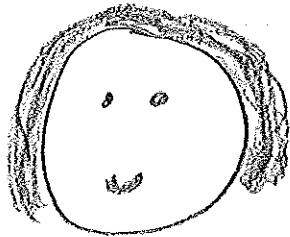
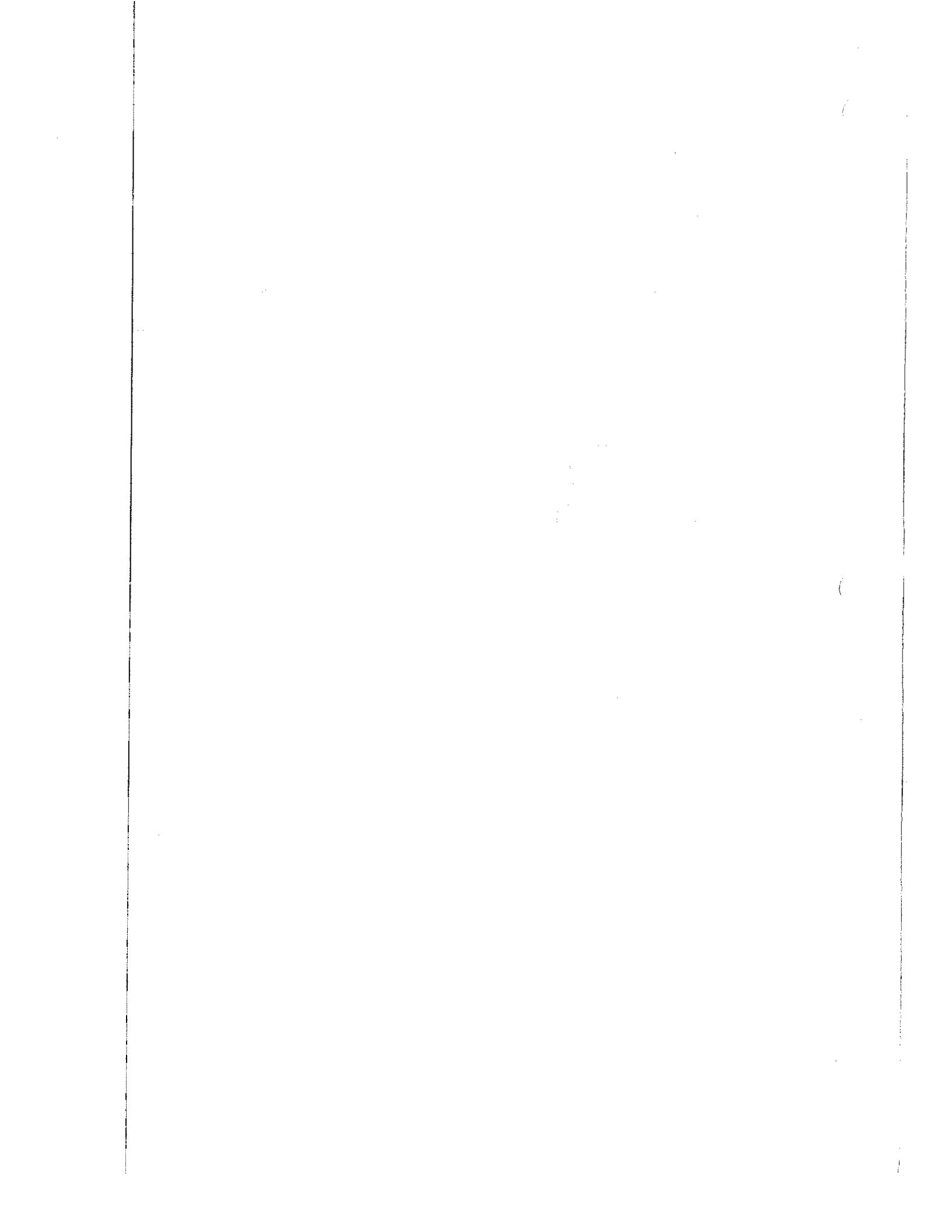


THE
PUBLISHER
NAMED
EMILY

Submitted



By Melissa
Hayden



Introduction

"Have you heard about the new publishing company?"

"Course I have. How many people haven't?" A dusty restaurant was lit up only by a sign, almost-broken-down, with words on it that said OPEN DAILY. It was empty except for the source of the talking, which was two teenagers. One was blonde-haired, and he was the owner.

Another was brown-haired, and

she was a visitor from Oregon. "I didn't find out until yesterday. They say Emily Owens owns it. Do you like her?" That was the woman. "Ashley, you know the answer to that as well as I do. Yes, I think she's a good choice for the owner." Ashley frowned. "You know, Frank, I could have owned that company if it wasn't for her." Ashley growled

through clenched teeth. Frank backed away slowly, looking terrified. The whole town knew that when Ashley was mad, she was really mad.

"No offense, Ash, no offense, meant..."

"F-F-" Ashley was so mad she could barely get the words out. "Frankenstein, you are not-my-friend! You do not-call-me-Ash! My name is

Ash LEY!" Frank seemed to realize he had gone too far.

"Ashley, I think Writer's
Future- that's the name of
the company- is great!"

Ashley stepped backward and
said, "Know what I think?"

I think, you, Frank, are a
coward, Emily Owens is
mean, and Writer's Future
will go out of business
their first day!" And
with that, Ashley stomped
out, leaving Frank looking
shocked and harassed.

Chapter One

Publishing

Hi! my name is Emily Owens,
I'm the owner of a publishing
company called Writers Future.
I am 32 and I have 18 people
working for me. In case you
don't know, publishers receive
stories and poems from writers,
We read their books and decide
whether or not we should put
them in stores.

Our company's story goes like
this; Every body who was the
winner of their states, So You

Want To Be A Publisher? Contest
competed, 20 winners out of
50 states. All 20 of them de-
cided they really wanted to
be publishers. We formed a
company, but Ashley - that's her
name dropped out when I
was elected president.

According to her, "It's
pointless to stay with you
bunch of amateurs any
longer. Of course we became
angry. We didn't fire Ashley

(she left willingly) and we haven't talked to her since. The people who work for me are nice. My personal favorite is a 33 year old named Sasha, Sasha is my deputy. She was calm cheerful and always saw a bright side and told everyone so. She was the one who handled writer #2, who was Mr. Meaner. He was

meaner than anyone else in town and, of course, his story was horrible. The first thing he said when he walked in our office was "Dirty floors." Sasha was the one who had to tell him that his story had been denied.

since I was too scared.

She handled the situation

well. First she said, "Mr. Meener,

we have denied your book."

She had read a book

about publishing, and Rule #1

was to come right out with

the good or bad news.

The best story we've

ever gotten is Writer #20's.

Frank Snanz was the writer.

Frank was also the owner

of the restaurant

called The Hog's Head.
His book was called Ash
and Fire. It was about
him and Ashley. Yes,
the same Ashley
who quit our company.
Who ever thought they
could be friends?

Chapter two

My Story

You must be wondering how!

~~I~~ got started. My cousin

Jim was writing a book

when I was 13, and even

though I was a brainiac,

I couldn't write even if

I wanted to. I said to

my mom, "I want to have

something to do." I couldn't

stand watching Jim write

and then thinking I

have no writing power-

at all. So my mom suggested
I enter the So You
Want to be a Publisher
contest. So I did. I won,
and then I formed
the company. And that's
that.

Chapter 3

Problems, Problems

I looked at the list of books that had been submitted during the months

Person	accepted or Denied
MRS JAM	Denied
JAZ	Denied
MICKY	accepted
JACY	Denied
BARB	Denied
ELIZABETH	Denied

I scrolled down. Only one accepted! Two next month and that was the total for the whole year!

Only three books accepted this year! Oh No! "Emily, we have a problem" a voice came over the loud speaker. "We only have three Accepted books." I said, "I'm going to check our money supply." When I got to the vault, I punched

in the password, opened
the hatch, and gasped. The
vault was empty! I
went to call my
mom and dad. Then I
called Sasha, who told
the employees. All
the employees went to
the office. I said, "Who
has extra money?" No
body said anything
except for Sasha,
who handed me a

check for \$100 and said, "Here."

Chapter 4

Emily's problem
I decided to visit

my mom and confide
in her. When I got
to her Mom's house,
she knocked on the door
and went in. My mom
was laying on her couch.
Mom said, "Who does depression
hurt? Everyone. Where does it
hurt? EVERYWHERE! I
have depression." Then, noticing
me, she said, "Oh, hi-"
Then she started crying.

"Mom?" I asked uncertainly, "Are you okay?" I had come to tell Mom my own feelings, but she was so sick I nearly forgot.

Now she was pacing up and down the room, screaming, "OW! OW!"

Then she turned to me. "You should have taken better care of your own company!"

She was depressed

because of my company
and how it was
failing? Great, now I
feel guilty for telling
her in the first
place, yes, it looked as
though my mom was
sick. What's even worse is
that it's my fault!

chapter 5

Emily's Great Ideas

"I know! I will take
mom to the hospital!"

That was a great idea
on my part. Once

mom was safe

at the hospital,

I had another great

idea. Why not advertise

for my company?

I would hold a

writing-a writing-contest!

Perfect!

chapter 6
Advertising

I planned for Tuesday to become a shopping day. I went out with Sasha, and after buying paper and markers, we designed an advertising poster like this:

BECOME A

WRITER!

Be published
at ~~Whiter's~~ Future!

555-5751

Next, we went to make copies of our posters. We had \$50 left. We then bought the writing contest supplies. Now we had to prepare for the events. We sneaked our posters into the papers (with the paperboy's permission) and sent them with letters to random people. Now we just had to wait. Sure enough, people signed up. We

made writing contest posters,
too. People paid the admission
fee (\$50) to sign up. People
did that too! Now we
just had to get
the writing contest
over with.

Chapter 7

The Contest

The Big Day! The contest was finally here! The stories were submitted, and we were busier than ever reading them. My best one ~~went~~ like this:

Hi, Emily. I like your publishing company because I would like to publish books when I grow up. I want to be just like you.
From, Emily Lane.

I was touched, but it was time to decide the winner. It

turned out the winner
was Sasha's favorite. Mine
won second place. Now,
time to award the
prizes. "The first place
winner goes to..... Jimmy
Lawry!" That was reverb. (we
were on a radio station.)

"Second place goes to
Emily Zare. Third place
is Jamie Momza."

And the grand prize....

Ashley Mozom!" Yes!

the same Ashley that
betrayed us! Grr! Well, I visited
the hospital, and my
mom was fine!

Chapter 8

In Conclusion

I only became a publisher because I love books. My #1 goal in life was to become something that had to do with reading books. I did, and I want this story to end on a happy note, so it's finally

The

END!

