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# STUDENT WRITING SAMPLE

## **Don't Mess with the Tooth Fairy**

*by Angie Peng, Grade 8, Hudson Middle School*

**Prompt:** Unfinished business. Take care of some in your narrative.

Oh, great. I'm going to lose my job. That's just wonderful. I've devoted my life to this career, and now I'm going to lose it all. What's terrible is that this whole fiasco was caused by a tooth.

That's right, a tooth. Being the real Tooth Fairy isn't as easy as everyone thinks.

Sure, you may think you know who the Tooth Fairy is, and you might even think you know what she looks like. But all you foolish humans are seeing is the poster girl for our little tooth collecting organization. You have seen the prettiest bimbo with wings and a perfect complexion who probably hasn't ever collected a front incisor blanketed with the grime of plaque. All she has to do is pose for children's book illustrations all day. I bet she doesn't get fired if she fails to collect a putrid piece of someone's mouth otherwise known as a tooth.

But I will. Get fired, that is.

The CEF (Chief Executive Fairy) has never really liked me, anyway. He only hired me because there was a shortage of male Tooth Fairies (all the other male tooth fairies are really bad with directions). Now he's going to fire me because one determined seven-year-old brat has decided to hold his left back molar hostage until he can catch a Tooth Fairy.

He wants to bring his catch in for Show and Tell.

If I fail to retrieve the tooth (aka, the package), then it is bye-bye to the tooth-condo in Florida, and hello to the Tooth Motel. I can't let that happen, I have to save my job! After all, I have some unfinished business with this kid. Ben. His name is Ben. He's a pudgy body of energy, spoiled to the bone. One golden spike of his evenly raked hair usually managed to stick up in defiance. The other night when my Tooth-tracking GPS System flashed a blinding red light, I quickly flew to the second-story bedroom of a flamboyant brick mansion only to discover a note in place of a tooth.

Dear Miss Tooth Fairy,

I have the tooth. I will give it to you for free. I just want you to come in for Show and Tell with me.

Benjamin Tyler Buchanan III

Miss Tooth Fairy? Why am I always referred to as Miss? Just because I have wings and tights doesn't make me any less masculine. And I can't go to Show and Tell with this kid. Then everyone would know about the Tooth Fairy Hoax – how could one Tooth Fairy collect all those teeth? So, now I'll just have to take care of my unfinished business and steal the tooth.

The night is cloaked with an abyss of darkness as I am guided by the pinholes in the sky that allow heaven to shine through. I flutter through the kid's slightly open window and begin to dart around the room in search of the tooth. If I were a seven-year old kid determined to catch the Tooth Fairy, where would I hide a tooth? I ponder for a while, then I know.

The candy jar. It glows brightly from the bottom of the glassy container. Salvation! I snatch the tooth with a fervent urgency and fly away into the hazy August night. I smile as I think of how I just took care of my unfinished business.

Never mess with a Tooth Fairy. ☺