

# A Bad Start Makes a Good Day

By Maggie I.

## Part 1: Omniscient

Charlie woke up with a groan. It was Monday, the most dreaded day of the week. She decided that 5 more minutes of rest wouldn't hurt anyone, so she fell back asleep.

When she woke up again, she realized that not only 5 minutes had gone by, but 30! With a swish of her bedsheets, she was up, dressed, and ready for school. Of course, after the long week-end, she was certainly not ready for getting up so early, and was quite dreary as she carefully climbed the steps of her bus: 937.



Little did she know, that her tiredness would lead to a series of very fortunate events highly unlike the story of her life. Anyway, back to the story.

Just like always, she sat next to her friend Alice and struck up the same

conversation that they had every day: lists. They had planned out what kind of list to talk about for each day of the year. Today's topic was: worst people in the world. Alice was completely ready for today's conversation. She and Charlie had to put up with bullies Monday through Friday, and it didn't take much thought to think of what to say.



“So, I’m thinking Emily. She’s pretty rude. Maybe even number one on our list?” Charlie whispered to Alice. Charlie had to whisper, because Emily sat right behind them. Charlie and Alice would have sat there, but Emily threatened to tell everyone their secret if she didn’t get to sit in the back. She new that if anyone knew the secret, the two girls would freak out, so Emily always had the upper hand in an argument. Of course I’m not going to tell

you what the secret is, 'cause then it wouldn't be a secret.

Alice wrote down "Emily" in her notebook. Alice took a lot of pride in her work, especially in her notebook with the drawing of a chinese dragon on the front. If she wrote sloppily, she would tear a page out of her notepad and start all over on her work.

"Yeah", Alice continued. "And maybe Charlotte next." Charlotte was the kind of person that thought she was really cool, but was actually really annoying.

"Blake?" Charlie yawned. Alice could tell that Charlie was tired. So she basically did the rest of the thinking while the bus bumped along.

After a while, Charlie had drifted off to sleep again. Alice didn't mind. Meanwhile, Charlie was dreaming of talking, chocolate seaweed. As the bus screeched to a stop and unloaded all the kids, Charlie was still asleep. This was the first very lucky event. Alice kind of forgot that Charlie was there, and kind of got off the bus without her. Lucky Charlie, she got

to be shaken awake by the extremely dreamy 5th grader, coincidentally named Charles. Sorry.



That was really cheesy. Anyway, the rest of her day, went along the same lines. Take math, for instance: Charlie fell asleep during the really boring part of the lesson, and woke up just as they were going to do a really fun game.

Then, at recess, she tripped because she was very unaware and just needed a nap, and fell right into the mud. That might not sound good, but it saved her a whole lot of trouble.

“Bblllaarrgghh! That tastes terrible!”

Charlie had gotten a large mouthful of icky mud. It tasted a bit like play-dough, mixed with old cheese. In shorter terms, it tasted BAD. Alice bent down, to help her up, but she slipped and fell in too. Alice was frustrated that

her new shorts were ruined, but then both girls started laughing.

Their laughter was cut short when Blake strolled up to them with his goonies following close behind him. They all snickered teasingly, but not in a good-natured way. Alice and Charlie simultaneously glared at them.



“Oh look! They beat themselves up for us!” one of Blake’s friends called out.

“I just tripped, that’s all,” Charlie mumbled glumly.

Just then, Mrs. Hector came stomping through the marshy earth, her flannel jacket flowing in the wind. She pushed her glasses up on the bridge of her nose. “Excuse me boys, but did you shove these innocent girls into the mud?” she asked accusingly.

“Of course not!” Blake said. This was the first time that that was true. “They just fell down and we happened to be walking by!”

“Sure,” Mrs. Hector answered. “Coming from you, that’s not really believable.”

“OOOOOHHHHHHHHH! ROASTED BY A TEACHER!” Blake’s friends yelled in unison.

“Don’t think that you’re not getting in trouble also!” Mrs. Hector put in. Everyone groaned, except Charlie and Alice. The girls silently cheered.

Blake and the rest of the annoyances got sent to detention, for doing nothing.

Moral: Don’t get a good night’s sleep.

## **A Bad Start Makes a Good Day**

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### Part 2: First Person

I woke up with a groan. It was Monday, the most dreaded day of the week. I decided that 5

more minutes of rest wouldn't hurt anyone, so I fell back asleep.



When I woke up again, I realized that not only 5 minutes had gone by, but 30! With a swish of my bedsheets, I was up, dressed, and ready for school. Of course, after the long week-end, I was certainly not ready for getting up so early, and was quite dreary as I carefully climbed the steps of my bus: 937.

Just like always, I sat next to my friend Alice and struck up the same conversation that we have every day: lists. We had planned out what kind of list to talk about for each day of the year. Today's topic was: worst people in the world.

When I sat down on the cold leather seat, Alice said, "I'm definitely ready for today's conversation."



Alice and I have to put up with bullies Monday through Friday, and it didn't take much thought to think of what to say.

“So, I'm thinking Emily. She's pretty rude. Maybe even number one on our list?” I whispered to Alice. I had to whisper, because Emily sat right behind us. Me and Alice would have sat there, but Emily threatened to tell everyone our secret if she didn't get to sit in the back. She eventually figured out that if anyone knew the secret, we would freak out, so Emily always has the leverage in an argument. Of course I'm not going to tell you what our secret is, 'cause then it wouldn't be a secret.

Alice wrote down “Emily” in her notebook. She once told me that if she messed up or wrote sloppily, she would rip out the page she was working on and restart her work.

“Yeah”, Alice continued. “And maybe Charlotte next.” Charlotte was the kind of person that thought she was really cool, but was actually really annoying.

“Blake?” I yawned. Alice could tell that I was tired, so she basically did the rest of of the thinking for me while the bus bumped along.

After a while, I drifted off to sleep again. I started to have a dream of talking chocolate

seaweed. It was weird. After I finished eating the seaweed, I was shaken awake by an extremely dreamy 5<sup>th</sup> grader, with the same name as me: Charlie. Did I just tell you that?

Woops. I DIDN'T SAY  
ANYTHING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Anyway, the rest of my day went along the same lines.

Take Math for instance: I fell asleep during the really boring part of the lesson, and woke up just as we were going to do a really fun game.

Then, at recess, I tripped because I was very unaware and just needed a nap, and fell right into the mud. At the time, I was mad.

“Bblllaarrgghh! That tastes terrible!” I had gotten a large mouthful of icky mud. It tasted a bit like play-dough, mixed with old cheese. IN shorter term, it tasted BAD. Alice bent down to help me up, but she slipped and fell in too. She looked frustrated, but then we both started laughing.

Our laughter was cut short when Blake strolled up to us with his goonies following close behind him. They all snickered teasingly, but not in a good-natured way. Me and Alice simultaneously glared at them.



“Oh look! They beat themselves up for us!” one of Blake's friends called out.

“I just tripped, that's all,” I mumbled glumly.

Just then, Mrs. Hector came stomping through the marshy earth, her flannel jacket flowing in the wind. She pushed her glasses up on the bridge of her nose. “Excuse me boys, but did you shove these innocent girls into the mud?” she asked accusingly.

“Of course not!” Blake said. This was the first time that that was true. “They just fell down and we happened to be walking by!”

“Sure,” Mrs. Hector answered. “Coming from you, that's not really believable.”

“OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH! ROASTED BY A TEACHER!” Blake's friends yelled in unison.

“Don't think that you're not getting in trouble also!: Mrs. Hector put in. Everyone groaned, except me and Alice. I silently cheered.

Blake and the rest of the annoyances got sent to detention, for doing nothing.

Moral: Don't get a good night's sleep.