

## December 5

The next day, Moodiseeus was worried. He stood <sup>(prep., object of prep.)</sup> **on the balcony** of his marble

palace. He looked <sup>(prep., object of prep.)</sup> **over the field** in front of his great Empire. He looked <sup>(prep., object of prep.)</sup> **upon his**

<sup>(prep., object of prep.)</sup> **garden** and roads leading **to different lands** when he noticed something.

## December 6

It was an army, an army of Meese! But this wasn't Moodiseeus' army of Meese,

it was an army of Moosisi!

“Sound the alarm!” yelled Moodiseeus. “Battle stations!”

The battle waged on, a battle <sup>(prep., object of prep.)</sup> **between the Meese and the Moosisi**. It was a civil war, Moose turning on Moose.

## December 9

It was every moose for himself. Moodiseeus watched his army of Meese die.

They were losing. Moodiseeus was worried. But he had an idea . . .

He called his Meese to retreat.

A day. That's how long it took to build a second Trojan horse. Well, not exactly a horse. It was a Moose. It took them a day but they finished the Trojan Moose. They painted it white as a sign of "surrender." He loaded all of his soldiers into the moose and wheeled it out to his enemies.

"We surrender," he lied.

—Ben Brody  
Grade 6