

Lucy, Madeline and Tim Become Famous Writers



Recently Lucy had been dreaming about becoming a writer. And not just any writer but a very famous one. She had a whole pile of stories gathered in the drawer. She had tied the sheets with a pretty red ribbon. This was her first book.



That evening, Lucy finished her last story. She invited the entire family to the living room, had them sitting on the couch and armchairs and made an important announcement:

“Hello, beloved guests and other book lovers. I have the honour of opening the presentation of Lucy’s first book. You are about to hear my latest story which is so fresh that if it were a tomato, you could eat it straight away.” Beloved guests and other book lovers applauded. Lucy cleared her throat and started:

“Believe it or not, but a very strange story happened to me.



I was a little bit late for my singing lesson and so I was afraid to open the door. I thought I would do it quickly, so it would be easier. So I pulled the door open suddenly and closed it behind me. But, oh dear! What did I see? All the pupils were strangers! And if you'd seen what they were wearing! All had identical dark blue uniforms and faces co-

vered with ink. The boys had short hair like soldiers and all the children were wearing some kind of badges.



“Go to your seat,” the teacher told me and pointed at my seat. When I rolled to my desk with my roller shoes, everyone was craning their neck and looking at me as if I were an alien.

“Geez, she’s on wheels,” a girls with a thick braid whispered at the first desk. And I kept on rolling and rolling, back and forth, until I rose up in the air. I circled around under the ceiling and

even rolled on the ceiling for a while. Then the teacher said that they had nice children in class and rolling on the ceiling during the lesson was not allowed.



Then I sat down at my desk, next to a boy who looked a little familiar, I might have seen him in photos somewhere. The boy stuck his tongue out from the corner of his mouth and crossed his eyes.



“You’re really silly,” I said.

Then the teacher said: “Now, children, let’s sing this song that we learned last time:

“Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way...”

I sang along in a loud voice because I had learned this song already ages ago.

Then the boy next to me told me that I sang really well and that he knew me. And then I remembered where I'd seen him – in Granny's photo album.

“Oh my God, you're my dad!” I said and rolled to the door as fast as I could. But the door wouldn't open. I looked over my shoulder and all of a sudden there was a roomful of old people sitting there. Dad himself was sitting at my desk but he was a lot older than he is now. He didn't stick out his tongue any more. And then I realized that I was dreaming. But I still felt frightened and then I flew out of the window.



I soared high above the town and watched people scurrying back and forth. Cars were as small as matchboxes.



Finally I flew into Granny who invited me to sing in the madhouse canteen.

Then we flew back home and I woke up in the madhouse canteen.

When I told Dad about my dream, he crossed his eyes and put the tongue out from one corner of his mouth.”

Lucy finished reading her story and took a deep bow. Beloved guests and other book lovers clapped their hands loudly.



“And now, Madeline, not yet so well-known writer, will perform for you. She can’t read or write very fast yet. That is why I, Lucy, wrote down her story.”

“But I know it by heart,” Madeline said proudly and stepped to the centre of the room She bowed deeply and started telling the story:

“Last night, the writer Lucy read me a story

written by another writer and I made it into my own story. My story begins like that. Once upon a time there was a turd who really liked summer.”



Mum coughed and Dad chuckled, hiding it with his hand.

“Oh yes,” Madeline said, “she really liked

summer because it was nice and warm and you could swim and ride a bike, too.”

Madeline looked at the book lovers and once she was convinced that everyone was listening, she continued:

“In the beginning, the turd was a little sad, because she had no house or anything. Then she built a house for herself and started to watch birds from the window. In the end she became friends with a beautiful bird and they had a really long chat.



Then a big fat bird came and chased the beau-

tiful bird away. The turd was really sad. She went on crying the entire autumn and a little bit longer. When the winter came, the snow covered her house and she had a good long sleep. She dreamt of many beautiful birds. The turd was playing the violin for them and the birds were singing and she was very happy.

Finally the spring came and the turd woke up. She did some morning stretching right away and brushed his teeth.



All of a sudden she noticed a gherkin. Someone had dropped the gherkin and forgotten all about him.

“Hello, gherkin!” said the turd.

“Hello, turd,” said the gherkin.

So they became friends. In the beginning they really didn’t love each other very much but afterwards the turd realized that the gherkin was very much like her.



And besides, the gherkin had a kind heart. Also, the gherkin finally realized that the turd was very beautiful.

Now the turd and the gherkin live together happily and they have a lot of small children with brown stripes. They are a lot stiffer now than they were last year but there're definitely not dead yet."

Madeline took a bow, just like Lucy had done, and looked at the book lovers. When no one was applauding, Madeline quickly added:

"And then it was summer and they rode around on their bikes. And once Lucy stepped on the turd. I saw it with my own eyes."

Little Tim was the first to clap his hands really loudly and then went to the hall to sit on his potty. Then everyone else also clapped. Madeline was very pleased.

"Look, girls," Dad said in a little while, "both of your stories were very nice but I would like to give you some advice."

Lucy and Madeline sat next to Dad on the coach and Dad told them: "In each book, there could be a small piece of wisdom. Well, or at least a small piece of joy then. Then the book is more valuable."



All of a sudden Madeline hopped up and shouted to Mum:

“Mum! Tim pooped off the potty again!”

“Yuck, how gross!” Lucy closed her nostrils with fingers and ran to hide in the madhouse canteen.

But Tim was examining his poop and talking to himself:



“Turd, gherkin.” Tim must have also wanted to become a famous writer.

