



## Storytelling Contest

Invitational 2019-20

“Whispers”

Grades 2 and 3

Brett was the quietest kid in the town of Willow Park.

At school, he sat in the back corner. He never raised his hand to ask questions. When the teacher asked him a question, his voice was a whisper.

He played tag on the playground, but he never shouted or yelled someone’s name. When he said, “You are it,” his voice was a whisper.

Brett lived with four sisters and two brothers. He was the youngest in the family. Everyone was loud, and he could never talk loud enough, so he learned to be quiet. When he asked for more peas at dinner, his voice was a whisper.

Sometimes, Brett wanted to raise his hand. He knew the answer to the question.

Sometimes he wanted to clap and yell on the playground when one of his classmates did a cartwheel or kicked the soccer ball into a goal.

Sometimes, he wanted to tell his brothers and sisters about the great book he just read.

But Brett stayed quiet and talked in whispers.

One morning at school Mrs. Dingle, the principal, made an announcement over the speakers.

“Today we have a surprise for all students,” she said. She never whispered. Her voice was loud.

Brett hoped the surprise wasn't Meatloaf Surprise in the cafeteria again. He whispered a little giggle.

“There will be a special guest in the auditorium this afternoon. All students will assemble for the last hour of the day,” Mrs. Dingle said.

The classroom was loud with everyone asking their teacher about the special guest.

Mr. Taylor smiled. “You will see.”

Brett opened his mouth to shout a question, but it came out a whisper and no one heard.

That afternoon, Brett's class lined up and walked down the hall with the other classes to the auditorium. It was really the cafeteria, but the lunch tables had been moved. Soon all the chairs were filled.

Mrs. Dingle walked onto the stage. "Hello girls and boys, we have a wonderful treat. An old friend of mine is in town to do a show. She has come to show you her special talent."

Brett leaned forward. The auditorium was quiet as a woman walked up the stairs.

Brett blinked. She was carrying a kid on her hand.

No, not a kid.

"It's a doll," a kid shouted.

Brett shook his head. "Not a doll," he whispered. "A ventriloquist dummy."

The woman sat down and said, "My name is Karen. I'd like you to meet my friend Cleo."

Brett held his breath as Cleo began to talk. Loudly. She told jokes and sang songs and talked to kids who came up on stage.

Karen's lips didn't move when Cleo talked. Karen's own voice was quiet. Cleo's was loud.

At the end of the show, everyone clapped and yelled. Brett clapped. He whispered to his classmates that Karen and Cleo were wonderful.

That night, he went straight to the garage after dinner. He grabbed some heavy silver tape and 3 small boxes. He found colored pencils in his room. He asked his father for some interesting looking gears that were in the garage.

He worked a long time on his surprise. When he was done, he whispered, "We are a team."

The next morning, he carried a big box to the bus. The bus driver blinked. "Is it Show and Tell day?" he asked.

Brett shook his head and found a seat.

Some of the kids stared at the box. Some tapped it. Some asked what was inside. Brett whispered, "A surprise."

During morning math, Mr. Taylor asked who knew the answer to the math problem on the board.

No one raised their hand. Then, Brett bent down and opened his box.

He pulled out a shiny robot puppet.

Then, he raised the puppet's hand.

Mr. Taylor's eyes went wide. The other kids turned and stared.

"Brett? Would you like to answer the question?" Mr. Taylor asked.

There were surprised whispers around the room.

But not from Brett. He pulled a chain attached to the robot's mouth.

When it opened, Brett said in a loud voice, "The answer is 16 because 2 times 9 equals 18 and minus 2 is 16."

Everyone clapped.

Brett said, "Thank you." He spoke a little louder than a whisper.

On the playground, Brett held his robot puppet. When Joey Stephens asked Brett if he wanted to be on his tag team, Brett pulled the string on the robot's mouth. "Yes, I will play on your tag team," he said in a loud voice.

He put ran around the playground and used the robot puppet's arm to tag four people on the other team. "You are it!" he shouted.

"That was great," Joey said.

Brett smiled and said, "Thank you." His voice was much louder than a whisper.

After school, Brett did all of his homework before dinner. Then he carried his robot puppet to the dinner table.

His brothers and sisters and parents stared at the puppet.

"My, my," his father said.

When Brett wanted more carrots, he pulled the string on his robot's mouth. Everyone was talking very loudly at the table. But Brett pulled the string harder and said loudly, "Please pass the carrots!"

Everyone stopped talking. His biggest sister passed the carrots.

Brett smiled at her, and in a voice not like a whisper at all, he said, "Thank you."

That night, Brett placed his robot puppet on a chair beside his bed. He cut the string from the puppet's mouth.

"Tomorrow I will not need a puppet to help me talk," Brett said. "I am not afraid to talk only in a whisper."

He patted the robot puppet's head and whispered. "Thank you."

Then he shouted, "Good night everyone."