

WRITING

Marvin and the Dream Monster

by Marvin, Grade 5,
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TYPE

FANTASY/SCIFI
NARRATIVE

GENRE

GRADE 5

In the year 1903, there lived a teenager named Nick, who was 17 years old. He always had a dream to be king—a king of anything. But his parents told him he would never be a king. He was abused, doing their work and being their minion. He ran away thinking he would never see them again.

He went to a city in Europe where there were a lot of spies. At that time, it was the beginning of World War I. This was the time when one spy tried to disappear a prince and his wife, and Nick happened to die, caught in the spy's drama.

May 30th, 2015, 4:36 PM

An 11-year-old kid called Marvin Lazo was doing a project on World War I and wanted to take a nap, so he did. When he dreamt, the need who died came into

Marvin's dream!

"Hi, my name is Nick. Nick Dickson."

"Wait, the teen who died, right?" Marvin asked.

"Yup, that's me," replied Nick.

"I feel sad for you," Marvin sighed.

"Thanks. Where am I?" Asked Nick.

"My dream. Why?" Marvin gasped.

"Oh. You can do anything in dreams, right?" smiled Nick.

"Yeah, mostly," Marvin replied.

"So, did you know I'm going to destroy everyone's dream? Laughed Nick. He summoned a fortune cookie. Marvin quickly caught it and read, You have met a terrible fate.

6:13 PM

“Mike and Sarah!” shouted Marvin when he woke up.

“What happened?” Sarah asked curiously.

“Wait, where’s Mike?” asked Marvin.

“He’s sleeping,” said Sarah.

“No!” shouted Marvin.

“What?” asked Sarah.

“The reason there have recently been so many disappearances is because a monster goes into people’s dreams and tries to kidnap them!” shouted Marvin.

“Wait, what?!” Sarah screamed.

Marvin ran to Mike’s bedroom door.

“NO NO NO NO NO NO NO! He’s gone. Mike is gone,” cried Sarah.

Marvin heard an evil voice. The same voice that he had heard in the dream realm.

“It was you. You made Mike disappear,” Marvin said to Nick, furiously.

“Yes, it was me, and it was fun. I have to go. Bye.”

“Wait, no!” Marvin said, but then fainted.

“Marvin! Marvin! Marvin!” screamed Sarah.

Marvin woke up, and he was confused.

“I need to talk to your brother, Jeff,” said Marvin.

Minutes Later ...

“Jeff, I need to talk to you,” said Marvin.

“I know, Marvin. Sarah told me everything. I found a way to get into our dreams and stop Nick.”

“Then let’s go!” said Marvin.

“Marvin, wait! Not yet,” said Jeff. “If we disappear in the dream realm, we disappear in real life.”

“No matter what, we still are doing it,” Marvin said. “Now let’s go.”

“We should have a team name,” Jeff said. “What should it be, Marvin?”

“The Losers,” Marvin responded.

“Marvin, you’re already a loser,” Jeff remarked.

“Shut up, we’re here,” Marvin said. Nick was standing right in front of them.

“Well, you came,” Nick said. “Let’s fight! But call me The Sreatcher now.”

“Wait ... you just changed your name?”

“Yup. It’s scarier, and no one’s name is The Sreatcher,” Nick/The Sreatcher responded.

Marvin grabbed a purple bubble gun and an epic fight began. Marvin and Jeff made a shelter and tried fighting, but Mike, who was under The Sreatcher’s control, summoned an army.

The Sreatcher teleported behind Marvin and bit Jeff with his teeth.

“Why are you doing this?” Marvin asked The Sreatcher.

“Because I always wanted to be a king,” The Sreatcher responded. “And being in peoples’ dreams will let them know I’m king. I enter their brains to control.”

“Why not just be a king in your dream? Marvin suggested.

The Sreatcher paused for a moment. “You’re right. I should have done that instead.”

Marvin teleported behind The Sreatcher and said, “Sorry, but this is for Mike and Jeff and everyone else you disappeared.”

Shouting angrily, he trapped The Sreatcher in a water jail, where he fell asleep for five years.

Just then, Jeff, Mike, and all the other people who were disappeared by him came back from the dream realm – the dream powers of The Sreatcher disappeared when he was caught.

March 9th, 2020 1:09 PM

“This ice cream is fantastic!” shouted Marvin.

“You’ve said it!” echoed Jeff. “Marvin, you know about the Sreatcher, right?” asked Jeff.

“Yeah. Why?”

“It’s been five years. He’s about to come out of jail, so watch out!” warned Jeff.

“I see,” replied Marvin.

Back in the dream realm, The Sreatcher was plotting. “I’m free finally, but they know my secret, so I must create an army,” he said.

“Come out of the dream realm and go to Earth, Master!” yelled a minion in the dream realm.

“Our age is about to begin!” declared The Sreatcher.