

# Day in the Life

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*Nothing special, just a diary entry from the best day at school.*

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## 1 - Homeroom, Science, Math, Oh My!

"OH MY GOD ITS SO FREAKING COLD!" shouts Cortney, a classmate as a few students from Mrs. Hendl's homeroom are stuck outside waiting for our teacher, freezing our asses off. I wince at the volume of her voice, and Reanna, a fellow classmate, turns and notices a substitute teacher walking up the ramp. She's no stranger; that's Mrs. Singley, the world's best substitute teacher. Her hair was pulled back into the usual ponytail, like it almost always is. She smiles at us and unlocks the door to the portable, letting us in from the cold February air.

A few minutes later, more students enter the room, including Rachael, my best friend. I stand up and wave, and she glares at me. My classmates flood near Mrs. Singley's desk, hugging her like they always do when they see her. I sit and write down my Daily Oral Language sentences, fixing the incorrect grammar and punctuation. I come across a sentence that oddly sounds like one that a hillbilly wrote, and I mock the sentence, enhancing the flaws.

"First we rowed them boats to the campsite then we pitch our tents and sleep!" I said, making Earnest, a temperamental and not exactly tall classmate, crack up along with Rachael.

20 minutes pass, and at last it's time to go to reading class, the class with the spunkiest and most energetic teacher i've ever had so far, Mrs. Mosteller. I groan as Tyler, a slack-off student I sit in front of, once again announces that he "pooted." Josh, his best friend who "conveniently" sits next to, laughs like a chipmunk and I whisper to Cortney, "They're being gay again."

"What?" they both ask in unison. "I hate it when people whisper," says Tyler.

"Nothing," Cortney says, and we both smirk.

The rest of reading class was filled with the usual stuff, us reading Tuck Everlasting, Mrs. Mosteller running and jumping around the room, indicating that she had her oatmeal for the morning. Josh, as usual, raised his hand for nearly every question, and almost never got called on. Tyler passed notes to Chris, another one of his many friends, and didn't get in any trouble for any of them.

## 2 - Math Class

Reading class finally came to a halt and me and about ten other students make our way back to Mrs. Singley's classroom, getting ready for math class. I dodge the insanity going on in her classroom, and sit down. That is, until another student takes out his science book from the desk I'm currently sitting at and makes his way to science class. A green, squishy ball zooms across the classroom, and Lyanneth, a shy student whom I sit next to ducks. "Man, someone's probably gonna get killed here," she murmurs. "Alright, people, listen up!" Shouts an egomanaical, height challenged, punker as he stands on a chair in front of the room.

"Dang nabbit, Matthew, get off that chair! You're not in charge here!" yells Mrs. Singley, scolding Matt for taking charge. Matt, the short classmate I just told you about, jumps off the chair with a thud. He instead leaps onto a desk, and then leaps onto another one, continuing the charade until Mrs. Singley tells him to get down.

Matt trips, accidentally landing on Awsten Powers (that's his REAL name, people), and smothers him purposely. The class bursts into laughter, wondering what the hell they're doing. Lyanneth turns red from the laughter, and I was sure she was going to suffocate. After about ten minutes of doing what looked like making love, Matt and Awsten got up, blushing. Matt rushed to the nearest mirror, parting his blondish brown hair to the side. "See, I'm totally awesome."

he says.

In the mayhem of it all, Brian, a sensitive overachiever, holds up an "invisible camera" and films it all. I swear, that kid's got issues.

"Oh, this'll be great for my movie!" he bellows, and starts dancing, ignoring the giggling coming from several class mates. Matt notices this, and points at Brian. "YOU!" he shouts, with a solemn face. "I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DANCE OFF!" he challenges, and Brian agrees to it.

Matt went first, unleashing his braekdance skills. He did the worm, and the rest of the class cheered him on. Brian mimicked his dance moves, all except for the worm. Awsten requested that he should do the "heel toe," in memory of our former teacher, Mrs. Mothershed, who left for personal reasons. He did so, making the room shake with grooviness and damn near made the TV fall off of its cabinet. He was grinning from ear to ear as he did so, and stopped instantly as the clock reached 12:05.

Time to go to science class.

### 3 - Science Class

Our teachers are reading teachers until 11:10, switching from reading class to either science, math, or history.

Math class ends, and I walk quickly back to Mrs. Mosteller's portable for science class. I walk in and only a few other kids are there, including Slade, a short, chubby emo kid who oddly resembles a fish, and Wes, a slow leprechaun-like whiner. Once again Mrs. Mosteller torments me by making me have to sit in front of Tyler again. Brian jogs into the classroom, laughing his balls off like he always does. Jackie, a quiet friend who sits next to me, unpacks her science book and turns to the page written on the board. Josh Scholl, who normally goes by the name Tom, shuffles to his seat, his large head blocking the view of many unlucky students. He groans, and slowly opens his science book. Everything about him is slow. And smelly. Very smelly.

"Good afternoon, my fellow scientists!" shouts Mrs. Mosteller, startling the class. "Today we will learn about how a moving magnet can cause an electric current! On page 541 you will see 4 objectives. Who can read the first one for me? Umm....Mario! You look ready! You will need to write these in your notebooks, class!" she says. Mario sighs and mumbles the first objective. Objectives are these stupid goals we need to write in our notebook for no apparent reason. Mrs. Mosteller goes on and picks 3 other unlucky students to read the other objectives.

"On page 541, who can read the italicized paragraph for me?" she asks.

"AHM!!!!!!!!!!!" grunts Josh, scaring the living crap out of the rest of the class, including Mrs. Mosteller. Instantly the class roars with laughter, even the teacher. In about 5 minutes the class is calm enough to continue reading.

"Josh Scholl! What was that?" asked Mrs. Mosteller, surprised at the quiet student's bravery to do that in front of the whole class.

"I...uh...guess I just wanted to read..." he murmured.

Until 12:32, the teacher called on unsuspecting kids to read the paragraphs out of the science book that she was probably too lazy to read herself. Lunchtime was here, and the class lined up at the door, ready to eat.

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Lyanneth sat down next to me and burst into uncontrollable giggling. Soon, I saw why.

Brian was grinning at his food plate and stared down at the 3 chef salads given to him by kids who didn't want them. Josh just looked at it and instantly got a look of disgust across his face.

Lyanneth offered Brian her chef salad, and Brian laughed. "Somebody get me a bag!" he yelled, and several students scooted away from him. Lyanneth and I exchanged grossed-out looks. "What? I'm not gonna puke if that's what you were thinking!" Brian replied, and the students unclenched themselves and got back to their normal seats. Although pretty soon they would want to.

"WATCH OUT EVERYBODY! I'M GONNA FART!" shouted Brian, and his classmates once again scooted away from him. An unbearably foul stench quickly dispersed throughout the lunch table, and the students held their noses. Brian, totally oblivious to what just happened, went on eating, unaware of Josh sitting next to him about to faint.

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Science class came and went, as we hurriedly rushed putting useless notes into our notebooks. Mrs.

Mosteller droned on about how a magnet moving through a coil of wire can make an electric current, and did a "demonstration."

She used two fingers and shoved them through a circle she made with her other hand. She did it quickly, too. Of course, nobody else was watching her as she did it, as they were busy writing notes in their near-full notebooks. Me, being a fast writer, actually watched her as she did a very naughty hand sign that just happened to be the symbol for when two member of the opposite- I'll shut up.

Anyways, science class stopped at 1:30 and the class broke up and headed to their next classes.

I had to go to history class, my least favorite class ever.

## 4 - The Dreaded History Class

"GET OUT YOUR FOLDERS AND COPY THE NOTES ON THE BOARD!" shouts a nice yet easily angered figure from her desk. Mrs. Basilio, my somewhat loving, if we're lucky, history teacher, plops down in her chair, and waits for the rest of the class to come in. Korey Blount, yet another slacker whom I sit next to, makes a face at Mrs. Basilio, and luckily, she doesn't notice it.

"Kelly, can I borrow a sheet of notebook paper?" he asks at the beginning of nearly every history class. He needs to get his own paper. I hand him a ripped out sheet of notebook paper and the rest of the class comes in. Korey tells me that I rock; why he does that, I'll never know. I get out a pencil and start writing the notes that Mrs. Basilio orders us to do.

"Excuse me."

Mario, from science class, shoves his books into his desk after I move out of the way. Dammit, he broke my concentration. He stumbles out the back door and makes his way to math class as I continue writing my notes.

"Alright, open your books to page 374! Marina! You read the first paragraph!" yells Mrs. Basilio. Marina quickly opens her book and starts reading.

"Psst."

"No"

"I said PSSSSST."

"What do you want, Korey?!"

Korey shows himself wrapping a tiny chain around his finger really tight and soon after undoing it, revealing his dimply finger covered in little dents.

I hate that guy. Thanks to him, I'll never know what a martyr was.

Pretty soon, Mrs. Basilio walks up to the front of the classroom.

"See, these people could just choose random people and KILL them," she went on. Awsten Powers from math class, the only kid in history period 3 who actually pays attention and LAUGHS at the content of our history books, mocks her and points to random students.

"Okay, I say that you die, you die, you-" "Awsten, WOULD YOU SHUT UP?" Mrs. Basilio cuts him off.

"Sorry."

What a smartass.

Much to the relief of the class, the end of the day came at 2:30 and we all dropped off our books at our homerooms and finally, FINALLY, went to our dismissal points.

What. A. Day.

A/N- Sorry, Marina, you weren't really in it. All this stuff really did happen, but Awsten didn't do the mocking thingy that day, I just put it in there because I just wanted to. But he did do it.

## 5 - Yet Another Loved Homeroom Class With Mrs. Singley

A few weeks after the previous substitute came to Mrs. Hendl's classroom, Mrs. Hendl was absent from school and Mrs. Singley, the world's best substitute teacher, took her place yet again. The door to her portable was open and I walked in to homeroom, as I didn't notice her sitting in the teacher's desk. I did a double take and greeted her. "Yo, Mrs. Singley, what's up in da hizzouze?" I always say. Being sick the day before, I went to my other teachers' rooms and picked up any make up work I had. Cortney Strickland went with me. "Cortney, why are you doing this?" I asked her, unsure of why she came along. "Because I wanna," she answered. We stepped in the door to Mrs. Mosteller's, my reading/language arts/science teacher portable and Tabatha, a veeeeeeeery talkative student whom I commonly mistake for Mrs. Mosteller, opens the door. "Oh, hey, Kelly! Where were you?" she greets, and lets me and Cortney in.

Mrs. Mosteller notices that we came in, and I ask for my make up assignments. "Oh! Hmmmm... You need to do your English book, pages 166-167, numbers 1-20 on both of them, catch up on chapter 8 section 3 in science, and read *Bunnicula*, chapters 6 and 7." I must have looked pretty confused, because she wrote it down for me. Then, for some strange reason, she asked me to draw her. "Mrs. Hendl's been bragging about the picture you made her, so I was getting jealous! Could you draw me? Pretty please?" she begged, and me being the pushover I am, accepted it. Cortney and I walked back to the portable, and Rachael was there. See, we haven't talked in about 3 days then, and we'd just sorted out the problem on FAC the night before, so we just agreed to pretend like nothing happened. "Hey! Where were you?" she demanded, quoting Tabatha. We caught up with things, and pretty much acted like, well, nothing happened.

Suddenly, sobbing was heard from the corner, from Gabi S., an energetic and almost always optimistic student. What could have caused this?

AN: Another diary entry from another awesome day at school. Just including homeroom and math, nothing else really happened.

## 6 - A-N-D-R-E-W Spells M-E-A-N

Gabi, sobbing softly in the corner, was being comforted by a friend of hers, as she gave a death glare across the room to a quiet, dorky, shy person we call Andrew Bluett. He's always too scared to do any group projects or stand up in front of the class and present something, however, he had the courage to say something totally mean and offensive to Gabi.

"Haha. It's fun to watch Gabi cry." he kept repeating, and Cortney fired insults back at him. "Shut up, Andrew! We all hate you!" Oh, poor Andrew. Nobody notices him. He's always so damn quiet, and yet he had the NERVE to say that to poor Gabi.

I'm pretty sure I speak for everybody when I say that he should get his Bionicle underwear-wearing @\$ \$ kicked.

Soon enough, Gabi had enough of Andrew's teasing, and she bolted towards him.

"I'M GONNA KILL YOU ANDREW!!!!!!!!!" she shrieked in his ear, soon being shushed by Mrs. Singley. Andrew didn't seem the least bit threatened by Gabi's threat, and continued smirking. However, homeroom was still long from over, and the charades continued.

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"Tyler! Give it back!" shouted Josh Moore as he desperately struggled to get his picture of him and Miley Cyrus back from Tyler. A few days before that day, Josh wanted me to draw him and Miley Cyrus hugging somehow. I was amused at his request, but I drew it anyway. He loved Miley, however, so did Tyler, and he wouldn't stop at anything to take that picture from Josh. I couldn't really care less about what happened to that picture; it was halfassed, but Josh made a big deal out of it and kept thanking me, he thought it was so awesome. Tyler kept passing it to Earnest, then to Jordan, then to Vincent, then to Ricky, then to Keke, then back again until we had to go to reading class. However, nothing exciting ever happens in reading class, so let's just skip to math class, period 1.



## 7 - The Clash of Matt and Shane(Math Class)

Not to my surprise, as I walked into math class, Matt Nero, the egomaniacal, short, punker was standing at the front of the classroom, taking control. Mrs. Singley scolded him, and Matt fired back. "But I don't wanna got to Mrs. Basilio's room! She'll just give me a refferall! Don't you have a heart?" he said and hugged her. Several female students "awwwwww'ed" and Mrs. Singley passed out a worksheet on multplcation with 3 digit numbers. What sucks is that I didn't bring a calculator, so I had to work out the problems on one side before Lyanneth, the student who sits next to me, broke down and got out her cell phone calculator and let me use it too. Josh asked the teacher if we could play "Silent Speedball" instead of doing the work.

Hmmph. And I thought I was a pushover.

A moldy green-ish tennis ball bolted through the class and pegged Awsten Powers in the head. He fell off of his desk, and landed in a position in which his leg was still planted on the desk, but his body was flat on the floor. He laughed so hard that nothing came out, and his lage ears wiggled as he did so. The ball was passed to Matt, and he slammed the ball in the face of Shane Adair, a special-ed student whom Matt shares a rivalry with. "But he's so frigging annoying!" Matt always complains when he's forced to sit with Shane. When he was hit with the tennis ball, Shane took this as a beggining of war and returned the favor. Matt gracefully dodged the ball however, and instantly hit Shane with it again. He fell backwards off the desk, and scurried to the ball. He crouched over to retrieve it, and Korey Blount, the reason why I feel so sorry for myself(we share all of the same classes) hopped on his back, and started slapping Shane's butt. "Ride 'em, cowboy!" he repeated over and over, and the class looked at him with amusment and disgust. It was like a scene from Brokeback Mountain. Shane turned red and shuffled away from Korey. Matt, however, took his chance and leaped at Shane, trapping him under the very tiny body mass of himself.

The two small human beings wrestled like that for about 5 minutes. "Matt, get the heck off me!" chanted Shane, clearly getting pissed. They untangled and stood up, and Shane went for Matt's throat. Awsten, however, held him back, and Mrs. Singley held Matt back. The class disregarded the time, and didn't notice until 12:03 that it was time to got to the next class.

## 8 - The Big Field Trip

RRRRRIINNNNGGG!!! My alarm clock breaks my slumber as it reads 4:40. I smile; today's the big day of the 6th grade field trip to Medieval Times, a tournament arena in which knights duke it out(acting, really) and people sit at a specific bench and root for their color's knight. I had no need to wake up at 4:40 that morning, as I had about an hour to spare until 5:45 AM, the time I had to be at my school before the buses left.

My dad dropped me off and I met up with my best friend Racheal as we got on the bus. I stole a memo pad from my dad that morning to doodle on and just made a "to-draw" list of people who have asked me to draw them. Rachael takes out her cell phone and constantly tortures me with her stupid GayFI ringtones, although I enjoyed it when "This Ain't a Scene, it's an Arms Race" was played. She did the normal blabber about AFI, and I got annoyed by it, so I blurted out something that was on my chest for a long time and I had to say it sooner or later.

"Dangit, I used to like Miss Murder until you rubbed it in my face that I used to like that Adam Carson dude! Then every two seconds you talked about AFI or Davey Havok and then you told me Davey was a dude! Dude, he sounds like frickin' CHER!!!" She looked confused and started repeating,"It's MY FAULT!" over and over again until we finally got to the Medieval Times place. There, Catherine, Kimberly, Judy, Racheal and I explored the vast wonderland with Catherine's mother and I bought a poppin' necklace.

Later on, RideOut Elementary was called to take our seats for the joust thingy. That was our cue; we sat at the Yellow table and quietly waited for the show to start. The knights came out one by one, and I was totally happy about our knight. Excuse me, I have to get this off of my chest too.

HOOOOOOLLLLLYYYYY CRAP MAN OUR YELLOW KNIGHT WAS SO DAMNMMNMNMN  
FIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! HE WAS ADORABLE AND HAD THE SECOND MOST CHARMING  
SMILE EVER TO LET EARTH SEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! GSAERGNHAESGBHasBGSnFBGJnsfJVBj  
isfBVGisjfNGIjhsFIGJrsijhgniWRHNGIUDHRGIApdeihgtnaifdhgnadhgnugrnhaienhgaeurghnearug...////--  
==53

Ahem. Sorry. Let's get back to the story, see?

Our knight lost almost every joust or fight, the other knights were probably jelous of him. However, this evil red and black knight was pretty cute too. Too bad he got whipped several times. Every girl in the danged school was going fangirl-crazy over the yellow knight, and I did too. I mean, it's hard not to.

On the bus ride back, our teachers let us watch Shreck twice and I daydreamed about....stuff. Rachael played with the pretty little pony she got at the gift shop, and several classmates got engrossed in a complete version of "99 Bottles of Coke on the Wall." Most of the people in the back of the bus, however, got annoyed with their singing and backfired with "The Wheels on the Bus." Still, the front of the bus managed to complete their song. Rachael pulled out her cell phone yet again and we took funny voice notes, among them involving the word Wowzers. Too soon, the bus ride came to an end and Spring Break had befallen us.

## 9 - Easter Half-Day

"THANK YOU JESUS FOR HALF DAYS!" I shout as I walk to school with my friend Ashley. She gives me a weird look and we continue walking. After about ten minutes I walk up to my homeroom portable's door and discover that Mrs. Hendl, my homeroom teacher, wasn't here yet.

"God! What is taking her so long?!" my best friend Rachael says as we stand at the top waiting for our teacher. It's a half day for us sixth graders, meaning we get out of school at 11:00 AM, due to the fact that it's easter weekend. On top of that, we get pizza for lunch today. Finally, our teacher Mrs. Hendl waddles up the ramp, and lets us in. We flood to our desks and sit down.

Jordan, the shortest kid in the class whom everybody loves because he's so darn nice, holds up three wooden pencils. Keke, a tomboyish girl who is honest about just about everything, makes a remark about his pencils and breaks a red crayon in half preparing to do goodness-knows-what with it.

"Jordan, nobody uses those pencils anymore. Do you see anyone else in this room without a *mechanical* pencil? Besides you, I mean," she said.

"Plenty of people do! We build on last generation's legacy!" he replies. Keke gives him a "what-the-heck" look and throws one half of the red crayon at Jordan. He blinks and rubs the spot where it hit him.

Ricky, Keke's friend/enemy lets out a burp.

Keke gives Ricky another "what-the-heck" look and throws the other half of the red crayon at him. Ricky blinked and rubbed the spot where it hit him, copying Jordan's routine. Mrs. Hendl announces, "Okay, line up for recess!" Several students questioned her and got the same reply: "We have recess today! You didn't know?" So we all lined up back on the ramp and filed out to the recess field. Most students, excluding me, Rachael, and Kimberly, got engaged in a game of Red Rover. The game gained more popularity as Mrs. Basilio and Ms. Mosteller's classes came out for recess.

"Red Rover, Red Rover, send Krysta right over!" called one team and Krysta, a hot-headed blonde charged at the other team. However, she didn't apply enough force and the arm link in which she aimed for went right into her neck, and she was closelined, in WWE terms. She landed flat on her back and had to go to the other team.

"Red Rover, Red, Rover, sent Matty right over!" called the other team. Matty(called Matt in previous chapters) bolted to the other team and propped himself on top of an arm link and flipped over. He landed on his back and technically he passed and went back to his home team.

"Red Rover, Red Rover, send Gabi right over!" called their opposing team and Gabi, an energetic student ran at them with full force. However, she couldn't break through and, still trying, pushed against the arm link in which she aimed for and turned the whole other team around literally.

The other team called Matt(y) over yet again, and Matt did his previous routine yet again, only this time a bit more sloppy and dangerous. His feet flying every which way, he whacked Martine Louis-Charles in the eye with his foot. She crouched down and started crying, soon being accompanied by a teacher.

"Martine! I'm sorry!" called Matt as Martine's friends gave his a thousand dirty looks.

Recess continued, and Rachael and I just walked around the field and she tortured me with her GayFI ringtones she brought in her purse. She also brought her composition notebook, and wrote her her story My Life With You! and I asked an innappropriate question that I knew she would probably say no to.

"Hey, when you get started on Fall Out Boy's chapter, can me, Patrick and Joe be in the same room?" For the rest of recess, we just talked, walked and discussed drunk singers.

"So about drunk singers..."

A/N: Yes. This is long. I don't want to make it any longer with any more writing. Besides, I'd get myself into a plothole if I started to write about pizze time.

## 10 - 2 Subs in One Day? Wowzers!

"Oh my God, dude. Two substitutes in one day. You know, that'd be awesome if we had one in history, too," I said to my friend Rachael as we walked to reading class. Our reading teacher had two days off today and our math teacher was sick, so we had two substitute teachers taking their place. Unfortunately, none of them were Mrs. Singly. Our math sub was Mrs. Gerard, and could be nice and open minded only if we were. Our reading sub, however, was Mrs. Wilson, she gave candy for every assignment we did, but could actually be a real witch.

The classroom insanity was at full blast when we walked in to our reading class, and Mrs. Wilson was about to have it under control. "Alright! Take out your James and the Giant Peach review papers and let's check them!" she said, and the class quieted down and completed her request. She continued. "Okay, number one: Why did James live with his aunts? A; because his parents were dead--" "DID YOU JUST SAY THAT JAMES'S PARENTS WERE GAY?!" yelled Jenna, a silly and somewhat crazy student. Mrs. Wilson chuckled and we finish checkng our review questions. Before long, it was 9:20, time for us to go to P.E.

We were practicing for our end of the year softball game in PE that day, and we had the option of playing with foam bats and balls, or real bats and balls. I, not wanting to hurt anybody, chose to play with the foam bats and balls. Rachael chose the same, and we were soon accompanied by Elizabeth, a random and also crazy girl. I winced at the thought of her playing with real bats and balls. We were the only three taking the easy way out, and hit ball after ball, each one nearly breaking the tees they were held up by.

"WE ARE THE BEST LOSERS!!!" I shouted, and Elizabeth howled. Dude, we totally rocked our school.

Back to reading class! We were given a final James and the Giant Peach test, and once we were finished, we were granted the freedom to play games. Angie, a sweet toothed student pulls out a deck of Uno cards. Keke, Jenna, Madie, and Jessi, a slow and yet smart, though hard of hearing girl, ask to play. And then the game began...!

"That's an illegal move, Madie."

"Darnit, Jenna. I knew that."

"Reverse!"

"Angie! I hate you!"

"I hate you too, Keke."

"Uno!"

"Jeez, Jessi! Already?"

"HA! Jenna is skipped!"

"MADIE!"

"Argh! I gotta draw a card AGAIN?!"

"Uno's become more like Nueve, huh, Jessi?"

"Shut up, Keke."

"No, you shut up."

"You shut up."

No, you shut up."

"You shut up."

"No, you shut up."

"You shut up."

"No, you shut up."

"You shut up."

"Uno!"

"Angie! You broke our little argument!"

"Sorry."

"OH! Uno! Take that, Angie!"

"I'm gonna make you eat those words, Madie."

"Not if I eat them first!"

"Jessi, you just put down a blank card."

"Oops."

"No! Jenna, I hate you!"

"YES!!!! I WIN!!!!"

Angie collected her cards and rubbed her victory in Madie's face.

"Alright! Time to go to your next class! Get outta here!" Mrs. Wilson said, and the room got empty for science 1. I had to go to math class, but all we had to do was a stupid test. That's boring, so let's just skip to my science class, a'ight? A'ight.

## 11 - Science! And recess and Dismissal

"Please be Bill Nye, please be Bill Nye..." I pray silently to myself as Mrs. Wilson put in a science movie for us to watch. Krysta loomed at me in disbelief and finally said something. "Kelly, I'm gonna say the thing that went through my mind when you did that. Don't take this as an offence or anything, but I think you're a dork." I smiled. "Dorks make the world go round!" I said, and Krysta kept in a laugh. The science movie started, and it was just a reminder of the 90's. Seriously. They had 90's clothes, and even had 90's background music! Afterwards, though, was time for lunch, and the same thing always happened. We had assigned seats, and I was forced to watch Brian gulp down mouthful after mouthful of pizza quesadillas.

"Ahaahaa! I'm gonna fart!" said Tyler as he jumped back into his seat. A loud and rude noise broke the air in the room and people soon backed away from him. "Ewww!" Ramsey, an extremely tall student, mocked in a high pitched baby voice. 1:30 befell us and we shuffled out the door and into our last period class. For me, I had history.

Mrs. Basilio read us a story...a very boring one, in fact....every time I think about it it makes me yawn...so, I'll avoid detail with it. For once, my friend Marina finally had recess, and it was time for some Friday afternoon fun. However, Rachael had study hall and Team A, the other 6th grade team, threw their recess down the drain. So, we went to inside recess instead.

"Can I see your binder? Pleeeaaassee???" Marina begged. She always wanted in it, just to see my drawings. I let her see it, and she ripped it open like Michael Jackson on a little boy. Inside recess was a frickin' madhouse, and even Keke, the most athletic girl in the school, was staying inside! Marina went through page to page in my binder, and begged to keep a Mastercard commercial pun I did with Jon Foreman. I refused. "Come on! Please?" I still didn't let her. She pouted.

RRRIINNNGGG~! The bell rang and we all spread to our dismissal points.

"Shut the f\*\*\* up, you stupid bloated hippo!" Mario, who's in my science class, threatened to Jizeal, a chubby kid on the other team. Jizeal pushed Mario into a pole. Mario fired back, and kicked Jizeal down to the grass. That's when things got *real* interesting-like. They broke into a fist fight and Mrs. Wilson stepped out of the room.

"HEY!" she bellowed, louder than a Metallica concert, right into Rachael's ear. She yanked Mario's shirt and pulled him back.

"NO!" She screamed to Jizeal and Mario, and what she said next was somewhat muffled and surprising when she said it to a bare ear. It sounded something like, "F\*\*\* OFF!!!" THAT got the whole school quiet. Long story short, Mario and Jizeal got refferalls, and had to stay after school.

Hmm. I expected more action today.

A/N: I wanna do illustrations for this story so far...