World War S

by: Kody, Cameron, Nathan, and Isaac

 The night before Christmas, my son awoke and walked down the stairs. The next thing I knew he wobbled into the living room, trying to get my attention. “What do you want, Champ?” asked Isaac.

 He replied, “Dad, what was your favorite Christmas?

 “Well, Sport, let me tell you” and so began the story…

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

 It all started when my friends Kody, Cameron, Nathan, and I were sitting at our desks writing a Christmas story for our 7th grade English teacher, Mrs. Gandolf. But we weren’t really writing our story; we were just talking about what we wanted for Christmas.

 Kody and I wanted the same thing, a giant automatic Nerf gun. Then Cameron wanted an aluminum bat and catching gear. But then there was Nathan who wanted Chinese bubble gum, waterproof matches, and tennis balls.

 We then looked at the time. There were only 5 minutes left of class. Then three. Then ten seconds. The class started counting down. Finally, the bell rang and we all rushed out of school. In less than a minute, the hallways were empty. My friends and I met up in the school’s (now abandoned) parking lot.

 “Do you guys want to meet up later?” asked Kody?

 “Sure,” replied Cameron. “How about the park?”

 We all agreed and went our separate ways home. When I arrived at home, I got ready to go and meet my friends in the park. I got my winter supplies ready and started out, but before I got to the door, my mom stopped me.

 “Hi, Mom,” I said.

 “Isaac, will you make it home before dark?”

 “Yeah, I think so,” I replied.

 “Seriously, Isaac, there’s a blizzard tonight and the last thing I want is you not coming home.”

 “OK, Mom. See ya later.” Then I went out, not knowing what was going to happen to me and my friends that night – two days before Christmas.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

 As I was walking down to the park, I saw families preparing for Christmas. I finally arrived and saw my three friends ruffing around in the snow.

 “Is that Isaac?” Nathan asked.

 “It sure is,” I replied back.

 “What’s up, Izzy?” asked Cameron.

 While we talked for a while, we finally got to the fact that we were going to build the BIGGEST, COOLEST, MOST IMPRESSIVE snowman of all time. Three hours later we finished. The next thing we knew, there was an 8-foot tall, broad shouldered snowman. To me it looked like a small King Kong. There we stood, admiring our snowman and large flakes of snow started to fall. We looked at each other.

 “Was it supposed to snow today?” Nathan asked.

 “Oh! No!” Isaac yelled.

 “What?” Kody asked.

 “There’s a blizzard tonight,” Cameron said.

 “What are we going to do?” Nathan asked. “It’s too far to make it home!”

 “Follow me,” replied Cameron. “I know of a shack we can hide out at for the night.”

 We ran to the spot in the woods and hid in the shack for the rest of the night. The next morning all of us woke up in the shack, trying to remember what had happened. Not too long after we figured it out and remembered the blizzard.

 “Oh no!” Isaac exclaimed.

 “What?” replied Cameron.

 “Our moms must be out of their minds worried,” Isaac responded.

 “Don’t worry,” Kody said. “I’ll call my mom and tell her we are alright.”

 So Kody got his phone and called her up. But after a minute or so, there was no response. Kody then said, “We should leave to see if our parents are ok.”

 Nathan exclaimed, “My mom and dad are going to kill me!”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

 So we set out back to our neighborhood, awaiting our parents’ reactions. About an hour later we came upon our neighborhood. We were surprised by how inactive their community was. As we walked down the road to the houses, we noticed a peculiar snowman in the middle of the road.

 “Holy cow! What is that?” Nathan whispered.

“That’s creepy and I don’t remember anyone building that,” Cameron replied.

Then all of the sudden, the strange snowman started towards us in a violent and vicious manner. We could see saliva dripping off the snowman’s sharp teeth. Without thinking we all dashed to the nearest house, which was Cameron’s. We ran inside and locked all of the doors.

We all huddled in the living room and started to think of a plan. Nathan suggested that we look for weapons and armor. After a while we found nothing. Cameron decided to open presents since it was Christmas. We all started to tear open the presents. Then something started pounding on the window. We finally got done opening the presents and realized that what we had what we needed to defeat the snowman: 2 Nerf guns, a bat, and tennis balls.

 “Do you have a lighter?” asked Nathan.

 “Yes,” Cameron said.

 Cam ran to the kitchen to get the lighter. But he returned with three lighters and a gallon of gas.

“Hand me a tennis ball,” Nathan said.

We watched him set the tennis ball on fire. Then Cam got the bat to strike the beast. Kody and Isaac were our Nerf gun snipers. Then Whap! The door slammed to the ground, and we charged the white creature. For three hours we fought. With all of his strength, Cam struck the snowman with his bat, taking off one of his arms. The snipers’ aim was perfect, and the snowman suffered blows to his body. Ultimately, it was the tennis ball that took the barbaric beast down. The snowman was no match for the ball of fire. With one hit, he began to melt and all that was left was a puddle.

After a long night’s rest, we all woke up the next morning in our own beds as if nothing had happened. It was Christmas all over again, but I will never forget the battle of all battles, World War S.

“I don’t understand, Daddy,” said Isaac’s little boy.

“You know what, Champ, I don’t blame you.”