

## Bob Gets Grounded

(Omniscient Point of View)

By Aiden G.



Bob is a young boy living in Delaware. He woke up one winter morning. It was 7 a.m. on the day he was going to Kalahari indoor water park in Pennsylvania.

“Come on, time to get in the car” Bob’s dad, Mr. Johnson, said.

“Yay!” yelled Bob.

As the Johson family was getting into the car, Bob saw his rival, Frank Smith. Bob and Frank haven’t gotten along since Frank made fun of Bob’s hair in front of the whole 3rd grade in the cafeteria last year. Bob charged at him. Then Bob jumped on Frank. Bob punched Frank in the nose, and it started to bleed.

When Bob was about to hit a final blow, Mr. Johnson yelled, “Stop!” and pulled Bob off of Frank.

“You have been bad Bob,” Mr. Johnson said. “You’re grounded and not allowed to go to Kalahari,” he said.



“NOOOOOOO!” cried Bob.

With that, Bob’s family left.

“I can’t believe I’m stuck at home by myself,” said Bob. “I’m hungry. I think I should go to McDonalds. Who cares if I’m grounded.”

So Bob got on his bike and rode to McDonalds. It was only two blocks away. He locked up his bike and went inside. He stepped up to the counter.

“Welcome to McDonalds. My name is Jeff. May I take your order?” said the man behind the counter.



“Umm . . . I don’t have any money, so what should I do?” asked Bob.

“Wait here. I’ll get my manager. She’ll know what to do.” said Jeff.

Bob waited for what felt like years. The manager finally came up to the counter.

“It’s simple, kid. If you don’t have money, you can’t buy anything here. GET OUT!” she shouted.



Bob left the store. He unlocked his bike, hopped on, and started peddling fast. He couldn’t wait to get home and find something, anything to eat.

As Bob pulled into his driveway, he saw Frank Smith coming out of the neighbor's house across the street. Bob knew this time he should just get inside the house, so he dropped his bike in the garage, ran inside, and didn't look back. He went into the kitchen and made a pb&j sandwich.

Bob was so bored at the house. There was nothing to do. He really regretted losing his temper and then losing out on the trip to the water park. He suffered two more days alone like that.

Finally on Sunday night his family came home. His brothers and sisters got out of the car and started talking all at once about how great the waterpark was and what all they did.

"I'm sorry Bob, but I had to punish you. But now your punishment is over" said Mr. Johnson.

"Well, there's something I have to tell you. I did leave the house. I went to McDonalds but didn't have money to buy anything, so I just came home. I'm sorry," said Bob.

"I'm disappointed to hear that," said Mr. Johnson. "But knowing how much fun you missed on the trip, I know you learned your lesson."

"Yes, thanks Dad!" cried Bob. From that day on, Bob knew not to misbehave, or he would miss out on big things. Most importantly, he learned not to mess with Frank Smith ever again.

THE END



## I Got Grounded

(First Person Point of View)

By Aiden G.



I am a young boy living in Delaware. I woke up one winter morning. It was 7 a.m. on the day I was going to Kalahari indoor water park in Pennsylvania.

“Come on, time to get in the car” my Dad, Mr. Johnson, said.

“Yay!” I yelled.

As my family was getting into the car, I saw my rival, Frank Smith. We haven’t gotten along since Frank made fun of my hair in front of the whole 3rd grade in the cafeteria last year. I charged at him. Then I jumped on Frank. I punched Frank in the nose, and it started to bleed.

When I was about to hit a final blow, my Dad yelled, “Stop!” and pulled me off of Frank.

“You have been bad Bob,” my Dad said. “You’re grounded and not allowed to go to Kalahari,” he said.



“NOOOOOOO!” I cried.

With that, my family left.

“I can’t believe I’m stuck at home by myself,” I said. “I’m hungry. I think I should go to McDonalds. Who cares if I’m grounded.”

So I got on my bike and rode to McDonalds. It was only two blocks away. I locked up my bike and went inside. I stepped up to the counter.

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"I'm disappointed to hear that," said Dad. "But knowing how much fun you missed on the trip, I know you learned your lesson."

"Yes, thanks Dad!" I cried. From that day on, I knew not to misbehave, or I would miss out on big things. Most importantly, I learned not to mess with Frank Smith ever again.

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