

Jack and Jill Went up the Hill to Oh forget it!

By: Chris H

Once upon a whatever- it-is, there were two little kids. The eldest, and wisest, was ten-year-old Jill. Her young seven-year-old brother, Jack. Jack was always caught up in his imagination. Especially on Sundays, or, as he called them, No-More-Brain-Washing-School-Day-Sunday (or more commonly known as N.M.B.W.S.D.S's). Long name, I know.

On one of those fine N.M.B.W.S.D.S's, the siblings' mom told them to go fetch them some more water for their backyard well.

"Go get some water, and make it snappy!" she ordered.

"Come on, Jack," Jill grumbled.

"BOOM! CRASH! KAPOW!" Jack exclaimed as he played with his limited-edition General What's His Name toy.

"Jack."

"WAM!"

"Jack!"

"BAMITY BAM BAM BAM!"

"JACK!!!"

Jack looked up like he had just woken up from a very deep sleep. On the moon, maybe.

"Wha...what...whatisit...?" Jack moaned sleepily.

"We have to go get water from the well," Jill said.

"AND you have to make it snappy!" added their mother.

Jill rolled her eyes. "And make it snappy," Jill said sarcastically.

So, Jill and Jack dressed up the "snappiest" clothes they could find. Jill ended up dressed like Elvis, (her Halloween costume from two years ago), and Jack ended up picking a King Arthur costume his mom had bought at the local grocery store, Buy Stuff Here, for 80% off.

Once they got out the front door, Jill told Jack that she would go get the bucket from their backyard, while Jack would go to the top of Little Steep Hill to get the water ready for pumping.

Now, before you read on, I suggest you know these following facts:

Little Steep Hill is a steep hill equal distance from Jack's home and school. It was right at the end of "Little Street," so it was named Little Steep Hill.

Second, it had thunderstormed last night, so Little Steep Hill was all muddy.

And third is that Jack's King Arthur costume came with very cheap loafers, the bottom of which were very slippery, and were horrible for climbing things like hills.

As Jack was climbing up Little Steep Hill, he had thankfully managed to avoid major mud piles. Unfortunately, there was a gigantes mud pile, right in front of the well! Just as Jack went towards the well, he slipped on the mud, sliding around on his greasy-textured king shoes! Jack lunged at an onion grass plant, and grabbed onto it for support. As we all know, when you put all of your weight on any plant, it'll most likely rip out of the ground. That's exactly what

happened to Jack. It threw him backwards, and made him start to slide down the hill on his stomach, like a penguin. Halfway down the hill, he spotted Jill holding the bucket, sashaying up the hill in her Elvis costume.

“Jill!” Jack shouted. “Get out of the way!”

“Huh- AHHHH!!!” Jill shouted leaping over Jack.

Jack knocked the bucket out of Jill’s hand, though. It landed overturned on Jack’s head, and fell off with Jack’s King Arthur crown in it. Jack finally landed on the ground, with the bucket landing a couple seconds later. It broke in 2, leaving the bucket and Jack’s crown split down the middle. Jill came running down the hill to Jack, who was just getting to his feet.

“Jack! You...you...pinecone! Look what you’ve done! I-” Jill started to say, but her voice was drowned out by their mom shouting from inside the house.

“Jack! Jill! Did you get the water snappily yet?!”

The siblings exchanged similar looks.

“Uh oh...”



One fine Sunday morning, I was sitting on my bed sheets, texting on my phone, as usual.

<What r u doin?> Texted my friend, Gretel.

<Nothin'. Have u done Mr. Polack's Olympiad yet?> I sent back.

<Oh, shoot! I 4got!> I saw was written to me.

"Jill! Come down here please!" I heard my mom shout from the kitchen. I threw my phone onto my nightstand and headed downstairs.

"Go get some water, and make it snappy!" my mom ordered.

I rolled my eyes.

"Jack." I said.

"WAM!" Jack shouted, playing with his General What's His Name toy.

"Jack!"

"BAMITY BAM BAM BAM!"

"JACK!"

Jack looked up like he had just woken up from a deep sleep. On the moon, maybe.

"Wha...what...whatisit...?" Jack moaned sleepily.

"We have to go get water from the well," I explained.

"And make it snappy!" I heard mother call.

"And make it snappy," I added sarcastically.

I ended up dressing up in my Halloween costume from two years ago, which was Elvis (he's kind of snappy, isn't he?). Then I met Jack outside. He was dressed as some sort of king.

"I'll go get the bucket," I said. "You get the water ready for pumping."

Jack muttered something under his breath that sounded like "stupid...always me..." and walked away.

I went and got our traditional "water fetching bucket," and headed up the hill. Halfway up, I heard Jack scream:

"Jill! Get out of the way!"

I looked up just in time to leap over him. As he zoomed by, he knocked the bucket out of my hand.

"Hey!" I shouted as I ran after him. What a klutz!

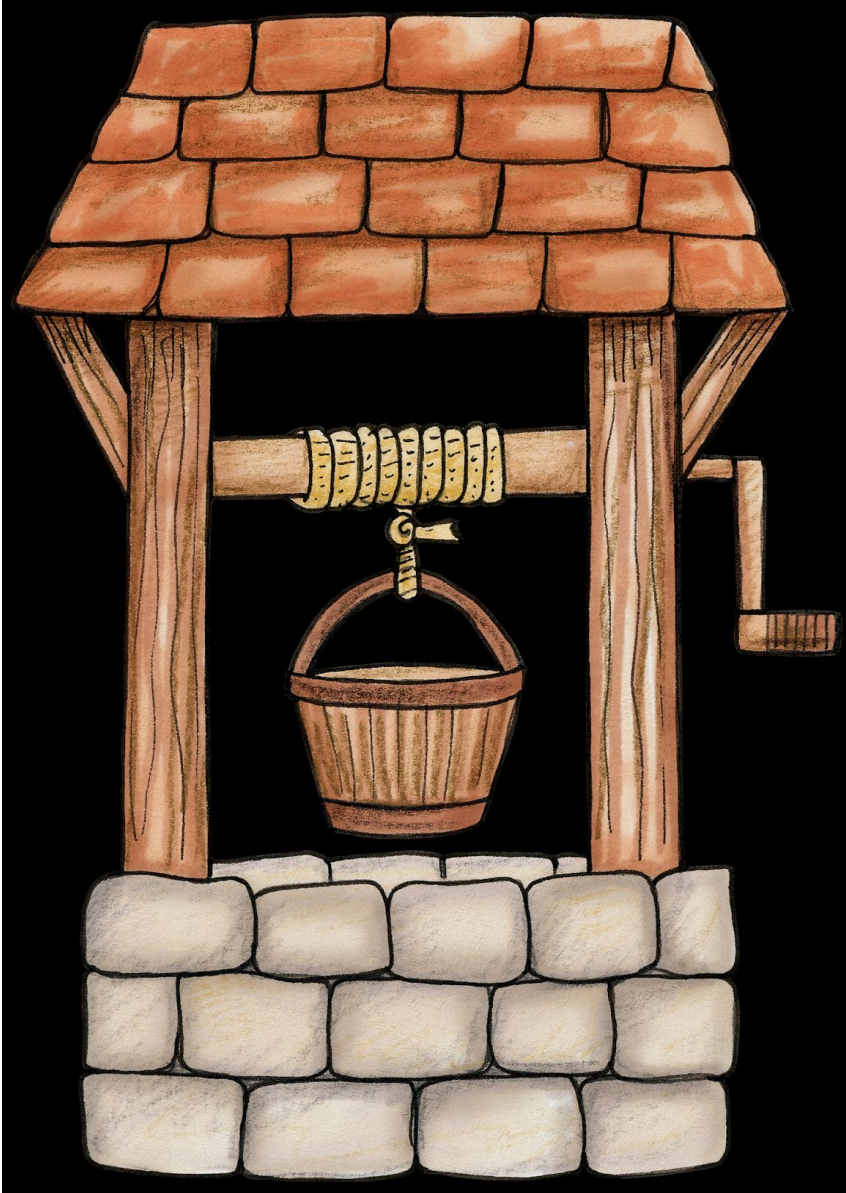
When I got down, I noticed the bucket was broken.

"Jack! You...you...pinecone!" I yelled angrily. "Look what you've done!-" I started, but was drowned out by the sound of mom screaming from inside the house.

"Jack! Jill! Did you fetch the water snappily yet?!"

Jack and I exchanged similar looks.

"Uh oh..." I said.



The End