



Toy box

Carl The magical Book



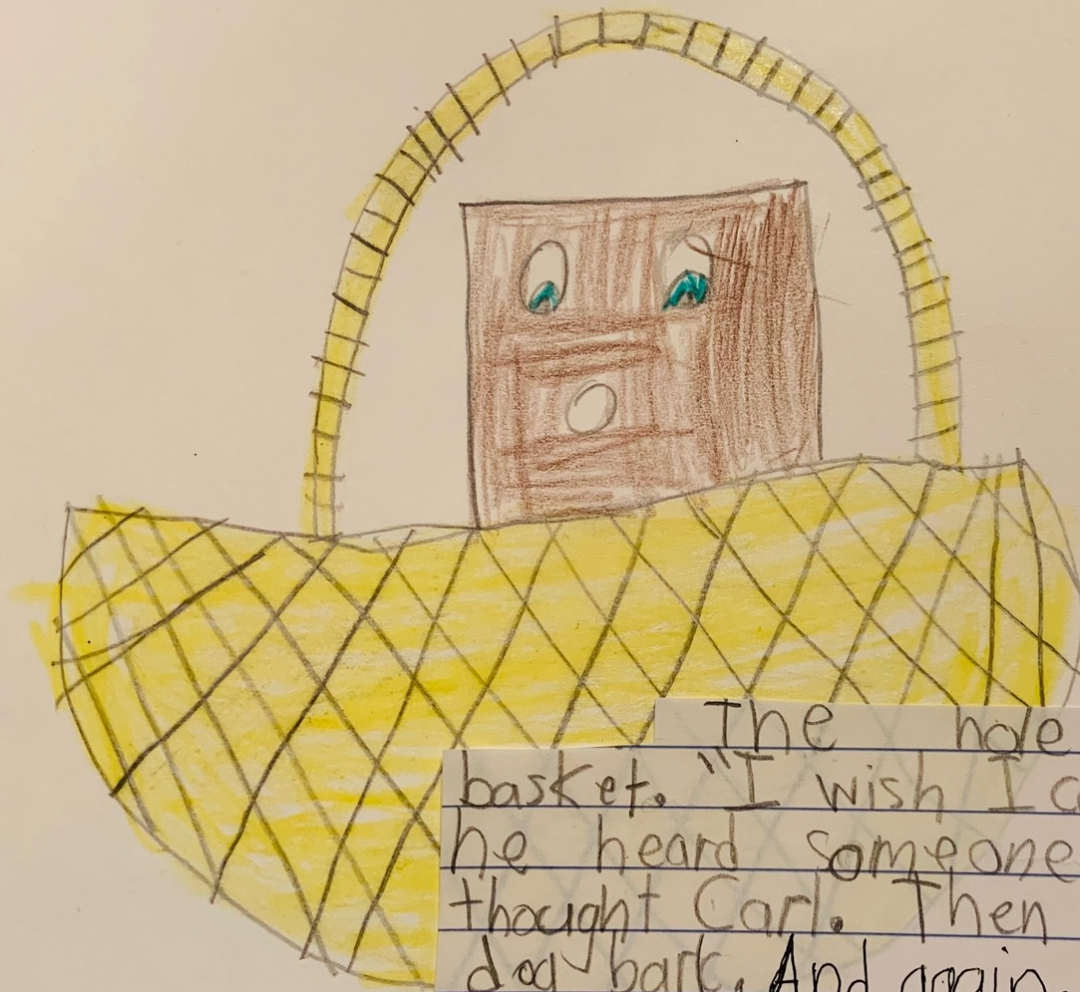
by Olivia N.

Carl was a book.

Carl could whisk people back or forward in time. Right now he was picking up his room. First, Carl picked up his toys. Then he picked up his art supplies. Finally, he was done. It looks nice, thought Carl.



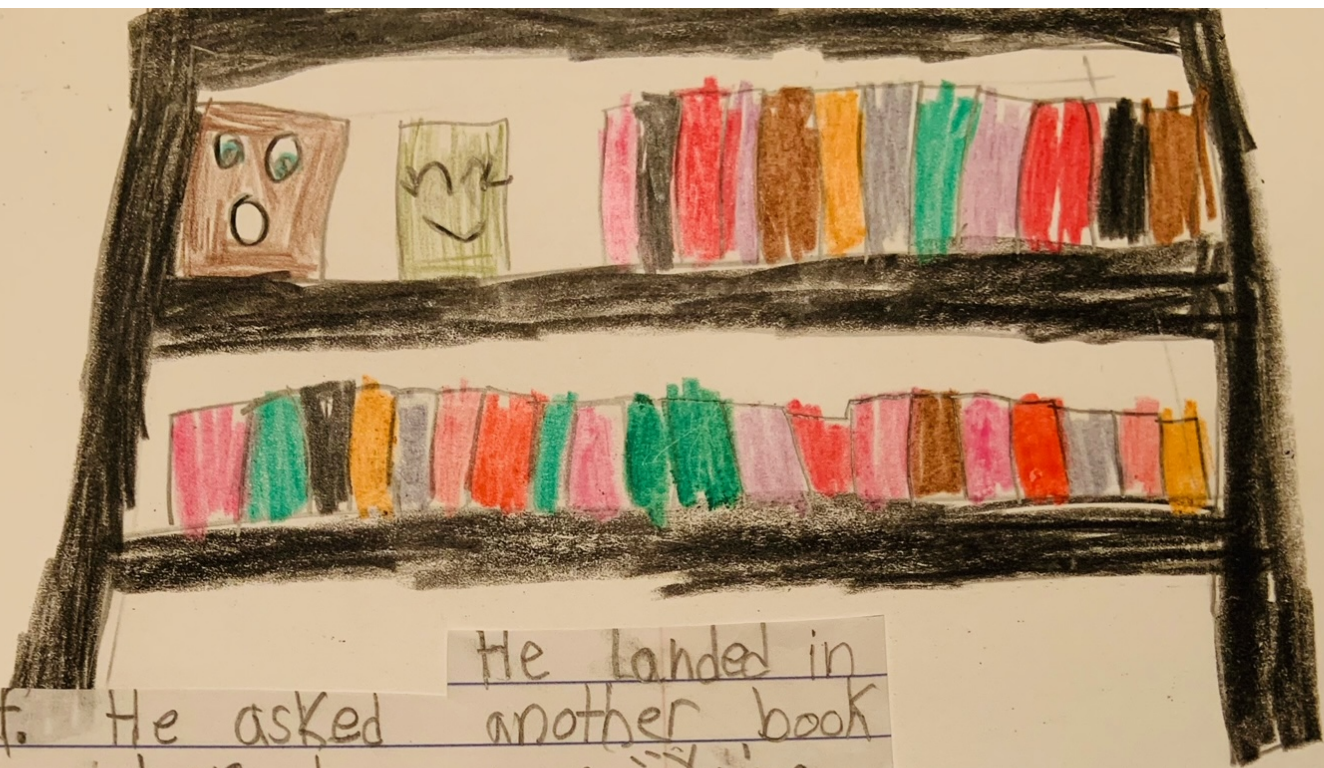
He layed down + on his bed,
but he fell down a magical
hole.



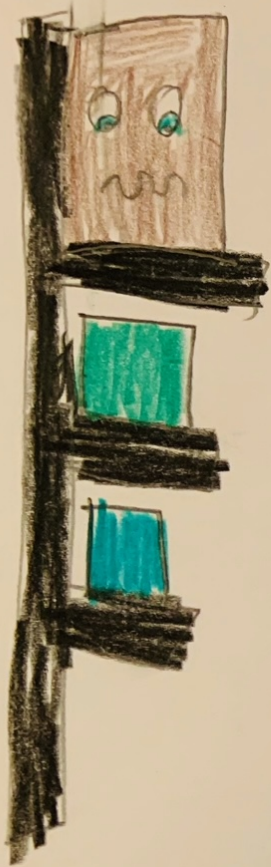
The hole landed in Kansas basket. "I wish I could leave Kansas!" he heard someone say. "Kansas!" thought Carl. Then he heard a dog bark. And again. And again. All of a sudden, a dog and a girl ran into the room, and the girl yelled "TORNADO!". The dog jumped into the basket. Carl was se. u. ished!



Just then, there was a big "whoosh!" and the house that Carl was in was lifted off the ground! The house swayed back and forth, back and forth. Then, Carl flew out the window!



He landed in
a bookshelf. He asked another book
named Riva where he was. "You're
in The Public Library, History
Section," she said. Her date was 1945.
1945!! thought Carl, who wanted to go home.
He wanted to lay down in his nice,
comfy bed, to see clean room and
play with his toys, but most of all,
he wanted to go home because
he saw a boy who looked history-
hungry.



Library

Carl wished not to be picked up, for he would probably be brought home. The boy came closer and closer until he was inches away. The boy reached out his hand for Carl but Carl fell down a hole.





It landed in his bedroom! Carl
layed down and thought "I love my
bed." He snuggled on his pillow
and was fast asleep.

The End