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Grade: 7-9

City, State: Atkins

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Essay:

SMOKENATOR TO THE RESCUE!!!

It was a calm, sunny and peaceful day, but even on such a beautiful day, danger could still be lurking just around the corner. Band/volleyball star, Harley Bell (a.k.a. the SMOKENATOR), knew this all too well. Her arch rival, Mr. Tobacco, loved to strike during the day, trying to catch her off guard. He was always trying to slip some poor soul some harmful tobacco. It was Harley's job to stop him. Suddenly, Harley's loyal shape-shifting German Shepard, Noodle, started growling. "What is it boy?" asked Harley. Noodle continued to growl and soon he started to paw at his nose. That could mean only one thing; Noodle could smell tobacco! As fast as greased lightning, Harley ducked behind a convenient bush and came back out as the SMOKENATOR! "Come on Noodle, let's go stop that tobacco from being used before it's too late!" she said. As she finished speaking, Noodle went from ordinary to an ordinary German Shepard to a majestic stallion. In a flash, the SMOKENATOR was on his back and they were galloping off towards the rancid smell of tobacco. Soon, they came to the spot where the smell was strongest, and who else was there but her arch rival, Mr. Tobacco. As Noodle came to a skidding halt, the SMOKENATOR heard Mr. Tobacco say, "Just try it, it won't hurt you at all." The SMOKENATOR leaped from Noodle's back, and at the same time threw one of her mini volleyballs that she kept tied to her belt. As it neared Mr. Tobacco, the tiny ball burst open and became a large net that completely engulfed Mr. Tobacco, forcing him to drop the tobacco that he held. "That isn't true. Tobacco can cause lasting damage like lung cancer and you can get smokers cough. Also, the smoke from tobacco can stain your teeth." said the SMOKENATOR while she was walking towards the would-be-victim. "It can also shorten your lifespan, and if you smoke, people around you, the people that you love could be affected through second hand smoke." Suddenly, Mr. Tobacco leaped up, throwing the net off him. He was trying to escape! The SMOKENATOR leaped into action, using her super speed to catch Mr. Tobacco and to knock him back down onto the ground. As he hit the ground, Mr. Tobacco started to yell, "Try it! Just try it! It can't hurt you! Just try it!" "That's enough out of you Mr. Tobacco," said the SMOKENATOR. And then she whipped out her miniature trumpet and started to play. "What are you doing?" asked Mr. Tobacco. "I'm tuning you out with my awesome trumpet playing skills," replied the SMOKENATOR. "Now no one will be able to hear you for miles around. Mr. Tobacco started to yell louder, but no one could hear him. He tried yelling louder and louder, but he still could not be heard. At last, he took out a pad of paper and a pencil and wrote in all capitals, "YOU HAVE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF ME!!!" Then, in a yellow flash of light, he disappeared. When he was gone, the SMOKENATOR let out a sigh of relief. "Well Noodle," she said, "I do believe this has been a rather successful day. We once again stopped the rotten Mr. Tobacco, and we were able to tell others the danger of tobacco. I think we deserve a treat." And with those words, she leaped onto Noodle's back and they rode off into the modern day sunset, once again triumphant in their battle against tobacco.