

SQUARE ROOT

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Chapter I

War!

Ling-Lowar, a north Korean, wearing a White Sweater and blue jeans with his brown tinted black hair, was living a regular, windy October day in 2078. Kim-II-Un was the current leader of Korea at that time while Ling's father was a North Korean commander. He fought in the Korea-Japan war from 2065 – 2067. Japan surrendered and public support for NATO fell. North Korea controlled the entirety of South Korea and the southern half of Japan. China took over the other half of the islands.

Ling's father never talked about career or duties as commander. Ling was curious though. There was a room in their apartment with a large sign with bold red text:

Len's Office

DO NOT ENTER!

Ling's father was named Len. Len had the only key to the private home office. He always carried the golden thing with him. Ling had to pull something big off and his mom wouldn't agree with his idea.

He didn't know how to do this task and always thought of it. "Anything wrong?" Ling's mom asked at night. "No, I'm fine," Ling said

nervously. "Got bullied?" Ling's mom asked. Ling hoped she wouldn't know what he was thinking, "Can I just sleep?" he said, and his mom agreed.

It was time for school and Ling wasn't too happy with his day. One of his friends sent him a playdate request and his mom took it to the office. When Ling got to school Lisk, the friend who sent the request, started jumping up and down asking if he would agree. "Mom took it to the office," Ling muttered which made Lisk very angry, "WHY? WHY WHY-" The school bell rang before Lisk could even attempt to finish. Ling walked to his fifth-grade classroom while Lisk walked to the fourth-grade classrooms.

In math Ling was learning about fractions. He saw Jinza using two paper clips to fiddle around with one of the teacher's black drawers. He pulled out a paper and he quickly walked back to his desk in the back of the classroom. Ling raised his hand. "What is the answer to the question?" the teacher asked. Ling answered, " $2 \frac{1}{5}$! But teacher, Jinza took some-" Jinza threw a paper clip at him. It missed him and soundlessly hit the floor. He continued non-the less, "papers from your drawer-" Jinza threw a paperclip and ran away from the classroom. This time the clip cut Ling. Paper clips! That's how he could open the office door! He got two paper clips for one of his birthdays.

After class Lisk asked the same question again, "will you come?" Ling looked at his dad's van coming into view, "Maybe. I think I could find a way." Lisk like Ling was also a very curious boy, probably even more curious. "How?" he asked. Len was waving his hand to attract Ling, "I'll talk about it tomorrow," he said while walking to the red van.

"How was school?" Len asked. "Decent," Ling said trying to avoid talking about Jinza. "I'll be gone tomorrow," Len said with little

enthusiasm, “I’m going to Beijing for a conference.” Ling was pleased with this news.

But then, just the next day Len was on the old tattered red couch watching the news. “What happened?” Ling asked, “Why aren’t you in Beijing?” Len looked surprised, “Don’t you know? America bombed Beijing. We’re at war!” Ling wasn’t happy. Len spent all his time in his office. Then the very next week Seoul was bombed. Len then left for Pyongyang, giving Ling the one and possibly only chance to go to the office.

That day his mom was cooking dinner. He straightened the paper clips and picked the lock of the pine door. There was nothing. No security cameras, no tripwire, no lasers, just an unsecure office with a lock. The drawers were also locked. The polished pine wood on the drawer felt elegant. This lock was easier to pick than the door.

He unlocked it and found multiple files. He looked at every title, Kim-II-Un promotes 12 generals, the U.S bombs Beijing, Seoul is bombed, and then Ling found something weird. The title of this new file said, “Classified testing.” Ling opened it expecting a nuclear testing which he learned North Korea did a lot when he watched a North Korean insult show when the family was in Paris. Len was always in hatred every time that show appeared. He didn’t expect that it wasn’t. He read some of the file,

“New Plan!

We, The Communist Republic of Korea (The CRK or North Korea), have created a gamma ray producing mechanism. This system is to be used on the moon.

Here are our test plans including our first three sets of targets:

November 16, 2078 – Sending mechanism

November 24, 2078 – London, Paris, and Berlin

December 15, 2078 – Warsaw and Las Vegas

January 12, 2079 – Austin

Extra Note: If anything goes wrong:

The Password to turning off the rocket is Square Root”

Ling stopped reading, he now figured out what Len was hiding, A password and weapon plans. Then He heard footsteps and the creaking wooden stairs. Ling quickly put the files away and locked the drawer. He could hear his mom coming, “Ling! Ling! Where are you?” Ling hoped he wouldn’t be noticed then the door started opening. Ling saw that there was a plastic white painted closet door to his left. He crawled over to the door and slowly opened it. Then he saw the walls full of guns, ammo, melee weapons including bats and hammers, and four hazmat suits. He still hid there despite the weapons.

He could hear his mom looking around. She opened the drawers noticing the file Ling looked at which he put in the wrong drawer. “Ling! Did you do this?” she screamed. She started to leave the room and then turned back. Ling thought she could smell his breath, so he held it. Then Ling’s mom took a few steps closer to the closet. Ling moved and the floor beneath him creaked. He would soon be caught! He waited and then, “Hey I’m home!” Len yelled just arriving from Pyongyang.

Ling’s mom then walked back down. Ling emerged from the crowded closet and placed the file calmly in the correct place though part of him just wanted to run. He then left the office and locked the door then trekked over to his room. There he fixed the paper clips, so suspicion wouldn’t arise if Len saw what happened to them. Ling didn’t like making up dumb stories of why very peculiar things happen to be.

But now Ling had what he desired. He just had one little problem. Some nagging feeling in him thought that weapons on the beautiful moon was just wrong. He didn't know what to think. Should he follow his country's desires, or should he understand that his country was the enemy. He couldn't choose.

Chapter II

News

November was just around the corner and New York was busier than ever. Tourist stormed through the booming city and drivers hoped they wouldn't cross a traffic jam throughout the whole fearful day. One intersection near the Empire State Building was blocked off as rioters yelled in displeasure, "Don't bomb Pyongyang!" They said it repeatedly, you could have heard it 3 blocks away!

"All right Commander, send them in," Lieutenant Marnee said slowly setting the white Narttech 7 phone on the birch desk. Narttech is a company creating phones greater than Apple or Samsung. Their first phone was made in 2047. Just a minute later Marnee got a call, "Yes, what is it? 14 dead! Arrest them all!"

"Today protesters have killed 14 policemen and 102 protesters have been arrested. The United States will now withdraw all plans for bombing Pyongyang-" Lieutenant Marnee turned off the news report in his house. He stood up from his red leather couch and walked into his kitchen. He started to walk towards the fridge then the bell rang. Marnee walked over to his wooden front door painted with elegant whites and blues in the form a large blue star covering most of the door. The SSMC (Special secretive mailing company) had piled 15 envelopes on the area where a tattered blue Welcome rug used to sit

on the concrete front doorstep. Marnee had removed the Welcome rug from the front because of all the neighbors who complained about it.

Marnee was covered in taxes and FBI reports by two days. Unfortunately for Marnee, he didn't know how to swim out of this mess.

He spent so much time on the taxes, reports, and now emails that he only had two meals, dinner and lunch. Breakfast was just bacon which Marnee forgot about. The steaming hot bacon came to him occasionally, "Tomorrow," he said, "Tomorrow is bacon day."

Ling was still in his routine, but dad was out of the picture. He focused on the document Ling saw. Then an idea came. Weapons. No, that's the wrong thing. Something bothered him more than suits and rifles in the office's closet. The thing that would be placed on the moon, the death of London, Paris, and every other city in the world would have to surrender or die.

Ling needed to fix this. He had one plan and one chance. Len was still angry at the world for what it did. "May I come in?" Ling asked. No sound came from Len. Louder is the key to this, Ling thought. He went to an almost screaming voice, "LEN! IT IS LING! MAY I-" That's when Len opened the door and simply semi whispered, "Do you see how hard it is?"

The talk was long, more like loooooooooooooooooooooong. Len screamed the whole time and I was glad my mom had to see Aunt Kavia. I asked about the drawer. Len simply said, "Classified," then he locked the door. Ling needed to go back. It was a gut feeling, stopping the machine or whatever it is was the only way now.

It was time for a plan. Recess for Ling was terrible, he never scored a goal in football and kids bullied him for that. If Ling said Len

was a Government official people may stop teasing. But that was unlikely since the last time he said that was in daycare at around age 4 or 5 while being scolded for not letting someone play one of his imaginative games, and it didn't work.

The teachers and students seemed deaf to that knowledge and his dad grounded him for a week. The game, which he was scolded for just because he played it, was a recreation of a battle his dad told him about. The battle was just a month after his birth, he called it his "birth battle." That's why in daycare one Japanese teacher refused to teach him his ABCs for the 27th time. He would sometimes be called "Japanese Nightmare."

So, during recess he would spend the 20 minutes a day indoors, planning for the mission. Paper was all over the class. Now it was time to think...