

The Colder War

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First Place, Grades 5-6

One polar day in mid-January, Marcus was trying his absolute hardest to ignore his frostbitten legs and keep pushing forward. Just twenty more yards, he hypothesized, and he'd be safe. Suddenly, he heard footsteps. He started spurting ahead, bit by bit. Unfortunately, the bullies were gaining on him! His breath came in puffs of steam. Small snowflakes landed on his extended tongue. They tasted sweet in a way, which gave him energy to reach his house. "Let me in," He shouted!

"No can do, buckaroo," said a middle-aged man from the window. His lackadaisical father, Cooper, was locking Marcus out. Marcus didn't argue, perhaps because of the fact the bullies had caught him! The cold bit at his nose. He tried to run, but the lead bully, Thomas, snagged him by the shirt collar. Luckily, one of Marcus's friends named Lisa got the bullies back! This was the beginning of a war. The colder war!

Thomas's gang of two, Arthur and Emma respectively, knew that to win a war, you need a base. They started working immediately! "Get the left flank," Emma yelled. She was the tactician for the bullies. On the other hand, Lisa was the tactician for Marcus' clan. Anyways, Lisa's friend, Logan, came to the rescue! He came with heavy artillery. Round after round, each sided launched their weapons. Arthur, one of the sheer people in the battle, bailed out. "I'm going to get some hot chocolate," he said. He never returned. Lisa also chickened out. "I'm going to get supplies," she said.

"Okay," said Marcus, "Don't be long!" Both sides were down to two people. Suddenly, Logan got hit! He lay on the cold, hard, ground. "I think I'm done," he nonchalantly said. Marcus coolly replied

“Okay, that’s fine with me.” Logan walked away to his red house, just down the street. It was up to Marcus!

The instant that Marcus looked ahead, he saw the bullies sitting at a table, creating a strategy. “Perfect,” exclaimed Marcus. “If I can hit them when they’re not looking, then I could win,” he believed. He knew that he had to get the throw just right. If he missed, he would be a sitting duck! He had to think about the shot carefully. Since they were only about twenty yards apart, Marcus chose the heaviest snowball. Aligning his arms and twisting his feet, he took aim, then fired! He hit the bullies, so he thought he won! Suddenly, the target fell! It was a trap made of cardboard, just to catch him off guard! Abruptly, he heard ammunition hitting the ground! Emma laughed, “We’ve got you now!” The bullies were after him!

He rushed ahead, hoping to outrun them. “Who am I kidding,” Marcus thought, “They’re two grades ahead of me!” That gave him an amazing idea. Since they were longer legged than him, he could duck right under them while they were running! He stopped swiftly, which sent the bullies streaming right by him. He launched a barrage of ammo right at them. He heard a loud “Yowch!” It was Emma! It was down to two, Marcus versus Thomas. He ran, knowing that Thomas would be right on his tail. Marcus heard his breath before he saw him. Marcus grabbed a snowball, turned around, and launched it at him! Marcus connected on his throw. That meant Marcus had won the colder war! His dad had finally come to tell him to get inside. Marcus whined, “Five more minutes... please!”

“Okay,” replied his dad, “but *only* five more minutes.”

“Works for me,” conceived Marcus. He could have another war another day. After one polar day in mid-January, Marcus had won the war. The colder war!