

Bubble Park - Sophie Neubauer
2nd Place
North Jefferson Elementary School, Jefferson County
Grades 3-4

I heard the crowds cheering as I heard my name called to come up. Suddenly, the crowd's cheering seemed to quiet down as I strolled slowly to the front. There in front of me stood the one, the only, Mischief El Raccoonia, and beside that mischievous mister stood his most prized possession- the possession that held wonderful possibilities of wondrous things- The Wheel of Mischief! It was a dream come true.

I was eighty-five at the time, and very sick. I knew this would be my last day on Earth, because of my awful disease. If I could only land on the yellow panel of that colorful wheel that read, "You deserve one extra day." I could only hope as my frail arms reached out to spin the famous wheel. I shut my eyes tight and whispered a quick prayer. Then I heard the wheel stop spinning. I heard El Raccoonia announce, "This lady deserved one extra day!" I couldn't believe my ears. El Raccoonia told me I'd be able to choose where I'd go and how old I'd be. I chose to be twenty and to go to Bubble Park. Soon, a giant yellow and purple portal opened up under my feet sucking me in before I could even say thanks.

As fast as you could say, "Mischief Raccoonia," I had disappeared to the jovial land of bubbles. At first, I was totally speechless. I kept wondering if I was just dreaming. Around me, I could see nothing but celery green grass and lots and lots of bubbles! Green, purple, yellow, red, any color you could possible imagine was made into those wonderful bubbles. There were deep piles of bubbles everywhere, bubble cars, bubble planes and trains, and somewhere among all those piles of bubbles, I heard the best noise on the planet-bubble music. There was so much to do here!

The first thing I did, of course, was jump into the bubble piles. I'd take a running start and dive into the bubbles as if I were diving in a swimming pool. When I hit the first bubbles, I felt this cool feeling like when you're freezing and a warm blanket covers your chilly body. The bubbles fly in every direction possible, but they don't pop. Instead after you're out of the pile, they float back to form the same pile. You could dive gracefully in about ten times.

Next, I practically shoved people out of my way so I could be first on one of the bubble planes. I succeeded at that. I loved the whole ride so much... being lifted into the air and blown peacefully away like a dandelion seed. The view was breath taking. I could see the snow white, puffy clouds up close. They were most significant for Bubble Park because they produced the bubbles. I glided through a shower of bubbles and told myself that I must discover how they are made. It was then that I realized my extra day had become my eternity as a bubble.

