

Writing Sample for a Kids Comic

by Clyde Wolfe

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Timmy was hard at work, pitting his Grogar the Magnificent action figure against General Thale's android horde on the floor of his brother's room. Josh, Timmy's older brother by seven years, had just started high school, but that monumental development had not changed the brothers' relationship. Josh still fully welcomed Timmy and his action figures to play in his room, even if he spent more time at his computer desk and less time joining Timmy in the great battles.

Josh always had the coolest toys. Spaceships and shuttles of all kinds hung from the ceiling of Josh's room on nearly invisible strands of wire. They were amazing, finely detailed, and Josh's toys came in all manner of shapes and sizes. Well, he called them scale models, but to Timmy, they were a source of adventure and fun he didn't have with his plethora of action figures.

The battle was nearly finished, the hero moments away from pummeling the evil general and saving the day once more, when their mother called from downstairs. "Josh, I need you to take out the garbage."

Timmy watched as his brother's shoulders slumped at his desk and heard the audible sigh escaping his lips. Josh put down whatever he was working on and called out, "I'll be down in a minute. Just need the glue to dry a little more."

After another minute, Josh rose from his seat and faced Timmy. "I'll be right back, Tim. Don't touch my X-9 fighter, all right?"

Timmy nodded. "Ok."

Moments ticked away. Timmy's eye was drawn to the new starship sitting on Josh's desk. The sleek, angular lines and the glittering banks of laser weaponry stole Timmy's attention from his action figures. He knew he shouldn't, but the call was irresistible. Before he knew it, Timmy had his

hands wrapped around the model.

Timmy made little *whooshing* sounds and laser *pews* as he spun around, X-9 fighter in hand. His mind opened up Josh's room into an infinite realm of outer space; the computer monitor became a vast, gas giant planet, the overhead light bulb transformed into a nearby sun. The X-9 arrowed through the stellar void. Flying around the asteroid belts, lasers primed and ready to—*snap*.

Disaster.

"Oh, no!"

The shuttle's cockpit came off in Timmy's little hand. Panic seized his face. Gone was the great cosmic backdrop, replaced once more with the everyday trappings of his older brother's room.

Josh came tramping back up the stairs.

Timmy wanted to hide. Not only had he touched the ship when Josh asked him not to, but it had broken in his hands. Josh had said something about glue drying. Were the pieces forever going to be stuck to his hands? Timmy stared at the pieces clutched in his hands, a new worry dancing around his brain.

When Josh came through the doorway, the first glimmer of a tear had formed in Timmy's eye.

He held up the ruined fighter and said, "I'm sorry."

At first, there was anger in Josh's face, but it softened away. "Come here, Tim. We're going to fix it."

"H-how?" Timmy stammered. "Am I stuck to the pieces?"

Josh chuckled. "The glue should have set, so you'll be fine. Just come here and I'll show you." Josh motioned for Timmy to join him at the desk, where dozens of scrapped pieces of other models lay in wait. "We'll just have to be careful not to glue our fingers together with the fresh stuff," Josh said with a smile.

Timmy's eyes went wide, but Josh ruffled his head to

calm him.

Together they reassembled the damaged X-9 fighter. Josh showed him how to hold the pieces together so as not to get any glue on his fingers. As penance, Timmy had to hold the sections together until the glue was deemed sufficiently dry. It took several minutes, but, at last, Josh said it was ready.

"Next time," Josh said, "when I ask you not to play with one of my models, please don't."

Timmy placed the model on the desk with reverent care. "You got it."

Success! The starship was repaired. Timmy and Josh shared a high-five. Disaster had been averted, and a lesson learned.