

The Old Fashioned Typewriter

WRITTEN BY PERI SHEININ, AGE 8, EAST GREENWICH, RHODE ISLAND
ILLUSTRATED BY MIA MUELLER, AGE 11, MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE



Wilson loved old fashioned items. He asked his friends if they had anything old fashioned. Nobody did, except for Ruby. She only had one thing, but it was very old fashioned. It was a typewriter. One day, Wilson asked Ruby if he could have the typewriter.

Ruby thought a while. “Yes,” she said. “It is a little broken,” she added. “That’s OK,” Wilson said excitedly. “I will pay you anything,” Wilson said.

“I will give it to you free,” answered Ruby. “Thank you so much,” said the very excited Wilson. The next day, after school, Wilson happily came back home, for the first time ever, with a typewriter.

Without telling his mom or dad, he went upstairs and started to use the typewriter. The doorbell rang. “Cling ding cling,” was the sound of the doorbell. Wilson went downstairs to get it, but he didn’t. “Bing bong.” Wilson knew that was not his doorbell. He went upstairs to check the typewriter and discovered that it was making the “bing bong” sound. Wilson read what it said, and it said:

George Washington is at your door.

“It’s not true,” Wilson whispered to himself. He went downstairs to get it anyway. With an element of uncertainty, he opened the front door. “Good day,” said a silver-haired gentleman.

