

The story of a young adult whatever...

Chapter 1

James was just a wee lad living in the estate of the republic of the democracy of earth. Here on this earth, the government set up an education system so that all the little good girls and boys could be contributing members of society. One part of this system was to have every teacher give huge assignments all at once during the final weeks of the semester. James didn't understand how this could be beneficial in any sort of way to his education, it only made him lose hair. One of the classes that he enjoyed was creative writing. But due to the work and feeling burned out it was hard for him to create a young adult short story. The following are scraped story ideas documenting James's descent into madness.

Chapter 2: Browns Cows And Highschool

"Betsy!"

"OH BETSY!" My mother cried my name. My name of course being Betsy. I am a cow. I am a cow named Betsy, are you not entertained? She was calling me down because today is my first day of high school. Sorry, I meant cow high school which is basically the same thing. I was a bit scared though as I am a brown cow and don't make chocolate milk. "BETSY I SWEAR TO OUR ALL-LOVING COW GOD, GET YOUR UTTERS DOWN RIGHT THIS INSTANT! OR YOU'LL BE BEEF!" She doesn't understand; she's been making chocolate milk her whole life.

“One minute!” I call out while brushing my teeth. I can hear her stomping her hoofs on the wooden floor. I finally walk downstairs and hear a knock on the door. The door then blew open and strange men in white suits and plastic all over picked me up with a crane.

“OH GOD NO!” My mother moaned.

“What’s happening?”

“HELP!”

“PLEASE!”

I ate Betsy, the moral of the story is to not doubt your abilities.

Chapter 3

James tested this story with a group of 6th graders. They immediately ran out and started to sob.

James decided that maybe human children couldn’t relate to brown cows. The ending was still ok in his eyes though, believe me when his teacher told him to change it. He eventually budged.

Chapter 4: The Young Adult Dystopian

Hey you don’t know me because I’m a nobody. The P.O.O. gave me the name Satasha at birth but every girl in my class has the same name. What’s the P.O.O. you ask? Well it’s obviously the police obedient oligarchy. They came to power in the war of whatever and they’re oppressive because they took away like toys or whatever. So what am I, a 15 year old girl to do about having

no toys. Well yesterday I found a rubber ducky in the bottom of a puddle; it must be from the before times which was 2 months ago. With the power of this rubber ducky, I will travel to the North pole and unearth Santa from his grave and SAVE CHRISTM-

Chapter 4

James shared what was written above with his parents who then immediately disbanded him.

James pondered, and pondered, then ate cereal, then pondered some more. "How do I make a good young adult short story?" Then a magical beast appeared.

"Hello my boy."

"Who.. What are you?"

"I'm the plot device wizard of course."

"Oh. Can you help me out?"

"Of course come with me." The two walked through a magic door into a room of mirrors.

"I don't understand."

"Look, it's only you." James fell to his knees

"Of course, it was me all along. I was the young adult novel." Angels sang out in immaculate chorus, and James became complete.