libre and went back to their houses.

Let's fast forward again to the winners (because we would be sitting here forever if we read every single story). One story was about a dragon named Balywinth and a human named Crypterus, another one was about the end of the world, and another was about how to make sure your plants were happy. In total, there were 20 winners out of the whole village. But Libre had a big problem. How in the world was he going to carry 20 people on his back?? His back would break! So he decided that he would carry 5 people per day. When he went back to the town that day to announce the winners, everyone was looking forward to reading the new stories more than seeing who won (they really wanted those new books). But they were surprised when they saw Libre flying towards them carrying a very large bag. When he landed and shrunk down to human size, he explained that it was impossible for someone to like every single book in the world (but he might just be saying that because he didn't want to tell some of the townspeople that he didn't like their books) so he decided to make all of the stories into books. "Some

of the stories were based on facts and others were about things that don't exist. People like different things so it wouldn't be right for me to only pick the ones I like. So I would like to announce that you're all getting to see your own book in the bookhouse!" When Libre said this, the townspeople all cheered because they were each able to get their stories turned into books. But one person said "Don't you think we should name it something else? Bookhouse sounds a little dull." and everyone agreed with him. "In honor of our dear friend Libre, I think we should name the bookhouse after him. Let's call it the Libre Fairy House!" "Um no that's not good." "Then what about the Libre Fairy?" "That still doesn't sound good." "Oh! I know! What about the Librairy!" "Yeah, good idea. It has a nice ring to it too. Librairy." "That would be nice." said Libre himself. "But what should we call changing a story to a book?" "Hmm...what about public?" "Nah that's lame. Let's call it relish!" "Aren't you saying that because you're hungry?" "Wait, I've got it. Publish." Everyone stared at the person who said this. But Libre agreed with the person. "If we add public and relish together, it makes publish! It can also mean that we're turning stories into books so the public can relish them!" "Hey, now that you mention it, it DOES sound nice." "Great then it's decided."

And so everyone continued writing stories, Libre the dragon published them, and all the new books went to the new librairy. Or...at least I think so. I'm also not sure if anyone ever got to ride on Libre. The ending always confuses me because these days regular people publish books, not dragons (unfortunately) but thanks to Libre, people who like reading and writing can go to the library (I'm not really sure who changed it to library). Of course people are still writing about dragons and maybe Libre is reading all of them..somewhere. What? I don't know where he is. Hahaha who told you that? Don't you have somewhere important to be?