

PAce Olympics

By Dark_Dragon_Dreamer

Submitted: November 2, 2005

Updated: December 5, 2005

*Uhm..Ok ignore the funny part but this actually happened and it is a really true and awesome story!
Please Read!*

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Dark_Dragon_Dreamer/22441/PAce-Olympics

Chapter 1 - Pressure Pressure	2
Chapter 2 - the confusion	5

1 - Pressure Pressure

Well I have a funny story to tell! Amazing right? Anyways....Here i go

~~~~~  
Enjoy!

~~~~~  
My stomach was in a huge knot as I walked into the cafeteria. I was at Monsignor Edward Pace High School's Pace Academic Olympics. I was competing in art. Not that hard. And I am one of the top artists in the class. My mother had gotten a form advertising the school and I saw my worst nightmare- my history teacher, Mr. De Oro. That guy was nuts! Anyway he smiled at me, and I started to laugh. He had a mario mustache! Oh come on you would laugh too! Once my mom and Mr. Mustache were talking I looked around for my friends. I immediately found Jodi and Amanda snacking on doughnuts, Samantha talking to Vicky, and Destiny with some other people I didn't talk to. I went over to Jodi and Amanda.

Me: The competition is going to be tough! There's 6 other schools and almost 60 students for each!

Amanda: I know!

Jodi: I just hope we can win something!

I nodded. Our school had 15 student show, when 30 were supposed to. I kinda got angry that my friend Jaun wasn't here to win an art award, because when I'm nervous I don't do very well...I started walking over to Sammy and Vicky who had stopped talking.

Me: Heylo!

Sammy: She's here! We have a chance to survive!

Vicky: Shut up Sammy.

Me: What are you guys going for again?

Sammy: Art.

Vicky: Me too!

Me: Really?

They both nodded and I smiled, my knot loosening the tiniest bit. Suddenly the principal of the school stood at the microphone on the stage and everyone went quiet. She then started calling out the leaders to lead the students to their subjects. When she said art my stomach flipped and I suddenly didn't feel good.

Vicky: C'mon Melly! It'll be fun!

Sammy: Yeah...Fun torture!

Vicky grabbed my arm and led me to the line of the other art contestants. We walked to one of the art rooms and took the desk that was next to the window.

Vicky: Sammy, that guy is looking at you.

Sammy: What? Oh no...

I didnt ask what was going on, I just wanted to leave.

Art Person Director Whatever: Ok, I am going to hand out some art utnecils, and you have to draw your hand holding them...anyway that you want. Is that ok?

Did we have a choice?

Art Person Director Whatever: Good. Oh and dont talk, its distracting.

Crap! No talking? What was her problem!? She handed out paper and the things we were supposed to draw. I got this little tool that you use in pottery! Yay me! Now if only i knew what it was called...Anyway she told us we could draw only using color pencils. WHAT? You cant erase that! Wait she did that on purpose! Duh! Ok i got it now! She sat at her desk and looked through some classwork pictures. I started my drawing. I decided to outline it all, then do detail. Good idea, right? Right?! Oh ok good. Anyways pretty soon my friend Samantha had started muttering things to herself.

Sammy: Pressure, pressure, pressure...Oh god I'm going nuts...That little voice inside my head wont stop! Argh! Oh well. Ow! The scissors snipped my finger! Oh god I am going crazy! Losing my mind!

Vicky: Sshh!!

Sammy: Oh sorry oh sane one.

Vicky: Sammy Shush!

Sammy: But the voice!

Vicky: I dont care!

Sammy: If you heard it you'd be going crazy too!

Vicky: That voice is in there because its supposed to help you...you know cause your brainless!

Sammy: That made no sense!

Vicky: No way!!!

Me: Crap I messed up! Vicky look what you did!

Vicky: What I did?!

Me: Yes you!

Sammy:Pressure! I cant take the pressure! I'm going to be in one of those metal asylums!

Vicky: Mental!

Sammy: Whatever! All I know is that I am crazy!

Vicky: Shh!

Me: No you arent!

Sammy: La cucaracha! Enchiladadadadadada!

Me: Stop it!

Sammy: La la la la la la.

Me: Quick think of Billie Joe!!!

Sammy: That isnt gonna help! Im losing my mind!

Me: Then shove it!

Sammy: Shove what?

Me: huh?

Sammy: YOU ARE CRAZY TOO!

Me: Am not! At least I'm almost done!

Sammy: You are just jealous because I...I....

Me: You are stupid? Why would I be jealous of that?
Sammy: Shut up!
Me: MONKEY POO!
Sammy: How many monkeys does it take to change a -
Vicky: DONE!
Sammy: lightbulb?
Me: 6.
Sammy: 3, 1 to change it, and 2 to throw poop!
Me: I'm done too!
Sammy: I'm not. I need to finish my evil scissors!
Vicky: Then work!
Sammy: Righty oh sane one!

I cracked my knuckles then we were able to leave, and Sammy, Vicky, and I went to the cafeteria. They were coffee, danish, chips, cookies, and soda.

Sammy: I want coffee!
Pascale: Hey guys!
Vicky: Whoa when did you get here?
Me: Now, duh!
Pascale: Yeah I just finished the French exam.
Me: Sammy! Don't the coffee is--
Sammy took of her coffee and spewed it everywhere in front of her, including Pascale and me.
Me...hot. Smooth move, idiot.
Sammy: I can't feel my tongue or lip...Nobody brought their wallet with them did they?
Me: I have 3 dollars for soda.
Pascale: Already got one.
Me: Right.

2 - the confusion

Pascale, Sammy, Vicky, and I had our sodas and sat watching for more of our friends. I was really missing my dad, but my mom was there watching me and smiling too. At least she has hope, I thought. My stomach was really starting to bother me.

Vicky: How much longer?

Me: I dont know...I dont feel good...

Sammy: You dont look good.

Pascale: But she cant leave yet!

Me: I wont. I just dont feel good.

Jodi: God I hated that speech thing! It was gay!

Amanda: And math wasnt easy either.

I couldnt sit still. I started walking around, then as people started filling into what i found out was called the Henessy Center, I walked outside. Jodi and Sammy followed. I checked my clock on my phone. 12:05. The contest was supposed to be over already! What was taking so long.

Amanda: Jodi, they are calling out speech!

Jodi: I'll be right back!

Jodi and Sammy walked back inside. I sat on the sidewalk for a while and someone came out side. A guy from a competing school. He looked angry to me, but I didnt say anything to him. I just sat staring at the statue across the street. Then my cell phone rang, and he looked over at me. I answered.

Me: What?

Sammy: They are calling art.

ME: So? I didnt win.

Sammy: How'd you...?

ME: I KNEW IT!

Sammy: Aw...Im sorry.

Me: Forget it.

I hung up. I knew I wouldnt win, but it bothered me. I tried my hardest and didnt even get recognized. I wanted to go home and die. I really did. (Thats how I felt on saturday...yeah this past saturday, December 3rd was another competition and I went and didnt win.) The guy, I noticed, was looking at me.

ME: What?

The guy: Nothing.

Me: Then quit staring.

I guess I was mad at the world, because I couldnt help saying that sharply.

The guy: There's always next year.

Me: I guess.

The guy: I'm Brandon.

Me: I am Mel.

Sammy: Mel! Our class won something!

Me: Really?

Sammy nodded and ran back inside.

Brandon: Later.

I ran in after Sammy. Although I may not have won something, but my friends did, my anger turned into happiness and I got in the photo with all of them.