

SPELLING PEN
RED OBELISK
Book #2

SECOND EDITION

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Chapter 9

An Imp Pops Up

All the kids are out at lunch. But Matt has to stay in the class. He is in shock that Miss Flock thinks he did this mess when it was all Bill.

There is so much he must pick up. Matt sets all the crafts in the craft box. The scraps go back in the scrap bin. When all is set, he has his lunch and a drink at his desk.

Then, there is a big flash.

A rush of wind.

The craft box falls on the rug.

“No...” Matt gasps.

A big black imp pops up in the midst of the kids’ desks.

“An imp in the class!” Matt pants.
“This is bad!”

The imp blinks as he spots Matt.

Then it grins. “Are you not the Sun Kid Matt, the kid that got the trust of the imps?”

Matt nods in shock. “Yes, I am.”

The imp flaps its big wings. A bunch of scraps spill out of the bin.

“Did you bring me to this land?” it asks.

“No!” Matt gasps.

“Then how did I end up with you?”
The imp is in shock as well.

“Hull did tell me that there are rifts in the gap that split Elf Land from this land,” Matt tells the imp. “So if you fall

in the crack, you pop up in this land.
All thanks to King Gris's digs."

"Hull? He got to you as well?" asks the imp. "Did he tell you that King Gris is with the basilisk?"

"Yes," Matt nods with a scoff. "But I must send you back fast! Miss Flock will be back at the end of lunch! You must not be in class then."

He brings out the pen from his bag.

"When you are back, tell all in Elf Land that the Sun Kids will have a plan to help them," he adds.

Then he jots: "Imp, go back to Elf Land."

The imp glints. It flaps its wings.

The wind and the imp's big wings

trash the class. Desks fall. The clock from the wall drops in the trash bin.

Then, with a flash and a gust of wind, the imp is off. But the class is still a big mess.

So much stuff is on the rug. It is as if Matt did not do a thing to fix up the class.

Matt sets the pen on his desk. He runs and picks up the clock from the bin.

“No! It is the end of lunch!” he thinks.

Just then, Miss Flock steps in the class.

“What is all this, Matt?” she snaps.
“Did you trash the class? What got into you?”

“It was not me!” Matt begs.

“Well then, who did this?” Miss Flock asks.

Matt cannot think of what to say.