



Proudly Presents:

**Creative Writing With
Calvin and Hobbes**



January 11, 2014

Using the hilarious antics and adventures of the beloved Calvin and Hobbes comic strip as inspiration, we practiced writing puns and poems, we used figurative language, sarcasm, and other complex language concepts and forms to write short stories. We hope you enjoy reading them. Prepare to laugh until it hurts!

MDPL would like to thank our wonderful volunteers:
Drew B., Chris D., Sammie C., Clare & Dave A., & Hannah W.

We'd also like to thank **Kathryn C. & Dave L.** for making it possible to publish our stories!



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***Story Inspired by Calvin and Hobbes -
By Ben S.***

“This is so fun, throwing water balloons at random peoples’ cars,” I said to Hobbes.

“Yeah, totally.”

This could possibly be an Olympic sport, throwing balloons at peoples’ cars.

Let me throw this last balloon.

BAM, the balloon penetrated through the window of the red BMW.

“Oh gosh! Now what?” I just broke some guys window! Dad’s going to kill me!

After a few minutes of panting, my blood veins felt like bursting out of my face. “Dad is going to get so mad; he is going to throw me out of the house. I think I even have to pay for it.”

A few hours later, I had to admit it to dad.

“What did you do? You broke someone’s car window! That’s terrible. I’m calling the cops!”

After that, my life was in terror. I was so scared about everything. I couldn’t even talk.

“Well, you really did mess up today.”

***Story Inspired by Calvin and Hobbes -
By Clary R.***

The barking rang out like a loud bell through the calm green scenery. This was a normal sound, but something about it was wrong. Not the kind of bark Harry usually had but a metallic screech. Climbing to the wall quickly, the barking increased. I got over to the wall, but found at the base of the wall a bush of brambles! I could see Harry from my perch on the rock wall. He kept charging at some un-seen creature.

I got to Harry soon. Right away I saw that the creature was a black cat. This cat was not a cute cuddly black kitten. It was a shaggy old, one-eyed creep of a cat! I tried and tried and tried to pull Harry away, but like always he overpowered me. Screaming, "Leave that poor creature alone!" finally someone noticed. My mom came running. She too tried to pull Harry away. But like me, she failed.

With the intention to come back with a leash and some water, I left the raging battle. I

ran as fast as possible through the field and disrupted Polo and Red from their grazing. Returning with both things the battle had stopped. Harry now had no energy. Not able to walk. His only power was the water given to him. Getting back to the cottage thirsty and exhausted, we made it! Harry had many wounds, the worst of which was on his eye. He fell right asleep.

Thinking back on this story I think how in the real world this may happen everyday to some people. But, I still stew in my guilt about the one-eyed cat.

***Story Inspired by Calvin and Hobbes -
By Julia R.***

The day started like any other. The August heat blared down on Calvin's house, yet the two were casually leaning against the large oak tree placed to the left of the house. The two weren't doing anything in particular, just staring up at the ever-changing clouds. Their heads placed comfortably in the plush grass.

Calvin said, "Hobbes with no parents home, rummaging around the house all summer, we have plenty of time to explore the basement."

The basement, the room of everything imaginable: vintage toys, near-assembled board games, and a jungle of Scrabble letters. Calvin's parents never allowed him down there, for an unknown reason. Christmas buys, hidden secrets, and god knows what else. This was his opportunity though, the middle of the day. What were the chances of mom or dad walking in?

So the boys made the heroic journey down the uncarpeted creaky stairs, each lined with

dusty cobwebs. Till the 6th step, Hobbes made the dash back up to the main level, but Calvin persevered. He expected colorful presents, each initialed with C, for Calvin, but no, all he found was a large brown carpet stained with fizzy orange soda drinks. The walls were covered with wooden planks, each with boxes of old photos and holiday decorations. Although nothing particularly interesting was down there, he still found it really bad that he snooped.

His parents arrived later that afternoon ready for dinner. Calvin's eyes watered rivers. He stared uncontrollably at his dad until he blurted out what he had done with dry lips. His parents weren't angry but disappointed. So they gave him a talk.

"Hobbes, you're the one that ran up the stairs," blurted Calvin.

"But I didn't cry thinking my daddy would be mad," Hobbes said.

In response, Calvin sighed with a smile.

***Story Inspired by Calvin and Hobbes -
By Kaeden H.***

1. One day, I was playing football and I knocked a player hard out of bounds and he fell over. Then he got in my face and started yelling at me. He said things like, "What the heck?!" I got so scared my eyes were going to pop out. I ran back to the huddle so I could get away. And when the coach called me out, I went out.

2. Another day when I was five or six, I was walking home from the park. I found a rock near a construction site and I threw it at a car because I was so mad. It was an old grayish car with fancy hubcaps and it was dirty and kind of destroyed. The rock hit the window of the car and surprisingly the window did not smash. The rock just hit the window and fell down back into the rock pile again. I felt so bad but I also felt lucky because the window did not break. Otherwise, I would have been in a lot of trouble. 😊

***Story Inspired by Calvin and Hobbes -
By Lilia S.***

“Hobbes, do you think I’m good enough to compete in a cooking show?” Calvin asked.

Hobbes shrugged his shoulders so they reached the top of his ears.

“Well,” Calvin began, “I’ll challenge you to a cook off.”

Hobbes raised his eyebrows. “I will grill you,” he replied simply. Calvin bowed mockingly.

“Let’s begin.”

Calvin pushed a bowl onto the counter and dumped a 16oz bag of sugar into it. He stuck his hands into a container of flour, left on the counter, grabbing handfuls. “Three eggs, coming right up!” Calvin called, dumping the eggs still encased with shells into the bowl. Grabbing a metal spoon, Calvin clutched the edges of the bowl and transferred it onto the stove too, stretching his hands all above his head. 4:03 PM, stove handle turned too high. “Bonjour, Cake,” Calvin called, pressing his hands to his

lips. "Calvin, the bowl's plastic," Hobbes began, as the fire rose from the stove.

"I'm baking a cake," Calvin sang as a horrific sewage smell rose to their noses. Calvin furrowed his eyebrows. "The bowl's sinking!" he pondered. His mouth dropped to his chest. "It's gonna blow!" he shouted. Calvin and Hobbes ducked behind the counter. "CALVIN!" Calvin's dad's voice hollered.

"The monster's after us!" Calvin turned to Hobbes. "Run!" He sprinted down to the basement, Hobbes on his tail. They hid behind the couch and Hobbes opened the package of Twinkies. "This is my cake," he said staring down. Calvin nodded and ate his half. A pop and multiple sizzles rose from upstairs. His dad's echoing voice rose. "I never ever said...he used the stove...Calvin!!!" Calvin shook his head. "I'm fine here!"

The Explosion - By Nalia S.

Calvin had waited all week for this. After school, he raced home and grabbed the one box on the front porch without taking a glance at the tag, (expecting it was his new explosives kit). After he quickly destroyed the box and the wrapping, he found it was his dad's new work case. Unlike most kids, instead of just giving it to his dad, Calvin decided to use it as an explosives holder.

No one knew how Calvin got a hold of explosives, not even Hobbes knew, but Calvin placed an explosive violently in his father's work case, causing it to explode and make a bad bang.

"Duck and cover!" Calvin yelled while he dramatically fell backwards.

Then, Calvin heard some stomps coming up the stairs, giving Calvin a face of fright.

"Calvin, what was that loud disturbing sound? I was just finishing up the paper," Calvin's father said as he scooted into the room.

“It was me, it was me, I took your new work case and I exploded it!” Calvin screamed as he picked up the leftover shreds of his father’s new suitcase.

“Calvin, why, why and how did you get a hold of an explosive?”

As Calvin told the whole story, his dad’s face turned redder and redder. By the end of the night Calvin ended up being grounded, but still, he was going to get his revenge.

Misplacing My Ballet Shoes - By Phoenix M.

I'm happily riding in the car with my friend Addie on our way to the ballet class. We were laughing and talking about what class would be like today. We walked into the dressing room to change and get our ballet slippers on. But when I reached into my ballet bag, I realized I had forgotten my ballet shoes! I jumped up from the bench, shaking my entire ballet bag out, rummaging through junk, a pair of shorts, two tank tops, an extra pair of underwear, an apple and a cheese stick, etc. I furiously stuffed the things I had shaken out of my bag back into it. I spun around nearly knocking down Addie. Shaking her as hard as I could, I screamed, "I forgot my ballet shoes!!! Mrs. Heather is going to kill me!!!"

I walked into rehearsal silently, keeping my head down. I explained to Mrs. Heather that I had forgotten my ballet shoes. "What! Phoenix, what are you going to dance with?" I looked down at my feet where I had found two ballet

shoes – one so small I could hardly get my foot into it and one so big it was falling off. I had lots of trouble dancing with it. Luckily, I made it through the 5-hour Nutcracker rehearsal stewing in my own guilt. Even though I had to promise my mom never to leave my ballet shoes at home again and even though I got a strict lecture about exactly how bad leaving my ballet shoes at home is. [Though I do still leave my shoes at home sometimes because I can't help it]. But overall, it was not the worst thing in the world...I think.

***Hard Luck -
By Rowan H.***

Once I went to go & get a book to read on the bookshelf where my brother, Felix, was charging his Nintendo 3DS.

When I got the book, I tripped on the cord and his Nintendo 3DS came falling down. For a minute I was stunned, and I could not move my body. My elbows were locked to my ribs. Then I realized what happened & thought my mom was going to explode! She yelled at me and sent me to my room. I felt like an ant about to be stepped on.

In the end, my mom apologized for yelling at me and said that Felix's Nintendo 3DS was ok. So even though it felt like a big deal, I found it was ok.

***Story Inspired by Calvin and Hobbes -
By Teague H.***

I was trying to score a goal, and I accidentally kicked someone in the face with a soccer ball. His name was Semaj. He screamed really loud. He was acting like his head fell off. I hid behind the soccer post. I felt guilty. He said, "I'm going to rip your arm off." I ran away.

THE END!!!

BYE BYE!



Want more? Here's our 2014 Calendar:

Adventure Tales and Survival Stories Summer Writing Camp!
June 16-20 for ages 8-11 & July 14-18 for ages 11-15

August 9 | Golden Details

Learn how to write the golden details that can transform a "blah" piece of writing into something remarkable, memorable in its singular prowess of image and voice.

September 13 | Two Thumbs Up

Everyone's a critic...so why not put your critical skills to use! Join us as we watch some films, learn the ins and outs of how critics rate movies, and then write our own reviews.

October 11 | Scary Story Celebration

Join us at the Denver Museum of Miniatures, Dolls & Toys from 3-6:30 pm where we'll read, write, and record our own collection of stories...in the spookiest museum in Denver!

November 8 | Finding the Poetry in an Atom

Everyone is capable of thinking creatively about something naturally logical. Join us as we grapple with well-reasoned ideas in fanciful ways!

December 13 | Writing as a Gift

We'll create short stories, memoirs, poetry, cartoons, recipes, fortunes, and holiday cards for the special people in our lives – gifts that they will treasure forever, since they came from our hearts and brains.



at Metropolis Coffee

{Where kids and community come together to write.}

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