

Taking the World Literally - Braxton, Year 6, NSW

A Ball of Socks

It was a normal Saturday, the prime day for 'under ____' year sport games. I had a soccer game at 12:00, right? Well, not until we played. My Mum asked me if I wanted to watch Hudson, my brother, play, but I said no, so I was picked up by Aiden from my soccer team.

It was time for my game, and my parents just arrived with my siblings to watch. Hudson had a sad look on his face, so I'm guessing he lost by at least two goals. By now both teams had arrived on the field and we were ready to start. A minute later we should've already started, but we hadn't. We did not have a ball, and my parents were spewing.

The referee was confused. We always had a ball to play with, but this time we didn't. Even my six-year-old brother named Lincoln could understand, and he didn't know anything about soccer!

The club manager came out and gave us a Ball of Socks. We all looked at him funny and a lot of people were shouting, saying phrases like, "Is this a joke?" A lot of parents took their kids home. The Club Manager was very stern and he was not having parents yell at him for an hour, so he left; he has a fair point. I don't want to get a migraine listening to angry parents, but this time he deserved it. We needed a ball!

A Bed Full of Rooms

I came home tired. No one scored, we lost the ball of socks for ten minutes, and when we did have it, we could barely kick it. We had a close shot, but we missed because the goalie dived and tackled the player. Anyway I was looking forward to lying down. My ankle was hurting.

I came upstairs to my room and I opened the door to my room full of beds! My desk was gone, my storage was gone, everything was gone. I could barely even walk in the room with the amount of beds in it.

Hudson screamed, "What is this!" and Lincoln screamed, "WHAT HAPPENED TO MY TOYS?"

Dad came upstairs and saw Hudson's opened door.

"What the hell happened here?" he screamed.

"Quit yelling!" Mum said.

"Their rooms are full of beds!" Dad yelled.

"Quit being dramatic," Mum said as she came upstairs.

Lincoln was still crying and I think I was the only one who actually wasn't that in shock. Well, I was in shock, but not like crying. I actually went on all the beds, really comfy. I realised that we did not check Mum and Dad's room, so I mentioned it.

"What about your beds?"

Dad walked to his room and Mum went to Lincoln's room.

"What the Hell!" Dad shouted it louder than last time. Anyway, back to Mum and Dad's room, it was also full of beds and Dad was fuming. He was saying words I cannot write down because my Dad read this after I've written it.

"You need a shower!" Mum said to me, and she was right. I did not smell the best, so I walked along to the bathroom.

A Room Full of Baths

If this couldn't have gotten any worse, I opened the bathroom door to a room full of bathtubs.

"Oh come on!" Dad said, standing behind me.

"What happened now?" Mum said to Dad.

"Our bathroom is full of bathtubs!" Dad again said words I can't write down, but you know why. Mum told Dad to get some air, which he definitely needed. I mean it was not that bad, at least I could still clean myself. Also our toothbrushes were still there right beside the tubs.

Teeth Used as Brushes

Ok, this was getting out of hand. Now the toothbrushes had what looked like baby teeth as the bristles, eww... I suddenly realised that every single item that was spelt as a compound word turned out to be exactly that – thank goodness we learnt that last week in writing class.

Testing the Theory

We have a basketball hoop in our backyard that Dad and I use to play when we have nothing else to do. Dad has an advantage of being six foot tall so he wins often. So I went outside to find a basketball, and lo and behold, a basket of tennis balls were sitting evenly inside of the basket.

So if that was correct, then the basketball hoop was next. Just the same as the basket of balls, the basketball hoop was just a basket full of tennis balls hanging from ropes tied to a basketball stand made of baskets (makes no sense, right?).

Breaking News

A few hours later, the news eventually picked up on the terror. The headline was "*ButterFlies are Sticks of Butter Flying*".

I saw a butterfly when I attempted to play basketball. They looked very weird. They showed photos and videos of other compound words being used (like a witch made out of sand, a Sandwich). The Prime Minister addressed the situation and he said a bunch of grown up words I can't understand. But I knew one, "*United*", and I knew that everyone needed to stay strong.

Finding The Cure

Look, I know that I am little, but when I set my mind to something I can somehow always achieve it. So being a clever kid, I instantly thought of a dictionary, and how somehow the words are being turned to life, but how?

I have read a lot of comic books, so I thought maybe a chemical reaction happened to the books, but that would've just burned a hole through the book.

Researching For a Possible Clue

Yesterday wasn't any help, it had been three days since this started and I was still trying to find out what brought this out. So I looked online and read through around 10 of the 10,000 articles that were being published about "The Compound Word Terror" that was yesterday's news headline.

I found one reasonable article that was called, "A Possible Clue". Although it sounded stupid, it was the brightest of the bunch. It said that researchers say that it could end in one of two ways. In a way capturing all compound word items, or making a liquid cure that when sprayed can zap the compound words back to normal.

I think that is fair, except I think that capturing would take forever, so I thought of a way that might just do it.

Capture of the "Tooth" Brush.

Dad and I went shopping the next day and I bought a dictionary. Dad looked shocked!

"I have never seen you hold a book," Dad said to me. I did not take it offensively, but it was confusing since I got a Diamond certificate for Reading in Grade 5.

Once I was home, I went to the now "Room full of Baths" and looked for the "Toothbrush". I eventually found it 5-10 minutes later. I laid it neatly on the counter and I grabbed my dictionary, opened it up and squashed the toothbrush in the middle. I wasn't sure if it would work, but I tried anyway.

I opened it up and it worked!

Capturing the Rest of Compounds.

I showed my parents almost immediately, and we went down to the police station to confirm that this was the way to fix EVERYTHING.

Turns out I became quite the famous kid. I made it on the headline of the news and it read "*Local Boy Cures Terror.*" Neat!

Suddenly dictionaries were the most bought item in history; over 6 billion copies of dictionaries were sold in the span of a month. Everything was back to normal, except for the fact that I became the most popular kid in our country. At school around 200 people and kids from year 2 who I didn't know approached me when I was eating my salami sandwich, and the Principal even tried to become my friend. I accepted the Principal (obviously).

A Month Later

Everything has calmed down and I am not getting crowds of people anymore, which I am happy about. I just want to eat in peace (who doesn't?). There are still over two million items that need to be what I call "dictionaried" left, and I'm glad that everything is back to normal. Soccer is normal.

We still don't know what caused the compound words to come to life. But it doesn't matter now. I have an actual bathroom, and I play basketball with Dad often in the backyard! Also, the last three weeks in soccer have been great, but I think it is because the kids are trying to let me win.

Being famous sucks. I just want to be normal like everyone else, but now it is just about as normal as anything should ever be!