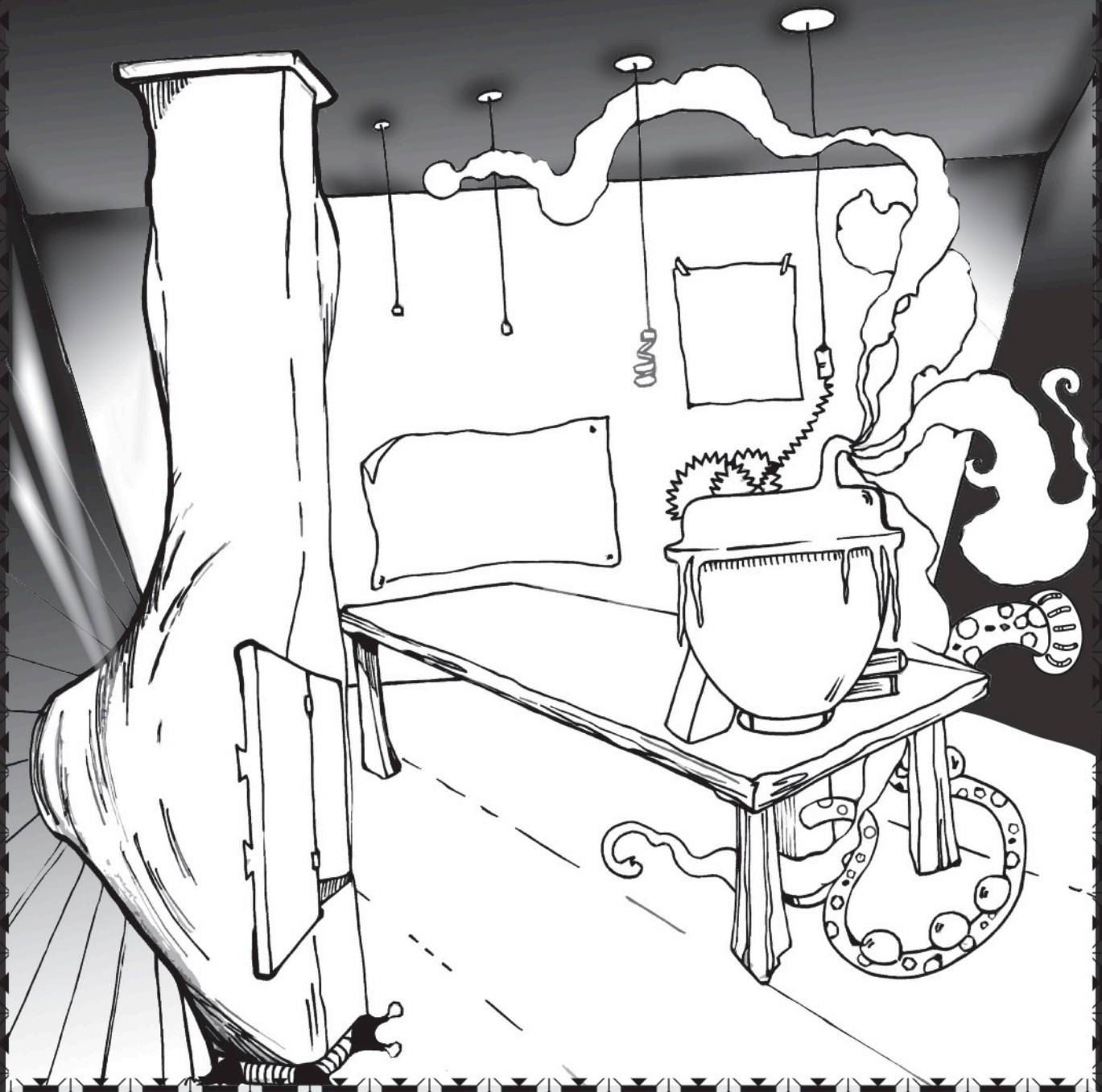


THE ROOM OF TIME

a 21st Century Folk Tale



This is one way to draw Preston's Workshop. Your version will be different. Inside your book there's a place for you to draw it from scratch. The picture above needs more details. Lightbulbs, floorboards, a doggie bowl and bed for Wolfie, tools for Preston, blue prints on the wall, a picture of a polar bear, dials and controls on the re-freezing machine and the dumbwaiter, food, dog toys, water bottles, leaky pipes . . . these are all your ideas. So draw them in and color them up to make your Cover Art complete! If you want to add characters, just draw them on another piece of paper, cut them out and paste them on top so they will be in the foreground (in the very front).

created by Ms. Cain's 5th Grade Class of 2009 - East Orient School
In collaboration with Earth Arts NW, tribal@spiritone.com

Artist's Name (That's YOU!)

Sponsored by the Right Brain Initiative - www.rightbraininitiative.org

Chapter 1 - **BIG TROUBLE**

Preston is a dreamer. And boy, is he ever **smart!**
Even though he's only _____ years old he thinks about things a lot!
He wonders *why people grow old*, like his grandpa did,
and *even why we need to sleep*. That's the kind of kid he is.

And he is worried about the Earth, too - especially Global Warming.
Every night he watches the news.
What's going to happen to the Polar Bears? He wonders.
"I'm going to do something to help!" he says to himself.
"I think I know a way to **STOP** Global Warming!"

He's kidding - right? *Not really.*
There's something about him you should know.
Preston is a **Boy Inventor**.
He even has a hidden laboratory in his house.
Wolfgang, his faithful shaggy mutt, sometimes barks,
"Woof! Woof! Preston, you're amazingly smart."

But not everybody thinks so. Kids at school call him a weirdo.
He's always got *junk* in his backpack - stuff like coils and wires and tubes.
Once he even had a _____.

You want to know another thing about Preston?
He's really, really shy - except when he's talking about inventing.
Then you just can't shut him up.
And he's got these *thick glasses* that make his eyeballs look really *big*.
When he talks about inventing they get even *bigger*.
Yah, the kids tease him - *a lot*. They call him a Geek.
Some kids even call him a *liar*.

But he's not - is he? 'Cause sometimes even his parents think he is.

Like today, for instance . . . Preston is in **BIG** trouble.

"PRES-TON!" Yelled his folks from the kitchen.

"Come down here, this minute!"

"Uh Oh," said Preston as he and Wolfgang ran downstairs.

In the kitchen, his mother was frantically mopping up water while his dad tried to turn the water off - *under the sink* - which had **disappeared**.

His mother could hardly speak as she pointed to the refrigerator.

"What? . . . Why did you? **Preston**, what's wrong with you?" she cried, bursting into tears.

"Young Man," demanded his father, **"EXPLAIN YOURSELF!"**

His father was dripping wet, shaking like a crazy dog. "Why did you **DO** this?"

Draw a picture here of the family kitchen:

“Well,” explained Preston, “I needed a few things for my Polar Ice-cap re-freezing machine.

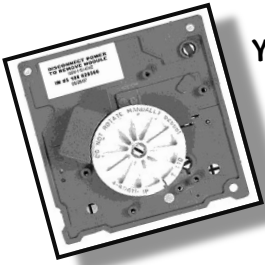
I call it the _____.

You see I had to take the refrigerator apart to figure out how it works.

Then, of course, I needed the main electronic control board,

the icemaker module, the water inlet valve,

a few hinges and - Oh Gee - I still need to find a refreeze timer.”



“Preston, *what are you talking about?* You took the refrigerator apart!

You pulled the sink off the wall! There’s food and water all over the floor.

Have you gone crazy?” Preston’s mother pleaded.

“Mom, I really *needed* the sink. You see, it’s kind of like . . . well, it’s hard to explain.

Come up to my room and I’ll show you!” Preston replied.

His parents were furious but they were still trying to understand

WHY their son had done what he did.

They both know how creative he is so they *try* to cut him some slack.

After all, they’re scientists themselves who live in a crazy, wacky old house.

It has a secret panel in the library, weird noises coming from nowhere,
and a dumbwaiter that pops up through Preston’s closet floor. *Cooooool!*

Anyway, Preston opened the dumbwaiter and said,

“Climb in, and I’ll take you to my workshop on the **hidden floor**.

I just turned on the re-freezing machine and it’s working GREAT!”

His parents looked at each other with tears in their eyes and said,

“Preston, you’ve got to stop lying. There is *no* hidden floor in this house.

There is *no* what-cha-ma-call-it machine.

You will stay in your room, young man, until you are ready to tell the **truth**.”

As they went back downstairs he could hear them whisper,

“I think we may need to *send him away* to get some professional help.”

Chapter 2- **THE FROZEN WORLD**

“Oh, Wolfie, now even my parents don’t believe me,” sighed Preston.

“I guess I got a little carried away in the kitchen.”

“Ya think?” Wolfgang woofed.

“What am I going to do?” Preston moaned.

All of a sudden, the closet door started to rattle.

Wolfie pushed it open with his nose and a big, loud “WOOF!”

“Hey, the dumbwaiter is shaking all over the place,” Preston shouted.

“Now it’s changing colors: pink - orange - green. What’s that weird noise?”

Beep . . . beep . . . beep

Beep . . . beep . . . beep

Beep . . . beep . . . beep

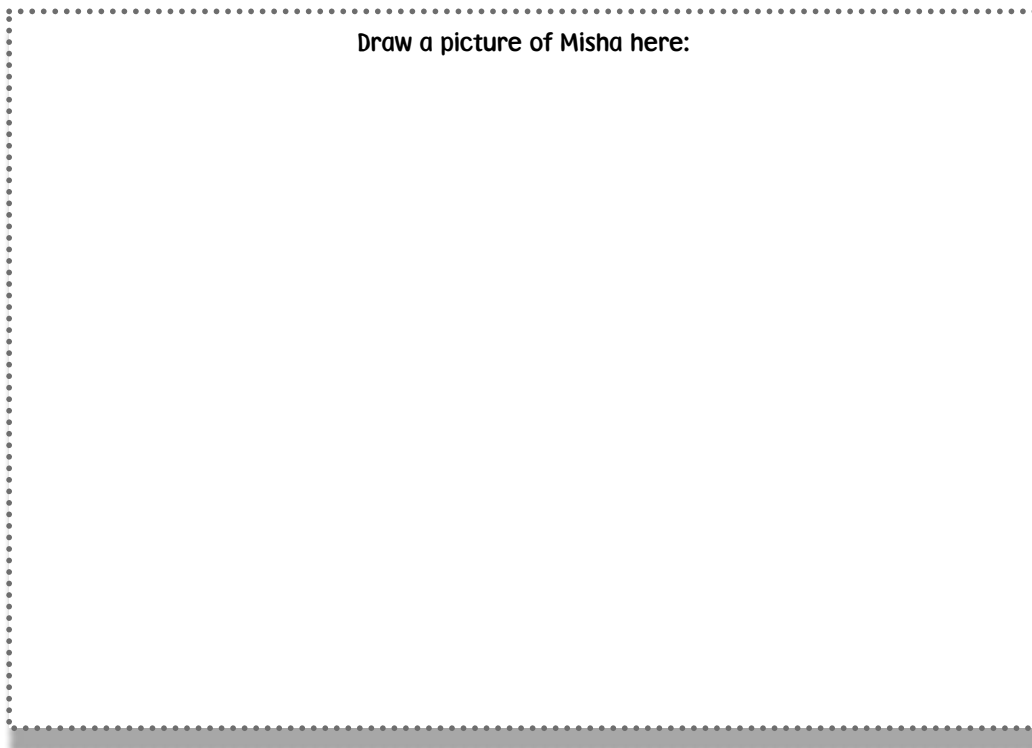
That beeping went on for exactly 21 seconds, getting louder all the time.

Then the dumbwaiter opened *all-of-a-sudden* and fog poured out.

Through the mist stepped a strange little girl. “Woof! said Wolfgang, “woof! woof!”

She looked almost like a baby polar bear with curly _____ hair.

Draw a picture of Misha here:



“I made it!” cried the little girl. “Are you Preston?” she asked angrily.

Kicking the snow off her boots, she shook off her furry coat.

“That’s me!” he replied. “But who are you?

And why are you covered with snow? It’s warm outside.”

“Don’t you know? It’s all because of *you* that my life is messed up.

I’m your great-granddaughter, Misha, and I come from a frozen world!

You’ve got to turn off that stupid re-freezing machine . . . *PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!*”

“What do you mean? How do you know about my invention?”

Preston’s eyes got big and his jaw dropped open wide.

“In my time, EVERYBODY knows about it. You are *so famous*.

You want to know why? You are the guy who *froze the world!*

Nobody in our town will even talk to me, or my family. They like . . . hate us!

And it’s all because of you and your terrible machine.

“Now wait a minute!” said Preston. “It is *not* terrible!”

We have . . . we have . . . **GLOBAL WARMING!** Don’t you know about it?

Polar bears are dying. Islands are disappearing. The ice caps are melting.

My invention will stop it. I know it will.

How did you get into my room, anyway?”

“I told you,” Misha replied. “I come from the future - the year 2110.

This is **MY** room *then*. I was moving things around when I saw the closet door.

It was all boarded up. So I pried it open and found the dumbwaiter.

Then I got in and pushed the purple button.”

“What are you talking about? There’s *no* purple button!” Preston replied.

Then Misha showed him where it was. “That’s weird,” he said. It wasn’t there before.”

Write in here how *you* think the purple button got there.

Preston was very annoyed when he asked,
“If my machine is so bad, why hasn’t someone turned it off?”
“That’s the *problem*,” Misha answered. “We don’t know where it is!”

“It’s right here in the house,” he replied.

“We’ve looked upstairs and downstairs and in the garage.
We’ve looked in the attic - even inside the walls,” Misha said, frustrated.
“It can’t be in the house!”

Suddenly her voice softened and she made a little smile.
“Won’t you show me where it is, Preston? I’d just like to see it.”
“No way!” Preston answered. “I’m not letting you near my machine.”

“Woof! woof, woof,” barked Wolfgang, as Misha’s face turned pale.
She touched her fingers to her temples and looked strait into Preston’s face.
Then she began to concentrate.

Preston couldn’t move, except to close his eyes.
Then, inside his head, images began to appear.
He saw an old man fall into a mountain of snow.
It was so cold he couldn’t call for help. A pack of wolves came near.

Children were freezing in schools made of ice.
There wasn’t any heat and cars were obsolete - no more oil!
It didn’t matter anyway. There was no place to go - no malls, no parks - nothing.

The old folks said they used to get firewood in the forest.
Now even the trees were gone. Food was scarce, but not for the Polar Bears.
There was always plenty of fresh meat for them to eat.

Chapter 3- **THE PERFECT SOLUTION?**

“STOP!” yelled Preston. “I’ve seen enough!

I’ll show you where the machine is.”

Then he pulled Wolfie and Misha into the dumbwaiter.

“Now, said Preston, “just push the green button.”

“There is *no* green button,” Misha snorted.

“Is this a trick?”

“Look!” he pointed. “Woof,” echoed Wolfgang.

“How strange,” she said. I never saw it there before.”

Down in the dumbwaiter they went - down to the hidden floor.

As the doors opened up, Preston pointed, “*There it is!*”

Draw a picture here of Preston with the famous Polar Ice-cap re-freeze machine!

“Woof, Woof, WOOF!” Wolfgang howled as Misha kicked the machine.
“STOP!” Preston said, moving in front of her. “Just let me turn it off.”
It was hard to do, but he pulled the lever all the way down to “Off.”

Misha crawled behind the machine where Preston couldn’t see her.
She pulled out wires and smashed the insides of Preston’s polar re-freezer.
“There,” she said, wiping her hands. “It’ll never work again!”

Preston felt angry *and* sad. He had just been trying to help.
“You didn’t have to do that! I wouldn’t have turned it back on.
Maybe I should do something else,” he whispered.
“I guess I’ll never become a great Inventor.”

“Woof, Woof” barked Wolfgang, licking his master’s hand.
“You can be anything you want,” Misha said.
“just don’t do any more inventing!”

Climbing into the dumbwaiter Misha called out,
“I’m going back to the future, Gramps.
I just can’t wait to see my new world. Thanks!”

Then the dumbwaiter closed and it began to shake.

Beep . . . beep . . . beep

Beep . . . beep . . . beep

Beep . . . beep . . . beep

It started changing colors again, but this time they were different.

The colors changed from: _____ to _____ to _____

Meanwhile, Preston collapsed in a heap on the floor.
He buried his face in Wolfie’s fur and cried a lot.
Then he cried a little more.

Chapter 4- **UH OH!**

All of a sudden, the dumbwaiter started shaking again.
It changed colors, did the beeping thing . . . and THEN -
Misha swam out in a flood of water, almost out of breath.

“I didn’t think I’d make it,” she sputtered, gasping for air.
Wolfie licked her face as Preston pulled her up off the floor.

Then Misha threw her arms around Preston and said:
“You were right . . . about *EVERYTHING*. Preston! I’m so sorry!

The Polar Ice Caps have melted. It’s a HOT, muggy world!
Storms are raging everywhere and there are no more Polar Bears.
People float in rafts and houseboats on a big, dark ocean!
It has whirlpools and sharks and _____.

The only place on Earth to land is Africa.
Floods push the people there high into the mountains.
Barbed wire fences keep any of us “floaters” from getting in.
I really didn’t think I’d ever make it back here again!”

Everything is underwater in this future. Describe how **YOU** think Misha got back to the dumbwaiter.

Please, Please, Please, Preston . . . Help Us!”

“Misha, you destroyed the machine! I don’t know what to do . . .” Preston answered.

Chapter 5- **THE BEST POSSIBLE FUTURE!**

“Well I do!” said Wolfie with a perfect British accent. Preston and Misha just stared at him.

“I’m a time traveler, too. Sometime, Preston, I’ll tell you my story.

Right now, there’s a place I want to show you. Hop in!” he said, pointing to the dumbwaiter.

This time, Wolfie pressed the *yellow* button as the kids just *shook their heads*.

Shaking, beeping, colors streaming - finally they STOPPED. “Where are we?” Misha said.

“This is another possible future,” Wolfgang replied, “my future.”

“Let’s GO!” Preston yelled, jumping into the solar car that Wolfie pointed to.

Everywhere they went, people walked or biked. They even used *momentum* energy.

The towns and farms, forests and ponds were all filled with life.

“We use solar, wind and wave energy,” Wolfie said, nodding to folks as they passed.

“Of course,” he said gruffly, “There are still wars in our world.

But we’re learning to live on Earth as friends.”

“How did this all happen?” asked Misha. “Well,” said Wolfie, “we listen to each other,

and to the animals . . . carefully. Of course we all work together too.

Inventors like Preston and his **Mad Science Club** paved the way.”

“Me? **Science Club**? I thought I just made a mess of everything,” Preston moped.

“Don’t give up hope, Dear Boy! You’ll create some amazing things.

You just need a few more friends in your lab,” Wolfgang said, “and I’ll be there with you.

Now we’ve got to be getting back. To the dumbwaiter, everyone, please!”

Misha stalled, “Do I have to go, Wolfie - back to the Waterworld?”

Wolfie smiled, pointed to a sweet little house and said: “That’s your family home.

I think they’re waiting supper for you! Woof, Woof! On your way!”

She hugged them both and ran down the hill, waving and laughing goodbye.

When Preston and Wolfgang got back to the present, things were a little bit different.

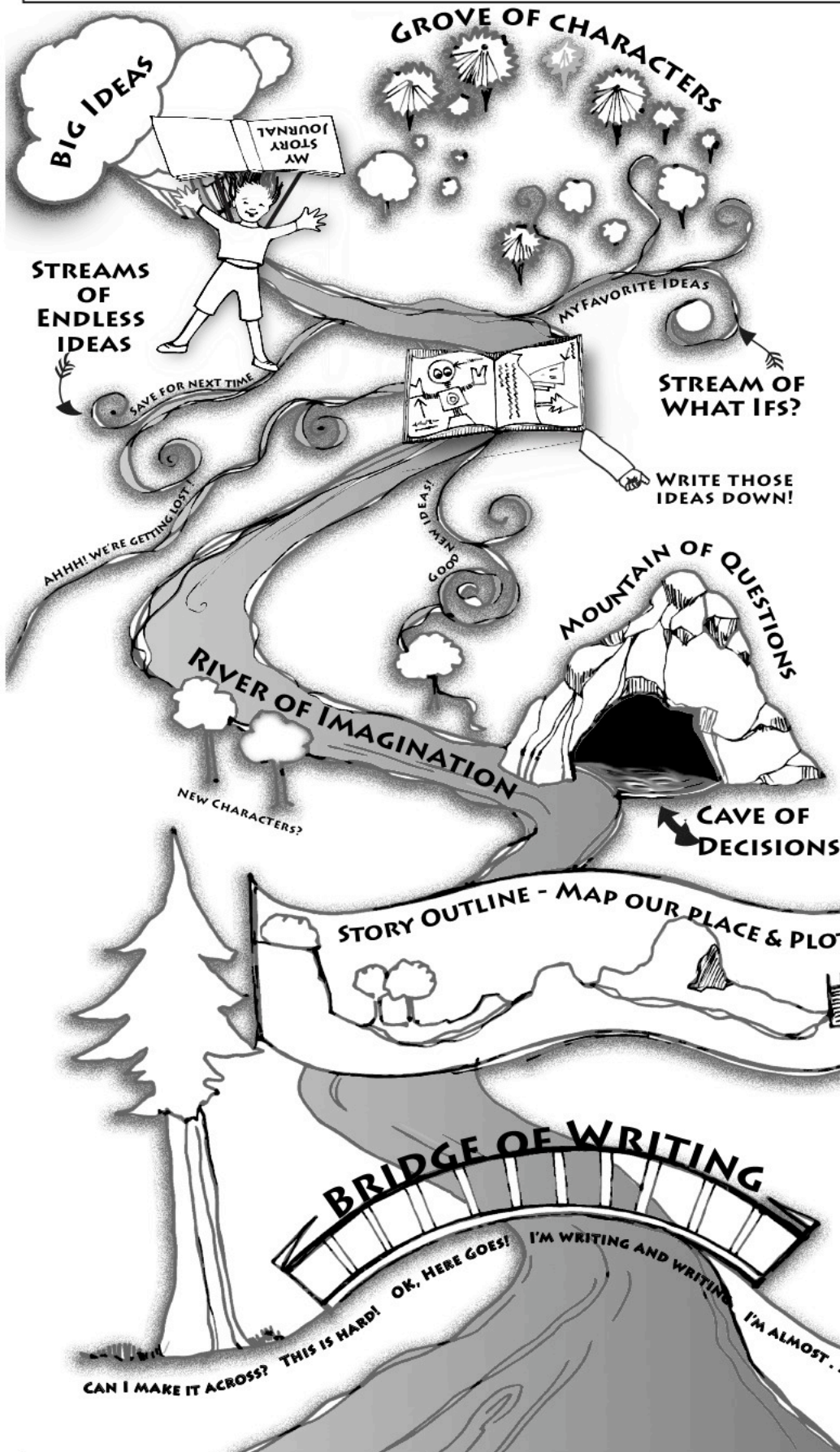
Stepping into his lab, Preston saw that his machine was still unfinished.

Hugging Wolfie he whispered, “Thanks for bringing me back a week early, Old Friend!”

Then he heard his Folks calling out from the kitchen, “Time for dinner, Kids!”

That’s **The End** for now - or is it the **Beginning**? Why not write the **NEXT** chapter?

WE MADE A STORY! DO YOU REMEMBER HOW?



1. WE HAD BIG IDEAS.
 2. WE TALKED THEM OVER AND CHOSE ONE.
 3. WE FOLLOWED OUR IMAGINATIONS.
 4. WE CREATED CHARACTERS AND WROTE ABOUT THEM & DREW SKETCHES OF THEM.
 5. WE INVENTED THINGS FOR CHARACTERS TO DO: ACTION.
 6. WE IMAGINED WHAT-IFS: EVENTS & PROBLEMS.
 7. WE WROTE ALL OUR IDEAS DOWN.
 8. WE MAPPED OUR WHERE (SETTING).
 9. WE MADE ASKED QUESTIONS AND MADE CHOICES.
 10. WE MADE A SEQUENCE OF EVENTS (A STORY OUTLINE) AND DIVIDED THE PARTS OF OUR STORY INTO CHAPTERS.
 11. WE CHECKED TO SEE IF STORY PARTS FIT TOGETHER.
 12. WE ADDED FINAL DETAILS
 13. WE WROTE & WROTE
- NOW
THE STORY IS
DONE!**

A MAP OF OUR STORY WORLD

EARTH ARTS NW, 2009