

## "Why I Am Not Entering The Sarah Tarpoff Writing Project"

Hello, my name is Olivia. I am in second grade. I am 8 years old. The story I am about to tell you is I why I am not entering the Sarah Tarpoff Writing Project. I bet you are wondering why I am telling you this and there is a perfectly good explanation to this question. But you will have to read my story to find out.

One day, when I came home from school, I had some papers in my backpack. Whenever I come home from school my parents make me empty my backpack so they can make sure I brought everything home and they like to look at the papers in my backpack to see if there is anything new going on at school. There is not usually something, but today there was. My mom saw a blue sheet of paper, about a writing project. She wanted me to enter (gasp). "No way!" I told her. I was not going to spend my afternoon and morning on a silly writing project.

It was called "The Sarah Tarpoff Writing Project". You had until April 25<sup>th</sup> to finish writing your story. It had to be less and 1,000 words and approximately three pages long. It could be typed or handwritten. The prize was a ribbon. I told my mom that the prize should be your story put in a school library or a bicycle. "Not that I am complaining" I said.

"Sweetheart," my mom said trying to calm me down. She started negotiating with me about getting my ribbon hung up, if I won. She would hang it up in the middle of the main room or on the door, until I moved away or went to college.

"Ah mom, no thanks" I told her. That would be a bit embarrassing, if you knew my mom, you would know she is very enthusiastic about her children. She likes to brag about our accomplishments which is very, very, so very embarrassing.

Oh, that reminds me, sorry I forgot to mention my siblings. I have a sister named Annie, who is 5 years old. I have a brother, named Liam. He is 12 years old. And a baby brother, who is 8 months old. His name is Ben.

Later at dinner, my mom told my family about the piece of paper, about the writing contest. My brother, Liam, said I should not have to do it. Annie said "Who cares?" and got sent to her room. Dad said it would be good practice for the future. Ben gurgled gibberish. Eventually, Annie came back from her room, she said to my family and I that she had been thinking and she thought that I should write a story for the Sarah Tarpoff Writing Project about how I do not want to do the Sarah Tarpoff Writing Project. Everybody thought it would be a great idea, even me.

"Ooh, maybe you could write a sequel about if you won or what the judges say about your story." said Liam excitedly. "Then you can become a famous author and be rich. So I can have a mansion."

"No" I told him.

And the next day I started working on my story, right-away. I know I said that I did not want to do this, but here I am.