

# Eisenhower writers win contest

Each year the General Federation of Women's Clubs of Kansas sponsors a creative writing contest. Local clubs are invited to sponsor youth and club members to participate in the contest. The Mid-Century Club invited youth in the Norton schools to participate this year.

Four youth from Eisenhower Elementary School accepted the challenge. One entered poetry and three entered short stories in Category II (grades 4, 5 and 6). These were first judged as entries in the Sixth District competition.

Entries from Hannah Pollock, Rachel Slipke and Molly Scott placed in the top three in the judging. Andrew Ellis also participated and entered a short story, "Oh, Great".

In the state competition, Hannah Pollock's poem titled, "Winter", received second place. Rachel Slipke received a second place for her story, "Attack of the Killer Tumbleweeds", and Molly Scott called her short story, "Tana and Tuscony", which received a third place.

Certificates were presented to each of the students. The Rainbow Club of Kansas provided monetary awards for those entries that placed in the top three in state competition. Here are the students entries.

## Tana and Tuscony

By MOLLY SCOTT

See the two angels? Well, the tallest one is Tana — she's 12. The other one is Tuscony, she's 10. A year ago they had a problem, when a bell rings, an angel gets its wings. Tana had just got her wings and was practicing her flight, while Tuscony was waiting for her bell to ring. It didn't ring. But when it did she got wings that were so small she couldn't fly. She thought it wasn't fair that she got tiny wings and her sister didn't. She was very unhappy so she went to see God. She demanded to know why she got tiny wings. He said her bell would ring again, but she would have to find it first. She didn't understand what he meant by that but she expected it wasn't going to be good. When she got home she went to see if her bell was still there. It was. Then she heard God's voice in her head. He said, you must find the bell in your heart and not expect things to happen in the ways she wanted them to. Then she understood. She knelt beside her bed, and began to cry. She had been selfish, and she was sorry she had ever expected too much. She had forgotten that God had said her bell would ring again, it rang again and she looked up, her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly, her wings grew bigger, her sister and mother heard her sobbing, and came to see what was wrong. They saw her staring at her bell, and her wings were growing bigger. Then God appeared and wiped her eyes. She could tell that God was proud of her. She knew she learned a lesson, and from now on she wouldn't expect anything she wanted to happen.

## Attack of the Killer Tumbleweeds

By RACHEL SLIPKE

"Samantha! Samantha!" Mrs. Gargatoos screamed. "Samantha, wake up and pay attention." "Okay, Mrs. Gargatoos," I answered. "I sure hope so," she said sarcastically. Be quiet, I thought to myself. Out of all the sixth grade teachers, I had to get her. She was the worst teacher at the school. She was out to get me, but her not liking me and me doing the same in return was better than being teacher's pet like Allissa Dickinson, the suck-up. She always raised her hand and did whatever Mrs. Gargatoos said. She never answered a question wrong, and acted like the boss of everyone. She had always been like that. Her and I are like opposites. I never pay attention and never raise my hand. I'm usually daydreaming. I have the strangest daydreams, but by far my weirdest daydream was about giant killer tumbleweeds coming out of nowhere and attacking innocent people. That daydream, for some reason, keeps popping into my

head. "Samantha Anderson! If you don't start paying attention, you will be paying a visit to your old pal, Mr. Ronalds." Mr. Ronalds is the principal. I think Mrs. Gargatoos is getting tired of yelling at me. I'm surprised she hasn't lost her voice. "I will Mrs. Gargatoos," I replied. Yeah, like that'll ever happen. Maybe in her dreams. I'm tellin' 'ya, she has been out to get me since day one. Maybe she should just stop yelling and do her job of teaching like all of the other teachers, and leave the yelling to the principal. "Samantha! I think you know your way to the principal's office. I do hope someday you'll get it into your head that you really need to pay attention. Maybe then you will cause less trouble." She was mad now. I don't think she could have gotten any madder. That's the fifth time this semester that I've had to go to the principal's office. Him and I really have become good friends in our frequent visits. Well, anyway I was on my way to the principal's office when I thought to myself. "She never yells at or sends anyone else to the principal's office. Maybe everyone else really does pay attention. Ha, that's a laugh. Yeah, right. There's no way everyone else pays attention. The only person who probably pays attention all of the time is Allissa. Everyone else has probably just figured out how to daydream while appearing to pay attention. When I got to the principal's office, I was surprised to find a note taped to the office door. Here's what it said. "Mr. Ronalds unexpectedly had to leave due to a sudden emergency. Sorry for any inconveniences this may cause."

That was a waste of time and energy walking all the way down here. I guess I'll have to tell Mrs. Gargatoos that he's gone for the day. She'll probably throw a fit. She'll probably also make me stay in at recess for the next month and go see Mr. Ronalds tomorrow to make up for it. Why does she have to be grumpy all of the time? If she hates kids so much, she shouldn't have started teaching. Or maybe it's not kids she hates, maybe it's just me she hates. Yeah, that's probably it.

Well, back to the matter of the note. I was very curious about the "emergency". If it's such an emergency, it will probably be in the newspaper tomorrow. I don't normally read the newspaper, but this was a special occasion. I didn't expect there to be anything in the newspaper about a principal emergency. So, you'll probably be surprised to hear what the newspaper's heading was.

**Killer Tumbleweed Attacks Town**  
You're probably as surprised as I was when I read the heading. You'll probably be even more surprised to read what the article said. "Yesterday morning a woman was attacked by a killer tumbleweed. She was not harmed and the tumbleweed was taken into custody. Prosecution is still underway. No one knows how the tumbleweed became a killer, but the police are still investigating. No more information will be released until further notice. No other killer tumbleweeds have been discovered, but we expect they will be in the near future."

Shocking, huh? I about had a heart attack when I read it. That must be the emergency Mr. Ronalds left school for. Strange that the principal of an elementary school would be involved with this, but I guess you never know. I suddenly remembered my daydream. Had my daydream come to life? Unlikely, but my only theory. I guess I'll just have to keep reading the paper for more information. I hope that this doesn't evolve into something serious, but I guess if it does, at least school will be called off for it. That's the only upside to this whole tragedy.

At school all anyone could talk about was the killer tumbleweed, and believe it or not, Mrs. Gargatoos made me stay in at recess and go talk to Mr. Ronalds. I'm probably lucky that he was still in shock over the tumbleweed and forgot to call my parents. I would have been grounded for life if they found out I had been sent to

the principal's office again. You can bet I won't be telling them. All Mr. Ronalds had to say was, "You should really pay attention, Sam. I am very disappointed in you. Now run along back to your classroom." Typical principal talk, "Run along."

When I got back to the classroom, you can bet Allissa was on my case. "Samantha, I'm very disappointed in you. You should be ashamed. Getting sent to the principal's office five times this semester! That truly is a shame. You should use me as an example. I always pay attention and never get sent to the principal's office. Now run along," Allissa said in her annoying teacher voice. "Okay," I replied. "Samantha, no talking in class!" Mrs. Gargatoos yelled. She didn't care that Allissa was talking, but she wouldn't even let me say OKAY. I told you she was out to get me. Just like that tumbleweed was out to get the innocent woman.

You can probably guess what the newspaper heading was the next day.

### Herd of Killer Tumbleweeds Discovered In Ditch!

Not much of a surprise considering the heading the day before. Here's what the column read. "Yesterday a farmer, heading to his corn field, discovered a pile of killer tumbleweeds in the ditch. He was lucky to escape with his life. He quickly discovered that the tumbleweeds are fast. He's lucky he had his pick-up with him or he would have been devoured by tumbleweeds. After he called 911, the police quickly arrived driving directly behind the tumbleweeds. With no time to spare, they decided it was impossible to arrest all of them. So they hurriedly came up with a solution (run them over). This luckily worked, destroying the tumbleweeds. No one was physically hurt, though the farmer received counseling for mental trauma. The one tumbleweed taken in the day before seems to be no help seeing as he can't speak English. No further information has been released."

I assumed the headlines would continue this way for quite some time. I couldn't have been more right. Well at least today was Saturday, so I could stay home and think about it. I thought about it all day, but couldn't come up with a reason for the tumbleweeds coming to life, other than my daydream coming to life. Wait until you read what the Sunday paper had to say.

### Tumbleweeds Terrorize Town. No Solution To Be Found

More tumbleweeds have been discovered in and out of town. Town mayor and police haven't thought of a solution. If someone doesn't come up with a solution fast, the town will soon be ruled by killer tumbleweeds. For the first time ever, humans will be ruled by other beings than humans. No hero to be found. I was shocked. It must have been getting bad. I had no idea of a solution, only an idea of the cause. Unless...the cause could be the solution! That's it. My idea was to go into daydream mode and daydream that the tumbleweeds were gone. If my daydreams had caused them, then my daydreams could delete them. I hurriedly sat down on the couch and tried as hard as I could to daydream. The problem was, I was trying too hard. I only daydream when I'm not trying. That was going to be hard. Wait, I've got it. I need to be at school to daydream. That's it. That's the solution. But wait, today was Sunday. The school was locked. You could only get in if you had a key. This is the only time in my life I wished it was a school day. I had to find a way to get into the school or the town would be ruled by evil killer tumbleweeds!

Mrs. Gargatoos. That's it! All of the teachers have a key. I could just call Mrs. Gargatoos and tell her I desperately needed to get into the school. I ran to the phone, grabbed the phone book, and looked up her number. Surprisingly enough, her name was the only one listed under Gargatoos. I dialed her number as fast as I could on our phone. "Hello, this is Nan Gargatoos. What do you want?" she said in her usually grumpy voice. "Hi, Mrs. Gargatoos, this is Samantha. I think I may have found a solution for the tumbleweeds!" I screamed into the phone as fast as I could.

"What are you talking about insane child. There's no solution. Don't you read the paper?" she replied. "Surprisingly, yes, but I think I've discovered the solution. I just need your help," I said quickly into the phone. "My help. What do you need my help for?" she said with an evil accusing tone. "I need you to get me into the school," I said. "No. Absolutely not. That's against the rules," and, of course, she always follows the rules. "I know, but these tumbleweeds are part of my daydream and the only way to get rid of them is if I daydream that they're gone. The only place I can daydream is at school."

"That's a crazy idea. But, it's the only one we've got." I was very surprised she said yes. "Meet me at the school in five minutes."

"Thanks so much for helping me Mrs. Gargatoos," I said. We hurriedly into the school and ran up to the classroom. When we got there, I ran to my seat and sat down. In a matter of moments I was out of it. Delirious of the world around me, but this time it was different. I focused on the tumbleweeds. As soon as they were in my mind, I quickly dreamed that they suddenly vanished. I desperately hoped this would delete the tumbleweeds in real life also. I didn't find out until the next day's newspaper column.

**Town Saved!**  
"Yesterday all of the killer tumbleweeds disappeared. No one knows why or how, but everyone is sure glad they did. If you know how this miraculously happened, please contact the police or the newspaper. Thank You."

Mrs. Gargatoos never had to bother me about my daydreaming again. I never got sent to the principal's office, and I also think Mrs. Gargatoos was proud of me for figuring out how to stop the tumbleweeds, even though my daydreaming had caused them. That's the end of it. The end of tumbleweeds, and the end of my daydreaming.

**Winter**  
By HANNAH POLLOCK  
Soft white snow falls on the ground. Quietly, Quietly it makes no sound. Winter is a season filled with joy, Santa gives presents to each girl and boy, It is cold outside we must bundle up, Or pour hot chocolate in our cup, People go door to door with carols to sing, The Salvation Army with the bells they ring, When it comes to the season I know as winter, I'll always know joy is the center.

**Oh, Great**  
By ANDREW ELLIS  
He had been up since dawn and was extremely tired. He was about to turn on the T.V. when the strangest thing happened, the doorbell rang. The Michaels never really got visitors. This time it was the mail. According to the mailman, the letter had been sent by someone named Kerry. "That's my sister!" Greg's mom said. It was a card inviting them to a wedding, but Greg couldn't believe it. Aunt Kerry was getting married! Greg thought, "Who would want to marry her?"

Greg was trying to get ready for his aunt's wedding. He kept telling himself he was going to get there on time. Here is why: his Aunt Kerry was 72 years old, and when she dies, he and his family want to get her mansion and own her movie theater. But he absolutely hated his aunt, so he would have to be nice and get everything perfect. If he and his brother, John, got there on time with the rings, he would get the stuff. Greg and John were waiting for their dad. Their dad would pick up their mom and Greg and John would get the rings for their aunt's wedding. When their dad got there, he honked his horn like no other. HONK, HONK, HONK! Their mom scuttled down the



Molly Scott



Rachel Slipke



Hannah Pollock



Andrew Ellis

stairs, tripped, landing directly on her left ankle, and yelled, "Oh great!" When they took her to the hospital, the doctor took forty-five minutes getting the cast on her ankle. Greg was relieved it only took that long, he thought, "That movie theater will make this day much better."

After the cast was put on, Greg and John went back home to finish getting ready. The doorbell rang again when John was in the shower. Greg answered it, and it was Bobby Ray and Scottie, the two biggest nerds in high school (even the freshmen were cooler than these guys). They said in their dorky voices, "Can we talk to John?"

Greg answered, "In the shower. Come in. What do you want?" he said exhaling loudly.

"John said we could borrow his math and science collectables," Bobby Ray said. Greg threw John's bag at Scottie.

"Bye," he said, jumping onto the couch. They left just as John got out of the shower.

John said, "Hey, do you know where my math and science things are? I left them in my.... Greg, where's my bag?"

"Oh, I gave it to Scottie and Bobby Ray," he said flipping through the TV channels.

"My cell phone, car keys and money were also in that bag!"

"What! Oh great," Greg said. "Oh....well we could call them and get it back," Greg said. "Too late, let's go or we'll be late!"

"Let's borrow Carlos' Oldsmobile!"

"It's like from 1442. I don't think it works, or runs, or whatever you want to say. But....we don't have many other options. Okay, let's do it!"

Carlos was a close friend of Greg's, so it was pretty much easy to borrow it. They did decide to borrow the car and got nine tenths of the way there with the old piece of junk. Five miles to go and...BOOM, the engine started sputtering and after that they were pretty much stranded. Oh great! John was looking at the engine trying to start it when Greg got out of the driver's seat and went to help John look at the engine. Then it happened. The door locked from the inside. Nobody knows how it locked. They were locked out of their only car on a stranded road and the wedding started in thirty minutes.

John was the one who really wanted to inherit this stuff, so just think how miserable he was. He was so miserable, he cried and sucked his thumb! Then he bent down and picked up a rock. He handed it to Greg and said three words. "Just kill me," he muttered. Greg laughed and dropped the rock. Then John's eyes got to be as big as Jupiter.

"Hit your foot!"

"Uh-huh."

"Oh great!"

Then after awhile they both decided to look around for some civilization, a car, or a gas station. When they looked 1/2 a mile south of there, they thought they heard something. They thought they

were hallucinating. Wouldn't you if you were in the middle of nowhere with no money, no car, no phone....Anyways when they got back finding absolutely nothing, not even another car, they turned back and when they got there, there was a note in place of their car.

It said: "Dear Sir or Madam: Your car has been towed to San Diego for fixing. Sincerely, Bob's Towing Inc. "Did you hear that?" Greg yelled. "Yea," John yelled, acting stupidly excited. "But now we don't have a car!"

"OH GREAT," they both said in perfect unison. So nobody got the house or movie theater. It turns out that the wedding went perfectly, though. Their aunt had kept two "back-up" rings, because she did not trust the two kids. She hates them too (It didn't surprise John or Greg).

But the next day their new Uncle Bart found Greg and John. When they got in the car for a ride, they thought, "Well, at least we have one nice person in this family, maybe he doesn't get as much bad luck as we do."

Then he asked them about being in the middle of the road with nothing there. They really didn't want their new uncle to think they were bad, so coming up with an excuse was the only way to make him think they weren't. Remember though, lying is just as bad. They both stuttered for awhile until John managed to find the excuse, "Camping!"

"Whatever, at least it makes sense. They don't know that I work for Bob's Towing Inc., and heard about a junky Oldsmobile."

"Then Greg and John didn't show up, so I put two and two together."

He gave them a relaxing ride home, giving them soda and candy bars to eat. Bart knew they would be in trouble. He did his best to make them happy while he could.

Uncle Bart listened to the whole conversation with their parents. He was thinking, "They can lie to me, but not mom and dad." They mentioned Bob's Towing Inc. and the note. Bart then called Bob to tell him to fix the car. So Greg and John got Carlos' car back with everything brand-new.

Their parents told them they were grounded for a month and could not go anywhere, not even with Uncle Bart. The parents were steamed not getting to inherit anything at all. They could not go ANYWHERE. And everybody said, "Oh Great."

Then the doorbell rang again. "It's probably Bobby Ray and Scottie." It was. They were returning the bag. They said they'd been trying all afternoon, but nobody was home. John took his bag. They left.

Then John yelled, "Man! Those nerds just stole 50 bucks out of my wallet." Then everyone started laughing. Everyone had a great time. They forgot all about the things they would have inherited. They even said it was great. This time no "Oh" was in front of it.

**Norton County Economic Development Director**  
Maintain and Improve the Quality of Life for the Citizens of Norton County  
QUALIFICATIONS: Bachelor's degree from an accredited college or university with coursework in Business Administration, Public Administration, Planning or a Related Field; 3-Years of Increasingly Responsible Professional Experience in Economic Development, Grant Writing, Business or Public Sector Management, Including 1-Year Administrative Experience; Excellent Communication Skills; Outstanding Organizational Skills.  
JOB SUMMARY: Responsible for planning, directing, managing and overseeing economic development activities for Norton County that will promote economic growth, including attracting quality employment opportunities, revitalizing downtown areas, and improving housing options.  
**SEND RESUMES TO: Economic Development Committee**  
c/o Norton County Clerk, P.O. Box 70, Norton, KS 67654  
DEADLINE FOR RESUMES IS JUNE 15, 2007