

Teacher: Mr. Schwager

Course: English I–II

Quarter 2 Creative Writing Assignment: A Christmas Blessing

"Behavior that's admired / is the path to power among people everywhere" (*Beowulf*, 25-26).

"Then something Tookish woke up inside him, and he wished to go and see the great mountains, and hear the pine-trees and the waterfalls, and explore the caves, and wear a sword instead of a walking-stick" (*The Hobbit*, ch. 1, "An Unexpected Party").

Background: You have now read a few good tales, whether from genres of ancient mythology, medieval and modern fairytale, or science fiction. We ought to love what is beautiful, good, and true. Yet the world, through sin, is full dark challenges to what is noble and right. The legends of old often explored this in song and story, perhaps as a kind of imaginative practice for the young. In this assignment, we will seek to bless a young girl or boy with a nicely woven tale and an actual gift that the tale turns on. Let the little children come; bless them.

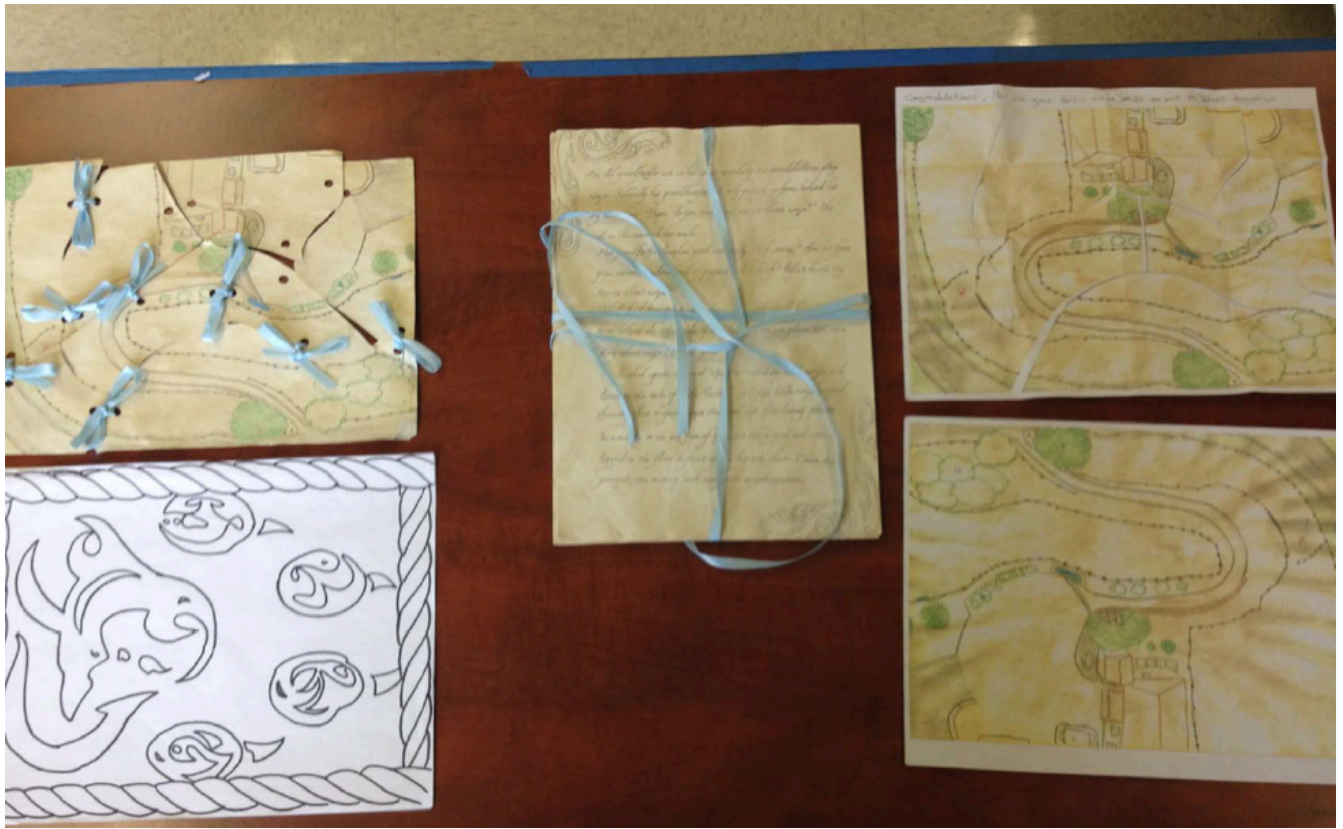
Prompt: Write a mighty tale of nobility, courage, and grace. Your story must

- be full of adventure (could be set in any place or time period),
- teach something noble,
- and include references to the physical gift (such as a ball or sword) that you will give this child.

Format and Grading: Your format should fit whatever time period and background you set. In general, your work will be **descriptive**. The length, number of words per page, and story type will be dictated by the age and personality of the child you are writing for. You'll be graded on how well you've matched your excellent finished product to the child (50% for correct grammar and fitness to your intended reader/listener, 50% for decorative splendor).

What You'll Do:

- Choose a child to bless.
- Think of a fitting gift (purchased or made by you).
- Write your adventure. Make it look cool and (probably) old.
- Make a map. Make it look cool and (probably) old.
- Hide the gift during Christmas break.
- Present the legend and map to the child.
- When you return from break, tell us all about it!

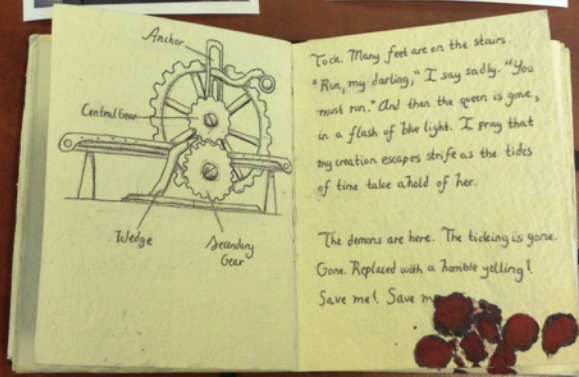




here is a thing, in fact not a thing but an it. For an it is a peculiar thing. It can be considered way ahead of its own, but then again, not at all. It can tell you things, but it has no mouth. It is on a constant and perpetual journey such as any living thing, yet it never eats or sleeps. It is invisible. It is all around the world at once, yet it has no wings or feet. It can aid people when in doubt or in a hurry, or it can do the exact opposite. It has no recollection or thought process; it simply just is. So what is such a peculiar thing? It is an it, and it is an is. It can go forwards but not backwards - unless changed to do so. It can stop, but it is still going. It can be seen through many things; from grandparents' withered faces, to plants changing from a seedling to a tree; it is new and old. It is time. It is the seconds of a gentle kiss; the minutes that make up the hours; that make up a lifetime at any rate. But most of all, it is the seconds it will take to change a girl's fate.



Once upon a time there was a girl named Annabeth Starling. Annabeth was in fact the great, great granddaughter of Duchess Lilianna Starling. Now, Lilianna Starling was not only one of the richest women at the time (mid 1500s to be precise), but she of the most fairest. Unfortunately, like many duchesses at her time, she was vain. It eventually came to the point where men stopped loving her because they were aware of her arrogance. At first she didn't mind, but before long, she became unhappy. She felt like something was missing, but she had not a clue. One day, as Lilianna was walking downtown for a hair appointment, someone tapped her on her shoulder. "Miss?" Lilianna turned around to a scrawny, hunchbacked old man. "Yes?" He didn't reply but just stared into her eyes. Before she got the chance to say anything, he smiled with all but five teeth as he placed something into her hand, then walked away. He walked to an elderly lady who seemed to have been waiting for him; he kissed her on her cheek as they walked away arm in arm. Bewildered, Lilianna open her hand to see a locket.



Took. Many feet are on the stairs.
"Run, my darling," I say sadly. "You
must run." And then the queen is gone,
in a flash of blue light. I pray that
my creation escapes strife as the tides
of time take ahold of her.

The demons are here. The ticking is gone.
Gone. Replaced with a horrible yelling!
Save me! Save me!

