

# The Thinkamatic Tales 1

Written by Margo Ambers

## **The Thinkamatic 3000**

It was twelve o'clock. I was still at my desk. I needed a topic and I needed it now. Sorry. I'm in a really bad mood and that's why I didn't tell you my name. I'm Addison Royuce and I was thinking of a topic for English class. Nothing was coming to my mind. My mind was blank, maybe because of the time, or maybe I'm just dumb. "I wish more than anything that I can have a topic."

Then, suddenly, an old lady with wings appeared and in a second she was gone but she did say, "Your wish is granted." Well, maybe not the grandma, or the wings, but the wish came true. In front of me was a big box with some type of switch. On one end it said SMART, and on the other end it said DUMB.

A few minutes later, I flicked the switch to SMART and then at that very moment anything that ever got discovered rushed through my mind. I never knew half the information, and some I really wish I didn't know. Although all of the ideas were amazing, they didn't suit me, so I thought once more and then I had the perfect idea. I would just write what happened to me that night.

"Well done, Addison. The best story yet, but a bit impossible, don't you think?" said my teacher. But all I could think about were those gross ideas. "OK, class. Now that all the stories are done, we're going to learn something new. Now some of you may think it's disgusting but it is just what happens." And at that moment I knew what was coming: that gross idea.

## The Thinkamatic 3001

Hey, it's me! Addison! Do you remember when I had to think of a topic for English class? Well, meet my little brother, Max. He's in my old class, and he also needs a topic. It must just run through the family. So I told Max what to do: Make a wish, but make sure there is no grandma with wings, and flip the switch to SMART

Although I don't think Max completely listened, because instead of having an idea, he didn't. I think he flipped the switch to DUMB. Now that I think about it, I'm certain he flicked the switch to DUMB. And if you're still not convinced, then this is what he did: He ran into the kitchen wearing nothing, while our mum was having her book club. He was in his birthday suit while skipping with a rope. I knew that there was one thing to do: make him fake his own death.

It was finally the day. I had been training Max, and he was ready. I also put a camera on his blazer so I could see what was happening. He had gone to the school.

It came to his turn to speak. He went up and then he started. "Cough! Cough! Cough! I don't think I'm gonna make it and if I don't, tell Auntie Mary I won't be there for Christmas turkey and tell Uncle Cal that I won't be fishing with him for a while. Do I have any last words? Yes. This is it: I didn't do the assignment." And then it was all over ? He was dead.

But not really!

## The Thinkamatic 2085

Hello. I'm Chloe Royuce, and this is a story of something that happened three days ago. Now this is my son, Addi Waddy Paddy Cake.

"Stop that, Mummy! I'm one now."

So do you think being able to speak in that manner is normal for a one year old? No! What you just heard was a recording from Friday, but listen to this recording of his speech today: "Hada wada bong bong lets do sing song, hi summy rice two c poo."

It all started on Friday. Addison was at preschool, and he was feeling left out because all the other kids there were five, but he was one, and still smarter than all of them. Getting teased was an everyday occurrence, and then according to his teacher he became dumb. These are the things he did: he rode a dog while saying "giddy up horsie." And this:

" $1 + 0 = 30895234$ ". He was not like normal Addi. This nonsense carried on until he was sixteen. Get comfy, because I'm telling you one more story.

It was twelve o'clock. Addison was in his room, at his desk, and it was so quiet I could hear his pencil whacking his notebook. The problem was that since the accident when he was one, he no longer understood English, so when he had to write a big story, he didn't know what to do. Then, in the blink of an eye, I heard a big whoosh sound, and then he started to write. It was so fast that he finished the whole paper that night.

I always wonder what happened that night and how and why he changed, but I guess it's one of those things that you're not meant to know.