

Stories of Herb

Guidelines

1. Must be at least a paragraph and cannot be more than 2.
2. Herb must interact or use the herb you studied in some way.
3. You must number your story.
4. put your name on your story (sorry I didn't put this on earlier)
5. And if you want to be in the final top three at the end of the year you must put your NAME on your story.

1. One day Herb was cutting a watermelon with a Cutco knife, and he wasn't paying attention so he cut his finger (poor Herb). He immediately went for the closest thing to stop the bleeding because the cut was bleeding profusely. A towel! He stood there wondering what a better solution was. Then he remembered something, cayenne was supposed to stop bleeding. He just needed to find it. So he found the cayenne and put it on his cut. Within minutes the bleeding stopped. Herb also kept it on through the next 2 days. The cut healed. Now Herb uses cayenne a lot to heal himself and his friends, because Herb found cayenne was so useful in healing.

Paige Martin

2. One sunny day, Herb did not feel well. No, he did not have heartburn, loss of appetite, gout, cough, headache, high blood pressure, low blood pressure, age-related memory loss, sunburn, diabetic kidney disease, baldness, toothache, gingivitis, eczema, muscle pain, or mosquito bites. He had, to put it plainly, flatulence.

To put it more plainly, *bluuurrrrrppupp*.

And so, to top his tooting, he tentatively tucked into ten tater tidbits topped with tasty rosemary. And then he felt much better.

3. One day herb was walking home from school. he fell and cut his leg. Herb limped home. Herb cleaned his wound and then put some aloe vera on it. Herb finally felt better after that.

Jacob harding.

4. One day, herb was riding on a buffalo in the woods and he got straight up mauled by a cougar and he got a big gash on his leg! Well it so happened that right were he fell there was a big comfrey plant so he chewed some up and put it on his leg. Then he felt much better.

-Benjamin

5. One day Herb was coming home from journeymen where they had been learning about herbs, when his head started to hurt, he had a headache. Agh! Why does this always happen to him?! But then he remembered today they had learned about spearmint so he went home made some tea, and felt much better.

Kylee Martin.

6. One day, Herb decided he wanted to go to the moon. So he went to his garage, and pulled out some old power tools, and other stuff that might be useful, in order to make a homemade rocket from scratch. So after some months of effort, he had finally finished it. The reason he was able to complete it so quickly, is because he had used a lot if herbs to improve his IQ skills, and that made him smarter. So, on the night of September the 2nd 2018, he blasted off, headed straight for the Moon. One he got there, he decided that he didn't like it since there wasn't any water, or life, so it was only him, and he didn't like the feeling of being alone. And when he turned around, he realized that he didn't pack enough fuel for the considered trip back home. As he was stressing and worrying about it all, he remembered watching Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade, a long time ago when he

was younger. And that reminded him of the leap of faith that the adventurer had to make when in the face of all doubt and fear near the end of the movie. So, that's just what what he did. He took a Huge, Giant Leap of Faith, and as he did that, he found he wasn't touching ground thanks to the moons weak gravity force, and he just kept going, until he blasted through the atmosphere of the Earth. The only reason I can think of how he survived the burning atmosphere, was the intake of healthy herbs he did on a regular basis. So he fell to the ground with a crash and had a few bruises, but he was lucky to he an herb at that time, but not just an herb, But a comfrey plant specifically. So the fact that he was the right herb for healing bruises helped him feel better fast, and he was feeling just fine in no time at all. THE END.

-Luke Mulder-

7. Herb was having a really bad acne breakout. He tried all the lotions and facial stuff he could find, but nothing worked. He was forlornly staring at himself in the mirror when there was a knock on the front door. He went to answer it.

"Hi Paisley," he greeted his friend.

"Hey Herb." Paisley Parsley replied. "I was making some homemade salsa, but I accidentally made too much, so I decided to give you the extra."

"Thanks, Paisley!"

"No problem. See you later!"

Herb closed the door and sat down to eat his salsa. When he was finished, he went into the bathroom to wash his hands. When he looked in the mirror, he noticed there was a tiny piece of cilantro stuck in his teeth. He groaned, and then remembered what he'd learned in Eureka Journeyman class the week before; cilantro could soothe skin irritation! So he quickly put on a cilantro skin paste, and a few days later, his acne was gone!

Anneka Andersen!



8. There once was a herb his name was herb, herb loved to go outside and smell the flowers in his garden, herb grew many different kinds of plants and herbs some of them being stuff like, Flowers, carrots, potatoes, tomatoes, raspberries, and lots of other things. Herbs favorite was Lavender he just loved the smell of the smell, he could sit outside and smell it for an hour. Herb

lived on a mountain side, he loved it there! Herb had a good life with his garden and his mountain. And lived happily ever after THE END

-Sam Eagar-

9. Herb was having a long day, and he was feeling a little tired. But he knew he couldn't do anything about it because, for one; The Beds still needed to be made, the couches dusted, and the laundry folded. Then after that he needed to load the dishwasher, clean the kitchen, and do his homework!!! Even thinking about what he had to do made him tired. Poor Herb. Then he remembered a little trick his Mom had taught him. Herb went to the shelf and pulled out the Peppermint oil. He sniffed it and felt rejuvenated. He could now do all the chores without feeling tired.

-Harmony

10. One day Herb was playing outside by himself and then his stomach started to hurt and so he went inside miserable and layed down on his bed which was a cardboard box cuz herb is lonely has no family or home so he's a hobo and his friends call him hobo joe anyway so as he lay on his cardboard box he remembered one of his friend said that if you eat the greens of a dandelion then it will help you with liver problems exta. But it also helps with stomach problems so he saw one across the street in the park, so he limps across the road in so much pain and herb is just in pain and he finally gets a dandelion and eats it and soon after while he was lying in his sad house alone he felt better and could soon go play alone at the park once again.) The End!!!! :D

- Breeze Siufanua-

11. Once upon a time, not so long ago, our buddy Herb was strolling the beaches of Hawaii with his lovely girlfriend Sage. They were walking calmly along hand in hand with a gentle breeze blowing their hair... uh... leaves? yeah, leaves, in the wind. Everything was beautiful and Herb was mustering the courage to ask a very important question. Herb took a deep breath and stepped forward, intent on turning to Sage, kneeling down, and asking her to_(rose) marry him. But as he stepped, his foot, I mean root, landed squarely on a beached jellyfish. Herb yelped in pain, recoiling from the sting. He stumbled backward, running into Sage. Startled, Sage attempted to catch him. She nearly fell over herself and in her confusion, she stomped on Herb's injured root. "Oh no! I am so sorry Herb! Are you hurt?" "Herb stood up, smiling and took her hand. "Not anymore." Herb said. For, sappy as it may be, simply the touch of sage had healed his injured root.

THE END

-Tara Fontano

12. ☐☐ One day Herb was working on his farm, Herb was a farmer you see, he was the greatest farmer in the far west! But one day he got horrible allergies *sneeze* *sneeze*, but he continued to plow and plant for he could not stop or he would *sneeze* not meet his quota. So *sneeze* He went and got some mint and *sneeze* made a nice *sneeze* herbal tea, hoping against hope that it would work. And to his amazement it did. But the very next day he realized he was not feeling so good... He went to the Doctor *cough* and he said that it was a si*cough*mple common cold. He went home and continued *cough* to work for he could not stop but *cough* *cough* his *cough* cold was so bad he could *cough* get almost no work done *cough* so he went inside and made another mint tea with the little that was left, thinking well this can't hurt right? Would you believe it worked? Well it did and he was able to be the top farmer in the west all thanks to mint <3 u mint. ☐☐ ~Chris

13. Herb was shambling along the muddy forest floor when he tripped over the root of a tree

A bit embarrassed, he apologized and continued on his way
A short while later, he stumbled over a little group of mushrooms. Quite
embarrassed he apologized and kept walking.

After Herb tripped a third time over a small basil plant, he said sorry but
paused to consider why he was so clumsy. And why no one responded to
his apologies.

“What could it be?” He thought to himself. “Why won’t they talk to me?”
“Oh,” he realized why. It was because they’d never met herbivore :P [Who
wrote this?]

14 One day herb woke up with a headache. He told his mom that he did
not want to go to school his mom told him he had to go but she would
quickly make him a basil tea that would help his headache. Now herb
had never drank tea before and he decided to refuse. His mom said
your going to school either way and if you drink the tea you won't feel
as bad.

Herb decided to drink the tea and he felt so better. The end
jaykob fontano

(15) Herb had been having the loveliest dream--the kind that makes one wish to remain enclosed
in their nearly suffocating blankets for forever--when his friend John SchMint woke him up with
a start. How John had managed to get into his house he didn’t know, but what he did know was
that he was speaking way too loudly for greeting a tired plant. John SchMint told Herb that the
Gardener was just around the corner, signing autographs for all of the herbs who wished to meet
him! Herb had never met the Gardener before, despite it being the king of his bucket list for as
long as he could remember.

He quickly jumped out of bed and began running as fast as he could. He thought he heard John
SchMidt say “Don’t *leaf* without me!” But he kept right on running. When he finally reached the
line of herbs waiting to meet the Gardener he stopped to catch his breath. Which smelled awful!
During the rush to get to the corner he had forgotten to brush his teeth! Feeling very
self-conscious, Herb made his way to the front of the line. Marigold had just been refused an
autograph because she smelled so badly, and Herb was afraid he would come to the same fate.
Thankfully, John SchMidt showed up just in time! And with SchMidt standing right next to him

the Gardener didn't even notice his bad breath! They both got autographs, and then Herb ran home with a big smile on his face and brushed his teeth with his mint toothpaste.

Moral of the story: If you want to meet someone famous, brush your teeth first!

~Sarah Barber:~)

16. Herb was walking along when he saw her this was the HOTTEST girl he had ever seen. Her name was pepper. he crossed the street herb was feeling pretty confident in himself he walked up and said "is it hotter on this side of the street ?or is it just you" to which she replied HOLY CRAP A TALKING HERB!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Jayson fontano.

17. Herb was just an ordinary plant doing what a good plant would do, minding his own business, doing his chores. Then suddenly while he was working in the garden the shovel he had propped up a few seconds ago fell on his arm. Poor old herb had a nasty bruise. Good thing he was in his garden! He grabbed one of his favourite plants comfrey. Then went inside and applied it with a bandage. After a while Herb was all better and he could continue tending to his plant friends in peace. -Taylor Anderson

18 (Script format)

On day Herb was walking and he saw his favorite shop, the Apothecary! So as per usual he went to see what new herbs Martha had. "Hey Herb," Martha said in her always cherrie attitude. I'm good! What new herbs ya got here?" "Well I've restocked and the only one is, I think basil." "What's basil" Herb asked, "Have you really never heard of basil," Herb shook his head no, "Let me tell you about it"

{basil info}

As Martha talked Herb imagined himself in all of the scenarios. "Ok, I think I like basil. I'll take some. Oh and can I get one or two to eat on the way home." "Great! And of course you can have some for your walk home!"

As herb walked home that day he munched on the basil leaves. During the next few weeks he integrated the basil into his daily life and soon forgot what life is like without the basil.

The End.

Isa Maurer.

October Week:

19: one day herb had a headache and was so in pain that he could not walk. Then he could not think at all. Herb had an idea and called his friend bob for some ginger. Then bob knocked on the door and herb went and opened the door so bob could come in. Then bob cut the ginger root and gave it to herb so he can suck on the ginger root. Then herb felt better after that. The end

Jacob harding.

20: One day Herb was having a bad anxiety attack he couldn't eat, sleep... he really wished his anxiety would stop. Then he remembered yesterday he had bought some methanol crystal spray at a craft fair, which supposedly helped with anxiety attacks as well as other things. So he went to get his spray and once he had it he sprayed it around the room. About 5 minutes afterwards his anxiety was gone and so was a tiny runny nose he didn't even realise he had. Now he never went without methanol spray because of his anxiety.

-Paige

21: Herb always kept some echinacea angustifolia root on hand in case of a cold or flu. He could never say the name right, which was a terrible problem. One cold winter day, he caught the flu, and it was terrible, but he didn't have any echinacea angustifolia root. He rushed to Doctor Medicine, asking for echin august root.

"What?" asked Doctor Medicine. "What's an Enchilada Gusty root?"

"No!" exclaimed Herb. "I meant a China Angus Root!"

"We don't have any Chinchilla Agfol Root," Doctor Medicine explained. "Would you like root beer? That has roots in it, I think."

"That won't help me," mourned Herb. "Only the Echberch Acrophobia Root can make me better."

Unable to explain what he needed, Herb worsened, on the brink of death. Doctor Medicine worked tirelessly, trying to discover the herb Herb needed. Hinaca Anfolia Root? Echinacea Googly Root? Echolalia Averbuncator Root?

But twas all in vain, until Doctor Medicine went to see Paige Martin.

"I need an herb," he said. "To save Herb. He has the flu, and wants something called Enchilada Agful Root, or Chinchilla Acrophobia Root. Can you help me?"

"Of course!" Paige laughed. "I know just the herb for Herb. It's called echinacea angustifolia root, and although the name is long, it's important to remember."

So Doctor Medicine gave Herb some echinacea angustifolia root, and he got better. And he never forgot the name again.

-Jessica Brown

22: Herb and John were one day wondering the rainforests of Brazil when suddenly out of nowhere John was shot by Indians and left for dead! Luckily they missed Herb. Herb could see that John was dying but he did not know what to do! When suddenly he remembered that the

Pau d'Arco tree grew there he looked for one as fast as he could... Finally he found 1 he took off some of the bark and mashed it up best he could. He removed the arrow applied the Pau D'Arco so it would not get inflamed, bandaged him up and they went and hiked out! Luckily they both survived.

. Chris *.*

23:Herb was having a wonderful day on his vacation to Switzerland, he had just gone on a beautiful walk and was headed to the chocolate store to try some of the chocolate that everyone said was so delicious, but on his way he fell and scraped up his elbow and knee Herb was in pain he didn't know what to do but as he was looking around for someone that could help him Herb saw a plant that looked familiar. He scooted over to the plant to get a closer look at it, Aha! It was comfrey, he knew he could make his scrapes feel better with this! He picked a couple leaves and started to rub them on his scrapes. He could already feel the pain starting to ease he glad he knew what that plant was! He got up and continued on to the chocolate store, he bought some chocolate and ate the whole thing as he walked to his hotel, it was very good! Herb went home and slept. THE END. [Paige,Who wrote this?]

24. Herb was going to ride his bike over to his friend Paisley Parsley's house. All he had to do was get his bike out of the garage. *insert heavy sigh* Easier said than done. His garage was packed with a treasure-trove of who knows what; he was kind of a hoarder. Anyway, when he was trying to pull his bike out from behind an old black-and-white TV, his fingers slipped from the handle, and he fell over. He banged his knee on a metal file cabinet. It hurt, but not enough to stop his attempts at freeing his bike. When he finally pulled it out from behind the TV and got it out of the garage, he had a nasty bruise on his knee. It hurt when he moved his leg to bike over to Paisley's house. She was in her front yard, planting some pretty yellow flowers.

"Hi Herb!" She greeted him. "Ooh, where'd you get that bruise?"

"From the junk in my garage," Herb replied gravely.

"I told you to clean that up," Paisley said. "Do you need something for it? These arnica flowers are good for soothing bruises."

"Sure, thanks."

Paisley helped Herb apply some arnica to his bruise, and it was soothed and went away after a few days.

Anneka Andersen!



25. Herb was just finishing a tincture of St. John's wort. He was going to help so many people with it ,he was so excited! He reached up to the shelf to get the tincture to put it in some

smaller jars. OUCH! One of his knives was facing up on the counter, and now he had a long cut on his arm. It wasn't deep but it hurt. He looked around wildly for something to help then remembered the tincture. He quickly put some on then bandaged the cut he did that every day for a week and it healed.

The end!
- Kylee Martin

26. Herb was in high school. He loved climbing trees, but one time when he was climbing a tree, the branch broke, he lost his footing, and body slammed the earth like a pro. It hurt. Herb was shocked that this would ever happen to him. His sister saw him lying there, ran in to get their mother, and tried to help him. Herb's mother rushed him to one hospital and then another. The doctors were nice as they x-rayed Herbs broken body. He had broken 3 ribs, a punctured a lung, and got a concussion. Just like I did. Herbs mom rushed in with a comfrey drink. "Drink this," she said. "You will be healed in 1 day!" He was healed in 1 day, just like she said. And he had an amazing life. Like a pro.

Caleb Martin

27 one day herb was eating dinner and after the first helping his mom said he could have another helping. But after the second he kept eating. after herbs 17th helping his mom told him to stop. He ignored her and went on eating. He ate so much that he felt like he would explode. He finally stopped and when he did he had a huge stomach ache. He asked his mom what he could do. She made him a ginger root tea. After that herbs stomach felt much better.....so he ate some more.
Jaykob fontano

28 Herb had a skill for working himself to the bone..or...vein? Whatever the technical term may be, the point is, Herb was exhausted. The bags under his eyes were big enough to fit all of Santa's presents, and his eyes were so teary from weariness that it prevented him from seeing anything without it looking like it was underwater. Not to mention Herb didn't look that great either. Long story short, Herb was a mess. Only, unlike most of us when we're "a mess" he was unable to drown his sorrows in ice cream, fried chicken, or any of the other common comfort foods, being the healthy Herb that he was.

One evening Herb had finally had enough! He needed to stress eat *something*! He marched into the kitchen and started raiding the pantry, searching for anything that would help him to relax. As he shoved an oversized mushy tomato out of the way it knocked something off of the shelf and onto his foot. He looked down and saw a root. An Eleuthero root, to be precise, which just so happens to be an herb with the main cause of relieving stress! He picked it up, brushed it off, and stress-eat that root better than anyone has ever stress-eaten anything in the history of stress-eating! The next morning the circles under his eyes were carrying a few less presents, his focus was less watery, the heaviness on his shoulders was nearly non-existent, and Herb was back to his handsome self. From then on, whenever Herb felt really stressed or despondent he simply ate his Eleuthero root, and it's because of the Eleuthero root and its effect on Herb that Herb is the herb we all know and love today.

The end.

Moral of the story: If you want to be as handsome as Herb... you need sleep!

Sarah Barber

29. Herb, one day woke up on the wrong side of the bed, meaning that he found he was sick with the flu.

He was in fact feeling so miserable, that he didn't get up for hours.

In his woe, and while feeling bad for himself, he decided to watch some Netflix. And this went on for Hours, and Hours, and Hours until, he came across a show about health, and we decided to watch a bit of it. He saw a thing or two about something called Echinacea, which apparently was supposed to fix the very thing he had. So he decided to do something about it.

He went down to the Apothecary store a few blocks down, and buy some, even though he was about ready to collapse on the ground and shrivel up, cuz he felt that bad. But he got there, and bought some, and scarfed it down, and the best part is, that he walked home, as good as ever.

Herb, from that day on, made sure he always had some Echinacea on hand, just in case.

-Luke Mulder-

30.

One day our friend Herb woke up with a slight pain in his stomach. He didn't think much of it at that time, because it wasn't bothering him. As he went through his day the pain got steadily worse, and he decided he needed to do something about it. But, Herb had a problem. He was allergic to the medication. So he couldn't go to a pharmacy and pick up prescription medicine. Then, Herb remembered, someone had told him that cat's claw (an annoying plant that always

hooked him) was good for gut inflammation. “Maybe that will help.” Herb thought to himself. So after locating the plant. And hooking himself multiple times. Herb was able to make a delicious herbal tea, and was feeling so good afterwards, that he decided to buy a cat to honor the plant. Then Herb and his cat lived happily ever after...

The End

--Taylor Anderson--

31

One day, when the wind blew through the trees in a way that could make you shiver down to your bones, a little Herb was walking alone. The wind howled and whistles but it didn't deter him on his walk. He hummed a small song of joy to himself. During his walk, a sly fox noticed Herb and decided he looked like a tasty morsel for him to gobble up. So he trotted down and stopped the little plant on his walk. “Hey little plant, do you walk the woods often?” The Fox hummed. “Nope! But I can find my way!” Herb replied. “Let me walk you to the end of the forest. It's easy to get lost.” The Fox crowed. “...okay.” Came the unsure plants reply. As they walked together, the Fox continually drifted closer to Herb and Herb stepped away each time. Finally, the Fox tried to seize Herb in his jaws! But our smart mascot leaped away and replaced himself with a stick! “You'll never eat the Amazing Herb!” He screamed as he ran out of the forest. -Elena Maurer

January week:

32. In the wilds of Backyard, Hemlock crouched, surveilling Herb's camp. This was it. The big heist. Hemlock had never stolen a diamond from a rescue crew before. Diamond smugglers now, that was different. He stole from them all the time. But now, it was fighting fire with fire. How dare that nasty Herb steal from him what he had rightfully stolen!

Hemlock knew he deserved that diamond. After all, if the owners had wanted it, they shouldn't have left it out in plain sight on a pressure sensitive pedestal with only security guards, a point laser system, and attack dogs to protect it. They practically gave it to him.

You see, Hemlock was no ordinary herb, and he wasn't one of the nice ones either. Some herbs would help with a cold, or cure gut inflammation, or just taste good in a soup. Not Hemlock. Hemlock was a cold blooded killer with the ability to destroy nerve impulses to muscle, leading to respiratory failure. He could make you choke to death on your own air.

And now he was coming for Herb.

He had gotten past the guards around Herb's camp easily enough. A brush against their skin, and that took out most of them. A few he had to deal with more personally, but that was okay. Hemlock liked the personal touch.

The attack dogs were over quickly. Too dumb to know that you shouldn't eat just any plant. Let them take one nibble, and they were dead without a sound.

Now he was feet away from Herb's tent. One door was left unzipped, with the sparkle of diamond glittering from within. But Hemlock held himself back. Was Herb inside? He couldn't tell.

Hemlock crept around the tent, peering intently through the windows. Empty. He stifled a victorious laugh. Ha! Once again, the universe worked in Hemlock's favor, leaving the treasure unguarded.

Quickly and quietly, Hemlock slipped into the tent.

"Hello, Hemlock," Herb's voice echoed from outside the tent.

Hemlock whirled around quickly, but saw nothing. "You can't stop me, Herb!" he cried, snatching the diamond up in a tight fist. "You can't even touch me!"

He charged out of the tent, only to be tackled to the ground. "How?" he cried out, but he soon discovered the truth.

"I'm wearing gloves, Hemlock," Herb said, pressing him down tightly. "I knew you'd come. And I was ready."

Hemlock squirmed, but he was a plant, so it didn't do much.

"So long, Hemlock," Herb said, bagging him. "You're going away for a long time."

Hemlock wilted in defeat, then spotted a few of his seeds left behind.

"I'll come back," he warned Herb with an evil grin. "I'm not just an herb, I'm a weed. Weeds always come back."

"Till next time then," Herb said. "I'll be ready."

-Jessica Brown

33. One day Herbs parents were going to the store and left herb to watch over his little brother. So herb watched his little brother played with him and had fun the only problem was when it was nap time his little brother wouldn't go to sleep because he was to crazy. So herb went to find some aspirin, but he couldn't find anybody and his little brother wasn't getting any calmer or happier. Than he had a idea his mother had recently bought a few herbs a couple of which were chamomile and skullcap herb, and he had just read or heard somewhere that Skullcap and chamomile were supposed to calm people down. Herb immediately raced to find the herbs, he then made a tea and gave it to his brother, his brother calmed down within a few minutes and was able to go to sleep. Because of this experience Herb always made sure he had skullcap herb and camomile herb at hand, even to this day.

- Paige martin

34 One day valerian root walked home from school and say his friend bob. Then he say he was in pain with his stomach pain so valerian said we can go find a valerian root and make it into a drink and then you can take it but be were it smells so bad. So he did take it and bob said it was not bad.

- Jacob harding

35. It was February. Need I say more? The ground was a sheet of frozen mud. It hadn't snowed in almost a month, The sun hadn't shown in almost two. Little herb children shuffled their way home from school, dragging their heavy boots through the month-old, useless, dirty, gray, piles of ice that dared to call themselves snow. Christmas was over. The toys were broken, the candy eaten. With spring break still just a distant glimmer in the far off tunnel of life, these plants walked, heads bowed against the cold. With backpacks full to bursting of old homework papers, essays that needed revising, and some mushy fruits and vegetables left over after a semester's worth of mediocre lunches, these little leaves trudged home. Home to cold tables where homework gets done. Home to silent phones where no friends are calling. Home to a bed where you wish you could stay. Home to February.

As these kids dragged their way up the last hill to home, one of them stopped. Glumly, he sat down. This young plant's name was Herb. Herb's friends continued on, right past him. Too absorbed in the squalor of their own existence to stop for a wilting weed on the side of the road. Herb sat on the frigid curb until his roots were numb. Then he sat until his leaves were numb. To be numb was better. If you were numb, you couldn't feel the cold.

Finally, Herb stood. He began the trek home once again. As he neared his house a small blossom came running up to him. Herb signed. It was his little sister, Passionflower. That girl simply did not understand February. She insisted on smiling and hopping around. She had even tried to build a snowman out of the sludge left on the sidewalks. Her pitiful creation still sat on their dying lawn. A tribute to the depression that lay over the town, thicker than any fog. Passionflower grinned shyly up at Herb, "Guess what?" she said. Herb grunted. "It is Valentine's Day tomorrow." Passionflower said, bouncing on her roots excitedly. "Mom said I can have a party! Will you help me?" Herb grunted again and allowed himself to be led into the house.

After dinner Herb and Passionflower spent the evening hanging paper chains, making valentines cards and cookies, and to sum things up, making the entire house look like it had been swallowed by a cupcake full of happiness and hearts. As Herb finished sprinkling glitter onto a final card, Passionflower came up and hugged him. Then she stepped back and handed him a

heart shaped cookie with a smiley face on it before bouncing away to find the perfect tutu for her party. Herb stared at the cookie and smiled. Maybe February wasn't so bad. Maybe there was something, or someone worth being happy about. Herb took a big bite out of his cookie and grinned. Yeah, Maybe.

The End

-Tara Fontano

36. As the red hot flames pressed hard against his shield, passing, whipping and tearing through the air behind him, Herb found himself caught up in fierce combat with his greatest foe. He was putting up a good fight, and had been holding his own for a while, but now, he found himself beginning to tire and sweat because of the extreme temperatures around him, and because of the taxation on his body from fighting back the ferocious fire, and from every blow given him by his enemies giant and unmerciful size. Herbs Dragon was upon him...

It had been hours since the battle started, and now Herb was really feeling the pain of every attack on him by his giant enemy. But still, through all of the fire, Herb and the Dragon exchanged blows with each other again and again, circling around the peak of the mountain, and each, trying their hardest to subdue the other, but each one held their own, while the odds were on the Dragons side, due to Herbs ferocity and pure determination, neither one could seem the trip the other, or exploit found weaknesses. Round and around, over and over, time and time again, the Dragon blasted enormous pillars of fire straight at Herb, but couldn't seem to penetrate the shield that Herb wielded.

As the battle raged on, Herb was really tiring and knew he would not last long against the Monster, and he had to do something quick. *Maybe a trick herb though, or maybe just hitting it with all of my strength, but that's the problem, I just can't seem to get to his weak point. If there even is a weak point.* Herb thinking now with a little bit of pessimism. *Maybe a trick will just have to do,* as Herb was busy dodging the fire, the claws and that enormous tail, thinking of something to do just seemed to be impossible.

And then Herb looked at his bark, and his leaves, and how the fire and heat had touched him in some parts, and had even burned him a little. At that moment, the fact that he was made out of wood, made herb sink into a feeling of hopelessness, as he saw the flames blasting towards him, and as Herb prepared to brace himself, a powerful sweep came from behind, and the mighty tail passed under his feet, knocking him senseless....

Herb woke up from a daze, as he looked around, and as he slowly remembered where he was, he looked and saw the completely gigantic flaming dragon towering above him, nostrils smoking, and breath glowing red, as it snarled staring down on him intently, just as great wolf would, just before it devoured its prey.

Herb knew at that moment, that he only had a few moments to act, or even live. A possible trick came into his mind, and after a few seconds of consideration, he began to act. Quickly, he put his shield over him, covering most of his body, and his sword, he put leaning on his shield, in a defensive position, as to make it appear he was still there, (while he was still there), but just as the dragon opened its jaws and let out a burst of flaming fire, herb used all of his strength and shot out from under his shield with great speed, using his legs that were up against a pillar of stone for leverage. He did this so fast, that the Dragon didn't even notice, until he saw Herb, a plant leaping off of the peak of the mountain, into a dive coming straight into his predetermined target. The dragons mouth as it neared, became a giant cave to Herbs eyes, with razor teeth lining the inside, and a smaller hole at the back. *The throat Herb thought. Perfect!* Herb landed on the searing beasts tongue, and raised his rooty fist, and thrust in into the back of the Dragons mouth, and then detached his hand, and sent it down the throat of the inferno. Then, Herb made a run for it, dashing, and leaping off of the tongue into mid air, with the Dragons staring, evil eyes behind, as it prepared to make a final shot at Herb. Herb looked behind as he sailed through the warped and heated air, and saw the glow in the Dragon's mouth start to crawl up, as his belly churned the fire, that was going to be Herbs bane.

Herb tumbled to the ground with a thud, and rolled several times, bark smoking from the heat of being inside the Dragon's mouth for too long. As he turned his face, expecting his death, he saw the Dragon's face, staring in disbelief as its eyes rolled backwards as its body fell to the ground, nearly sliding off a cliff, making the ground quake, and the mountains tremble.

Herb saw the once seeming mountain of terror, now just a heap of beaten flesh, whining in pain, eyes wide with surprise at what had just happened. The Dragon, could not find enough strength to breathe its fire for a last time, but it did manage to ask the name of his vanquisher. Herb replied in his nasal voice, "I am Herb". Just then, the Dragon let out a deep cry of weeping, whaling, and the gnashing of teeth, and after a few painful minutes, lay dead. *Dead!* Herb thought. While it was really no surprise, Herb still found himself in disbelief. But Herb knew the reason the Dragon lay dead, and looked at where his fist had been, but where it wasn't anymore.

It had been cast down the throat and into the belly of the beast. A large fist, made of Wolfsbane, had been thrown down his enemies throat, and that is what killed the dragon, for Herb was of the Aconitum family, being himself a Wolfsbane, and now he had the right to say that he slew his dragon, through feeding it, or rather food poisoning! Herb laughed turned and walked away, down the mountain, looking at where his hand had been, and said to himself almost as if he were two people in one, instead of just one person, "Don't worry Herb. I'll just grow another one".

As Herb walked down from the Mountain, he found himself smiling uncontrollably knowing that He had just slew his Dragon.

The End

-Luke Mulder

37 One day herb was running in the woods and his knee started to hurt. So he sat down and then he realized that he was having cramps and muscle pain. Then he so wild yam rhizome herb the trail. He then decided to eat the wild yam rhizome herb then he felt better
Caleb Martin

38. Herb had went to bed very exited last night because it was his Birthday tomorrow!! He was so excited! He woke up and sat straight up he went and made himself pancakes and bacon! He as he ate he thought about what he would do today, he wondered... Maybe he would go out, maybe he would stay home and have a movie marathon with his friends, he just couldn't decide. But then his friends surprised him at his door with a cake and presents and everything! It was fantastic! They celebrated together and then went to the bar where they had a beer with nice fresh hop flower brewed in to it. It was delicious! In all he had a good day!

THE END

-Sam Eagar-

39. One day Herb was in a mood to go herb hunting. It would be a three day journey but nothing could stop him. So he packed his bags and left. He traveled over great mountains and over big deserts until he finally made it to his destination. It was called the great mountain of herbs. He couldn't believe his eyes! There were herbs everywhere. He picked and picked and picked until the end of the day. Then the next day he woke up early in the morning and started back for his village over the same mountains and the same deserts until he reached his village. It

was a sad sight- his town was attacked by a giant troll! He could see his friends and family wounded and suffering. When all was lost, he remembered all the kinds of herbs he picked. So he ran to all the wounded, and bandaged all the ones who needed it. After that they promoted him to be the mayor of herbsville, and they lived happily ever after. The end

-Benjamin Mulder

40. Herb and all his friends (Cilantro, Arnica, his bestie, Paisley, and his newest friend, Belladonna Atropa) were hanging out at the amusement park. They had just ridden on the spinning cup ride, and now all of Herb's friends wanted to ride on the Silver Bullet (a roller coaster that turned sideways and upside-down high above a giant pool of water at incredible speed). Herb wanted to go on it too, but he was afraid that he would get motion sick, because he always did on really crazy amusement park rides. Belladonna noticed his concern and asked what was wrong.

"I want to go on the Silver Bullet, but I'm probably going to get sick." Herb replied.

"I brought motion sickness skin patches. You can use one." Belladonna suggested.

Herb agreed, and Belladonna helped him attach one of her patches to his arm. Then they all rode the Silver Bullet; Herb didn't get motion sick, and he had a great rest of the day.

Anneka Andersen!



41. One day herb was sitting at his farm minding his own business his first relaxing day of the new year! When he started to cough! And cough and cough and cough and cough he went to the group barely able to breath! He lay there gasping for air! For what must have been hours and hours barely able to breath at all... When finally he was able to stop coughing he was able to slowly stand. He immediately rushed to the doctor's office to see what was happening to him! When he got his results back he found out he had asthma! Herb didn't know what asthma was but it sounded super scary especially when he recalled the episode he had back at his house! The doctor recommended many treatments for asthma but alas herb was just a poor farmer and could not afford this expensive treatment... So he went home not knowing what to do. When suddenly he remembered his grandpa telling him something about daffodils, herb thought it would help but he couldn't exactly remember. When suddenly it hit him. Of course he thought daffodils soothe asthma! Excited he went and found some!

Herb has been using daffodil every day since and has never had another asthma attack in his life!

:D ~Chris

42 One day herb was having a great day. He had gone to the park, swimming pool, and the arcade.

When he got home he was exhausted his mom told to go lie down. So at 8:00pm herb went to bed. Only there was one problem. Herb suffered from sleep disorders.

After 2 and a half hours herb went and told his mom that he could not sleep.

His mom made him a tea out of Valerian root, he drunk the tea and went back to bed.

Jaykob fontano

43. Herb had a migraine... again. Why did this keep happening? He had done everything he could think of. EVERYTHING! He sighed, slumping into his couch. He didn't feel like doing much of anything, so maybe he would take a nap.

Someone knocked at the door, Herb sighed again he didn't want to talk to anyone right now. They knocked again. Herb peeled himself off the couch the thought of a nap still tugging at him, and trudged to the door. It was grandma. "What?" Herb asked, "well I just heard you weren't feeling so good so I brought you some tea," she said. "How did you hear that I wasn't feeling well?" Herb looked around to see if anyone was spying on him. "I have my ways." she said, grinning. "Anyway it's a Black cohosh tea and it helps with headaches, migraines and some other stuff." She handed him the cup of tea. "Well, to-da-loo!" then She left. Herb shrugged and drank the tea, and a few minutes later he felt much better!

The End

-Kylee

44. "Who cares what Tiresias says?" Herb grumbled to himself as he made his way through the unfamiliar forest that laid only a few miles from his home.

He will grow to be very old, but only if he doesn't get to know himself, he replayed in his mind with resentment. "He's just an old, dried out loon anyways, what does he know?" Yet, as much as he tried to convince himself that the old seer's prophecy didn't matter, he had spent the past sixteen years of his life worrying over it.

Not every herb received a prophecy, but Herb wasn't like the other plants. Herb was exceedingly beautiful. And when I say beautiful, I mean drop-dead-gorgeous. He always had been. Ever since the day he was born people had become smitten within two seconds of seeing him.

It was for this reason that his parents had decided to reach out to Tiresias. He was very wise for a head of cabbage. His parents had asked him for council on what to do regarding Herb's future, because people's reaction to his beauty was becoming worse and worse everyday.

In fact, some had tried kidnapping him after offering to adopt him hadn't worked.

Herb was sick and tired of it all. Weren't you supposed to try and get to know yourself? If that were true, then why would it be his supposed downfall? It didn't make any sense, and herb was sick and tired of it all.

As he made his way through the root-covered trail that he had always been forbidden from following, he caught sight of a shimmering pond just a few paces up ahead of him.

Being as liable as he was to be snatched by some obsessed beauty guru he had never been allowed to leave his home without one of his parents beside him. He had liked being chaperoned. It had made him feel less uneasy when people stopped to stare while their drool dripped down their faces and soaked their feet.

But here in the forest, the unfamiliar and beautiful greenery, Herb liked the feeling of freedom he received from being alone.

He didn't even know why everyone loved him so much. To be fair, he didn't know what he looked like, he didn't have eyes on the back of his hands, but he had always wanted to see what it was about him that everyone found so mesmerizing

Herb finally reached the pool, and looked in.

Instead of seeing fish, like he had been hoping, he had to rub his eyes to make sure they weren't deceiving him. They weren't.

Inside the pond was the most beautiful herb Herb had ever seen. He was completely smitten. So smitten in fact, that he didn't do anything for days except stare at it. He was in love!

However, since the herb he was seeing was his reflection, there was no way for him to actually make a real connection with the supposed-being. So he just continued to stare until his dying breath.

Once Herb's leaves had fallen, a Daffodil sprung from the ground so that all who saw it would know that that was where Herb had had his down fall.

It may seem like a random and abrupt ending, but a Daffodil's scientific name just so happens to be Narcissus. Which is exactly what Herb turned out to be.

Moral of the story: If you grow daffodils, don't let their scientific name plant itself in your behaviors.

Sarah Barber

45. The tall trees towered above the forest floor, small plants and largest ones alike all stretching and reaching to be as tall as the glorious redwood giants among them. As one little ball of moss went rolling along, Herb, for that was the moss' name, navigated his way through the bright shrubbery on his way to his friends home.

His friend stood stout, but proud as she grew, her flowers and berries brightly colored to proclaim to the world that she had the best spot on the skirt of the forest, her beautiful petals greeting each who went along their way.

Herb, being one of the lucky few plants who could move as he wished, had hurried to his friend

Cohosh's aid when he'd heard that she'd fallen ill with a sore throat and cold!
The poor plant coughed and coughed until she was almost completely blue in the stem.
Herb, not being a moss of many words due to his lack of a mouth, gently nudged Cohosh until she twisted to look at him and swayed as if to say hello.
Herb rolled back and forth for a moment to return the greeting before dropping a small amount of fertilizer at his friends feet and bumping into her twice before he went on his way.
Blue cohosh took the medicine and silently thanked Herb for helping a friend in need.
Elena Maurer

[late January] February Week:

46. One day when herb had come home from school he smelled his favorite food Lasagna, so he raced upstairs, looked into the oven and saw a beautiful, delicious smelling, and looking pan of lasagna. Then he realized something he wasn't hungry even though his favorite food was cooking, and there were amazing smells wafting around the kitchen, He wasn't hungry. Herb started getting worried if he was always hungry [Because he was a teenager] why wasn't he hungry now. Then he remembered he had heard wormwood helped with loss of appetite from his mom, and he thought he saw some earlier that week. So Herb searched all over the kitchen and finally found the wormwood, Herb then made a tea out of the wormwood, drank the tea, and almost immediately his appetite started slowly coming back. From that day on Herb always made sure to have a supply of wormwood in his house .
-paige martin

One day herb was sick that he could not move at so he called her friend gravel root for help but the phone did not work so he tried to stand up and walk to get his other phone but he found and called her friend and said i need help with my sickness i will be over soon to help you get rid of you sickness then the door opened and sumantha came in and she saw him sitting on a couch and then samantha said take this drink of gravel root then herb felt better after that.
Jacob harding.

48. Herb's stomachache had started the day before. It wasn't bad, so he ignored it. Then it got worse the next day, so when he went over to his cousin Marshmallow's house for their weekly video game get-together, Herb asked him for some advice.
"I can make you some tea to help you feel better," Marshmallow said, and then began to cook some tea for his cousin. When he was finished, Herb took a sip. It tasted good, so he took a longer one, but then the pain in his stomach got even worse.

"Agh! Why does my stomach hurt more now?" He asked.

"Starting with really big sips can upset it. You should start with smaller sips, and gradually take bigger ones." Marshmallow advised.

Herb tried taking one or two smaller sips, and his stomach felt a bit better, so he kept drinking until his tea and his stomachache were gone.

Anneka Andersen!



49. *Where is it?!* Herb thought, panicked. His Grandmother had sent him out to find White Oak. Well.. She had technically said, "Go find White Oak bark! Hurry!" Herb hadn't been to Grandmother's house in a long while, and he assumed that White Oak must be the name of a new pet. Probably a dog since she seemed to think it would be barking.

It wasn't. If it was then maybe Herb wouldn't have such a hard time finding it, but there were no sounds other than his own light footsteps on the leaf covered floor of the forest that made up his Grandmother's backyard.

She had told him to hurry, and hurry he tried. "White Oak! White Oak, come here!" He called as he ran aimlessly through the tall trees.

Frustrated at his inability to do a simple task, Herb sat hard on the ground and leaned against a giant tree trunk. Why would Grandmother tell him to hurry? Why did she need her dog so immediately? She had mentioned something about her arthritis acting up... Maybe petting dogs helped it go away.

He reached his arm up to scratch his head in confusion but quickly brought it back down when he accidentally brought it too close to the bark, causing a big scratch to form on his arm.

"*Ouch!*" Herb exclaimed. "Who knew that tree bark was so rough..." He grumbled to himself while rubbing his now stinging arm.

"Wait a minute..." Herb quickly stood up and stared at the large, light colored tree before him. *Go find White Oak Bark! Hurry!* What had been his assaulter only seconds before was now his answer.

"Of course! She didn't mean a dog, she meant you!" Herb quickly forgot about the pain in his arm and began the task of retracting the bark from the tree. Once he had collected a generous armful he ran back to his Grandmother's house.

Herb's Grandmother made tea with the White Oak Bark while at the same time bandaging Herb's arm.

They sat happily and content by the fire while Grandmother sipped her tea and Herb gave her dog (that he discovered existed upon his return to the house) Yappy a belly rub.

Moral of the story: Don't jump to conclusions. Puns are a lot more common in misunderstandings than you may realize.

Sarah Barber

50. One day Herb was bored, and tired, and hungry, and thirsty, and felt sick. He was not having a good day. Well Herb never really remembered when he did have a good day. Most days either his village would get destroyed, or he would be riding a buffalo and would fall and cut his knee open, or something like that. So today he wanted to change that. He got out of bed and decided he was going to have a good day. But then he remembered that he was tired, so he took a three hour nap. After that he went into the kitchen to have his daily tea time, but when he started drinking, he felt even more sick! Then he realized... he looked at the can he was drinking out of, and it said in bold, "ARSENIC"! Just looking at that made him feel ten times more sick, but then at the perfect moment captain Mullein plant bursted through the door. The very sight of him was amazing! After that Herb felt better. The End

-Benjamin

51. Once upon a time there was an herb. This herb's name was Herb. His parents obviously weren't the most creative people. But then again, they were herbs. What could you really expect? Anyway, one day Herb came home from his job at Tony's Pizzeria and found his sister, Plant, facedown on the couch. Plant was crying. "Uh... are you ok?" Herb said with all the grace of a typical sibling. Plant sniffed. "No I am not ok!" she replied. "Everybody at school teases me because my skin looks different. I tried to tell them that it's just eczema and that it isn't contagious or anything but they don't listen and now nobody will be my friend because they are all afraid of getting sick!" Herb pulled a piece of pizza out of his backpack and took a bite. "So... " he prompted. Plant glared at him. "What do you mean, So? I just told you my social life is over and you say so?" "Yup." Herb replied through another bite of pizza. "So. As in So.. What are you going to do about it? I mean sobbing on the couch is all well and good if you have a fairy godmother but you're just a regular plant, Plant. How about you get off the couch, rub some walnut leaves on your face, and go back to school?"

Plant stared at him. "Walnut leaves?" she asked. "Uh huh." Herb said, walking towards the kitchen. "They cure eczema don't they?" And so, even though Herb only had the compassion and understanding of, well... an herb, his advice helped Plant to solve her eczema problems and everyone lived happily ever after.

The End

Tara Fontano

52. One day herb was walking and his joints started to hurt, now his joints had hurt before but this time, well let's just say it made the other times look like paper cuts. Herb was in so much pain he kept having to stop cause he hurt so much. His friends got so tired of having to wait every time Herb took a break. Finally they made a plan. When herb stopped to take a break they kicked him and ran off. (what mean friends) any way herb lay down aching all over he finally got to his feet and went to the doctor. He told the doctor what happened and the doctor said to get better friends. After he gave herb some gravel root it helped ease the pain and herb felt much better.

The end

Jaykob fontano

53. One day, Herb was walking through the jungles of South America, on an important expedition, searching for the Lost Temple, of the Hovitos, said to cave contained a sacred, golden idol, protected by an almost unpredictable path of deadly traps, pits, and giant rolling boulders. Herb

had heard of this Mythical Temple years ago, and since then, has dedicated his life to finding this place.

But just as he was walking, through a particular rough cluster of vines, and trees, Herb remembered how humid it could get in the dense foliage.

Ouch!... Sting! What was that. Herb looked down, and found that he had stumbled upon a swarm of mosquitos, and... had forgotten the bug spray....

Sting after sting, bite after bite, Herb was now looking pretty bad, covered in itching bug bites, and he was now frantically trying to escape the predicament he had wound up in, just as he had tangled himself up in a series of vines.

Just as everything looked hopeless, Herb looked down, and saw, s a sight he was never before so glad to see before his eyes!

But, it was just out of reach. As herb looked at the too distant Wormwood plant, he decided to use much more of his growing energy than he had ever before. Herb extended his arm, and snatched the plant from where it stood in the ground, and quickly rubbed it all over himself, simultaneously rubbing many insects along. But, it was worth it, because now, he wasn't feeling the terrible itch he had seconds before. Now... no itch, no being tangled up in vines. Herb wiggled from his prison, and fled from the trees. But now, far away from the merciless mosquitos, he could now continue his journey, into Fortune and Glory!

-Luke Mulder-

March 21 sign up:

54. Today was the day Herb was going to take a test, no the test... the ACT. But herb was really nervous because this was his sixth time and he needed really high scores for the college he wanted. Herb couldn't sit still he was just so nervous, and when his friend came over for a visit Herb just couldn't focus. Finally his friend, Leo, asked Herb,

"why are you so nervous?"

I'm going to take the ACT and i've failed like six times Leo Herb said.

"Herb there is no need to be nervous but i've got just the thing, be right back." Soon Leo was back and said

"I just found a herb blend that's really helped me calm down why don't you try it."

Leo then handed Herb a bag of herbs.

"All you need to do is simmer this in hot water, just make sure it doesn't boil."

What is in it? Herb asked

"Peppermint and honey."

So Herb simmered the mix and it made a delicious smelling tea. Then drank it.

Herb immediately calmed down and wasn't as nervous to take the test.!

Paige martin

Valerian was a beautiful herb. All pink and white, with a sweet perfume, she was much sought after for dates at the Garden theater. All the other herbs were jealous of her beauty and charm.

"It's not fair," Rosemary sighed, watching Basil ask Valerian to dance at the Spring Fling. "How come she gets all the boys?"

"Don't judge just yet," snickered Anise. "All the dates end the same way. Watch."

Basil took Valerian into his arms, stared deep into her eyes, and collapsed to the floor, snoring.

Anise started to laugh. "How's that for a waltz?" she called out mockingly.

Valerian blushed in embarrassment, and fled the hall, fighting tears.

Rosemary smacked Anise on the arm. "What was that for? She was clearly upset!"

Anise shrugged. "Yeah, well, she deserves it. Now no one can dance with Basil the whole night."

Rosemary gazed at the sleeping Basil. "And this happens to all the boys she dates?"

"Yeah. As soon as he moves in for a hug, he's out like a light. Valerian's a great cure for insomnia."

Rosemary felt sorry for Valerian. "And now she's probably in the hall, crying."

"More boys for us," Anise headed towards the snack table. "You coming?"

"Later."

Rosemary headed out to the hall to look for Valerian and apologise for her friend's behavior. But before she could, Valerian entered the dance floor again, this time on the arm of no other than Rosemary's brother, Herb.

Rosemary watched, mouth open in surprise as Herb led Valerian in a fast paced swing, dipping and twirling the girl in a spirited dance. Then, as the song ended, he bid her farewell and bounced over to Rosemary.

"How did you do that?" Rosemary asked Herb, astonished. "You stayed awake the whole time!"

Herb's eyes were wild. "I drank like a ton of caffeine and I am so so so awake and I also might have run over a fire hydrant."

"Why did you do that?" Rosemary asked in surprise. Herb never drank caffeine. He preferred herbal stimulants, like Chinese ginseng.

Herb smiled. "Valerian was sad because no one could dance with her. Also, she is beautiful and sweet and funny and a good dancer and she has a great smile and I sit

behind her in Agriculture 101 and she asks the best questions and I love her so much and now I'm going to crash"

And with that sentence, Herb collapsed into Rosemary's arms. She grabbed him around the chest and dragged him out of the hall. And as she shoved him onto a couch, she thought she might want to get to know Valerian a little bit better. Any girl who could get Herb to drink caffeine and still manage to knock him out with sleeping powers was surely a fun person to know. Besides, maybe she could help Rosemary get over her insomnia!

Jessica Brown

One day herb was so sick with the stomach flu that he was throwing up every where. Then one day bengal spice tea came and helped him out with his stomach problem. Then he drank the tea and he felt better after words..

Jacob harding

57. One day Herb woke up with a slight headache but his friend, Bert invited him to go to their favorite local restaurant called Ketchup and Company. As they walked in, the smell of it was tantalizing, so they sat down and a couple minutes later a waiter arrived with their morning breakfast. Herb was enjoying himself until he saw his plate, it was mac and cheese with ketchup on top of it! He was disgusted of the sight. He thought he had ordered just mac and cheese but that nasty red stuff was presumptuously sprawled across his mac and cheese. He yelled at the waiter "what is this on my plate!" but the waiter was already gone. His friend said "Why its mac and cheese with ketchup, never heard of it?" but Herb was so appalled that he didn't say a word. So Bert remembered that Herb had a headache so he simply pulled some peppermint oil out of his pocket and

savagely dumped the whole thing onto Herb. After that, Herb was back into his right mind and he ate the whole plate of mac and cheese with ketchup top of it.

-Benjamin Mulder

Herb loved tea, especially herbal tea, he would make and drink all kinds of tea all day long he would sell it and use it to heal. One day herb woke up with crippling diarrhea! He knew that there was some kind of tea that would help but he just couldn't figure out what it was, he looked and looked and looked but he just couldn't find it what it was! He was done looking and laying in bed when it hit him "Lemon herbal tea!" He went to the store bought some lemons and ginger and went home quickly he hurriedly made the tea and drank it down in two breaths. He rested in bed and he could feel his diarrhea was gone, Pweh! He lived happily ever after.

THE END

-SAM EAGAR-

Lil' Herb was stressed from watching his weight.
Feeling depressed, his doctor was late.
He was worried for his bones, and his blood sugar was low.
He might even have cancer! Lil' Herb didn't really know.
He thought he might die before the doctor arrived,
So his mom stepped in and said she would help him survive.
She boiled some water, then steeped some dried leaves.
She gave it to Lil' Herb who rolled up his sleeves.
The doctor wasn't coming, Lil' Herb had finally accepted,
So he took a big gulp and as he did his pain rested.
His mind was calmed, and he felt himself smile.
He had been healed, and it was all thanks to chamomile.

-Sarah Barber

So this one time, Herb found himself in a situation. A situation that he did NOT want to be in. He was walking down a dark alley, because he had to take a detour, on the way home from an early night shift at work. He, was just about to reach a street that would bear him more light, when he was suddenly jumped by a gang of thugs.

As he was walking past a particularly more sketchy part of the alley, he was suddenly tripped.

Oof... as he fell to the ground. Then, they jumped on him. Kick after kick, and punch after punch, Herb became subject to the merciless pain.

About 15 minutes after enduring the beating, for which he had no idea what he did to deserve it, they picked him up by the scruff of his neck, gave him one more slam into the stomach, or stem, and then tossed him to the ground.

Herb, was not grateful for the beating, and especially the punches to the stomach, knowing he already had digestive problems, and the two together, did not make a pleasant combination. As he was getting up, he was given one more kick to the rear end, and skidded forward on the cold concrete floor. As he was making an attempt to get up, he turned his head around, to see his punishers walking off and laughing at the amusement they had just received.

Herb, as he tried further to get up, found himself just too weak to make the accomplishment, and so he sat there, all night. All night on the cold hard floor, with the rats, and the puddles of water, and mud, and the fear of another experience either later that night, or sometime in the morning.

It wasn't just a loss of strength not allowing him to get up, but it was the immense abdominal pain, that kept him curled up in the fetal position, unable to move...

By the time morning came, Herb was fast asleep. Only a few minutes past noon, Herb opened his eye lids, squinting and trying to adjust to the light again.

Within 15 minutes, Herb had actually found it within him to stand, leaning on the tattered brick wall close by.

As 30 minutes passed by, Herb was well on his way, slowly but surely, near the end of the alley way.

Although it was still hard to walk, Herb found it becoming increasingly easier to stand the pain. As Herb reached his house, and walked up the steps to his porch, he realized that all of the pain was gone. And sure glad he was that it went.

As Herb thought in silence for a moment, he began trying to figure out why he had recovered so quickly.

It turns out, that Herb just happened to be a Fennel plant. An herb that is known for its help in relieving stomach pain.

Then he realized, THAT'S IT! That's the reason I'm doing alright so soon.

It's because he was a plant, that was specifically good at curing the abdomen.

And from that day on, Herb found that his fears of thugs and gangs had gone down considerably.

And he lived happily ever after, to the end of his days...

THE END.

-Luke Mulder-

61. Herb didn't understand - he had finished all his reading, filled out all his notecards, studied the periodic table of elements, performed all of his experiments, and everything else. He'd even finished preparing his big Eureka presentation. He was all set to go to Vanguard tomorrow; he had no reason to feel anxious, but he did anyway. His heart was pounding in his chest, his stomach was churning anxiously, and his palms were sweating all over his sheets. His nerves were out of control, and they were keeping him awake. He groaned. "I just want to go to sleeeeeppp!" He wailed.

Enter his mother, who had apparently heard his cries. "Can't sleep?"

"Nope." Herb replied and rolled over for at least the thirteenth time.

"Do you want me to make you some tea?" His mom asked.

"Sure."

Herb followed his mom into the kitchen, where she took some lemon stuff, lavender stuff, and mint leaves and stirred them all into a tea, which she then gave to Herb. He drank it, thanked his mother, and went back to bed, where he immediately fell asleep and dreamed about Vanguard all night.

[Anneka Andersen!](#)



62 herb was so excited he was going swimming the next day. He couldn't stop thinking about it. He kept bugging his mom and telling her how excited he was after about a hour of agonizing frustration his mom sent him to be. But there was a problem since herb was so excited he could not sleep. Finally he got up to go talk to his mom. When he went into her room she said what now, herb told her he could not sleep she got up and made him peppermint tea herb drunk and went back to bed after a little bit he was out cold the end

Jaykob fontano

63: One day Herb had been sitting on his couch when he got a sharp pain. His heart felt like it was on fire from the burning inferno! The feeling crept into his throat and he couldn't breathe. He realized what was happening, he was getting heartburn, again! This was the third time he had gotten it this month! Thankfully Herb had paid attention in Paige's Journeyman Eureka class so he knew what would help and he had consulted his doctor about safely using this herb. He slowly crept his way to the herbal cabinet in his kitchen and grabbed some Licorice root tea. He prepared and slowly sipped the tea. This time instead of the burn lasting an hour it only lasted for 15 minutes. Herb was very grateful. *THE END* By Isa Maurer

March 28 sign up

64. Herb couldn't help but think that Dill and his men were being seriously underrated. They were ordered to stand guard at the gate of San-dill-ago, in the state of Ca-leaf-ornia, every day and night to guard against witches and sorcerers. When was the last time they had seen a witch or a sorcerer?

The phrase "last time" implies that there were, in fact, times when the event took place. However, Herb couldn't remember a single story of a witch or a sorcerer coming to pay anyone a visit. He was half-convinced that they were completely made up for the purpose of making Dill feel good about himself.

But what bothered Herb the most was that Dill really *was* useful, but all of his time that he could be spending helping people with bronchitis, liver, or digestive problems was being spent standing in one place to protect their city from something that hadn't even been proven to have existed.

"Hey Dill?" Herb asked after convincing his feet to drag him towards the loathsomely lazy plant that looked way too much like Celery for his taste. (Celery and Herb had never gotten along very well.)

"Yes Herb?" Dill responded in his usual annoyed tone.

"Marigold is getting married, and Carrot made a really good cake for the wedding, but everyone seems to have lost their appetite. You and I both know that you're really good at finding lost appetites, so what do you say you head on over to the wedding and make everyone happy?"

"It's not my fault if they don't know how to keep an eye on their hunger." Dill complained while still looking straight ahead, rather than at Herb.

Herb let out a deep, frustrated sigh. "Dill, it's time someone told you the truth. Witches and sorcerer's aren't real!" Herb raised his voice. "But for some reason more people believe in them than they do in Santa Claus, which doesn't make any sense! At least we *see* Santa Claus once a year! That's more than seeing witches and sorcerer's...let me see...never!"

Dill had finally let his eyes drift over to Herb, surprised by his outburst. Herb, seeing that he had Dill's full attention didn't hesitate to get to the real reason for his confrontation.

"You have to believe me when I say the last thing I want to do right now is stroke your egrow, but what I'm about to say is the absolute truth. You are very talented, and you are capable of saving so many

plants, but instead you stand here and waste away, meanwhile others are dying of infections, struggling with sleep, or,” Herb’s voice softened. “Or they just *really* want people to enjoy their wedding cake with them.”

Herb paused, waiting for a response, but when Dill didn’t make a move as if to say anything Herb turned around and began walking away. He had only made it a few feet when he heard Dill raise his low voice and say in a commanding tone, “Well, you heard the man! We’re not needed here! You’re all dismissed.” When the other members of the Apiaceae didn’t move right away, Dill shouted, “Go find something useful to do!”

Herb waited for the other’s to leave and then turned to dill and quietly thanked him.

Dill scoffed. “It’s no big dill,” he said defensively. “besides, I’ll get free cake.” Dill marched towards the wedding in his indifferent way, and Herb followed close behind.

At first everyone was surprised to see Dill at the wedding, but they were soon grateful he was their when he began directing a large game of hide-and-seek to find everyone’s lost appetites.

The End.

Moral of the story: Have carrot cake at your wedding.

Sarah Barber

65. One day Herb was feeling snacky but he didn't want fruit or crackers or just plain old bread and cheese. Than he thought, “wait we have oregano and I think read somewhere it was used for cooking, so maybe it will go well with bread and cheese. So Herb got bread and cheese and sprinkled oregano on top. When Herb Tasted His creation he said oh this is good and a succes. And from that day on Herb loved Oregano, cheese and bread as a snack when he didn’t feel like anything else.(which was often!).

Paige martin

66. One day, Herb was racing in a marathon just for fun. He was in second place and they were just a few hundred feet away from the finish line. Herb was doing really well until... COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH! He could not stop coughing and he remembered that he was born with asma. He kept coughing until he dramaticly face planted right on to the asphalt. He quickly pulled out his inhaler and took a deep breath but it didn’t do anything. At this time he was dead last and he thought there was no hope of wining but right at the exact moment, Captain Oregano appeared on the spot. Even just the sight of Captain Oregano helped Herb breath better and after that, Herb dashed to the finish line and took first place.

-Benjamin Mulder

67. Herb was trying to get all his Vanguard homework done, but for some reason his brain just wasn't functioning. He couldn't think of any herbs to study for Eureka Journeyman, he couldn't remember any of the facts that he read - honestly, he wasn't entirely sure he knew how to type anymore. He was beginning to get really stressed out and was almost about to quit doing his homework, when his friend Sage suddenly emailed him about... something. His brain couldn't process anything that she said in her message, but he read her name, and the fog in his mind suddenly cleared. Sage! He remembered from a previous Journeyman class that sage helped with memory, brain health, and mental performance. Maybe if he took some, he'd be able to study properly and come up with a presentation!

So Herb ate some sage and got to work on his assignments, and quickly finished with plenty of time to email his friend to thank her for helping him get his homework done.

Anneka Andersen!



Herb woke up, got ready and remembered he was off work, he smiled and walked out the door he was headed to the gym, he stayed at the gym longer than he thought he would witch made him realllllly sore he was watching Tv when he thought to eat some rosemary to help his soreness after he finished he felt better and did something that day. THE END

SAM EAGAR

Herb was hosting a party he wanted it to be the party of the year!! He got all kinds of decorations and threw them up all over his mansion, and he thought he was ready to go! Then he remembered that people have to eat, so he thought what can i make for lots of people? He thought how about pizza? That sounds delicious. So he started to make the pizza he made the dough and tossed it up in the air, (so much fun) spread it out laid the sauce, the cheese, pepperonis, olives, ham, and even some bacon... After adding these he was thinking what else could i add to make this pizza taste even better? He was going through some herbs trying to determine what to use. Finally he decided to use "Basil". He cooked the pizza and as all cooks must tasted some. He determined it was perfect, the basil gave just the right amount of

flavor while not being too flavorful to overpower the other things on the pizza. He shared it with his guests and they agreed... He decided he would always use basil in pizza from that time on.

♦♦♦·Chris™·♦♦♦

#70 One day herb was just sitting down reading a book on herbs when he got a bloody nose. He put pressure on it to stop the bleeding and went to go get something to help calm it down but he couldn't find any. "What am I going to do now," he exclaimed, "Wait! I think that book said parsley helps with blood not clotting! I'll go find some." Herb went and got some fresh parsley and made a delicious smoothie with it. After a bit of drinking it the bloody nose stopped. From that day on Herb used parsley in both smoothies and cases when his bleeding wouldn't stop.

The End.

Isa Maurer