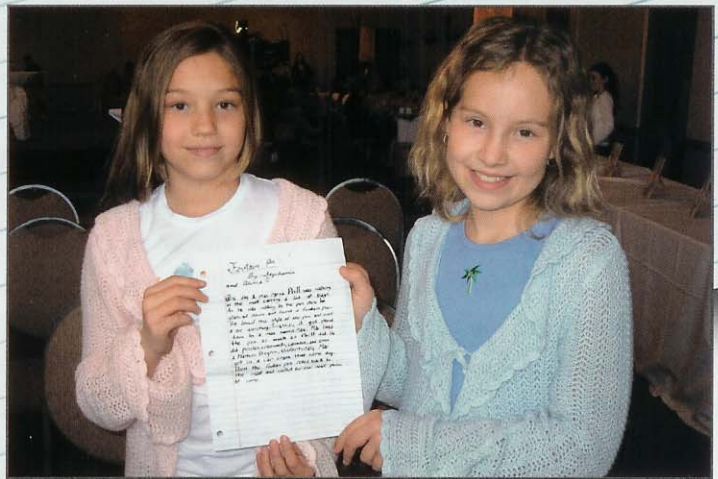


Fountain Pen

By: Stephanie
and Alexis 😊

One day a man named Phill was walking in the mall carrying a lot of bags. As he was walking by the pen store he glanced down and found a fountain pen. He loved the style of the pen and used it for everything. Eventually it got passed down to a man named Max. Max loved the pen as much as Phill did. He did puzzles, crosswords, calendars, and even a Masters Degree. Unfortunately Max got in a car crash that same day. Then the fountain pen rolled back to the mall and waited for the next person to come.



The young winners of the handwritten essay prize.