

Weston



Deniz : Marc Zarek!!

Avery

Nathan

Hannah

Adrienne !! Sara

Pedro

Feliffou

Natalie Daniel

Elizabeth



Kate Nick Wolfe Theo Nicole *

Bianca

Steven

Ivan

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Master Kahmann's Quest by Ms. Leone

Master Kahmann sat cross-legged atop a massive granite rock. He smiled down upon his four pupils who stood before him among the tall grasses and flowering trees tucked away just outside their village. Master Kahmann began to speak, his voice soft yet purposeful. "Pupils, today you will embark on an important quest. You will need to call upon all that you have learned in order to complete this quest. Only one of you will have the chance to succeed."

Matai, Zena, Zelda and Selwin exchanged subtle glances as Master Kahmann said these last words. Matai, being the bravest of the pupils, believed undoubtedly that it would be he who would succeed, and he wore a smug grin which was, more often than not, plastered to his face. Zena and Zelda were twins and were known in their village for their brilliance. It was also rumored that they could communicate with each other telepathically. This was true. They believed their combined brilliance would ensure them success on this quest. The fourth pupil, Selwin, was the youngest of the pupils, yet he was arguably the most clever and resourceful. He had no expectations for the outcome of the quest other than trying his best, this should be enough to succeed, he believed.

From the mountains in the distance, the eastward winds blew traces of sweet periwinkle nectar. Master Kahmann continued to speak.

"Deep in the mountains nestled into the cliffside behind the mighty waterfall lives an old seer. She has fallen ill and requires a healing serum from the alchemist who lives at the base of the mountain. The alchemist will not be there so you must collect a vial of the serum from the crystal basin at the back of his cabin. The serum she needs will be emanating a soft golden light."

Matai shifted his weight from his left foot to his right, his fingers pulling impatiently at his robes. He, having explored the forest thoroughly knew exactly the alchemist he spoke of, as well as the old seer and the waterfall behind which she dwelled. Master Kahmann continued to speak while Matai thought to himself. "I need not waste any more time, I must fetch the serum and be the one to heal the old seer. She is depending on me." Master Kahmann sensed Matai's impatience and they locked eyes for just a moment.

Mistaking this gaze for permission go, Matai could wait no longer, he snuck off through the tall grasses in the direction of the mountains. Master Kahmann watched the grasses rustle as Matai disappeared into the distance. Master Kahmann paused for a moment and smiled, then he continued.

"The waterfall which conceals her cave is mighty and strong this time of the year. The snowmelt from the mountains have fed strength and power to the falls and they are too dangerous to cross. You must reach her through a side entrance."

Zena and Zelda smiled at each other. Brilliant as they were, they had already apprehended the strength of the falls during springtime and were telepathically

discussing alternative ways to reach the old seer. As they considered the most efficient path between the alchemist's cabin and the seer, they grew confident that it would be they who would deliver her this lifesaving serum. However, as they silently spoke with each other, they did not hear Master Kahmann's final warnings.

"The side entrance is through a secret garden just west of the falls. There is a tall stone wall and guarding just inside is the seer's black bear. You will need to find periwinkle flowers to feed the bear. This will lull him to sleep and only then can you pass through the garden."

Master Kahmann remained cross-legged atop his granite perch, and with this last word he closed his eyes and fell into a deep meditation. Zena, Zelda, and Selwin set off in the direction Matai had left earlier.

Matai, with a generous head start, was the first to reach the alchemist's cabin. Immediately, he spotted the serum. This was not difficult, for the liquid cast a golden glow upon everything that surrounded it. Matai spotted a shelf of empty vials, filled one with the serum, corked it, and tucked it carefully into his pocket as he strode up the mountain towards the waterfall, a spring in his step.

Meanwhile, Selwin and the twins were coming up upon the cabin. Selwin reached the cabin just before Zena and Zelda who had stopped to collect herbs along the way. Brilliant as they were, they knew about this golden serum and how it would help the seer, but they also knew of rare herbs that would work in the same way as the serum, and perhaps even more quickly. They would skip the alchemists cabin in hopes of reaching the seer first. As they loaded elderwort berries and sicklestalks into their rucksacks, Selwin located the same vials as Matai had and filled two with the golden serum, just in case. He also spotted a jar of periwinkle flowers and knew he would need these to pass the seer's black bear, so he filled a pouch with the fragrant blossoms. Selwin suspected that feeding a black bear periwinkle flowers may not be as easy as it sounds. He spotted a jar of honey on the alchemist's shelf, slipped it in his bag, and began up the mountain towards the secret garden.

After gathering herbs, Zena and Zelda headed up the mountain. They knew that the seer's cave could only be reached in two ways, through an underpass in the waterfall, and through the secret garden. They did not know, however, about the seers black bear, as they had not paid full attention to Master Kahmann's instructions. If they had been listening carefully even now, they might have heard the roars of the black bear echoing softly down the mountain. All that they heard was each other's voice in their head bickering about the fastest route to the secret garden. They decided a shortcut along the river that would bring them there in no time at all.

Deep in the mountains Matai had reached the waterfall. He stood, somewhat dumbfounded on the edge of the falls looking on as the water crashed thunderously onto the rocks below. The underpass that he had explored months earlier was now a wall of water, white and frothing, sending a violent spray of icy water onto everything nearby. Matai squinted as the water sprayed his face. He believed he could pass, that he would *have* to pass, and searched fervently for the safest spot to do so. He could just barely see through the falls into the cave when he took in a deep breath and tried to force his way through the waterfall. The water dropped onto his shoulders like a thousand bricks

and his knees crumbled under the weight. He barely managed to back out, crawling, his face pushed up against the rocks by the crashing falls. He gasped for air at last and gasped again when he heard a shattering crash. The vial had been ripped from his pocket and now he watched as the golden serum quickly dissipated into the rushing water. His heart sank and his forehead crashed into his palms. The realization that he had failed felt even heavier on his shoulders than the weight of the waterfall. "Master Kahmann must have known about the ferocity of this waterfall", Matai thought hastily to himself, "why didn't he say anything about this?!"

Not far from Matai, Zena and Zelda had reached the seer's secret garden. They stood outside the entrance: two massive rose bushes with branches intertwined between them leaving a barely visible but navigable entranceway framed by jet black thorns. Zena went first, followed by Zelda, both ducking down low to avoid the thorns. Not far within the rose bushes they came upon the exit into the most magnificent garden they had ever seen. Frozen admiring the colorful blossoms, fragrant nectars, and climbing vines, they had only taken one step inside when they froze in terror. The black bear let out a low growl and took a heavy step from around a rhododendron bush, the ground shook. Zelda grabbed Zena by the hand and crouched low to flee back the way they had just come. "What in the world!?" Zena shouted when they reached safety.

"The seer's black bear, I should have known we were forgetting something, Master Kahmann probably warned us about this, you're always distracting me, I can't get you out of my head, look what you've done now!" Zelda was furious. They both knew one of the only ways to pass would be to feed the bear periwinkle blossoms and wait for it to fall asleep. It quickly dawned on them that periwinkle flowers only grew at the base of the mountain, Master Kahmann had taught them that. They would have to go back. Begrudgingly, they stomped back down in search for the blossoms, bickering relentlessly as they went.

Matai, now sitting on a mossy patch of earth tossing rocks into the rushing stream, heard Zena and Zelda. Their sharp words pierced the calming hum of the forest. They were fast approaching him and just as he was able to jump up and brush himself off, the twins nearly barreled into him. "You're going the wrong way" Matai muttered smugly.

"What are you even *doing* here?" Zena demanded of Matai.

"The waterfall shattered the vial of serum I collected. It's impossible to cross the falls in the springtime anyway. I was waiting for one of you all to pass by so I could warn you."

Zena noticed his clothes were soaked. "Master Kahmann told us we must enter through the secret garden. If you had stuck around long enough to listen maybe you would have known that. But don't feel too bad, Zelda and I missed the warning about the seer's black bear which guards her garden so we had to turn back for periwinkle flowers." Zelda rolled her eyes as Zena spoke, still convinced it was her fault they were in this situation. But of course, it was both of their doing.

Meanwhile, deep in the mountain, Selwin had now reached the entrance of the secret garden. He peered into the passageway and then turned back to pick a large leaf off of a tree nearby. He placed the periwinkle flowers on the leaf and poured on the

honey until the flowers were thickly coated. If Selwin knew one thing for sure, it was that a bear loves honey. Crouching low, he held the leaf in front of him as he navigated through the rose bushes, then placed it down in the garden, not far from the entrance. He snuck back out and sat down cross-legged atop a tall rock nearby. He closed his eyes, his mind, however, was very much alert, listening carefully, and in time he listened as the bear lumbered over to the leaf, as he grunted and licked his paws clean, and then as he crashed to the ground and began to snore noisily. A smile crept to Selwin's face, now it was time. He crossed back into the garden and navigated his way through the maze of blossoming vines until he found an ornately carved wooden door nestled into the mountain. Inside he found the seer, as ill as Master Kahmann had said. He fed her the serum.

Aways down the mountain, Zelda, Zena, and Matai continued to search for periwinkle flowers. They were arguing about where exactly at the base of the mountain these rare flowers grew. Only Selwin had been listening carefully earlier that month when Master Kahmann had explained that the periwinkle flowers were in bloom but only grew on the eastern side of the mountain where the sun shines with strength in the mornings. Only Selwin knew to collect the periwinkles at the alchemists cabin, which was on the northern side of the mountain. Suddenly, the three ceased their bickering when they looked up to see Master Kahmann directly in their path, so close that they wondered how they did not see him coming. He spoke, "Selwin has reached the seer and now we must help tend to her. The serum has saved her but she will still need to regain her strength. Follow me." Now following Master Kahmann, the pupils turned and head back up the mountain, questions brewing in their heads but shame keeping them quiet.

Once they were all in the seer's cave, Zena, Zelda, Matai and Selwin all discussed their separate journeys with each other upon Master Kahmann's instruction. Selwin explained exactly what Master Kahmann had said earlier about the mission, about the waterfall, the secret garden, the periwinkle flowers, and the black bear. As he spoke the three realized how simple this mission actually was, that they had been given all the information they needed to be successful, and that because they did not listen they were left unprepared and even in danger. Matai was quiet, as he was too embarrassed to share. He knew what he needed to do in the future and he silently made this promise with himself. Zena and Zelda silently promised to each other that they would not communicate while others spoke to them, especially with instructions.

Sitting on the other side of the cave next to the seer but listening intently, Master Kahmann sensed that they all had learned. A smile crept to his face.

6th Grade Sense by Adrienne

One day, Alex was walking home from school. Alex was one of those kids who felt like they couldn't do anything. Alex was a lonely boy who wished to have more friends, or at least a friend. The only place where Alex felt happy and respected was in

the town park of New York City, on the bench by a great oak tree. Alex took out his homework and started working on it.

This book War & Peace was a wonderful novel about war and then peace.....

By the time Alex finished he felt like a deflated whoopee cushion! He finished writing at about 2 in the morning. At about 9pm Alex went home to finish. Mostly because the park was closing.

This was a wonderful novel and I hope you consider reading it.

Alex had had many paper cuts from flipping through the brutal pages of his old dictionary. Alex was hoping for once in his life would he get an "A". If he didn't get an "A" on this project, Alex would have to redo another year of sixth grade. I wonder where to put my name? Thought Alex. Maybe Ms. Plum wants it to be an anonymous assignment. So Alex decided not to put his name on his work.

The next morning Alex woke up to the sound of his non-stopping beeping alarm. "Ugh!" Shouted Alex smushing his face into the pillows. As you can see, Alex is not a morning person, but Alex got up, got dressed and left without any breakfast. That's how Alex liked to start his mornings. No breakfast so when it's lunch he can really enjoy his lunch. Alex started walking through the playground to get to his school. Alex took the wrong decision to walk through where Brooke and his nasty friends hang out. "Oh well, is it Mr. F!" Shouted Brooke followed by his group's so called laughs, their laugh seemed like more of a snarl.

I guess Brook was trying to show that he could make a joke about how Alex got all "F's" but he wasn't doing too well. Alex desperately tried to hide his homework because Alex knew that Brooke of all people didn't do his homework and would use Alex's homework for himself. So before Brooke had his chance to see his homework, Alex ran into the school and handed in his homework. Alex sat in his desk and heard the bell ring loud and obnoxiously. Everybody (except Brooke)rushed into class and bumped into their desks. Brooke sat at his desk about 2 minutes after class started. "Now students, I hope you handed in your assignment." Said Ms. Plum. "Open your textbook to page 39-40. Read it all, we have a test next week." "Ring!" "Class dismissed." Alex walked to Spanish class.

Alex looked at the clock in the Spanish classroom, then at his grumbling stomach. 2 minutes 'till lunch! Thought Alex. "Alex, pay attention to me, not the clock." The Spanish teacher said to Alex in spanish. "Sorry mama'." Alex also said in spanish. "Now, class-" "Ring!" "You may go now." Ms. Rushishania said annoyingly. "Lunch! YES!" ALEX shouted and ran out of the classroom. Alex ran to the cafeteria, threw his lunch money at the lunch lady and grabbed a tray. "Oh, Lord!" Alex said surprisingly realizing how hungry he really was. Alex ate in silence but even the most clueless person could tell he was really enjoying his lunch. Alex finished in no time flat. Alex looked at the clock and realized how much time he had left. So Alex decided to use his extra time to play basketball. Alex hasn't played basketball in a while so when he got on the court he totally forgot about how you have to pass at least 2 times until you can make a shot. So that led Alex and his team to lose. "Stupid rule." Alex whispered to himself.

The next day, Alex woke up to the same annoying beeping sounds. He put on his favorite T-shirt and black pants. Alex went down stairs and this time, ate his breakfast. Alex walked to school like usual but went around the playground this time. The bell didn't ring yet but Alex still went into Ms. Plum's room.

He sat down at his desk right when the bell rung. As usual Brook was the last one to enter the room. "Now class, someone handed in their homework with no name. And it would be a shame that this homework is not claimed because it was wonderful and it gave it an "A+"! It's either Brooke's or Alex's. One of you didn't hand in your assignment."

What! Thought Alex. I turned in my homework! "I'll read the first sentence. **This book War & Peace was a wonderful novel about war and then peace.**" Read Ms.Plum. Wait! Thought Alex. It's my peace! Wow, and I got an "A+"! Alex was about to claim his project but the then Brook got up! "Ms.Plum," Started Brooke. "This is my essay. I'm sorry that I didn't put my name on it."

"Thank you Brooke. Now Alex, since you didn't hand in your homework, you're going to have to do 6th grade again." Alex fell in his seat. There was no point in arguing. Ms.Plum wouldn't believe that Brooke claimed Alex's work. So Alex just stared at Brooke who had a smile on his face staring at Alex's homework.

Today is Alex's first day of the second year of 6th grade. Ugh! Thought Alex. I hate this. Why me. I'm the one who handed in my homework! Stupid Brooke! Maybe this year I'll get a friend. Who am I kidding, a 6th grader willing to be friends with me. Someone who couldn't get through 6th grade! "Ring!" Went the bell. Alex walked to class slowly. When Alex walked into Ms.Plum's room, Ms.Plum was right by the door waiting. Waiting for Alex. "Alex." Ms.Plum said slowly.

Alex noticed that Brooke was standing next to Ms.Plum. "It has come to my attention that that project from last year was yours and not Brooke's." Ms.Plum said looking over to Brooke. Brooke scratched the back of his neck. "Y-yes Ms.Plum, that is correct." Alex stampered. "Alex, nice job on your report. On the other hand, Brooke! I should be sending you back to 6th grade, but I won't because you've gotten an "A+" before. Brooke, take Alex to Mrs.Rose's room." Ms.Plum said calmly.

Brooke and Alex walked in silence. "Brooke," Alex said quietly. "How did Ms.Plum know that it was my assignment?" Asked Alex. "Because I told her." Said Brooke. "Why?"

"Because I'm mean, but not that mean. I don't want to be the mean one anymore."

"Me too. Brooke, do you want to be my friend?" Brooke smiled. "Sure."

Use It or Lose It by Bianca

As I, Miranda Cooper, living in a world of common sense, has learned a lot of common sense. Well that sounds quite obvious, but most people *still* don't understand common sense whether there 9 years old or 90 years old, (I just don't understand why) but I Miranda Cooper get a lot of time to think about common sense because I Miranda

Cooper am a doll, yes, a girly toy doll, and I still have feelings and I can get hurt emotionally and physically because I Miranda Cooper am a girly girl doll in a pre-school. And I have to say, throughout the many years of being squeezed and tugged, I have more times of disliking my job than liking my job. Believe me, this job is like being a rope of a tug a war game

"Come on in"! I hear Ms. Elizabeth tell Elizabeth. I groan, "You're going to have to have to get use to it Miranda". Says Sassy Wassy Cassy while having tea with the rest of her friends and then they all laughed as squeaky as a knife against a plate. I'm stumped I think to myself. But I re-think what Sassy Wassy Cassy said, You are just going to get used to it. "Huh", I sigh to myself, "I'm just going to have to get use to it.

"Today's the last day of school", says Ms. Elizabeth.

"Yay ", everyone cheers along with the rest of the pre-schoolers, even Sassy Wassy Cassy and her friends, which is like everyone cheer along. "Finally, we don't have to use our common sense anymore"! Says Sara happily one of Sassy Wassy Cassy friends. I know everyone likes this opportunity to stop using their common sense, but something seems wrong about not using common sense anymore. I decide to stick with using common sense every year, and when I mean wrong, I don't mean like the governor will get mad at us for not using common sense because he even said you could take a break from common sense, but I mean wrong as in it just didn't seem right.

"Ahhh", I sighed after another usual tiring day, but in the same way it wasn't usual because it was the last day with extraordinary news, which is this day being the last day. And of course, to celebrate the extraordinary news, we got to party! Well, I will rephrase that, all of Sassy Wassy Cassy's friends got to party which is like everyone, but me. And why did Sassy Wassy Cassy get to host the party? Because she is "rich". The only reason why she is rich is because she robbed the whole monopoly bank. And why would she still be so popular if she robbed a bank? Because she can tell some thing called lies, and am I the only one who knows about this? Yes. Will I tell anyone? No. Why? Because I will get into really really big trouble. Do I want to be more unpopular than ever? No. Should I keep it a secret? Yes.

"Come on guys ! let's go to the beach"! said Avery with her towels and fold up chairs. Then immediately everyone joined Avery , except me. "Come on slow poke, what are you waiting for"? screeched Sassy Wassy Cassy. Well they actually invited me this time, why not join? I thought to myself. I finally skipped along with them.

"Uh, I forgot to bring a spoon"! whined Cally with 19 cups of pudding sitting in front of her. "well, if you're not eating it then I suppose I will"! said Sassy Wassy Cassy while snatching all of the cups of pudding actually having a spoon. "Aww" sighed Cally looking into the empty space of where her 19 cups of pudding were *suppose* to be. "Well next time you have 19 cups pudding ,you better bring a spoon". I said not surprised ,then paused and said "common sense guys"! "Come on Miranda, whined Cally we need a break from common sense"! then everyone murmured in agreement. "Okay then, I said, you are the one who is craving your pudding". "True" replied. Cally not very happy to be agreeing with a loser like me. And we continued our "picnic" at the beach . Later on at the beach, it started to rain and it was all muddy. "Ooh, let's play a game called step into the mud puddles without getting muddy. "Said Avery, everyone agreed. Except for

me, of course. "Okay guys, just to give you a heads up, if you step in mud, you obviously will get muddy". "No we won't Miranda". exclaimed Sassy Wassy Cassy. And stop using your common sense! it's our break time!

Finally, after watching them play step into the mud puddles without getting muddy for like a hour, they decided to get back into the limo and head back home. You might of thought it would be better but no, instead they were complaining about how muddy they were and this time, I didn't even feel like explaining to them why.

There were only 5 more days until summer vacation was over and believe you me, boy was I happy. I probably spent $\frac{1}{2}$ of the time listening to all Sassy Wassy Cassy's friends not using their common sense, and then complaining for a hour after. But after these 5 days, they will have to start using their common sense again cause if you don't, you are going against the rules, and yes, that's how it goes about living in a world of common sense.

Sadly, this summer vacation wasn't actually a summer vacation to me, it was just a break from work and then listening to people using their *nonsense*, which really annoys me. But as I said before, after these 5 days of "break" I will be going back to something I actually enjoy, helping people! Because that includes using common sense!

5 days later

"Today we get back to work"! I screeched happily. "How is it possible for you to be happy about it". Groaned Cally still "jet lag" from her "trip to China" on the globe. "Let's see,....why am I happy"? Because we get to use our common sense again! Yay"! Well let me rephrase that, we have to use our common sense. Then the door creaked open and a familiar face popped out, it was Ms. Elizabeth! And she walked in the room with a big smile, then the door creaked open again! It was Ms. Elizabeth's student Elizabeth! Soon enough in the room came pouring in familiar faces but all a little bit taller, but still with same old smile.

Soon enough, after the greetings, they began the same old routine, first arts and crafts. While they were doing their arts and crafts, we always partied. But we needed some to host the party, and this time Cally, and Sassy Wassy Cassy wanted to host the party, we did math problems, who ever got the most corrected would get to host the party, this time I Miranda Cooper got to make up the math questions.

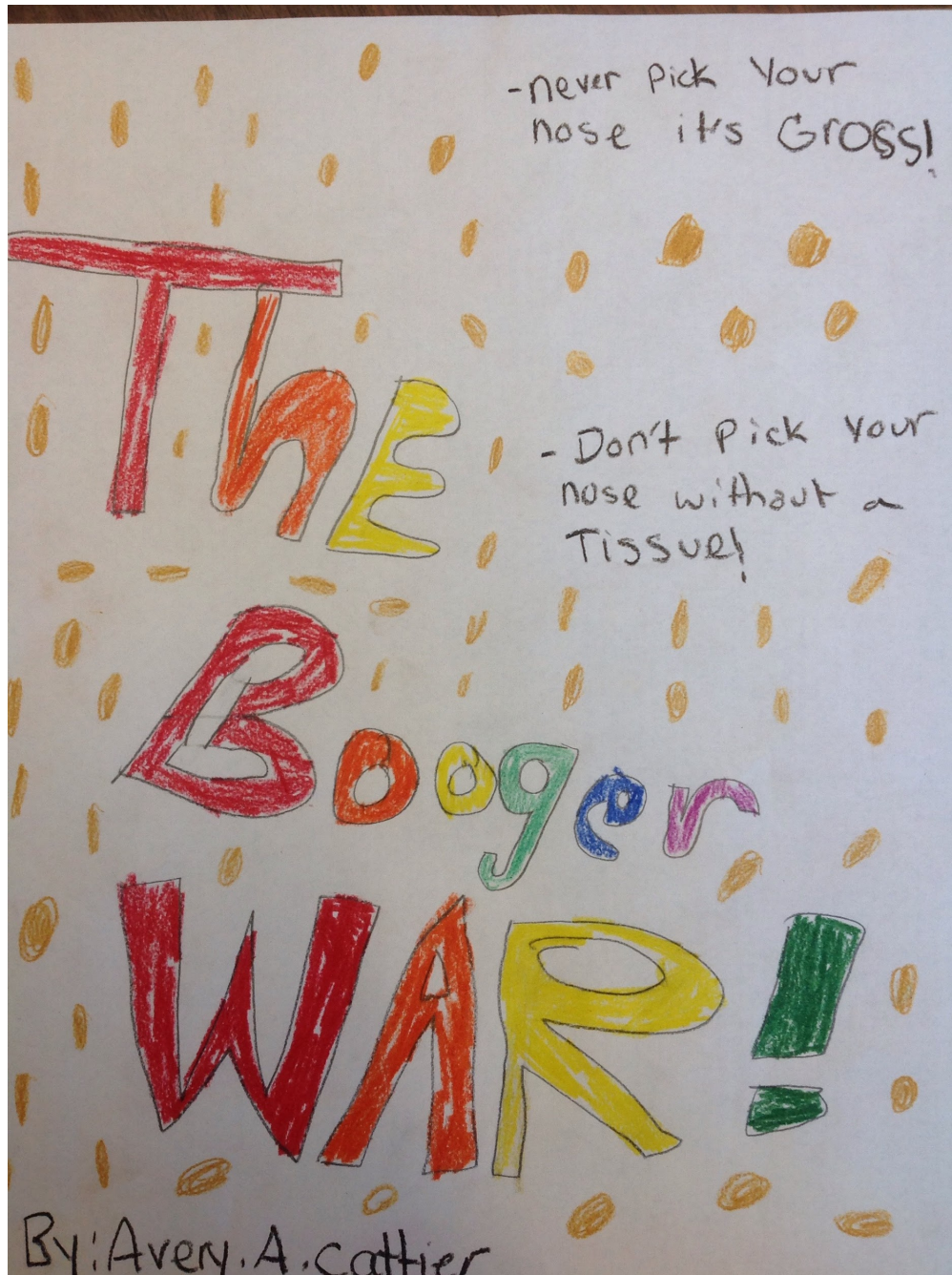
"Okay, the rules are:

- When you are ready, make a *quiet* thumbs up.
- If your thumbs up isn't quiet then you automatically lose.

First question. What is $\frac{5}{8} - \frac{2}{6} = ?$ Then Sassy Wassy Cassy's hand went into a thumbs up, and then a few seconds later, Sassy Wassy Cassy got bored. She started to beat her chest. "Sorry Sassy Wassy Cassy but you were supposed to make your thumbs up quiet but you started to beat your chest and that made it not quite common sense! if you start to beat your chest while doing a quiet thumbs up that doesn't make it quiet, that means Cally automatically gets to host the party". I pointed out. "Common Sense"! I exclaimed. "What"! whined Sassy Wassy Cassy, That's not fair, you never said that"! "Actually she did". Avery pointed out. Hmph, Sassy Wassy Cassy pouted, and

then she stomped off. "Well I guess that makes you party hoster"! I said to Cally who was still in her quiet thumbs up position. And then she smiled and got everything ready for the party.

When Cally was done with getting everything ready, all the dolls gathered up in the party room, Even Sassy Wassy Cassy was there. During the party , I stood in my usual quiet and lonely spot but this time somebody joined me, and that somebody was Cally. "Hey Miranda, I just wanted to let you know that "thank you"for picking me to host the party". Cally said on a quiet nice soft voice."Oh-h-h" I stammered, no problem, it was justcommon sense! We both laughed at that.



The Booger War by Avery

One morning Oliver woke up and went up to his calendar to see what today was. It read the following: June 3 2016 also International Nose Picking Day.

Then Oliver went down the stairs for breakfast. When Oliver was eating breakfast he realized the school bus was here and he had to get outside. He grabbed his bag and flew out the door in a hurry and jumped on to the bus. Oliver had realized on the bus

almost everybody was picking their nose and thought maybe that is what people do on nose picking day. Then Oliver joined in on the nose picking.

Then finally when Oliver got to school he looked around and saw more and more people picking their nose. Oliver saw his friend Rob in the distance. Once they got closer together they both ran to class with lot's and lot's of energy and speed because they did not want to be late. When they got to class they did their morning routine then sat down and ate their snacks.

In the middle of literacy when they were learning about growing an idea about a picture book Oliver raised his hand and asked his substitute teacher Mr. Forte if he could go to the bathroom then Mr. Forte said, "What would Mr. Bluff say?"

Oliver said back "Yes? And by the way, his name is Mr. Bruff not Mr. Bluff." Even though Mr. Bruff would have definitely said no Oliver went to the bathroom anyway. Soon Oliver was in the bathroom. When he got into the stall he went to the bathroom quickly and then came out to wash his hands. Then he started to pick his nose and then ate the gooey crusty boogers. Then Oliver went right back to class.

Later in the day the time finally came for lunch. Everybody got in line to get their lunch. Once everybody was sitting down, a boy from Ms. Selhub's class named Andy yelled out "BOOGER WAR!" everyone rose to their feet and started throwing their boogers. Just then Oliver realized that a big fat booger had landed on his fork. Oliver thought it was very very gross and that is when Oliver saw another booger land on Rob's shoe and then Oliver saw a booger land on somebody's hair and looking at all that happen made Oliver realize that boogers and picking your nose is gross and Oliver wanted revenge. So he stood up and joined in on throwing boogers. Just then everybody besides Oliver sits down and Oliver is still throwing boogers. Then Oliver says to everybody " why are all of you sitting down " then Rob stood back up and pointed to behind Oliver. Oliver looked behind him and saw Mrs. Reynolds.

Mrs. Reynolds pointed to Oliver and said to him, "PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE NOW!" in a very mean tone. Oliver had never been sent to Principal's office, so Oliver was worried.

When Oliver finally reached the Principal's office he took a deep breath and sighed. Then Oliver knocked on the Principal's door and walked inside. Oliver looked inside and saw his Principal sitting in his spinning chair. Oliver looked at her and said " Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Reynolds sent me down here to see you" Mrs. Lockwood looked at Oliver and said "yes. I know" then Mrs. Lockwood said "Oliver, in the matter of this situation you have to give a speech to the whole entire school at the end of the day about why you should not pick your nose and remember to give examples." Oliver knew that it wasn't that hard of a task so he said back to Mrs. Lockwood "okay" and then went back to lunch.

Just when Oliver got to the lunchroom lunch had just finished and everybody had lined up. Since Oliver wanted to get a head start he went right back to his classroom where Mr. Bruff had just finished his lunch as well. Oliver said to Mr. Bruff " can I please get a piece of paper so I can start to write a speech?" Mr. Bruff said back to him "what do you think?" Oliver did not know what he was thinking so he just assumed that he thought he was allowed to take a paper. So Oliver grabbed a piece of paper and took a

pencil out of his desk. Once Oliver got outside he sat under the shade structure jotting down ideas. At the end of recess Oliver's speech was complete. When Mr. Bruff had came outside to pick up the class Oliver said to him "can I please go to Mrs. Lockwood and tell her the thing I am working on is done?" Mr. Bruff said back "sure and come right back to the classroom when you are done" Oliver said back "okay"

When Oliver got to the Principal's office he walked in and said "my speech is ready." Mrs. Lockwood said back " great" and then Oliver walked right back to class. Once he got back he realized that nobody was in the classroom so he walked into the gym with his speech and saw every class sitting on the floor looking at Oliver. Mrs. Lockwood pointed to on the stage Oliver thought that it meant that he had to get on the stage and give his speech so that is what Oliver did. When Oliver got on the stage he read his speech it said the following:

Dear School,

Never should you ever pick your nose one reason is because somebody may not be comfortable with somebody doing it for example if you are sitting next to somebody doing it and one lands on your knee or thigh or even your ankle you may not be comfortable with it because you could get very sick or because boogers are just plain gross.

Also today I finally realized that picking your nose is gross I realized that because during the booger war a booger landed on my fork right then I knew that boogers are gross.

Another reason is to never pick your nose because you can get very hurt for example if you pick your nose to hard that can cause a very severe bloody nose and that would be bad. Or you could also break your nose bone if you pick really really hard. The point is that picking your nose has no meaning all it really does is either hurt you are just plain gross you out so please please from now on can you all use tissue's if you have boogers in your nose. Thank you" Oliver knew he had made a change.

Just then Mrs . Lockwood stood up and said to the whole school "from now on international nose picking day is now officially banned at bowman school."

And from that day on there has been no such comment about anything booger related. And also everybody now always uses tissue's and not fingers.

Two is Better Than One by Natalie

Amber Ray sat at her desk staring at the computer in front of her like it was it from outer space. "Okay class, to sign in press the sign in button. Then in the box for your email put your email. Got that?" Ms.Cross, the 4th grade teacher said in that high pitch *do-it-now-or-else* voice. Amber took her right hand and began to type leaning on her left arm. "A-m-b-e-r" She typed. 2 minutes later Amber finished, the whole class was waiting for her.

"Ms. Ray I hope you learn to type a *little* faster. Now class, go to google docs and press *blank* and *ta da!*" *Oh no I'm already behind in math and now typing. UGH!* Amber yelled in her mind. Across the room Amber saw Addy snickering to her friends. Amber slouched she hated being the one to get embarrassed in front of the class, especially in front of Addy Gold the most popular girl in the 4th grade and the most annoying.

"Hi honey, how was school today? Ms. Cross sent an email saying you started typing today, how was it?" Amber's mom said. "It was...okayish" Amber said sounding like a sports player that lost the most important game of the season. "Uh, I have some computer work so..." Amber left the sentence hanging in the air, to upset to finish "All right, you can go on. But get off by dinner." Her mom nodded misunderstanding that upset face for a pleading one (somehow). Amber logged on. She had to write a two page story in three weeks! "One day" She wrote in three minutes. By dinner she had one complete paragraph. "That is going to be more typing than anyone has done." She said satisfied.

The next day Amber skipped into school and sat down like she had just got a puppy. "Now class, I was checking the stories that you made and I have found that Addy typed 256 words last night. The most by far. Second, Rose with 255 words." Then Ms. Cross wrote a list of all the words someone wrote and who they were. Amber-54 words was at the very bottom. That was exactly how Amber felt.

"Well Amber, how does it feel to be at the bottom of class I'd like to know 'cause I've *never* have been at the bottom." Addy Gold said at recess, a sneer on her face. "Well... I'm just at the bottom because... I um am learning to type." She stammered. The ugly smile on received face grew. At once Amber knew she had said the wrong thing. "Hey girls, Amber is only *learning* to type." Addy called her friends over. "I learned to type when I was 5 *not* 10" Bree Wood said. "I learned when I was 6, big difference between 6 and 10." Bess Smith said. "Yeah, yeah, that's all nice but *I* learned *way* before *all* of you. *I* learned when I was...um...when I was...um...3? 3." Addy held her head up high trying to sound important but failing. "Well I started last year and now I've received 2nd. If I were you I'd shut that big mouth of yours." A new confident voice piped up.

"Rose, how nice of you to come." Addy sniffed and scrunched up her face as if she she had smelled something foul. "You started *last year* you say. *And* got second, who, may I ask won first?" Addy's voice dripped in sarcasm. "Some really annoying girl who lied about when she started typing." Rose said rolling her eyes with her arms folded tight across her chest. "Oh and this girl, Amber now has a new friend and tutor." And with that she marched off. "Come on let's get away from these bullies."

"Okay, now I know your prob. You only type with one hand." Rose said standing in Amber's room.

"So?"

"So nothing you are supposed to type with two hands, like this." Rose told her showing the correct position for her hands.

"Do I have to?" Amber wined.

"Unless you prefer to stay at the bottom, no. If you want to *not* be at the bottom then, yes."

“Ugh! This is soooooo hard!” And their conversations went on like that for the next 2 months. But slowly Amber got better day by day.

“All right you know all there is to typing.” Rose said one afternoon. “Type ‘The zoo has lots of animals.’ in 30 seconds.” She said setting her phone timer. “No way I can’t type ‘I am slow.’ In 1 minute.” Amber objected “Yes way, just do it. Starting...now!”

Rose said hitting the “START” button down. Amber slammed her hands on the keys so fast if you had blinked you would have missed it. “29.9 seconds!” Rose said 29.9 seconds latter. And so Rose gave “pop quizzes” every day until Amber could type “My favorite animal is a hippopotames.” in 10.23 seconds.

“Hey, Amber how *slow* are you?” Addy said in a mocking tone at recess. “Bet you won’t win the typing contest in class, the winner gets a new computer! Can’t you see *me* with a new apple computer.” She finished in dream world. “Well you can expect Amber to be there too and she has quite the typing hands.” Rose snapped back. “Oh so *you* expect *me* to be scared of 54 words girl? Ha! A fly wouldn’t be scared of that.” Addy said but there was a hint of nervousness in her voice.

“WHAT!?!?” Was all Amber said.

“Yep, you can do it and deal with it so you are doing it.” Rose nodded.

“O.K I’ll do it.”

“Good because you are already signed up. Let’s get training.”

“WHAT!?!?”

On the day of the contest Ms.Cross seemed to drone on and on about the directions forever. “Computers ready!” She finally said. “Please type ‘I went to the park.’ Then press DONE. 1. . .

2. . . 3. . .GO!” Amber started to type somehow one hand took over and she typed half as fast. Then all her training memories came back and her hands typed together. After 4 different sentences Ms.Cross gave the sentence “My favorite animal is a hippopotames.

1. . .2 . . .3 . . .GO!” *I can do this!* Thought Amber. *I have done this before! I really can do this!* Amber wizzed her hands on to the keyboard and typed like her life depended on it.

“Wooohoooo! I *actually* won!” Amber screamed. “Hey Rose, why didn’t you do the competition?”

“I thought that you would win.”

“Yeah, well I’m going to go type with you for that story.” Amber said and they walked off together.

Don’t Play With Scissors by Weston

One sunny day a kid was walking down the street in a fair.His name was Jack Hammer.he was going to met a person at the fair at 12:00 and he had his tuxedo and dress shoes.He yearned and knew he was tired he had been on a lot of rides while he was waiting for he friend. But he knew that he had time it was only 10:00. He started around the cooner and saw a fortuneteller. He said, “What is a little fortune?”

Jack walk into a purple hut and saw a lady sitting and chanting, "Are you the fortuneteller?" asked Jack in a polite voice

"Why yes I am." said the lady. "Have a sit little one. I know your future." Jack jumped up and down and hit his head.

"Can you tell me it?"

"For a cost." said the lady with narrowed eyes...

Jack whispered "What is the cost?" It might not be what you want." said the lady who was now across from Jack in stolls "it's 100 dollars."

WHAT that's enough money to buy a 1,000 lottery tickets ok ok you can have it for 10 dollars "deal you can \$10 you will be attacked by your brother.

"What a rip off I don't think that lady knew about me" he turned on the radio and and add came up and said: Are you mad? If you are you're in luck because soccer is in session join today and if you're lucky you can get a bee sting jeep."

Excuse me I am here to join the soccer team where do I go to sign up?" to a man who was shooting goals in a soccer net.

"You asked the right man"said the man in a rough voice to Jack.Here is a list of thing you need:

1. A ball
2. Cleats
3. Gloves

Jack quickly ran to the store to buy the tool he need a ball and cleats to play a game of soccer. He quickly got his gear and when he got to the field it look different so he walk in and saw that there was a soccer game going on in the field and he friend was playing and he was amazing. Jack never saw a kid with a pair of scissors in front of him and he tripped and head first on the scissors then everything went black.

Jack eyes flicked up quickly to see that he was in a hospital bed and his body was numb but his mother and father and even his brother, Will was there to see him. Suddenly the memory came at him like flashing lights in his face, the scissors to the fortuneteller, "Run, Will run. Your life is at risk." yelled Jack from his hospital bed.

"What do you mean?" said Will

"I will leave you two to talk, I am hungry." said his father and mother while look at each other then they left the room.

Will asked, "Why did you say "My life is at risk?" What are you trying to tell me?"

Don't Give Your Password Away by Nick

Mason was in class waiting for his name to be called so he could get his computer. "Mason!" Mrs. Apple called to Mason. Mason got up and walked over to the computer cart. Mason opened the computer door and found his number 16 Mason went to his desk and opened his computer. The computer screen went green and said,

Username:

Password:

Mason typed in Dog for username and 1245 for his password. Mason was waiting for his birthday and he would finally have enough money to buy a new car.

Mason already had a driver's licence and Mason was planning on getting the new car sometime this week.

Mason looked around the classroom and saw Mat (Mason's best friend) "Hi Mat" Mason whispered to Mat. "Hi Mason" Mat said back to Mason. "I want to log into your account this evening so I can help you with the assignment tomorrow." Ok My username is dog and my password is 1245" Mason whispered to Mat. James was listening in on Mason and Mat's conversation that period and knew he had a plan.

After school Mason got home and went and checked how much money and he got 50,000 \$ and he was saving up for a new Mustang. The Mustang was red and it had black stripes on the sides.

Mason was on his computer converting the \$ 50,000 into a check. Then something happened. Mason saw another mouse on his computer and the mouse was printing out *his* check for \$50,000 ! "Ready to go?" Mason's dad asked Mason. "No! Someone just took all my money!"

Mason ran over to his desk and called 911 the phone rang and finally someone answered. "Hello?" A voice asked. "I got robbed!" Mason said to the police. "How?" the policemen asked. "I was printing out my check for \$50,000 and another person took over" Mason said to the policemen.

"One question," The policemen asked. "What?" Mason said annoyingly. "Did you give away your password to any person besides you?" The policemen asked. "Well... Mat! No. he would never do this"

"Well If you could give me your address and give me your computer number so any time the crook tries to cash the check in he would get caught. I'll be over in a minute. Where do you live?" The policemen asked Mason. "12 Walnut street, hurry!"

Five minutes later a knock on the door told Mason the policemen was waiting for them. Mason opened the door and told the policemen the computer number. "125596odk67" Mason said to the policemen. The policemen wrote down the number and told everyone to get in the car. "Me too?" Mason's dad asked the policemen. No sir I need you to stay here in case the crook comes by your house. Because you never know. If the crook can hack you and get \$50,000 I think he can find your house."

"I will call backup so you have some protection. It's the least I can do." The policemen said to Mason's dad. Mason got in the police car and waited for the policemen to get in the car with him.

After the policemen got in the police car he said, "My name detective Jones but you can just call me Jones." Detective Jones said to Mason. Okay Jones." Mason said to Detective Jones. Detective Jones was on his computer and was looking up the computer number. "Yes! Success!" Detective Jones said outloud. "What did you find my missing number!?" Mason asked. "No! I finally got 100 likes on facebook!" Detective Jones said to Mason. "Oh sorry. Yes!" "What did you get 100 likes on instagram!?" Mason said sarcastically. "No I found the missing money!" Detective Jones put on the sirens and sped up even though he was going past speed limits. Every car moved out of the way!. Detective Jones parked in front of Bank Of America. And pulled out a sleeping gas. Detective Jones went down and Mason tried to wake him up but kept failing to do

so. Mason needed his money! Mason needed to start paying attention to things more often. Mason went into Bank Of America.

Once Mason got in he saw a ATM right near the door and saw James! “ Hi James.” Mason said. James jumped up and dropped a piece of paper with a bunch of numbers on the side of the paper. “Hi Mason!?” James said with a rushed tone. The man at the counter started to point at Jaes. “He just has something to do” the banker said like he was trying to tell Mason something. “Oh!” Mason said. Mason jumped at the floor retrived the piece of paper. The paper said,

\$50,000	Pay To The Order Of	James Po
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“What!” Mason said to James. “ Sorry, I just wanted some cash!” James said. Detective Jones walked through the door with handcuffs. Detective Jones put James in the handcuffs and called the school to tell them what happened. Acording to the school James got suspended for 6 months.

Mason got into the police car once Detective Jones was done talking to the school.

Mason thanked Detective Jones. “ No problem” Detective Jones said back. Detective Jones took the check out of Mason’s hands and went in the other direction instead of the way to Mason’s house. “Where are we going?” Mason asked. “ You will see.”

After a while of waiting Detective Jones stopped in front of a NO! Mason does not know so I can’t tell you. Detective Jones got out of the car and Mason waited for a while again until Detective Jones put a blind fold on Mason and took him and made him wait for one more minute. “You ready?” Detective Jones asked Mason. “ I think.” Mason replied. Detective Jones took off the bindfold and in front of Mason was a brand new Mustang with black stripes on the side. “ YES! Thank you so much Detective Jones!” Mason said but relizing that it was his own money. “ I thought it would cost more!” Mason said to Detective Jones. “Here” Detetive Jones said handing over another check for \$30,000 “What how did you pay only 20,000\$ (I know 20,000\$ is a lot but for a cool car it’s a lot more) “I paid for some of it” Detective Jones admitted. “Wait!” Mason put the blindfold on Detective Jones and raced inside. After a minute Mason took off the blindfold and showed Detective Jones that Mason or he got him *new* police car.

“Thank you” Detective Jones said to Mason. “No, Thank you” Mason said back. Mason went home in his new ride and Mason’s dad was waiting for him. “What, How did you get that!?” Mason’s dad asked. “ Someone helped me get it and payed a little to help.

“I thought you needed a grownup to help get you a car. I was planning to get you that car this afternoon. What happened?” Mason explained the whole story from going to the bank to getting the new car.

“It’s been a weird day” Mason’s dad said.
“Yes it has” Mason said. “Yes it has.”

Hold the Door by Daniel

A cold wind blew behind him as Bill ran home, racing against time to get to his house before the storm struck the town. He stopped for breath on the corner right in front of his street, just as the first drops of rain started to fall. He then ran the remaining distance, and got onto his doorstep just as the rain began to fall heavily. He heaved a sigh of relief that he had dodged the coming storm, then opened the door and went into the white house that he called home. But just as he had put one foot inside his home, the door closed with a sickening clang right on Bill's nose.

Bill's nose was suddenly flowing with blood. He yelled in pain, and his hands flew to his nose, trying to stem the flow of blood. As the pain subsided, he yelled in rage, and kicked the door, but that just hurt his foot. Bill thought of his foot yelling: "What did you do that for! That did nothing to the door, but hurt me!", and thought of all five of the toes on that foot waving angrily and the imaginary scene helped him calm down. He then rushed to the bathroom, stopped the flow of blood with a couple of tissues, and washed his hands. Bill then ate a snack and started to do his homework. But he couldn't concentrate, because the dried blood left on his nose was starting to itch terribly.

"Mom! Can you get me the itching cream! My nose is itching a ton!" He quickly tried to wipe the dried blood away, but the dried blood stuck stubbornly and refused to be budged one inch. Instead, the dried blood started to itch even more. "Mom!" Bill yelled again. "Please hurry with the itching cream! My nose is itching more than ever!" Then he broke out in a new fit of scratching.

By the next day, because of the itching, he still had not done his homework yet, even though he had started it as soon as he had gotten home. And as he was leaving his house to get to school, the door closed with a clang on him once more, but this time onto his arm. His mom and dad examined it, and they found there were no fractures or breaks in the bone, in which they all gave a sigh of relief. But the arm needed a rest and was not to be used too much during the school day.

They drove him to school with a note about his arm, and set him down next to the school entrance. "Be careful with your arm!" his mom warned as their car sped off toward home. "I will." Bill grumbled, because he did not think his arm was that bad. But his spirits lifted as he went into school because today's special was P.E, his favorite subject. But then, in class, something horrific happened.

"**NOOO!!**" Bill howled. His teacher told him to be quiet, because some people in the class had stopped working at Bill's yell, and looked up. Bill calmed down, and took several deep breaths.

His teacher had just told him that based on the information about the condition of his arm that his parents had given the school, he would not be able to participate in P.E until his arm fully healed. "Also," his teacher continued sternly, "Do your homework completely next time. You didn't do questions 6,7,8 and 9. You will have to do it during recess."

Bill was tempted to yell again, but decided against it. "Okay." Bill muttered. "I'll do it." So that day Bill not only missed P.E, but also missed recess, and so by the end of the day he was feeling absolutely miserable.

Then, the next day he still wasn't able to play with his friends at recess because of his injured arm. When Bill got home after the second day he was in a very bad mood because of the disabilities the injury caused. He stormed inside and threw his backpack at the stand where he was supposed to *put* it onto, and stomped up the stairs. His mom and dad burst out of their room and asked "What's wrong?" in unison, but Bill ignored them and marched up to his upstairs room.

As he kicked and punched everything, he hurt his foot by kicking the drawer. "OW!!!" Bill howled, thinking that the drawer had hit the exact spot where the door had hit his foot when he didn't hold the door open....

He trailed off as he realized the importance of that fact. He hadn't held the door open! That was the cause of all his problems! If he had held the door open he wouldn't have gotten hurt, and if he hadn't gotten hurt then he would have done his homework and would've done P.E! And if he had done his homework then he could have done recess! And if he hadn't gotten hurt than he would have gotten to do the second day's recess too! And he just had to hold the door open every time to not let this happen again! So from then on, Bill always held the door open and when his arm healed, enjoyed recess and P.E too. And Bill learned a valuable lesson that day: **always hold the door open when you're going in/out.**

Smart Enough to Solve This by Hannah

I was currently thinking about my 6 new friends, Adrienne, Lazaria, Mar, Avery, and Natalie. They all work with me in the W.W.C.S.S.A. Life here could not be any better. I love what I do and I cannot wait for more missions.

Natalie's job is to take care of our pets when we are away. You see, headquarters is disguised as a night school so people won't steal our secret identities. Because here in Sherman Oaks I am just a typical schoolgirl. Everybody knows me that way. Except my friend of course.

As I pulled down the latch to open the shoot (No. 286) to go to my desk, first I greeted my chief. "Hey there, boss." I said. No reply. I did not care I need to get started on that paperwork. I thought in my head.

I waited for the shoot to arrive at my desk and there was Natalie waiting patiently at my desk standing there like she had something very important to tell me. "Natalie!" I said happily. "Here, take Bailey to the test lab for a new remote control collar."

"Right on it ma'am." said Natalie in a spiffy voice. And she was off to the lab.

She was standing there like she had something very important to tell me. On second thought, doesn't she always stand like that when she is waiting to hear something...

Anyway, later all 6 of us have been working on the missing case of the softball. See, this is not any ordinary softball, things softball has all the weaknesses of all the w.w.c.s.s.a. Villains in it all on a tiny map inside of it. So right away the agents and I were determined to get this super rare softball.

The villain behind all this nonsense was, well, we don't know. The villain and king from Argentina was a possibility. Pedrowhipsalott and his evil henchmen Theo. It all started 1 year ago when we were at the annual softball game of the w.w.c.s.s.a. We were about to start the game and I was in charge of bringing the game ball. As I left my desk in a hurry I shoved the softball in my bag.

2 minutes later I got to the field and opened my bag and it was gone! What to do I thought. What to do. Maybe one of the villains took it. It's always a possibility. So I decided to go and figure this mystery out.

Now we are back to right now. Still trying to solve the case. We used a different ball for the softball game. I was stumped. Maybe it was Pedrowhipsalott and his evil henchmen Theo. Could be. So that very night I went over to his fortress to investigate some ideas.

When I arrived he was acting like nothing had happened. Then I simply said, "It's common sense, if you see somebody coming in, you should talk or other wise known as verbally communicate with them. Just like in school when you raise your hand and the teacher calls on you, she or he wants you to talk.

Then he blurted out, "Hdqifbcdiwlz nuyvzus!"

"Could you say that any slower?" Then he ran away.

I did not know what to do. So in the end I decided to steal it. And it was done and he never knew.

Pay Attention by Kate

Deep in one of Brufftopia's jungles sat Sam the green crayon and the rest of the markers pencils, glue sticks, crayons and scissors. Their teacher, Ms.Crayola was teaching a math class. "For homework, you will all complete a math packet. Since we went over all the types of questions that will be in your homework, "I expect all of you to do well," said Ms.Crayola.

Sam heard none of this. He was busy looking through the books on the shelves. He knew he wasn't supposed to be reading in a math lesson but he was anyway. His teacher's sharp voice brought him back to the classroom. "Sam, are you listening?" His teacher asked sternly. "Yes, Ms.Crayola!" Sam said, turning around to see all of his classmates smiling. He felt his green wax tip start to go red. Once he was sure that Ms.Crayola wasn't looking, he dove back into the fantasy world of *Super Rainbow Crayon*.

Suddenly he heard his name called again. "Um..." Sam said. He was sure that Ms.Crayola had asked him a question, but he didn't know what it was. He glanced up at the number line that ran around the classroom and picked a random number. "15." Sam replied. Ms.Crayola looked shocked.

"Yes, 15 apples is correct!" She said in disbelief. Sam smiled and started to glow green. Then, when Ms.Crayola went back to teaching, Sam started reading again. By the end of the math lesson, he had finished reading *Super Rainbow Crayon*.

At the end of the day, Sam went to Extended Day with Alex the blue crayon, his best friend. After recess, they sat down and started to work on their homework. While Alex was busy scribbling notes in blue, Sam stared at the first problem. "What is a *fraction model*?!" Sam asked Alex. Alex looked surprised

"Didn't you know? Ms.Crayola explained it to us at math. Weren't you listening?" Alex asked

"Yes! Well, not really." Sam admitted "I only listened to the part where she asked if I was listening. I was actually reading a fantasy book most of the time."

"But if you weren't listening how did you know the answer was 15 apples?!" Alex asked, confused

"Lucky guess." Sam replied. "Now can you please help me with this question?"

Alex helped Sam with his homework, but he still felt very confused. Sam was a good student. Why would he be reading instead of paying attention to a math lesson?

The next day when Sam arrived at school, Alex was watching his every move. In writing, he realized that Sam was doodling on his folder. In reading, Sam was drawing comics in green and in math, he was reading. After watching Sam throughout the day, Alex knew something was wrong. Sam wasn't paying attention to anything. "I'll have to talk to him." Alex thought desperately. "There must be a reason why he was doing this!"

After school was over, Alex and Sam walked to Extended Day as usual. After recess Alex and Sam sat down together and started their homework. "How do I *Stop and Jot*?!" Sam asked Alex.

"I have to tell him now!" Alex thought. He took a deep breath. "Sam, you need to pay attention to the lessons. Why aren't you paying attention to the lessons!?"

"Because I already know everything!" Sam said.

"Well, you're having trouble with your homework, so you clearly don't know everything!" Alex retorted.

"How would you know how much I know?!" Sam asked angrily, turning red with rage.

"Because homework is a way to review what we've learned in class so that we don't forget what we've learned. Besides, I know that you aren't listening during any of the lessons because I've been watching you all day. You were doodling, drawing comics, and reading instead of paying attention to Ms.Crayola's lessons! Why don't you pay attention to the lessons?!" Alex said

"Because you can tell me everything!" Sam said. "Why would I have to pay attention to the lesson if you can explain to me everything that Ms.Crayola taught in a way that doesn't take forever!"

"Sam, I won't be able to help you on tests, so you better start paying attention in class." Alex said. And without looking back, he swept up his homework and moved to a different table.

As Sam watched him walk away, he felt angry. "Alex is supposed to be my friend! Friends are supposed to help each other. Why does he have to be so mean to me?"

The next day, Sam still wasn't paying attention to Ms.Crayola's lessons. Instead he was doodling, drawing comics and reading during lessons. Alex didn't talk to Sam at all during the day, he didn't sit with Sam like he usually did, and he didn't play with Sam

at recess. Instead, he played with Carl the purple crayon. Sam was frustrated by Alex's behavior. He had never played with Carl at recess before!

At Extended Day, Sam said, "You really don't want to be my friend!" and Alex decided to answer Sam for the first time all day.

"Sam, I do want to be your friend. That's why I can't help you with your homework."

"That makes no sense!" Sam said. "If you were really my friend you would do what I ask you to do."

"I'm doing what is best for both of us. I won't be able to help you on tests, I already told you that. What will you do when Ms. Crayola hands out math assessments and 'poor little green crayon' is the only one who doesn't know what a fraction model is." Alex said, turning purple with feelings and walked off to another table. "He'll never learn!" Alex thought as he began his homework again "But did I do the right thing?"

The next day, Ms. Crayola's class had a math test. "OK, class, you can begin...NOW!" Sam stared at the first problem:

*What is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 32? Draw a **visual model***

Questions raced through Sam's mind. "What is a **visual model**? How do I find $\frac{1}{2}$ of 32?" He glanced over at Alex, who was already on the 9th problem and fought the urge to call out for help.

He glanced to his right to look at Sticker the glue stick and saw he was also working on the 9th problem. Looking around at everyone else in the class and saw that he was the only one not working. Everyone else was deep into the test. "OK," Sam thought. "I'll come back to this problem." For the rest of the math test, Sam just wrote down random answers. He didn't think he had done very well, but at least he had something.

The next day during math, Ms. Crayola passed back the test they had taken the previous day. When Sam got his test back, his heart sank. *0/26 SEE ME AFTER SCHOOL* with a big frowny face was written in red ink on his paper. Catching a glimpse of Alex's paper he saw a big gold star and blue smiley face on his paper. Then he saw the grade. *26/26 congratulations, Alex.* Alex must have seen Sam looking at his paper because he looked up and gave me a look that clearly said *this could have been you if you had payed attention to class.* That had been enough. Sam silently promised that he would pay attention to the lessons. After the math assessment, they had social studies. Sam payed attention to the lesson and realized that there was a lot he had to learn and that he didn't know everything.

At Extended recess, Sam ran after him. "Hey Alex!" Alex turned around. "I'm sorry that I didn't listen to you before. I promise I'll pay attention to the lessons now." Alex looked at him. "OK" he said. "Do you want to play together?" Alex added smiling. Sam smiled back. "Sure!"

Sam continued to pay attention to the lessons, stuck to his promise and Alex became his friend again. During the next assessment, Sam did much better and got almost all the questions correct. After the experience, Sam knew that he needed to pay

attention to the lessons because he didn't know everything. He was in school to learn so he needed to pay attention to the lessons to learn.

Bring a Spoon so You Don't Miss Snack by Zareh

Matt was eating snack and he remembered he forgot his spoon. With no spoon, he couldn't eat his snack. So then Matt had to go to the school cafe to get a spoon for his snack and by then snack time was done and he had to wait all the way until it was lunch time to have anything to eat!

The next day Matt did the same thing with the spoon so he asked his teacher if he had a spoon but she did not have a spoon. Matt also asked a few friends if they had a spoon to spare but none of his friends did so then Matt went one more day with nothing to eat for 3 and a half hours.

Then the next day when Matt went to school and sure enough he forgot a spoon again. His teacher was getting sad seeing one of his students going without any snack for the whole day so he told Matt to come to his desk so he could give him a few ideas. One of the ideas were to put a note on your door so you never forget to bring a spoon. The second idea was to pick up a spoon from the cafe so you don't ever even need to remember to bring a spoon from home in the first place. And the last and idea was to get your mom to remind you to bring a spoon so you don't have to do **ANY** remembering at all.

So Matt's teacher Mr. Broad said, "Take your pick and also take your time." It took Matt a solid 7 minutes to pick the that he liked the most but finally he came up with the one he liked the most and that one was the last idea!

He went home and told his mom to put a spoon in his snack bag every morning for snack. His mom was not happy with the idea so she refused to put fork after she packed Matt's snack. She said that Matt had to start remembering better so she would not have to do this every morning so she would get to work on time.

The next day Matt went to school and **he** forgot to pack a spoon and **he** forgot to stop at the cafe before he got to the classroom. He was snackless yet again. Matt's teacher asked why Matt was not eating his snack when he had a spoon. Sure enough, he found out Matt had no spoon once again so now Matt had 2 ideas left to choose from.

That same day Matt went back to Mr. Broad and he told him his mom said no to packing a spoon for him. Mr Broad looked a little disappointed and then he finally said "Okay, Matt now you have 2 choices left."

Matt **HATED** for everything to be left to him but there was no way around it this time. Matt thought and thought for a long while. Matt finally told Mr. Broad that he wanted to put a note on his door to always remind him to bring a spoon.

Matt got home from school. He wrote a note and got a piece of tape but just before he stuck the note on his bedroom door his mom stopped him. She said, "Matt, I just had your door painted why are you putting tape on on it, it will leave marks!"

Matt went to school forgetting to bring a spoon once again. On his way to the classroom he stopped at the cafe to get a spoon. **FINALLY** Matt remember to pick up a spoon from the school cafe. Finally he did it! He continued to stop every morning for a spoon before he went to class.

You Need to Find a Partner by Theo

Harry sat in his classroom waiting for directions. Mrs. Jones said, "Go find your partners and start working." Harry started to get worried, his partner was not in the school that day, then he realized that someone else had the same problem but he could not stay long so he left to pretend to do his work.

Harry did not know what to do when he got back to his desk, he started to pretend to work but the work he needed to do you had to do with partener. So he waited unsure of what to do, then the teacher came closer to him, then she noticed that Harry did not have a partner so she came over and Mrs.Jones said "What are you doing? You don't have a partner, you know you need one so you can work."

Harry said "My partner Jerry is traveling today and I do not know what to do, so I thought I would just do it by myself... but James also doesn't not have a partner."

Mrs. Jones said "Well instead of sitting here and not doing your work why don't you go and ask if you can work with James so that you can start adding those factions."

Harry got up and started to walk toward James, He asked James "do you want to work with me" James said "sure" We were working for about 10 minutes when the teacher said "time to get in line and go outside, remember to grab your jackets before you go" then Harry and James got up and they were about to line up when the teacher said "not you Harry and James you need to stay in and finish your work so you will have to miss your recces" James and Harry sighed and sat back down.

Harry and James worked for the whole recess then they finally finished, but by that time recess had already ended and Miss. Jones said "Maybe if you started to work with each other and the beginning of the lesson then you could have had recess" Harry and James were sad that they missed recess but they knew that they had been silly not to work with each other in the first place so they knew it was for the best.

When all the class came back in they all started to say how it was the best recess they had ever had. But Harry knew that it was for the best and that he should have started to work with James at the beginning of the lesson then they could have had recess. So Harry and James learned that they should have worked together in the beginning.

Don't Lock the Bathroom Stalls by Steven

Leo was a part of a group of kids called "the bathroom devils," who went around the school bathrooms, locking the stalls, so no one could use them. They roamed the school, locking bathroom stalls wherever they went. They thought that it was funny how

people panicked when they couldn't use the restrooms. Then when it looked like the kid couldn't stand it anymore, they acted like heroes and opened the stalls. It was a bad thing to do, but Leo didn't realize it yet.

One day, Bratt, Leo's best friend, also a part of the bathroom devils, had an assignment to lock all the bathrooms in one hallway. He asked Leo to help him to the job. Leo obeyed, and walked through the bathroom door. He opened the stall door. *Ca-chink*. The bathroom stall was securely locked.

Leo crawled out of the bathroom stall. Just as he was about to walk out of the bathroom when a kindergartener walked into the bathroom. She tried to open the stall, but it wouldn't budge. "I need to go!" she shouted. She closed her eyes, and pulled on the stall door. Leo wanted to do what he could, so he crawled under the stall and did the secret unlocking technique that he learned. "Thank you so much!" she said. Leo closed the door behind him. Throughout the day, Leo felt guilty about what he did. He knew he didn't deserve the thank you. "It's my job," Leo tried to convince himself. But when Leo actually thought about it, what he was doing was terrible. They were locking the bathroom stalls for fun.

The next day, Leo told Bratt how he felt about locking the bathroom stalls. "It's not a good thing to do," Leo said. "You're kidding right? Remember, the only reason we joined the bathroom devils was because we were bored at recess," Leo said. "Trust me!" Leo said. "It's horrible." "You've never had trouble locking the bathroom stalls before," Bratt said. "But I'll think about it," said Bratt. "I don't think I can do this anymore," Leo said. "Yes you can!" "You never said anything about it until today!" Bratt said. That was because he'd never seen what he was doing to other kids before today, too.

Leo came to school the next day and didn't lock a single stall. He ignored the world that seemed to be spinning around him. If Leo quit the bathroom devils, then maybe Bratt wasn't going to be his friend, but if he stayed with the bathroom devils then he would be uncomfortable doing, well, what the other bathroom devils told him to do.

"I'm going to quit," Leo said. But even Leo didn't sound very confident. When one of the bathroom devils tried to make him do it, Leo pretended he didn't hear them. Leo ignored the fact that he was ignoring his very best friend. "I'm doing this for a good reason." Leo convinced himself he was doing the right thing.

At the end of the day, Leo couldn't stand the internal pain anymore. The bathroom devils were getting suspicious. The next time a bathroom devil told him to lock a stall, Leo reluctantly obeyed.

Just a quick lock, and then I'll unlock it when I have the chance, Leo thought. Leo opened the stall door. Leo locked the bathroom stall. He sighed. Now he just wished that he could leave the bathroom devils. He wasn't focusing on locking the stall, and Leo's hand slipped. The lock fell to the floor with a loud ring. *Uh-oh*, Leo thought. "I'm going to be stuck in this stall forever!" Leo exclaimed. "Enough is enough! I'm quitting the bathroom devils!" Leo confirmed.

He tried to climb out of the stall but couldn't. Leo was in the stall for the most of the day. Finally, he managed to climb out the stall. He walked right up to Bratt and told him that he was going to quit the bathroom devils. Leo told Bratt how locking the bathroom stalls was a bad thing to do because it was then the students wouldn't be able

to use the restroom, only the bathroom devils would. Leo convinced Bratt to quit the bathroom devils but it still hurt him to see so many people still thinking that locking the bathroom stalls wasn't the wrong thing to do.

Then he decided that he was going to talk to the "leader" of the bathroom stalls and convince him that locking the bathroom stalls was terrible. The starter of the bathroom devils was David, and Leo was going to talk to him. David was gathering up his stuff when Leo decided to talk some sense into David, so he walked up to him. Leo knew David knew him because David had met everybody in the bathroom devils.

Leo asked David why they locked the bathroom stalls. David replied with a shocking answer. It turned out that David thought the same way as Leo. "Why don't you just quit the bathroom devils?" Leo asked. "Because since I started the bathroom devils, if I quit the bathroom devils, I'll be laughed at since so many people support me because of the bathroom devils," David explained. "I have an idea," Leo said. "Let's write a persuasive letter!" Leo said. "You can help me!"

Leo and David started writing the persuasive letter. It worked for David, because he wouldn't have to sign the letter and he could just quit the bathroom devils with all the other kids, so that that David could quit the bathroom devils without getting embarrassed. It was about why kids shouldn't lock the bathroom stalls. Leo tried to convince the teachers to put posters that said "STOP LOCKING THE BATHROOM STALLS."

Leo knew that the bathroom devils would be ashamed, but would they realize what they were doing was wrong in many ways? Leo also wrote that the school should also put *why* the bathroom devils should quit the team, too, instead of just saying to. Soon enough, nobody was locking the bathroom stalls. Leo scolded himself about how he was careless when he joined the bathroom devils and about never noticing he was doing the wrong thing. Leo knew he should have seen it earlier and been more cautious when joining the bathroom devils, but common sense told Leo he was doing the right thing anyways.

Work Before Play by Felix

"Okay class you have 1 hour to finish your draft, remember you will NOT be revising it so first write your draft, than you will be revising it right after you wrote your draft. Then you will write your final draft for homework. Understand?" The class nodded their heads.

"What should I write about?" Thought William. Then he got an idea he could write about the time he saw the movie Star Wars The Force Awakens. He could make the small moment about when his parents finally let him watch it with his friends. "Okay I will write about that." He thought.

"William did you finish your draft?" Asked Ms. Tyler when she saw him playing around.

"I did."

"Including revising?"

"Yes."

"Then start your final draft." William started doing his final draft, and he got to the halfway point when the bell rang. "Remember class your homework is to finish your final draft. Got that?" A muffled yes was all she got in return.

When William was walking home from school his friend Bill walked with him. "You want to play baseball after school?" His friend Bill asked William.

"Can't, I have to finish my final draft."

"Come on, please just one game."

"Fine, but after I am going to start my Final draft."

"Whatever." Said Bill. They played baseball, and made it easier by saying multiple people could stay on one base. That way the game lasted longer, and that way you could have more people playing at a time.

William played baseball until their mothers called them to eat dinner. They had such a good time that William forgot all about the assignment. William, and Bill were eating pizza at Bill's house. "How is homework?"

"Good. I think I can finish it before Tomorrow."

"Great." said William's mom.

"You want to play another game of baseball?" said Bill shoving another pizza slice in his mouth."

"Sure." said William also eating another pizza slice quickly.

"Make sure you finish your homework." said BOTH Williams mom, and Bill's mom.

"We will." said William, and Bill's voice echoing into to the darkness.

When William got to school he forgot all about the assignment. Class quiet down. "I will give you 30 minutes to finish your final draft, I know some of you need some more time." She was staring into William's, and Bill's eyes. When their teacher Mrs. Tyler passed out the the papers she said to William "I don't expect this from you, this will be showing on your report card."

"Yes mam." Was all William could manage to get out. He hurriedly tried to finish his final draft. "Okay class time is up. Remember you will be getting your report card next week." NOOOOOOO! Now he was going to get a bad grade, his parents would kill him if he got a bad grade.

When class ended people were staring at him, and Bill. People were staring at Bill too, but he felt as if he had to run a marathon to save their planet except he forgot about it, and now people were angry at him because, he just killed them.

As William walked slowly home Bill walked with him in the mournful silence. Bill broke the silence by saying "You want to come to my house to play baseball?" Bill asked.

William wanted to say *What! After what you did to me?* But he just said "No thanks, I need to study.

"Oh okay then." Said Bill

When he came home his dad asked how school was today. "Great." In a sarcastic tone that grown ups just hate.

The days after that day blew by so quickly that he felt like a turtle racing cars. Then the day that William dreaded came. When Will woke up that morning he thought that this was just a bad dream that he would sweat in. But when he got to school he didn't instantly wake up covered in sweat he was still there in school.

The day blew by just like the rest of the week, except when he got to seventh period. He walked in the room of dread. "I know you already know this but to recap you will be getting your grades today." Some of the students sighed but none felt what William felt. When William got his report card Ms. Tyler didn't say anything but gave him a long stare.

When William got home he prepared for the worst.

When his parents got it they smiled then frowned when they got to the writing. "What were doing when you were supposed to do this?"

"Baseball." William said quietly.

"Oh. You are grounded for a month, and if you ever do this again you're grounded for a year."

William went upstairs, and thought. This is all because of Bill his angry side thought. No it is my fault. Thought his nice side, then his sides got into a fight he thought, this is my fault I could have said no, right? Okay then, he thought "I guess this is my fault, I should have done my work before I play."

Lux's New School by Ivan

Lux was finally going to his first day of Second grade and he was super excited because he was in the same class as his best friend. The bus came to pick him up when he saw it he ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the bus but he went too fast and tripped over the stairs and face-planted next to the driver's seat.

Soon after, they left Lux's house and started driving to the new school. Animal Academy(AA) all the students that he could see were animals.

He walked toward his classroom as fast as he could. Soon he got to the door of room 13. He went in and saw the teacher, he ran back out again. Someone outside said "Are you afraid of the teacher?! He's scared of the teacher! He's scared of the teacher! He went in and screamed MOMMY! Help me! And tried to run out but he tripped and fell and Face-Planted in the hallway.

Lux started laughing hysterically until he couldn't breath anymore. What happened to make you so *scared*? I saw a crazy demon throwing potions everywhere and one was flying straight at my face! Then Lux said "I guess we have to go in there" NO! Said the other guy never will I ever go in there! What's your name Bro? Names' Roger nice to meet you! What's your's? My name's Lux c'mon let's go together In the classroom this is only one of the classes. This one's our mad science class. Soon Roger and I went in together. The teacher looked different now. She looked like a regular animal now a UNICORN! WOW! I have never seen a unicorn ever in my life YOU'RE *our* Mad science teacher!? Well yeah! What else would I be doing!? Subbing? No way! I'm your actual Mad science teacher "Wait how come when we first saw you you looked like a crazy Evil demon throwing potions everywhere? Oh! That's my really really really angry Mode. Was that too scary? Yeah! Crazy scary! Now everyone take out your folders I'm going to give you a test on what you know about **Mad science**! We are going to do alchemy first What happens

when you combine a dove with a human woman? AN ANGEL! Everyone screamed simultaneously (Except one animal). Good, you some basics Now let's try some more! Yeah! OK! You didn't tell us your name yet. Oh! My name's Ms.Horns. Soon the class was over and they got a alchemy sheet to fill out tonight at home. Remember to put it in your folder. I think everyone knows that It's common sense!

MS.HORNS' **DEMON MODE!**

But Lux forgot to and Ms.Horns went to **DEMON MODE!** And threw the potions everywhere. "YOU WILL PUT YOUR HOMEWORK INTO YOUR FOLDER OR YOU WILL BE KICKED OUT OF THIS CLASS!"

"Ahhh!" Lux screamed as he ran out the door into the hallway and Stargazer was turning the corner when Lux crashed into him as he tried to fly away (Stargazer is a snow owl)

"Be more careful Lux!" Stargazer warned."Where did my glasses go?!"

"Oh, sorry here they are! "

Are they broken?"

" No, I'm gonna' put it on you now".

"OK, thanks now I can see clearly. "

What class are you going to next? "

I'm gonna' go to biology"

"Cool I'm going there too!"

"Do you know how to get there?",Stargazer asked.

Yeah, I have my school map with me right now!"

" Ok then let's hurry we only have 2 more minutes until the biology class starts"

They followed the map and they ran into a dead end. "that's weird the class should be here but instead of a door there was a white blob with eyes".

Lux poked its eye and it said, "Watch it! Do you want me pokin' your eyeballs? It isn't comfortable *at all!*

"Is this the Biology room?" Lux asked, Yes sir it is, then the octopus moved and revealed a secret door Biology Room 9.1.1. They walked in and saw that the teacher was also an octopus, but wait she only had seven tentacles!. Hello boys! I knew you were best friends so I put your desks next to each other, but you can't fool around or I'll move you to different spots in the room so you won't be able to sit together, "Does that sound okay?" Sure!,replied Lux and Stargazer simultaneously, And soon they were seated and calm in their seats, focused on what the teacher had to say about dissecting a human corpse dug out of the earth.

After, Lux went home and his mother asked him how his first day at school was. "*Well*, my first teacher went crazy when I *forgot* to put my homework into my folder, she turned into a crazy evil *Demon Monster*

Mom screamed, "Then don't forget to put your homework into your folder!"

"Okay, alright I will!"

The next morning he woke up ROOOAAARRR! He growled, he got up and walked to the bathroom to clean his face and brush his teeth. He almost missed the bus because he woke up at 8:00a.m. when the bus is supposed to come at 8:15 a.m. In his alchemy class with Ms. Horns, they learned some simple things like dove+human girl=angel (for those who didn't know) and other things.Then at the end they got their homework and Lux forgot to put his work away again. "Roooaarr!" Ms.Horns screamed, "You shall not do this again!" Then Ms.Horns turned into a giant demon monster that breathed fire and expanded until she was the size of the entire Animal Academy.

Parents came to pick up their children.

"GO!,GO!,GO!" Then all the kids climbed into a bus and drove home to their parents.

"LUX! Why are you home so early!?"

"Because I forgot to put my work in my folder again and I made Ms.Horns mad and she almost burned down the whole school because of that one thing!"

"But didn't I tell you yesterday to put your homework into your folder!"

"Yes you did but I forgot! Remember have short-term memory?!"

Okay, then i'll glue a note to your head that will fall whenever you are about to forget to put your work into your folder, okay?

"Sure!", soon they ate dinner and fell into a deep, deep, deep slumber.and woke up the next day, his alarm clock vibrating off his desk, ate breakfast and almost missed the bus (again?), yes again.But thankfully the bus waited one more minute for him because it was early.And soon got to Ms.Horns' classroom and learned how a Wolf+Human=Werewolf, and Horse+Human=Centaur , at the end the note fell and Lux finally learned to put his homework into his folder at the end of class. "Yay!"

Take one Pass it Back by Mar

We were taking a test. We turned our desks to the front of the room and then everything was silent waiting for what Mr. Bruff was going to say. Mr. Bruff went over to his desk to get the tests. He slowly counted the people in the first row, and handed the tests out to the first person, that then passed them back. Then the second row and then the third. Then it was time for the fourth.

Riley was in the back. The first person got the tests and started working, not realizing that he needed to pass them back. The two people after him were talking and didn't notice. Riley looked over the side and saw that the first person had started but no one else in their row had started working on the test. Riley walked up to Jake and asked for a test, "Um, Jake can I have a test please?"

Stephanie and Clarissa looked at them like they had just been in a cemetery or something. Jake stared at me. "You have a pile of them under the one you are taking?" Riley asked. Jake looked under his test and took one packet from under his test.

"I also need one for Stephanie and one for Clarissa" said Riley. Jake took another two and handed them to Riley. Riley gave one to Stephanie and one to Clarissa. Then she walked back to her seat to work on her own.

Two weeks later, Mr. Bruff changed our seats. Soon we would be taking another test. After one week it was time for the test. This time Riley was in the front. Riley got the papers and totally forgot that she needed to pass them back.

Jake was talking to his best friend across from him, Andy. And of course Stephanie and Clarissa were talking to each other. So none of them noticed. Riley felt weird, like something was wrong.

After a while of thinking something was wrong, she gave up and kept working on the test. "Jake! Why are you not taking the test? And you too, Stephanie and Clarissa?" asked Mr. Bruff.

"But....I...." said Jake.

"We didn't get them!" yelled Stephanie and Clarissa at the same time.They turned to each other and smiled. Riley slowly turned around. *That's what felt weird!* thought Riley. Riley didn't want to get in trouble, but she had to say it was her fault.

“Mr. Bruff? It was my fault. I didn’t pass the papers back when I was supposed to.” Riley said. She looked down. Everyone in the class stared at her.

Mr. Bruff spoke. “Lately, I have seen people forget to pass back papers especially when they are in the front row.” he said. “For example, Jake forgot to pass back the last test we had.” he added. Jake’s face turned pale. “And now, Riley forgot. “We need to think of a way for nobody to forget. Any suggestions?” asked Mr. Bruff.

Andy raised his hand. “Yes Andy?”

“Um, maybe it can be a class job for someone when we are about to take a test to go to every person in the front row and remind them to pass the papers back?”

Mr. Bruff put on his thinking face. “We could try that,” he said. He went to the whiteboard and wrote it down. He wrote down a couple more ideas and finally picked Andy’s.

After three weeks, it was time for, hopefully, the last test of the year. Riley was in the front again. *This time I will pass the papers back*, thought Riley. Finally it was time for the test. The first person in the first row got the tests and passed them back. Andy stood up from his seat and went to the first person in each row and reminded them to pass the papers back. They all nodded. When Riley got them, she looked at them for a second. Then took the one in the bottom and passed the rest back.

Pick Up Your Trash by Deniz

Nicky rushed out of his house to catch up to the school bus’ next stop. *I’m going to be so late!! I already missed the stop of the bus I was supposed to go on every morning!!* Nicky thought. He rushed through the woods, his shortcut, to get to the bus’ next stop.

As Nicky faced his obstacles, he finally reached the end of the width of the woods. He ran up the hill, his bushy hair in his face.

As he waited for the bus, he realized, he went to the wrong bus stop. He needed to run to school. Everyone around him looked at him like “What is this kid doing here shouting? Shouldn’t he be at school? It’s already 9 o’clock.”.

He kept going over trash, jumping over them, like no problem with the littering that was happening.

As Nicky finally came to the street where his school was, he was the most tired person in the world. With one look at his watch, he ran into his school and went right into his classroom, and got ready to get yelled at. “I’m so sorry!” Nicky said.

“I can’t even. I’ve been yelling at you for weeks! Just. Sit down.” Mrs. Nunu said.

As it was recess time, Nicky and his friends, Paul and Kayla, all ran through the hallway, as fast as they could. As Paul and Kayla went outside the doors, they didn’t notice Nicky jumping over some trash. Nicky, just being typical, jumped over the trash and ran out the doors to join Paul and Kayla.

As Nicky ran outside, Kayla was running in. Nicky got a confused look and Kayla saw.

"I'm just picking up trash. Did you see this trash Paul? Did you Nicky?" Kayla said and asked.

"I'm coming!" Paul yelled as he walked back inside.

"No. I didn't see the trash, I guess I was having too much fun." Nicky lied.

"Well, do you wanna help?" Kayla asked, not really asking, but saying "Help us."

"Okay," Nicky said as he slowly walked over. But just as he was about to "pick up and throw away" the remainder of the trash, Kayla picked it up, threw it into the trash can, and ran back outside with Paul behind her. Nicky ran after them, not caring that one piece was left.

Nicky kept jumping over trash. There was this big banana peel Kayla and Paul missed. It was at the opposite hall. Nicky saw it before, but did nothing, he saw it again this time, but still, DID NOTHING. He kept on walking.

"OOOOOOOOOWWWWWW! OUCHIE!!" A student was crying. It was a kindergartener. Kayla's little sister. "Help meee! OOOOUUCHIIIEEEE!"

All staff, Kayla, Paul and Nicky ran over to Kayla's little sister, Kimi. "Kimi!" Kayla cried as she hugged her sister. "Kayla! It hurts! I tripped over a banana peel! OOOOW! I THINK I SPRAINED MY ANKLE!! OOOOWIIIEES!" Kimi kept crying.

The nurse came running and took Kimi to her office. "Go on students. Don't miss your class!" Mrs.Heaven said to them. They all turned around and slowly walked to class.

They all entered class 10 minutes late. Mrs.Nunu sighed and ignored them.

As Kayla, Paul, and Nicky sat on their desks, almost falling asleep, the bell rang for the last time for Friday. "HALF DAY! YAY YAY YAAAAY!" Kayla shouted as she went to her locker. No one cared about what Kayla had said. "Done!" Nicky, Paul and Kayla shouted at Mrs.Nunu so that they could leave. Mrs.Nunu just nodded, and didn't care.

They all ran outside the classroom and ran all the way through the hallway. Nicky kept stepping and kicking trash as they ran. *Why's Nicky stepping on trash?! That's really rude.* Kayla thought as she saw him stepping on trash.

As they were running and racing to see who could get to the exit door first, Kayla asked "Nicky, why are y-" as she ran. But Paul interrupted and said "I'm first! ". No one cared and they kept running.

As they drew nearer, Kayla suddenly shouted "Last one at my house. Is a loser!!" as she began running. Forgetting about Nicky.

As Kayla turned at the curve, she couldn't see Paul and Nicky. She kept running and running, her hair in the cool, spring, breeze.

"I win!" Kayla shouted as she stuck the keys into the lock. She swung the door open and shouted "We're home!" as Nicky and Paul came inside.

"Hello! Pick up any trash today?" Mrs.Lemi, Kayla's mum, said.

"I picked up a lot of trash today. I'm still sad about Kimi. Is Gigi cheering Kimi up?" Kayla said AND asked.

"Yes. Gigi is playing with her. I bet a story will cheer them BOTH up!" Mrs.Lemi said.

Kayla sighed, walking up the stairs.

“Feel free to call me anytime you need boys. Feel free to eat whatever you desire.” Mrs.Lemi smiled and went to her sewing room to finish a costume.

They walked over to the couch and watched some soccer, waiting for Kayla.

As Mrs.Lemi came down the stairs, she said “Nicky, Paul, any trash picking up today?”.

“Yep. I did.” Paul said. Mrs.Lemi was a person that cared much about the earth.

“Yeah. Me too.” Nicky lied.

“Good.” Mrs.Lemi smiled.

“Let’s go. BYE MUM!” Kayla said.

“Bye Guys!” Mrs.Lemi replied.

“Yeah mum! Bye!” Kayla said as she pushed Paul and Nicky out the door, carrying the snacks.

They started walking towards the park, *This might just be the best time to show I can pick up trash. I will do it from now on. I’m going to become a better person and pick up trash from now on* Nicky thought.

As they arrived at the park, Kayla got so tired of holding everything for them, she gave all the things to both of them equally and ran towards the Park.

She put down her backpack on the swings nearby and stood on a bench so that she could pull Nicky and Paul up.

“Who wants to come in first?” Kayla asked, laughing that Paul tried to jump over the fence but landed on his back .

“I’m okay” she heard him say.

“Paul, I see some trash here.” Nicky said, trying to get into his own self. “Alright, PAUL! C’mon. You’re coming up first.” Kayla laughed. Paul got off his back and went towards Kayla, but on the other side of the fence, Kayla pulled him up while Nicky was picking up trash he found.

Nicky had finally learned that trash was bad for the earth. The earth would end with so much trash on it’s ground. Nicky tried to get picking up trash as a habit, like Kayla and Paul. MUCH like Kayla’s family.

“Where are they? It’s closed! Kayla?!” They all heard Mrs.Lemi say.

Kayla immediately ran over to the fence and shouted “Mum! I’m here!”

“Honey! The park is closed! Go somewhere else!” Mrs.Lemi said.

“Nah, I’m fine here.” Kayla said.

Mrs.Lemi rolled her eyes and said “Look, Gigi has to stay here. We’ll be back home at around 10:30 it takes an hour to go to the place, and an hour to come back, k?”

“Okay mum.” Kayla said and took Gigi from her mum’s arms.

“Bye Gigi!” Kimi said, sadly.

“Bye Kimi!” Gigi said sadly too. Kayla put Gigi down on the ground and waved at her mum and Kimi.

Gigi went straight for the grassy area. Kayla and Paul went back on the swings. Nicky went after Gigi.

As he saw Gigi kick trash around he ran over to her and said “Pick up trash Gigi. It’s one of the best things you’ll do in life. Also, trash makes the world go boom! The world will end with much trash”.

“Oh. I don’t want the world to go boom!” Gigi cried. “I’m going to pick up trash from now on.”

“Good girl. You’ll always feel happy when you pick up trash. You will save much earth”. Nicky said, smiling. He felt everything he said was true.

He and Gigi went on a little trash picking trip around the park, as Kayla and Paul watched. “He gets it now.” Kayla smiled. Paul nodded. They both ran to join the others.

Nicky had learned his lesson about trash. Now, it was a part of Nicky’s life. Just as it had become Gigi’s.

“Nicky! You done?” He heard Kayla ask. “Yeah, I’m coming!” Nicky yelled. Nicky threw the trash away and ran towards Kayla. “C’mon dude” Kayla said as she pulled Nicky up. As she ran towards the swings to stand-swing on, Paul and Nicky were having a discussion about “How Did Kayla Pick Us Up?”.

Wash Your Hands By Sara

“Mr.Waltz, can I go to the bathroom?” Maya asked.

“Fine. But do it quickly or you will miss the lesson.” Mr.Waltz replied. “Okay!” Maya strolled out of the classroom. Maya walked into the bathroom. It was empty. Once she got to the sink she thought, *Why do I want to learn some boring math anyway? I’ll just stay here until lunch!* Maya thought it was the best idea to stay away from math class.

Eventually her best friend, Katie, came in the bathroom. “How long are you taking?! We already started doing the math assignment!” Katie said. “I am staying away from math class. Who wants to do math anyway?” Maya said.

“Hmmm, you do have a point. But what are you going to do until lunch in a bathroom?” Katie asked.

“I dunno.” Maya said stupidly

The girls ended up playing and splashing each other with the water from the sink. They wasted all the soap and purposely left the sink water on. Soon all the sinks were clogged and water was spilling on the floor. “Maya I think we should stop, were making a pretty big mess.” Katie said.

“The janitor will just clean it up, no one will mind.” Maya said.

“MAYA! Fine. I’m going and you can get in trouble.” Katie stormed out the bathroom. *What’s wrong with her?!* Maya thought. *Can’t she just have some fun?*

Maya looked at the clock. It was 12:45. Lunch was starting. Maya decided to start heading out the bathroom when suddenly she saw Katie step into the bathroom. “Your back!” Maya said. Maybe Katie finally understood. But Katie looked disappointed. Behind her Mr.Waltz was staring at Maya out the door. “Your back....With Mr.Waltz.....”

Maya said. “Sorry Maya, but I didn’t like your behavior.” Katie said. *Why is Katie acting like an adult so much?!* Maya wanted to say but she decided not to in front of Mr.Waltz.

"Maya, what is the meaning of this?" Mr.Waltz said in his stern voice.

"I-I guess i wanted to have some fun..." Maya said. Her voice trailed off.

"For your punishment you are staying in for recess and thinking about what you have done. I will speak to your parents tomorrow." Mr.Waltz said. "Now you and Katie go to lunch."

The next day Maya didn't want to go to school. Especially to see Katie. Whenever she saw Katie she would shake her head or just ignore her. *I guess she's just not happy with me. I hope that's temporary.* Maya went down for breakfast when her mom broke her happy thoughts. "Your principal told me to come in his office. Said it was about something you did yesterday. Better be good." Maya's Mom said. Maya hesitated.

"Yeah, about that."

"Oh the bus is here! You can tell me later sweetie. Have fun at school!" before she knew it Maya was out the door standing in front of the bus.

What's wrong with everyone today? Maya thought as she looked out the window in the bus. She didn't understand why everyone was in a bad mood. *Was it Monday? No. It was friday. Fridays are normally cheerful days for everyone.*

Once Maya got to school she decided not to talk to Katie. Suddenly she felt an urge to go to the bathroom. What was she going to tell Mr.Waltz? "Mr. Waltz, C-can I go to the b-bathroom...?" Maya managed to say.

Mr.Waltz looked straight at Maya's direction with cold eyes. "Hmmm?" Mr.Waltz said. "The bathroom was closed due to flooding caused by a Student. You will have to go outside and around the school to get to a temporary stahl. But since that will take too much time, you will have to do at lunch. Is it urgent?" Mr.Waltz asked.

"I...Uh...I guess i could hold it..."

"Then go at lunch." Mr.Waltz interrupted. Usually Maya would look at Katie for help when Mr.Waltz was acting like this. But when she did it this time Katie ignored her. *UGH! It's not fun being treated like this! I have to stop this.* Maya thought. She just wanted everything to be normal. At 1:30 Maya saw her mom in the principal's office. She didn't want to be noticed.

After school Maya went to Soccer practice hoping that it would make her feel better. When the ball was kicked so high towards Maya she headbutted it. "FOUL!" the coach said. "What?! Why?!" Maya thought it was unfair. "For headbutting." coach said. "But lots of people headbutt!" Maya protested. "Not in this game, Maya. It can cause a lot of injuries, and we don't want that. Now the other team gets free kick!" coach said. "Grrrr..." Maya said.

That evening when Maya got home her mother was in the kitchen preparing dinner. "So, you flooded the bathroom and missed math period?" Her mom asked.

"Yeah.... Now everyone hates me." Maya said.

"Everyone doesn't hate you, they just don't like your behavior!" Mom said.

"YOU'RE JUST LIKE KATIE!" Maya screamed. She stormed off into her room and slammed the door. Maya sat in front of Mr.Snuffles, her stuffed bear. "You're the only one i can talk to, Mr.Snuffles." Maya said. He didn't answer. "I- I guess i did something wrong... No wonder Katie doesn't like my 'behavior'" Maya continued.

Mr. Snuffles still didn't say anything. "WELL? ARE YOU GONNA SAY SOMETHING??" Maya got frustrated. Talking to stuffed animals won't help. Maya buried her head under her bed covers. *I'll just talk to myself. Maybe I just was being.... Wait! I think I know how to fix this!*

On Monday Maya went to school with a smile on her face. She didn't care about anything that will make her angry or sad. Even if it was Monday. When Katie passed by her she decided to try her best to cheer her up a little. "Heeeyyyyyy, Katie!" Maya said. "So first you were my friend, now you're a sloth. This is just great." Katie said with no interest. "Look, why are you so mad at me?" Maya said. "Come on, let's shake hands and be done with it?" Katie ignored her. "Well see ya laaatteerr!" Maya said keeping her big smile up her face until Katie was out of sight. *Epic fail.* Maya thought as she headed to class. But Maya swore she saw Katie smile at her stupidity.

Later at class Maya decided not to mention the bathroom for the whole week until Katie was her friend and everything was back to normal. "What is 20 -12?" Mr. Waltz asked. Maya's hand shot up. "Yes Maya? Is it another bathroom problem?" All the kids laughed. Except for Katie. "Oh, Katie," Mr. Waltz said when the laughter died down.

"We all can't have a good laugh, can we?" Maya looked at Katie. She didn't look back. "Actually, Mr. Waltz," Katie said simply. "I'd love to laugh with you, but Maya is my friend. And I wouldn't laugh at her." Maya heard some 'yeah's' and 'true's'. Mr. Waltz's smile vanished.

"*How Sweet.*" Mr. Waltz said in a cold voice. "Detention. Both of you." Mr. Waltz said at Maya and Katie. "FOR WHAT?!" They both shouted. "For interrupting my lesson." Mr. Waltz said simply.

"Actually, they won't." said a voice. All the kids looked at the door. The principal, a tall, thin man with glasses was standing in the doorway. "DR. PETERSON?" Everyone said out loud.

"John, What are you doing here?" Mr. Waltz asked with no manners.

"I am here to confirm that teachers are not allowed to give detention for no important reason." Dr. Peterson said calmly.

"But this is important-"

"I gave you specific reasons for giving detention. It was part of your teacher training. But *this* was not part of those reasons." Dr. Peterson said smoothly. Mr. Waltz went speechless.

"I am very disappointed in you, Kevin. I will have you leave this school next week with another teacher replacing you. Now good day to all of you."

And with a swoosh, he was gone. "Well kids, let's just forget about what just happened, or, why don't we do a new activity of goodbye cards!!" Mr. Waltz said cheerfully. "NO!" all the kids screamed. "Oh, my....."

"Hey, thanks for standing up for me....." Maya said nervously. "No problem. UGH." Katie replied. "Is something wrong??" Maya asked. "I'm fine."

No one talked until the day slowly got over. A substitute teacher took over Mr. Waltz's lesson for the rest of the day. At home Maya decided to tell her mom everything. "You know what's good about this, Maya?" Her mom said when she was finished. "You made a mistake, but everything turned out to be all right!"

“Yeah, I’m going to be just fine.” Maya said as she dozed off to sleep.

If a Teacher Tells you to do Something, Do It by Nicole

“Don’t do that!” Mr. Otto exclaimed. But Brian stepped in the muddy puddle anyway.

“Too bad, so sad!” he answered and stuck out his tongue. Brian walked over to Riley and lifted his leg up.

“NO! STOP THAT RIGHT NOW! PUT YOUR LEG DOWN!” Mr. Otto roared.

“Too bad,” Brian repeated. *You can’t stop me*, he thought. He lifted his leg higher, enough to kick Riley’s leg, and in one second, Riley was howling in pain. With mud all over her new rainbow sweatpants.

“BRIAN!” Mr. Otto grabbed Brian’s arm and dragged him down the hallway like a trash bag.

Brian folded his arms and glared at him while he pushed him into the small wooden chair in front of the principal’s desk. “Come back when you’re ready,” Mr. Otto said, breathing normally again and a lot more calm.

Dr. Garfield looked up from his book that looked like it weighed more than a baby elephant. He said in his loud, booming voice, “When a teacher tells you not to do something, you DON’T DO IT.” Brian’s eardrums shattered when Dr. Garfield said “DON’T DO IT.”

Brian repeated it over and over again, just so he won’t ever need a hearing aid. *DON’T DO IT, DON’T DO IT, DON’T DO IT*. But he couldn’t keep thinking that. *Hmph*. He lifted his leg, enough to reach Dr. Garfield’s clean black shoes. He kicked. In one second, Dr. Garfield was bouncing around his office on one foot like he had a peg leg and reached for the phone with a head that looked like it was about to blow up.

Brian sat up straight and tried to look innocent and NOT like he just kicked his principal with his muddy shoe. “*When a teacher. Tells you not to do something. You. Don’t. DO. IT. COMMON SENSE*,” Dr. Garfield said and punched a bunch of numbers on the phone.

“Why should I? You’re not the boss of me!” Brian stuck his tongue out at him. Brian knew that his parents lived just across from the school so he knew if Dr. Garfield called them. At least one minute later, he saw a shadow on the wall. He started to panic and all he could do was sit there and look terrified while kicking the shiny blue floor with his muddy shoe.

“Dad! Hey... uh, why are *you* here? Shouldn’t you be at work or... something?” Brian asked nervously. But his dad just frowned.

“That’s what I was TRYING to do! Don’t make me come here from work again or no laptop for you!” he yelled and almost shattered Brian’s eardrums for the second time

that day. In two seconds, Brian was being dragged down the hallway like a trash bag again but this time, back to Mr. Otto's classroom.

"You're sitting right here for recess. If you don't finish these math sheets I give for you to do by the end of recess, I'm sitting next to you during free time where you will do three more," Mr. Otto said seriously. "Clean up the mud from your shoes and the floor." Brian groaned.

"BUT I DIDN'T PUT THE MUD ON THE FLOOR!" Mr. Otto sighed and rolled his eyes.

"But you know BETTER than to step in it, Brian." Brian "hmp"ed and didn't want to do it, but when he was angry, he wanted to whatever he felt like it. He lifted up his leg and pulled it back to kick Mr. Otto's leg from under the table but Mr. Otto jumped up and dodged his foot. "Don't do that!" Mr. Otto said furiously.

"Too bad so sad!"

"Don't get the math sheets dirty with your muddy shoes," Mr. Otto said, giving up on trying to get Brian to clean them off.

Brian said, "Alright." As soon as Mr. Otto went to the front of the room to get iPads, Brian threw the math sheets on the floor and stomped on them.

"WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!" Mr. Otto screeched. Brian would describe him as a male banshee. Mr. Otto took a deep breath and when he looked down at Brian, his face was purple and red. "Go. Home."

The next day at school Mr Otto was teaching fractions and decimals. Which were on the sheets. That he stomped on. Oops. "So... we're starting fractions and decimals today but you all had practice with the MATH SHEETS you completed yesterday in class so you SHOULD be fine," Mr. Otto said, glaring at Brian the entire time. "SOOOO... let's begin!"

Everything Brian knew was on the SHEET. AAAAAAAAAAAHH! Brian panicked. It's like everyone in his class was talking in Gibberish. Hundredths, tenths, and other words Brian didn't know. AAAAAAAAAAAHH! He panicked even more. *HE'S ON TO ME!*

"SOOOO... does anyone want to volunteer to color 0.10 of the flat? Hm? What about, let me see... how about BRIAN?" Mr. Otto asked. Brian held his breath and tried his best not to pounce on him. *What did I DO?! WHAT?!* Brian frowned even though he did know what he did wrong.

"Hehe... ha!" Brian laughed nervously. "But I don't really understand! So... can you actually do the lesson over?" he asked, sounding pretty dumb because he knew Mr. Otto isn't the type of person that likes to repeat.

Everyone shook their heads, probably embarrassed FOR Brian. Riley just glared at him and didn't try to help like the angel she always was before Brian covered her in mud. "Don't make me look at HIS filthy face again," Riley pleaded as Mr. Otto looked at her, expecting her to jump in front of Brian and help.

"NOPE." Mr. Otto stayed silent with a crooked frown and a bright pink face. He was angry at Brian and trying to hold in laughter about Brian's "filthy face." *RUUUUUUUDE!* Brian thought when he saw Mr. Otto get a tissue and make a noise that no one would call a sneeze, and was obviously laughing his head off, hoping Brian

would think someone else was doing it. “Hehe,” Mr. Otto snickered behind his laughter tissue.

“GrrrrRRRRR!” Brian growled.

“I told you not to stomp on them, Brian! You didn’t care! HAHAHAHAHAHAAAAHA!” Mr. Otto laughed. Riley started laughing too and kept pointing at Brian and Brian felt like he couldn’t breath. “GRRRRRR!” he growled again, and then everyone else started laughing. *GRRR*.

Brian felt like a dork for not paying attention. “I shouldn’t have done that,” he scolded himself, a little too loudly. Everyone stared at him. Brian looked away and growled for the billionth time. “Huh,” was all he could say. He didn’t want to do anything embarrassing to add on to what happened. Riley smirked. Brian felt like he just got slapped. But he sat still, silent and EXTREMELY awkward.

“Okay. NOW do you regret stomping on them,” Mr. Otto said, serious again.

“Yyyyyeeeeeeaaah?” Brian hated feeling dumb and he hated admitting that he felt dumb even more. “Yeeeeaaaah...” he said again.

The next day at school, Brian was silent. There was a mud puddle again because of the rain super late last night. “Don’t step in it!” Mr. Otto said. Everyone in Brian’s class watched, expecting Brian not to listen. But Brian stepped around the puddle with his eyes on Mr. Otto. Mr. Otto held out a purple sheet.

“Me?” Brian asked, confused. Mr. Otto nodded. Riley looked at the purple sheet and Brian saw her mouth falling onto the floor.

“WHAT?!?!” she wailed.

“Here,” Mr. Otto said quietly. “For stopping FINALLY.” Brian slowly took the purple sheet from Mr. Otto’s hand. It felt like it was *glowing*. On the sheet, it said:

Student name: Brian Chumba

Teacher name: Mr. Otto

Reason: For finally following his teacher’s instructions.

_____ Brian marched all the way down to the principal’s office. Dr. Garfield looked at Brian, not sure if he was cheating in his Star Student Slip. “No, it’s real,” Brian said calmly. Dr. Garfield gaped at him. Brian tilted his head and stared up at Dr. Garfield. “Put it in?” Dr. Garfield asked. Brian nodded. Dr. Garfield dropped the slip into the silver bucket.