



Mason Bunch

Hughes Elementary School

Ms. Myers' 4<sup>th</sup> grade classroom

“This book gets people’s reactions and sometimes makes them cry. It feels real and is touching. A writer hits people’s emotions. It is a good feeling book and kind of sad,” said Mason as she spoke about why she picked this writing to showcase.

Mason describes how this particular writing piece got started and where she got the idea. “In class we started by looking at a picture and we worked on using words to describe and add all the details. After I liked how it had a lot of details, I got the idea to add in the panda. Usually people write about cats or dogs, but I decided to try something different and pick a panda.”

“I used to want to be a dentist, but I think I want to be a writer of chapter books. They take a while though,” states Mason about her future plans.

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Fourth Grade  
2017-2018  
Hughes Elementary

## Church Panda

The wind whooshed softly, pushing my hair in the foggy wind. No one was out as the sun was going down. Now, well now it was night. All the crickets were out chirping like birds.

The one church across the street was calling my name for some reason. It would always seem to stick out in town from its pointy top. So I just decided to walk on in. However, the door was locked. I wasn't going to kick the door open! If I kicked the door in, in the morning they would think it's a robbery. They would accuse me!

I thought to myself, "How do I get in?"

"I don't have to get in," I whispered under my breath. I just wanted to see what a creepy church would like when no one was there.

"Just for fun," I said as I gestured around me.

The wind seemed to push me to the locked door. Then, I heard a big knocking from the other side of the door.

"He-Hello?" I quietly whispered.

I saw a little black fuzzy ear peeking between the chain holding the doors closed.

"Uh..." it said.

Then it slowly turned its head. It was a panda!

"Uh... I need to get out," he whimpered.

"You unlock it!" I said.

He showed more of his face by getting in between the chain strapped to the doors.

"Do you need help?" I asked.

"Yes, please!" he whined.

We pulled the chain and I got him out.

"Can I keep you?" I asked.

"Yeah, I guess," he said, confused.

"Your name will be..." I thought. He looked at me with his hands folded behind his back. He was looking at me, just smiling. He seemed to have nice pearly white teeth.

"Pearly?" I said.

"Pearly is your new name."

"What?! That's a girl's name! Oh, come on!" yelled Pearly.

After all of Pearly's yelling, I looked to see if any security cops were coming. I really thought I was crazy, talking to a talking panda. A panda who had just come out of a locked church. I really liked him though, and he seemed to like me, too!

Year after year Pearly was there for me, but eventually he started fading. When I first met him, I was 12. Now, I'm 22 - ten years have passed. It's been a while since I've seen Pearly.

I was finally 90 years old. Alone in my cabin I would be - no visitors and no pandas. Then one day, I awoke feeling 12 again. I saw Pearly on the other side of the rainbow. I walked across that rainbow that led into his heart. From now on I would never wake up without Pearly.