

# Creative Kids 2011

## Mr. Linden's Library

By Sophia, age 10

Jessie walked up to the front of Mr. Linden's Library with the book *The Vine of Terabithia*. She had read the first few pages and quickly gotten drawn into the enchantedness of Terabithia and the vine that climbed up the girl's house. The girl's name was Elizabeth, but everyone called her Lizzy. At the counter Mr. Linden looked at the book and raised one eyebrow.

"Are you sure you want to take this book out?" he said.

"Yes," Jessie said.

"Let me warn you," he said. "This book is very dangerous. If you leave this book open for even one second after three hours, after darkness has fallen, it will sprout a vine, and the vine will wrap itself around your arms and legs and face for six hours and then it will tighten itself on you. This book may cause your death, Jessie."

But Jessie shook her head, she knew Mr. Linden was right, but she wanted so badly to finish the story of Lizzy and the vine in Terabithia. She handed him her library card and waited for him to swipe the card.

When he had given her the book and her card he said, "Remember what I said.

Jessie hesitated then said, "I will."

"Good," he said.

When Jessie got home it was still light outside so she plopped herself onto the couch and began to read feverishly.

A little while later her mother called, "Jess, come for dinner!"

Jessie tore into the kitchen for dinner. (And later dessert.)

When Jessie and her family were done eating the sky was dark. Jessie knew she shouldn't open the book, *The Vine of Terabithia*, but she couldn't bear the thought of going to bed without knowing what happened to Lizzy and the vine. So she took the book with her to bed and began to read at 8:45 pm and fell asleep reading at 9:50 pm. At 11:45 pm a vine sprouted from the spine of the book and began wrapping itself around Jesse's arms and legs. At 11:46 pm Jessie felt a pull around her arm. She sat up with a start. Then she looked at her arm, and screamed. Mr. Linden was right. He had warned her about the book. Now it was too late.