

Grades 5–6: Honorable Mention  
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### Changed In Two Ways!

“Mark, I can’t wait for Halloween. What are you going to dress up as?” I asked. He thought for a moment.

“Why don’t we be thugs—you, Krieg, and I?” asked Mark in a try-to-be-bad-boy tone.

“Sure, that sounds cool. Yeah, why not!” I said. I didn’t want to say no because if I did, they wouldn’t want to be my friends. Mark and Krieg are the only friends I have.

“Let’s go tell Krieg,” blurted Mark.

“That’s a cool idea, Mark. I love it,” said Krieg, whose big brother is in a gang and also tortures animals.

It’s October 31st, Halloween. Mark, Krieg, and I were all excited to see the houses with the spooky decorations. Everyone looked at us with nasty faces and the little ones were scared of us. We went to each and every house and got more and more candy. Then we came to this house downhill. “I double dog dare you to go down there,” said Mark to Krieg.

“I’ll go down there,” I said, trying to be brave.

“Me too,” said Krieg.

“Fine, I guess I’ll go too,” grumbled Mark. So, we all went down there together.

“Trick or treat,” we all said in shaky voices.

A man came out with a black hood covering his face. “Here you go,” he said in a husky and creepy voice. Then we hurried up and got out of there with one piece of candy each that he had given us. It smelled like chocolate.

“I’ve never seen this kind of candy before. Have you guys?” asked Krieg.

“No, I haven’t,” said Mark.

“Mine has a cat on the candy wrapper. I hate cats,” I said in disgust.

“Well, mine has a bear cub on it. Why in the world would that be?” said Mark in an angry voice.

“Oh, wait ‘til you hear what’s on my candy wrapper. A hideous, filthy duck,” said Krieg.

“Well, should we all eat them at the same time?” I asked. We all ate them like nothing. “I don’t think that was chocolate; it was sickening,” I said, coughing.

“I know. Ahhh! What’s that thing sticking out of your BUTT?!?!?” shouted Krieg.

“No, wait! What’s th...” but suddenly I was interrupted when Mark screamed.

“I’m growing claws! Ahhh!”

“Oh, no... Oh, no!” said Krieg, with tears coming out of his eyes.

“What?” I asked.

“I... I... I’m growing feathers on my arms!” Krieg stuttered.

“Maybe it’s the candy that man gave us,” I said.

“You’re probably rrrr...” Mark was cut off. He had fully mutated into a bear cub.

“Oh, no—meow,” I said, when I transformed into a black cat.

Then, all of a sudden, “Quack,” quacked Krieg.

“Oh, no! What do we do now?” I shouted, but only my friends could understand me.

Then, this fat, bald guy walking past me on the sidewalk said, “Stupid cat, get away from me!” He threw a stick at me.

I said, “Ouch, that hurt.” But all he could hear was “Meow.” Oh man, now I know how it feels to be messed with.

“Are you okay?” asked Krieg.

“Yeah,” I answered.

“Well, I’m hungry. I’m going to go find some food,” complained Krieg.

Krieg was trying to find some food when all of a sudden he was fired at. He got out of there as fast as he could and got back with us on our side of the street. “I just realized that it’s really mean to torture animals like my brother does,” explained Krieg.

“Someone just tried to take me by the neck. I’ll never be cruel to wildlife again,” said Mark.

“I’m hungry,” I groaned.

“Me too,” agreed Mark.

“Should we eat some candy?” I asked.

“Okay,” said Krieg. I ate a Kit-Kat, and it was delicious. It also made me feel better, in a way. Mark gulped down a pack of gummy bears. Krieg gobbled down a Life-Saver.

“You guys, I’m growing my legs back,” I said in relief.

“My regular fingernails are back to normal,” said Mark in delight.

“Yes, yes! I have my arms back to usual!” exclaimed Krieg in enjoyment.

“The candy must have done the trick,” I guessed.

“I think you’re probably right,” said Mark.

“I’ve got an idea. Let’s volunteer at the animal shelter since we’ve all realized that it’s mean to torture animals,” suggested Krieg.

“Good idea,” I said gladly.

“I’d like that,” said Mark.

“I’ve got another idea. Next year, let’s stay at my house and hand out candy,” I suggested. We all laughed together.