

MMS POWER OF THE PEN

E-BOOK

2018-2019

THE MARLINGTON MIDDLE SCHOOL POWER OF THE PEN TEAM, CREATED THIS E-BOOK COMPRISED OF SHORT STORIES THEY HAD WRITTEN AT A COMPETITION OR FOR PRACTICE. THEY HOPE YOU ENJOY THEM.

Emma Ritchie

Where's The Sun?

Middle School Student

Grade 7

Monday, January 24th, 2019 6am:

I wake up to my mom yelling, "Get out of bed," and me not listening. Of course, that's just the normal routine. I get dressed and hurry down to breakfast. When you have a stay home mom, breakfast is the best. My breakfast isn't mushy cereal, it's eggs and bacon. I quickly eat because I was already running late, give my mom a kiss and run out the door. I get to the bus stop just in time.

Monday, January 24th, 2019 7:30am:

Finally off the bus, those rides are the worse. Why, you may ask, because I sit with the new kid Finnigan and he picks his nose and then tries to make the Eiffel Tower out of them. I know gross right, that is not even the worse part. I get window seat on the way home and those, things, are still on there. I get in homeroom and there is my best friend Jessica, she yells across the room, "Hi Jessica!" I get all blushed and quietly walk over to her. By the time I get over there all the attention, that used to be on her, went away. The first bell rang and we sat down. Math class wasn't much of a class today, or anyday. It is Mrs. Hilder talking about her sad love life. By the time, the last bell rang Mrs. Hilder was on her fifth story, and coffee.

Monday, January 24th, 2019 11:30am:

It was now lunch time, where you find out everything you want to know and some you don't. Today, lunch was about Finnigan, I think I already knew enough. Knowing what I already know, no more please. I quickly change the topic to Mrs. Hilder and about her stories today. All the girls agreed that their favorite one was when Mrs. Hilder grabbed on to his arm and didn't let him go. That wasn't the funny part though. The funny part was when he eventually pushed her into the fountain and ran. Comedy gold was what that class was. By the end of lunch, I think everybody would agree that she is a train wreck.

Monday, January 24th, 2019 2:10pm:

Having just fifteen more minutes of the day was always the best part of the day. Today wasn't so good for me because I was feeling a little sick. While my teacher was writing on the board my sight seem to make everything go blurry. Soon, it felt like I was spinning in circles, and then finally fell to the ground. That was all I remembered.

Monday, January 24th, 2019 6:30pm:

I woke up and I could see hospital posters and a very muscular doctor. My parents and younger sister Amelia were standing by my bed. I was worried, their expressions didn't seem like they just got good news. "Hi honey," my mom said her smile bringing the light of sunshine, but the news that came after it wasn't as bright. My mom said I was sick, real sick and that if I don't get help, the outcome would not be so great. My eyes filled with water as I turned to my side.

Tuesday, January 25th, 2019 7:00am:

Usually this is the time I go to school, but not today. Today, I just lay in bed. Some may say it sounds awesome not to go to school, but not when your in my conditions. Today, I start my medicine and the doctor said I would feel pretty drowsy. I know I have to be brave though, because if I don't, who knows what will happen to me. Of course, there is always death and I don't want that to happen. Doctors are making me eat even though I really don't want to. This was going to be a long day and I knew it.

Tuesday, January 25th, 2019 9:00am:

I am back in my room from breakfast, and the doctor walks in. My mom and dad are right beside my bed asking me a million questions, they seem very parannoyed. I tell them I'm find and we listen to the doctor. He said he has everything set up for my infusion. He said it makes me feel sick and I don't think I could get much sicker. My stomach was in knots and it felt like a million tiny butterflies were in there. Hitting up against my sides they were, causing me pain from my nerves. I see the sharp needle in his hand about to go in me. I have gotten things like this before but today seems worse. He gets closer and then finally it's in me, then I think that didn't hurt at all.

Tuesday, January 25th, 2019 2:00pm:

It has been six hours, sitting here having this needle putting some sort of liquid into to me. I have to ammit, at first it felt weird and then I was fine, but now it just feels downright uncomfortable. I see the door handle twist and the doctor walks in. He slowly pulls the needle out of me and then sets it on the table. Suddenly, I feel a little nauseous so I asked the doctor why. Even though I have been nauseous before, it doesn't hurt, with my case especially, to ask. He said that I will always feel like this after and it would get worse, and it did.

Wednesday, January 26th, 2019 4:00pm:

This is my fourth dose of medicine and I felt miserable. My days weren't filled with adventure and fun, it was filled with pain and boredom. There was never a time I have not felt well, always feel nauseous or dizzy. Days weren't as bright anymore. Where's the sun I ask myself once or twice a day, when will it shine upon my days once again. With those questions I ask myself everyday, my hopes never get high. I know that days will get worse and we pray for them to eventually get better.

The Red Stop Sign

Author: Juliana Terry, 6th grade

The red stop sign hit me like a giant wave crashing on the beach. All I could see was black. I couldn't keep track of time, but the doctors told me I was unconscious off and on for two hours. I am 16, only 16, and I just got my drivers license. My dad was so proud of me, I was awarded with a brand new beautiful red car. It was where I felt safe because I was in control. Until yesterday, Friday, May 18. It was a very normal day, just average. I went to school mopey and tired as usual, lunchbox in hand. I got in my car, started it up, and went off to school. "Hey Taylor", my best friend Tori always greeted me. "Hey Tor!" "Wanna go to the mall after school?" I asked. "We can stop by Starbucks and get pink drinks first!" Tori always had an excuse to get a pink drink but I didn't mind hanging out with my bestie a little longer at all. School was all a blur, I got good grades for as long as I can remember and never broke a rule but school was just school. As the last two periods of class slowly drifted by, all I could think about was my plans after school with Tori. I was so excited. I have been needing a good excuse to get a ridiculous amount of clothes and shoes. The mall was Tori and I's happy place, but soon it would be just a nightmare building to walk through surrounding me with bad memories and PTSD.

As we were leaving the mall, our legs felt like spaghetti noodles. Tori and I had so many bags in our hands we lost count after 16! We went in each store at least twice. We got in the car and left the mall, we were so happy from shopping but we both knew we wanted to go home. We turned on our favorite song and of course Tori started belting out the lyrics. I couldn't stop staring and laughing realizing I had such an awesome BFF. Little did I know that would be my last memory of the most amazing girl I had ever known. Then all of a sudden everything went black. I lost control of the car, hit a stop sign pole, and swerved into a ditch. The car flipped over and Tori and I were trapped inside as

well as unconscious. I felt my lungs fill with smoke and then I went dizzy And that was all I could remember from that heart- wrenching moment. A nearby person in another car called 911. We were saved from that nightmare. The next thing I know is I am in the hospital. My neck, lower back and legs hurt so bad . I had cuts and bruises everywhere on my body, but I didn't care, I needed to know how Tori was. I asked the nurse but she didn't tell me, so I asked my dad. "Taylor, Tori passed away immediately at the time of the accident, I'm sorry sweetie." It's my fault, how could I let this happen, no she can't be. 1,000,000 and a half things rushed through my head. I felt my heart shattered into 100,000 pieces. I am still sobbing currently. Ever since I lost my mom when I was six, Tori was all I had except for my dad. I still can't bear the thought of losing my mom and now my best friend of 10 years. That day, heaven gained another angel, and it was my best friend but not only that, she was my sister. Now I can never look at cars, stop signs, or ditches the same way. I have severe PTSD and anxiety as a result. She was my best friend and I can't believe I lost her. From kindergarten all the way to that deadly stop sign.

Like She's Still Here

By: Sydney Davis

6th grade

Sirens. That's all she remembered. Years ago, Jess was happy, and young. Jess was eating lunch by herself, but that was okay. At least she had her mom. Every day, Jess would get a different note from mom. *Don't stop believing!* Jess read in her head. She smiled, her mom was the only thing she needed to make her happy. Her parents got divorced a couple years ago. Jess did not like her dad. He was not nice to mom. She was glad she never had to see him again.

Jess put on her favorite yellow, polka dot dress. Today was a hot day outside, but Jess remembered to bring her sunscreen. She put it in her purse and was ready for a great day at school. "Alright everyone, today we have a reading test. Please take everything off your desk except a pencil" Mrs. Harrison said. Jess was not prepared for a test. She hadn't studied, instead she played dolls. It was hard to study when there are so many distractions. She braced herself, tapping the desk. She looked at her test and didn't remember anything. She was nervous, for if mom would know she failed, she would be so disappointed. She tried remembering a rhyme for adjectives but couldn't remember the words, just the rhythm. This was the worst day in second grade.

After the test, Jess decided she hated tests. She wondered if prisoners had to take tests as a punishment. After reading, music, and English, it was time for lunch. Lunch was one of Jess's favorite subjects, although she wondered if it even was a subject. *They do teach us how to eat.* She thought, but since there weren't any tests, she decided that lunch wasn't a subject. The choice for lunch was mystery meat or soggy spaghetti. Jess wished she would've packed her lunch like the other kids. She decided to get soggy spaghetti.

It was finally recess. Jess went to her favorite spot, the swings. Nobody was at the swings today, which was unusual because usually the swings are full with lines for who's next. Jess was delighted to swing, since it's been 3 days since she had. As swung for 5 minutes, when a girl with blonde hair and blue eyes walked up to her. Jess tried her best not to hit her. "I like your dress" She said. "Thank you" Jess said. "What's your name?" The girl asked. Jess had never had a real friend before, except for mom. Her heart raced. "Jess" she replied. "You?" She asked. "Bella" She said. "Want to be friends?" Bella asked. "Yes!" Jess exclaimed. "Err. I mean, sure" Jess said, trying not to sound too eager. Every day after that, they played together on the swings, the slides, you name it. They ate lunch together. Soon, it was fourth grade.

Jess was not excited. Bella couldn't wait. Bella was only really excited for all of the after-school activities. Fourth grade was terrible. There was no art class, which Jess hated. The lunch wasn't the same. Math was getting more difficult to remember, with all the new mathematics being learned. "So..are there any interesting after-school activities?" Jess asked, bored. "Not really, unless you like chess" Bella said. "Oh..okay" Jess said. The only thing they had to look forward to was fifth grade. Fifth grade was going to be great, no matter what anyone else said. Everyone from the school looked up to you. There was an award ceremony.

Before they knew it, it was summer. Jess did not have Bella's phone number, so there was really no way they could communicate. Jess didn't like going outside like she used to, and she didn't know why. Instead, she read all day, every day.

August 5th

Summer had gone by very fast to Jess. Jess's sister, Macey had many softball games during the summer. Jess really did not want to go, since Macey's team lost every game, but she wanted to support her sister. After a few minutes, she decided to go. She brought her new book, and got in the car. Her sister had many scratches and bruises on her legs and arms. Jess tried to come up with an explanation as why she has so many, but none were very logical. Macey was shorter than anyone else on the team. During team huddles, Macey stood on the bench to be the same height. Macey's team lost again. Macey complained on the way home, how they lost every game, how the other team bragged. Macey never participated in a sport team after that, and Jess doesn't blame her. She doesn't like sports either.

August 29th

Today was open house for 5th grade. Jess couldn't wait. Finally she would be the person younger people would look up to. Finally, she would be noticed. Her mom took her to their local *Walmart* to get school supplies. She got everything in her favorite color - maroon. She was surprised to see so many maroon school supplies, especially since there were none last year, but hey, she wasn't complaining.

September 4th

During the first day of school, Jess was very nervous. She had to bring way more school supplies than she normally has. Her book bag was packed to the brim. She decided to wear something decent, since little kids would be staring at her. She wore a red sweater and black leggings. The sweater was a little too big, and covered her arms, but it was okay. It was trendy for autumn, but super sweaty. She curled her short hair and was ready to go.

Sydney Davis, 6th grade
Oh, the Agony!

Pure agony. That's the only word you could use to express my feelings right now. I don't know why my school would decide this was a good idea, but for some reason, they did.

"The field trip in seventh grade is amazing," the eighth graders would always say, and I would always believe them. My name is Molly Jones and I go to McKinley Middle School.

Our sixth grade field trip was pretty fun. We went to 'We're Rolling' and created our own pretzels. Well, mine looked like a disfigured snake but it's the thought that counts! I brought my own money so I could buy a strawberry smoothie. The icy- but not too icy smoothie pressed against my tongue as I slurped it down. It was a simple field trip, but it was fun.

Every field trip should be fun, as it brings our minds off school, work, and in general, is less stressful. Now, I don't want to make a huge introduction, so let's jump right into it.

A week before the field trip, all we received was a list of things we needed and the rules as a list.

McKinley Middle School 7th Grade

Field Trip Rules & Regulations

Wear clothes you wouldn't mind getting dirty

Bring boots and water

Our field trip is free! 😊

Optional - sunscreen and/or sunglasses

**DO NOT DESTROY PROPERTY OR HURT STUDENTS. YOU
SHOULD ALREADY KNOW THIS.**

Have fun! 😊

Our school has a low budget, and from the start, I should've known something was up. As days passed, I was getting more and

more excited than I should've been about this 'field trip.' Heck, I even bought new boots!

Fast forward to the day of the field trip. Everyone's buzzing about what the field trip is about, how excited they were, etc. "Molly! I heard we're going to Candyland!" My friend Amese was way too excited this trip, but that's how she always acts. "Everyone! Attention!" That was principal Roy, and when he speaks up, he means business. Clearly, the people beside me didn't realize this because they wouldn't shut up. "Hey!" Silence. "That's better. Pick your bus partner and get on the bus by tables. Table five go to bus five and so on." Amese and I latched arms like old-timey folkmen. We already decided to be bus partners days ago. Apparently, everyone else has too. The students zoom past us, onto the bus, some squealing and taking selfies. I know they were excited and all, and so was I, but I couldn't help but facepalm.

Amese and I were on bus six, a bus full of boys. "I hope I survive this bus trip," Amese muttered. The rotten stench of stinky feet filled the bus. I wanted to roll down our windows, but that was not allowed, for who knows why. Amese immediately falls asleep and in her own world, while I'm stuck with boys singing baby shark and talking about Fortnite. It didn't take long for us to reach our stop - thirty minutes. The bus halted to a stop and Amese screamed as she lunged forward. Once I calmed Amese down I looked out the window to see...

"A cotton field?!?" Everyone said in unison. "This can't possibly be true! Are you kidding me?! We have to push the bus! We're at the wrong stop!" Everyone was screaming, including Amese and my headache throbbed. "Everyone settle down! No, we're not at the wrong stop! Just sit down and wait for the principal to come by!" The bus driver bellowed. Her hair was in a messy bun, and was a pale gray color. Her outfit was overalls and a black shirt, which to me was a

bad idea, because it's like one-hundred degrees out! Out of nowhere, Amese started crying and a crowd of boys rushed over to comfort her.

"Everyone, sit down!" That was principal Roy again, and when he said those words, the boys trampled over each other to find their seats. "Gather all of your things and get outside. I will explain everything when every student is outside." All of the students file out. To be honest, I'd rather just be at school, it'd be way more fun than this!

We meet up with Kenzie, who's a farmer. "Aren't you guys excited? This is gonna be great! Maybe, if I get enough cotton I could make my own sweater!" Molly feels left out easily, so I agreed with her.

"Yeah..this is gonna be so-super awesome!" I say, awkwardly. "What are you talking about Molly? You said you ha-" I kick Amese in the shins to shut her up. "Hah..no..I'm sorry. I slept through the whole ride and must be hallucinating!" Amese said. "Um, okay. Well, anyways, have you guys ever even picked cotton?" Kenzie says kinda offended. "Of course we haven-" Amese says, I interrupted her by kicking her in shins again. "I mean, of course we have!" Amese says enthusiastically. She gives me a mother glare.

"Everyone, welcome to your annual seventh grade field trip. Fortunately, Barnes and Bananas has partnered with us, so this field trip is possible. Today we will be picking cotton and putting them into baskets. We will have contests, and make items from the cotton. We will also have lunch. If you didn't bring water, then you're out of luck. Get into groups of three and when you're ready, come to the small barn on the hill to get your basket." Everything was chaos after that. Luckily, Amese, Kenzie, and I were already together so we walked up the hill. Others had to run across the field, trampling over twigs to get to their friends. We walked up the hill, which was a small little hill. There was grass and small bushes along the walkway. The hill wasn't

very tall at all, but Amese acted like it was. “My legs! They feel like jello!” Sometimes I wonder why I’m still her friend.

When we reach the top of the hill we see a small barn, with baby animals inside. Corn was on the ground as we walked in. A small young lady waited inside. Her hair was in a bonnet, and she wore the kind of clothes someone on the prairie would wear. Her skin was a pale color, and freckles overran her face. “Hello girls. Here’s your basket. Your group number is one. Remember your group number for future reference. Follow the path to get started. There’s a paper to read inside your basket.” She says in a quiet voice. She looks as if she’s seventeen. “Okay, thanks.” Kenzie says. I hole the basket and we follow the path behind the hill. The path leads to a huge cotton field. “Well, I guess we should read the paper now.” I say. “Okay, I will.” Amese says, grabbing the paper and clutching it. “Dear readers, thank you for coming to Barnes and Bananas Farm. For your first task, you will be picking as many cotton balls as you can. Each person from the group with the most cotton balls wins a fifteen dollar gift card to Dairy Queen. Keep picking until every cotton ball is gone. Good luck! Sincerely, Phoebe Marshall, co-owner of Barnes & Bananas.” Amese says. “Well alright. Nobody else is here and if we start picking-” I say but stop. Kenzie is already picking, so I shut up and pick with her. If we had more than one basket, then this would be very easier. But so far, it looks like we’re winning!

Almost every cotton ball is gone. I’m not sure how we fit so many cotton balls in our basket, but somehow, we did. I look into the huge field and see one last cotton ball. I sprint towards it, knocking someone down. I grab the ball and spring back to Amese, who is holding the basket. I’m exhausted, but hopefully it was worth it. A whistle blows from out of nowhere. “Okay everyone, great job. While you move on to your next activity, we will see who won this contest.

Please hand me your baskets. Any cheating, and you will automatically lose!”

Principal Roy says. We tiptoe over, to avoid the brambles on the ground. Amese hands him the basket, with a huge number one on it, which for some reason, I never noticed before.

Our next activity is playing random games on the playground, but honestly, I just want to rest. As we walk over, we realize the playground looks like something you’d find at a yard sale. The swing sets were rusty, the slide lost a footstep, and the merry-go-round was stuck in place. I sat on the merry-go-round, just to rest, since it wasn’t working. Some of the boys came over, smirking. I honestly didn’t mind, because they act like this all the time. “Girls, get off.” Joshua said in a mild tone. “And why should we?” Amese asked, with all the sass. “Well, if you don’t get off, I guess we’ll make ya.” “Oh yeah? Bring it!” Amese said. I got off, because I didn’t want to die at a banana-cotton field-farm area, so I just got off, because there were plenty benches around.

The boys attempted to swing the merry-go-round but couldn’t do it. Sweat dripped down their faces. After half an hour of that, I heard a whistle blow in the distance. “Okay everyone. We found out the winner. Drumroll please.” Only the girls are excited, and a few boys, which I expected, this is middle school. “And the winner is....group seven! Please come up and claim your prize.” What..? How could we not have won? We had so many cotton balls in our basket.. oh well. The winners ran up, giggling all the while. I realized those were the snobby rich girls, and they probably cheated to win, but nobody is smart enough to see past their lies.

After that, it was time for lunch, and then we would finally leave this place. Everyone filed into the cafeteria, including the teachers. Amese, Kenzie, and I sat down at a small table with four chairs. The lunch was

a buffet which I was really excited about. There was so much to choose from, and I was very impressed, knowing that this place was in a farm. There were many soft drinks and even smoothies to choose from. I got up and reached for a burger, but then a lunch lady said, "You can't eat here, this food is for fastpass lunch students only. Your food is over there." Then she pointed at a tiny corner, with pizza and water. I lost my appetite at the sight. My friends were waiting for me at the table, so I told them the news. They were disappointed, but happy because at least we get pizza.

After eating, we all filed onto the bus, bummed out, tired, and wanting to go home more than ever. The bus drive back was complete silence. This is by far one of the worst field trips ever, at least some people enjoyed it though.

Rip it Up

By Brianna Waite

8th grade

“It’s just a photograph Kayla! Just do it!” Tim yelled to me as I sat in the corner crying. I was holding a small metal box against my body. The box contained the most important photo ever.

“Yeah! Just rip it up!” Michael yelled. I couldn’t do it. I just couldn’t just rip up a picture of Dani. Dani was my best friend, until she moved away. We did almost everything together, some of the teachers at our school even called us “the twins.” While she still went to my school this one group of boys always bullied us. The group consisted of Tim, Michael, Ryan, Josh, and Ben. They all hated me, but hated Dani even more. They hated her so much because she always stood up to them. Ever since she moved away I avoided the “boys” especially carefully. I also carried around this one, special photograph of her. It was a photo of the first time we met, which was at our neutral friend’s birthday party. One day while I was walking down the hall, Ryan bumped into me on purpose. I dropped my photo of Dani and he picked it up.

“Ewww! Is that Dani!” He shouted so loud that everyone looked, “she’s so ugly!”

“Shut up,” I mumbled while I grabbed the photo back.

“You better rip it up,” he shouted after me, “or we’ll do it for you!” I didn’t do it, and now I’m cornered and being yelled at in all directions.

“You’re such a baby Kayla Green!” Ben mocked.

“I can’t,” I whispered through sobs, “I just can’t.” I watched in slo-motion as Ryan grabbed the photo from me and ripped it up. I watched as little shreds of the photo hit the ground. I cried more than I ever had before.

“Ha ha ha!” They all laughed as they proudly strutted away.

“You couldn’t, but we sure could!” Josh yelled back to me without even looking back. When they were gone I still didn’t move. I just sat on the cold, hard ground and rewatched the moment over and over again in my mind. I wiped my tears away and started walking home. When I got home there was something waiting for me. Dani had left a voicemail. I called her and told her all about it. Even though I lost the photo, I still have her.

Written by: MMS 8th grader

Prompt: Back and better than ever, how does your character get to this point.

Superheroes Can Be Retired, Too!

I've seen Heroes come and go. you live as long as I have, and fewer still ever retire . You may know me as Inferno, the hot-headed fire manipulating hero of the 60s, or as granny Jojo, the sweet elderly woman who lives on the corner of the center Boulevard and Main Street. you know me as both. I live a quiet life now I volunteer at a local school once a week just as I can get my new good pants on I watch reality TV shows I have a parakeet honestly what else is there. hearing was all well and good, but younger Heroes have taken over the business entirely. Villains are rarely dramatic, and even less or anything super, in my opinion. Mostly the heroes stop speeding trains and such, pose for the cameras, they don't have the secret identities even. so naturally, when I got a call from the local hero organization, I was surprised, to say the least. the call occurred in the afternoon I hobbled over to the telephone and answered it, if only to stop that incessant ringing. "Hello? Josephine Marbel, speaking. " I said gruffly, "yes Miss Inferno right? We need your help." a professional yet slightly frantic voice intored. "Your old

nemesis, Doctor Bones has captured all of the younger Heroes, you are our only hope. “

I grinned, “really, now?” I state mischievously, “I suppose I could help, but why should I?”

I could almost hear him rolling his eyes. Impertinent brat. “Really? Come on, Inferna, we really do need help here.” chuckling, I answer, “I kid I kid! send me the coordinates I'll be there in a jiffy!”

Walking briskly down the stairs to the basement I pry open an old closet and pull out the uniform inside. I put it on as quickly as I can and look in the mirror. The trousers and jacket are black with red accents, the sleeves are covered in a flame design. Pulling the red mask over my eyes, I smile and hold out my hand. Orange fire dances across my fingertips. “Inferna, is back and better than ever!” I whisper to myself as I get in my car, an old Chevy pickup truck, and start the engine. Doctor bones wouldn't know what hit him, but it would be old, strong, and engulfed in flames.

Written by: MMS 8th grader

Recipe for _____. Fill in the blank and use this as the central theme of your narrative.

Recipe For Disaster

If my life is a meal, then I'm the chef. The thing is, I'm no good at cooking. And I guess my life reflects that. My personal recipe for disaster goes as follows:

1 blond hair, brown-eyed, freckly kid.

3 little siblings

1 stressed out mom

1 crazy awesome but mostly crazy Gram

2 pets

1 summer job

Mix thoroughly and bake in an itty-bitty apartment in a South Carolina summer. Sprinkle with money problems, Sarcastic girlfriend, a good-for-nothing absent dad, and school stress, and you have my life. As my mom has the small bedroom and my grandma and sisters share the big one. I sleep in the living room on a fold-out couch. Every morning my sisters, Lucy, Sarah, and Dawn jump on me to wake me up. I get up with a few more bruises, make them breakfast,(cereal a-la cereal it's a big hit!), and pack them each a peanut butter and banana sandwich. My mom has

left for work already, so Gram is our “adult “ supervision. She sleeps till noon most days. The girls get on the bus to their Elementary School for their science and swimming summer daycare. I fold the couch up and channel surf, Fanning myself with a newspaper. The AC broke a month ago, and there's no way we have enough money to get it fixed before school starts again. At about lunch time I head outside and bike to Reggie's Diner, where I'm a worker during the summer. When I push the door open, I was greeted by A Rush of cool air oh, it's jingling of a little bell. Hey Danny! Reggie drawls. For some reason he always talks like he's in slow motion even as his hands fly around the kitchen flipping burgers and making root beer floats. Hey Reggie I explain back, mimicking him. He laughs, a big, booming belly laughs and swats at me with a spatula. I dodged and pull my apron over my head. I walked out towards the tables, pen and Pad in hands, and head towards the only table with people at it , a group of boisterous high schoolers, maybe a year older than me, Ok, three house burgers with fries, one chili dog, 3 Iced Teas and a root beer float. “Is that all?”, I asked them. They nod. I walked back to the kitchen, and hand Reggie the paper and set to make their drinks. I balance the drink tray with one hand and the food in the other, and head to the table. I set the drinks down and start handing them their food. For a moment everything is fine, until the tray

on the edge of the table tilt, spilling the tea and Coke all over me. The ice cream in the float lands on my chest, and I Stumble back, spilling the burgers and chili dog on me as well. The customers are laughing, but I can barely hear them I have pickles in my ears. I mutely walk back and get a mop. I feel a large hand on my shoulder. Reggie gives me a sympathetic smile. "You head home. I got this. It's almost the end of your shift ", he says. I nod. I grabbed my bike, still covered in food and go home. I get a lot of weird looks on the way. I showered, picked up my sister from Day Camp, maybe it could be worse, but this day and it's events was a recipe for disaster.

