



[Monsoon Magazine Monthly Q&A](#)

Believe

Swish, swish... Slide THUD! The ice skater collapsed with a thud, failing to land a double axel. "Ooooooh..." the crowd stood up, trying to get a good glimpse of the fallen skater. I watched as two men supported the young skater as she limped off the ice. It didn't look worse than a fractured leg, but people from the crowd started to shout. "She's going to die! Help her! Help her! She's going to die!" I've never seen anyone so dramatic about a situation. The girl's sobbing mother led her daughter into the car, and they drove away.

Soon, the skating rink emptied, as everyone arised from their seats. My mother rushed us all outside and drove us home. As soon as I got home, I got a phone call from Rayna.

Rayna squealed loudly. She had exciting news to tell me. Rayna went on and on and on about some skating competition. Half the time I couldn't figure out what she was saying because she was half squealing half talking.

"So you're going right?" She asked, eager for an answer.

"Uh... going where?" I asked, puzzled.

"Did you hear a word I said?" Rayna sighed.

"Um, no, you were shrieking the whole time!"

"Okay, so listen..." Rayna began.

She started telling me about a skating competition that was happening in the summer. She told me how she had signed me up and was preparing to tell me as a surprise.

"Wait what!?! You signed me up already? Oh, no no no no no. I am not going! I haven't prepared!" I yelled.

"Relax Catherine! You have 3 months to prepare! That's plenty enough time." Rayna assured me.

"Why did you sign me up when I am obviously not ready yet?"

"You are ready, Catherine! I've watched you at other figure skating competitions, and you're amazing at the rink! You can totally win!" Rayna told me energetically.

I hung up.

I know that I was being a little rude, but I was too stressed think about that. As I thought about it, I started realizing what I had gotten myself into. Or more of what Rayna got me into. It would take me weeks to come up with a good choreography, and I would have to practice. With my regular skating schedule, homework, and school, it would be hard to fit in extra practices. There was no way out of it. Rayna had signed me up already, and I couldn't just quit. *Oh god, this will be trouble. I guess I'll have to tell my parents about it.*

I woke up the next morning, and realized what I had to do. I don't know why I was so hesitant to tell my parents about what had happened last night. *I'll just get this over with. They don't like me signing up for things without their permission. But I really didn't sign up for this! It's all Rayna's fault!*

I guess I'm sort of being a blamer, but right now, I really can't help it. I guess that makes me sort of a jerk. I'm too stressed and worried to think about being calm and nice like I usually am. After all, my name does mean innocent.

As I walk down the creaky wooden stairs of my battered, old basement, I notice that there's leftover popcorn from last night, three fuzzy blankets, and dog food all splattered over the couch and carpet. The smell of stale chips and dirty socks filled the air. The haunted feeling of the dark basement sent me shivers down my spine. I wondered my mom and dad liked to go down here so much, as it clearly wasn't much of a delight. I find my parents sitting on beanbags, their eyes glued to their phones.

"Ahem." I tried to get their attention. They didn't answer.

"Um... Mom? Dad?" Mom glanced up, and Dad nodded.

"So... I've been meaning to tell you something..." I paused, looking for their approval for me to keep going. They didn't answer. "So, last night when we got home, I got a phone call from Rayna. She explained to me about a huge figure skating competition and that she had already signed me up for it. She wants me

to participate in it, and-

"Wait, WHAT?!" Mom hopped up from her seat, and Dad jumped.

"Sweety, how many times have we asked you not to sign up for anything we haven't given you permission for?" My dad asked.

"I know! It wasn't intentional! I don't even want to go to this competition! Rayna signed me up without telling me anything beforehand!" I explained.

"Oh, that's okay." My mom responded. I could tell she wasn't interested anymore.

"So... am I doing it?" I asked, hoping for a no.

"Yes sweetie! Of course! What did you expect? This is a wonderful opportunity for you to show the world your talent!" Mom beamed. She went on and on about how proud she was to have such a "talented daughter".

"But it's a lot of work, mom! I still have to come up with a good choreography and practice! I'm not in shape for a competition like that! Besides! I still have my regular skating classes and my regular competition skating practices. And all of this is piling up with my busy schedule!"

"Oh, you'll do fine." Mom assured me. And she went back to looking at her phone.

After a few days of thinking about it, there are actually a few ways of getting out of this. I could fake an injury, pretend to be sick, resign and quit myself without telling anyone, pretend to lose my ice skates, etc. So I decided to come up with Plan A. Faking an injury. I know I sound super desperate to get out of this, but it's not being I hate skating. I actually really love skating, and it's been my passion for 7 years. It's because I'm not prepared and I'm going to make a total fool out of myself once I get out on that rink to perform some lousy routine in front of a million people. And I just don't think I'm good enough for huge competitions. I've been competing for quite a while now, so it might be a little strange for me to get so hyped up about this. This is different. It's not what I'm used to, and if I'd been informed earlier, I would have more time to think it through and come up with something. *I'll probably ask my skating coach for help with a choreography. Pffft. Like she has spare time in her busy life to help me with some dumb competition I got unintentionally brought into.*

I called Rayna and hoped for her to answer.

"Hello?" I heard her answer.

"Hi Rayna, It's Catherine. So I've been thinking about the competition and I've decided that-

"So you're going? Yippee! That's great! I know you'll be awesome!" She hung up.

I tried calling her a few times, but it led me to the annoying "automatic voice message". *Sigh.* So that didn't work. I guess I'm faking an injury then.

On the way back from school, I decided to come up with a plan. I would pretend that I tripped over the curb and sprained my ankle. Typical. It wouldn't be too hard to believe. And I wouldn't need to go to the doctor either.

Ding Dong. I rang the doorbell, and as I waited for my mother to answer, I got

positioned and ready. Mom opened the door.

"Ouch! Mom! I think I sprained my foot!" I flinched and held my foot, pretending to be in pain. I tilted my body in an uncomfortable and awkward angle.

"Oh! Are you sure you did? What happened?" She asked. She seemed to be buying it. Hm. I never knew acting was so easy. Or my mom is just too dumb to realize I'm really just tricking her.

"I tripped over the curb!" I told her.

"How many times have we told you not to walk on the edge of the curb?" Mom looked at me sternly. This was definitely working.

"It was an accident!" I yelled. "Now can you please let me come inside?" I asked. Mom opened the door and with one foot, I hopped inside.

Mom let me sit on the sofa and prepared me a snack. She took a look at my foot.

"It doesn't look too bad. It's not swollen or anything. It looks fine. You'll still be able to participate in the competition right?" She asked.

"No! Mom! It's the worst thing for a figure skater to be skating in any condition where their foot is injured! Have you learned nothing over these years?" I realized that I was yelling a bit, and I calmed myself down. I was just getting frustrated that this plan wasn't working.

Over the next few days, my parents were starting to notice that the injury wasn't real. They brought it up to me during dinner time, and I lied. I eventually gave up on faking an injury and confessed that I just didn't want to compete and there was no way out of it.

Oh wait! There was still a way! I could just resign myself! I did a little bit of research about the competition and called their number. I asked them about resigning, and they told me that I would have to fill out a form. *What? Why would I need a form just to resign? Huh. Whatever.* Unfortunately, Rayna caught me trying to resign while I was filling out the form and she stopped me.

"Look, Catherine. It may seem like we're forcing you into this, but really this is a great opportunity to show everyone your amazing talent! You are great! Honestly!" Rayna told me.

"You sound like my mom." I replied. She laughed. "But I seriously don't think I can do it. I'll make a fool of myself. Besides, I'm not even that good."

"Really, Catherine? Really. You. Think. You. Are. Not. Good?" Rayna breathed. "Come on! At least give it a go! Believe in yourself! If you believe that you can do it, you will be able to!"

That night, I layed on my bed and thought about what Rayna had told me earlier. *Maybe I should at least try. It's not like I'll win or anything, but if everyone really thinks I can do it, I'll give it a go.* I thought.

I woke up the next morning feeling up and ready to start working on my routine. I biked to the skating rink, and got dressed. Warming up, I did some

simple moves and skated around the rink. Just last week, I perfected my double axel, which my coach says that usually takes skaters years to perfect, and that I was really young to be learning such advanced moves. I was alone for 30 minutes, practicing a series of tricky turns, leaps, jumps, and transitions. My coach, April Beckett, came in and told me how well I was doing.

"So why are you here today? Did you come for an extra skating class?" She asked me.

"No, I'm trying to get some extra practice for a huge competition that's coming up in the summer." I told her.

"Oh! That's cool, which competition?" Coach Beckett questioned.

"National Skating Championship."

Coach Beckett asked me if I needed any help, and I told her that I would need some help coming up with a good choreography and I needed some extra practice with skating. She offered to help me, which was a surprise, because Coach Beckett doesn't usually fit extra events into her busy schedule.

I spent hours that day working on choreographing a routine to perform. Coach Beckett helped me perfect new tricks and leaps. After 5 hours, I got 4 counts of 8 done. It's not much, but it's progress. At least we had something. We spent a lot of time coming up with a good routine and incorporating complicated moves to show technique.

By the end of the day, I was soaked with sweat. I grabbed my sports bag with clammy hands, and walked out the creaky wooden doors. I noticed that the old doors had paint peeling off, and one of the hinges started to come off. As I entered the outside world, a familiar scent of grilled cheese sandwiches inflamed my nostrils. I was ready to head home, for I had spent my entire Saturday from 7:00am to 6:00pm at the rink, only stopping for short snacks and lunch.

Pulling out my mother's old flip phone, I dialed her number. She answered, and told me that she would be there in 5 minutes. The next few weekends I spent fully at the skating rink, improving and learning more each day. Finally, I was ready. I had made some changes and perfected my routine and I was confident that I would be great on stage.

One week until the competition, and I was feeling confident. Until I found out who I was competing against. I browsed through the National Skating Championships website and browsed through the contestants. Ellie Lewandowski. I gasped. Ellie was attending this competition? There was no way I would win if that girl was competing. No matter what, Ellie always gets her way, even if that means cheating and lying. Ever since I was 3 years old, Ellie had always been my arch nemesis. We hated each other all of our lives, and that's not going to change. Her name means "kind and gentle" which is the exact opposite of what she actually is.

Ellie had figured out that I was competing in the National Skating Championship as well. At school, she would always try to discourage me, as if I wasn't discouraged enough. She was like a pesky mosquito bugging you on a humid day.

"Hey, you!" The snotty voice of Ellie Lewandowski entered my ears. I turned around.

"You know I'm going to win right? And I'm not going to let some pathetic loser steal my spotlight." She did one of those "annoying sassy hair flips" in perfect unison with her 2 dim-witted minions. All they did was agree with everything Ellie agreed with.

Rayna tells me not to care what Ellie says. I know I shouldn't, but for some reason I can't help thinking about it. Should I really quit because Ellie Lewandowski tells me I should and I'm not good enough? *No. I shouldn't think what that snotty brat tells me I am, because I'm not. I am and will beat her in that competition in 3 days, I have to.*

Mom dropped me off in front of the immense building standing in front of me. *Inhale. Exhale.* I walked inside the wide echoing halls up to the front desk. An elderly lady with a thick layer of makeup lowered her glasses and looked up at me.

"Name." She mumbled in her monotone voice.

"Catherine Jensen." I heard my shaky voice reply.

"Dressing room 43." The lady pointed to the left.

I thanked her and left to find my dressing room. Coach Beckett was already there, chatting with my mother, and Rayna waved to me. I was shocked that she had come too. I joined them. I got changed into my sparkly costume and went to go find a practice room. Surprisingly, there was a large rink for skaters to warm up in. I went over my routine a few times, just to make sure I remembered all of the transitions, leaps, and twirls that Coach Beckett had helped me with. I had the whole rink to myself for about 10 minutes before Princess Glitter walked in. Her costume was stunning. She would have a much better chance of winning over the judges than I would have with my hand me down costume.

"Why are the you here?" Ellie pointed at me with her sparkling fake nails. "Um, are you going on stage like that?" Ellie laughed.

"Yeah. At least I don't look like unicorn throw up." I snapped back. "Like seriously. I think that's just too much." I pointed at her sparkly hair, jewelry, and nails.

"Hmph. Well, I didn't get mine from a trash dump." And she stepped onto the rink.

I watched her skate for half an hour. Her routine was outstanding, though her technique didn't beat mine. *She probably got a lot of help from her coach, while I only learned steps and choreographed most of my dance.*

"Why are you staying here?" Ellie asked me. "You should really quit you know." She looked me up and down.

"No." I stood there firmly. After a few seconds of glaring, I left the rink. I couldn't find my parents.

"Mom? Coach Beckett?" I called. I couldn't find my way back to my dressing

room! What was I going to do?

"Oh! I know where they are! We share the same dressing room, right?" Ellie's fake sweet voice answered me. Without knowing whether or not she shared a dressing room with me, I nodded. "Yes."

"Yeah, I know where they are. In fact, I just passed them." She smiled.

Ellie wasn't being herself, maybe she was actually being nice for once. She waved her hand over and I followed. I mean, what's the worst that could happen? I was so surprised that Ellie was actually being kind to me. "Here they are!" She smiled. I looked around, confused. She had led me into a dark cellar, and my parents and coach weren't here. Before I could process what was happening, I heard a slam and watched as Ellie waved her perfect fingers at me as she locked the cellar door.

I ran to the door, banging and calling for help. I tried several times to unlock the door with a bobby pin, but nothing worked.

"Rayna!" I yelled. "Rayna!!! Can you hear me?" I waited for an answer. And of course, I didn't have a reply. My flip phone was dead, and I had no way of getting out. I checked my watch. *Oh darn! I'll be on stage in 30 minutes! I haven't even got my makeup done yet!* I yelled in my head. I tried calling for Rayna, Mom and Coach Beckett for a few minutes, and I got no answer. I gave up.

"Catherine? Where are you?" I heard a familiar voice call. "You'll be on in 20 minutes! You haven't got your makeup and hair done!" It was Rayna.

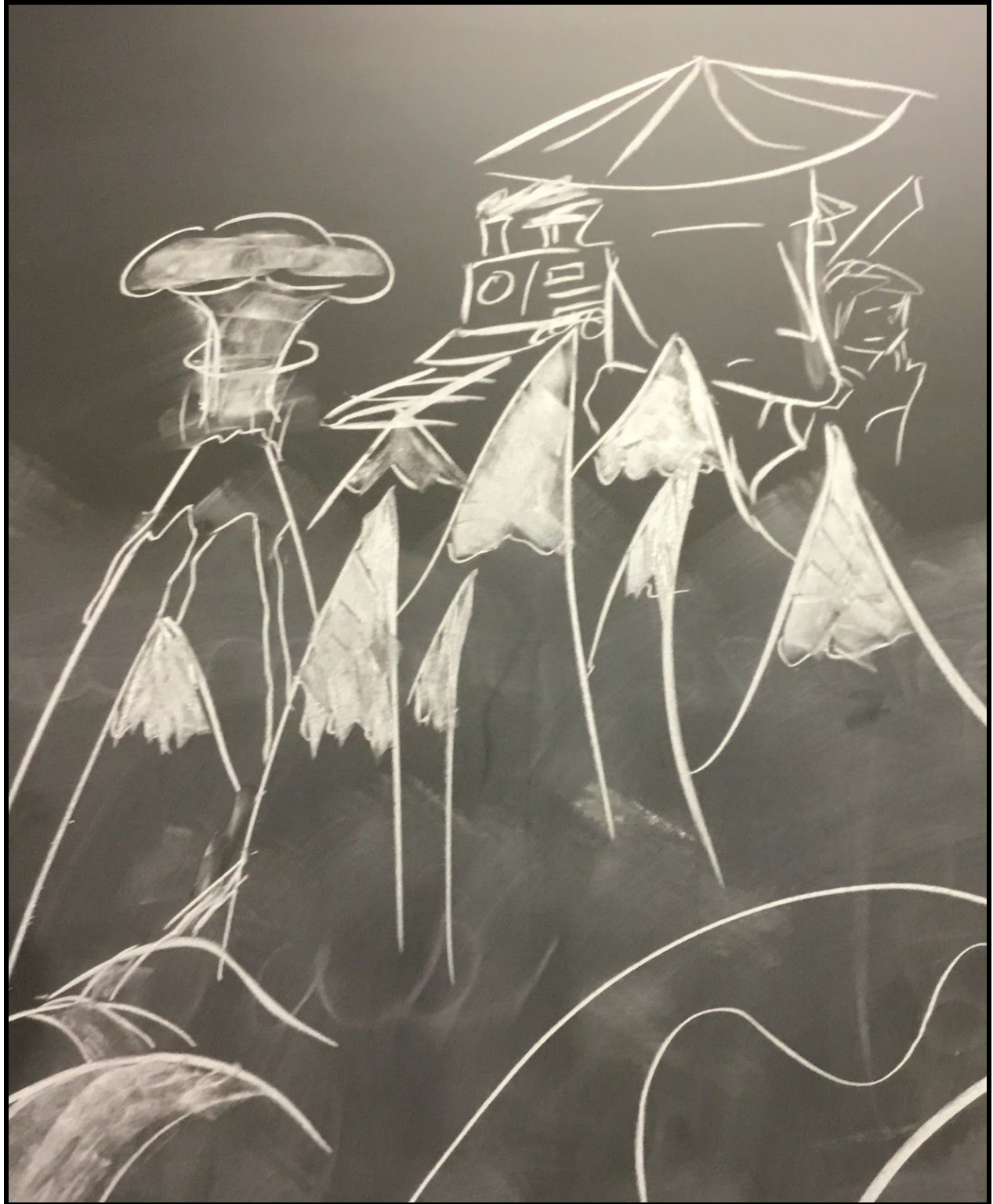
"I'm in here! Help! Rayna! I'm in here!" I yelled. Rayna bolted towards me and unlocked the door.

"Why are you in here?" She asked, puzzled.

"No time, it was Ellie." I told her and sprinted into my dressing room. Mom and Coach Becket were both looking for me as well. Mom and Rayna helped with my makeup as Coach Beckett worked with my hair.

"Catherine Jensen on stage in 3 minutes." A loud speaker called. I quickly entered into the backstage area and prepared myself. In no time, I was on stage. I performed my routine, and surprisingly, the judges loved it. I didn't trip or fall once, and my leaps and turns were clean.

I walked offstage when I finished, and watched the other performers. Ellie did well, but her leaps were a bit messy. When the competition was over, they announced the winners. I was freaked out and almost passed out when they announced that I was first. I had beaten Ellie! She had gotten 4th! A million thoughts were rushing in my mind as I received the large trophy I had won. I knew I could do it. All of this hard work was worth it. I've had an incredible journey the past few months doing what I love to do. To succeed, you have to believe in yourself, and you can do whatever you set your mind.



Ooh movie hype? ;;; yeeeeee!

Directions: Fill in all the blanks, and when the same number appears it should be the same word as the first time you wrote in that number. When an area like (64) shows up you write a sentence about what happened or what's going on. For the others it should be at least two words like *was tired*.

Lastly when a { / } comes up delete the option that is not what you want. he/she>>>> Just (she) or (he) also. Have fun!

By

Ok so once there was a magical (1) it had HUGE (2) and {they/it} were very good for (3) things. All the (4) were SUPER (5) of {his/her} (2) because all the (4) had was their dumb old (6). To solve this the (4) kidnapped the (1) and started ripping of (1) (2) and throwing them into a (7) bucket. (1) now just looked like a (8). Afterwards {he/she} was thrown into a dump, that was (9) and (10). This was an easy case. The (1) escaped by (11), and was freed into a large area of (12). For the (1) this was (13). {he/she} (14) through the (12) for (15) and (15) and (15) until... {he/she} saw something} the (1) was super (17) and was wondering what the (18) <[animal/person] was doing all the way out here. To {his/her} surprise the (18) said "what brings you here, {Mr/Miss} (1)?" "You look rather (19)" The (1) told the (20) (18) about how {he/she} was kidnapped stolen from, and escaped from the trash piles. They replied by saying (21). To be continued...

By: Anne Gardner



Here's a beach... and a Carrot... By: Anne Gardner

History behind St. Patrick's Day

Have you ever wondered about the day of green? Why was it made? I will tell you about it. St. Patrick's Day is celebrated annually on March 17, the anniversary of his death in the fifth century. The Irish have observed this day as a religious holiday for over 1,000 years. On St. Patrick's Day, which falls during the Christian season of Lent, Irish families would traditionally attend church in the morning and celebrate in the afternoon. Lenten prohibitions against the consumption of meat were waived and people would dance, drink and feast on the traditional meal of Irish bacon and cabbage. About the

shamrock it also has a past and this is it. Saint Patrick, who lived during the fifth century, is the patron saint and national apostle of Ireland. Born in Roman Britain, he was kidnapped and brought to Ireland as a slave at the age of 16. He later escaped, but returned to Ireland and was credited with bringing Christianity to its people. In the centuries following Patrick's death (believed to have been on March 17, 461), the mythology surrounding his life became ever more ingrained in the Irish culture: Perhaps the most well known legend is that he explained the Holy Trinity (Father, Son and Holy Spirit) using the three leaves of a native Irish clover, the shamrock. There is a lot to tell about about the history of St. Patrick's Day but that will have to wait till another day.

SnowDapple

Prologue

Bazil gazed down at her newly hatched chicks, their little brown feathers looked just like hers. All but one of her chicks had blue eyes, she'd wondered how that one had gotten green eyes. No one in the family *had* that color of eyes. She still felt that the owlet was different than the rest, other than the green eyes, what could it be? She stared up at Bazil, and as soon as those jade eyes met with hers, she knew she was special.

Chapter 1

SnowDapple soared across the sky, feeling the wind pushing hard against her wings that struggled to keep her balanced. She stared down at the mouse that scurried across the green grass, the flowers pushing against its body. She swooped down, her feet out ready to strike.

She felt the warm blood of her dinner splatter onto her toes as her talons dug deep into its body. SnowDapple knew she had a few hours left until she *had* to be home, or her chicks would starve.

When she reached the branch leading to the rundown inside of a tree house, she spotted a tiny chick sitting outside of the nest, ready to jump.

"Oh, Twilight no!" SnowDapple barreled over to the owlet and fell at its side. "You don't know how to fly yet baby cakes."

"We were wondering where you were." Twilight stared up at her with those same big green eyes she had.

"I know you were but..." SnowDapple spotted a small grey owlet standing on the side where part of the tree house was missing. "Jasper!" She gasped.

She snatched the mouse from the side and placed it in the nest.

Twilight, Jasper and Oliver all began to peck at their dinner.

As they finished, the owlets settled in the nest made with twigs. SnowDapple scoffed down the rodent, then laid beside her chicks, closing her eyes slowly.

SnowDapple was staring at a body that laid on the floor, dead. It looked like her, but smaller. Beside the owl, was a puddle. She knew she wasn't alone when she spotted the wolf right behind her. She whipped around, startled by what she'd seen. But nothing was there, nothing except the darkness that led to endless fear.

When she stared back into the puddle, the wolf was still there, tearing at her neck. She felt the pain and wished it would end, but she couldn't do anything about it because the beast wasn't there in reality. SnowDapple suddenly felt an odd sensation of tiredness. Maybe her blood was half gone now.

SnowDapple stepped into the puddle in hopes of the wolf leaving her. Instead, the ground began to crack underneath her, the water fell down the hole, along with grass and dirt. She felt the air blowing hard against her wings. The black darkness under her was frightening, it seemed as though it would never end. As she closed her eyes, accepting her fate something soft and warm wrapped itself around her.

She opened her eyes to see a mysterious black figure, SnowDapple had no idea what it was. She had realized they were standing on solid ground, her surroundings were rather pretty. The white butterflys soared in the sky, occasionally landing in some purple flowers. There was a little pond that twinkled against the sunlight. The turf laid perfectly across the ground, like a carpet made from grass. It came to her feel that, maybe she was dreaming. But who was the black figure? It was bright enough that anyone should be able to see it. If only she had the nerves to ask.

What are you?

It sounded rude, her mother had always taught her to speak kindly, asking something like, *what are you*, would be terribly offensive. Though, somehow she managed to ask it in a way that sounded okay.

"Who are you?"

Suddenly, a wide smile spread across its face, but all she saw was that smile, not its eyes, not its arms, nothing. Just the smile.

"You'll find out sooner or later." Its voice soothed her, if a rose could speak, then that is how her voice was.

SnowDapple was speechless, all she was able to get out was, "I- uh- gu- bu-" No full words.

She began to notice that the figure and the world around her was dissolving into nothingness. She was alone, alone except for the black darkness surrounding her like a hungry pack of wolves.

SnowDapple glanced down expecting to see her feet, but there was nothing, she realized she wasn't alone because, she wasn't there.

"Shhhh!" A tiny voice hissed.

"I'm bein' quiet, you're the one stomping like an elephant!" Another small voice squealed.

"Look who's talkin'!"

"Excuse me?"

"We are tryin' to do sompin' nice for mom!"

SnowDapples eyes shot open immediately.

"Great!" Twilight frowned. "You woke mamma up!"

"Elephant feet!" Jasper growled.

"Smelly face!" Twilight stomped.

"Hey!" She hissed. "Guys, What were you doing?"

"We were *going* to hunt for you but Jasper was stomping like an elephant!" Twilight shot a dirty look at her brother.

"Well I don't want you guys hunting alone anyway." SnowDapple waved them back to their nest.

"But we are that age now and you *still* haven't taught us." Oliver wined.

"Yeah!" The other two agreed.

"Haven't you ever heard the saying, mother knows best?" She smiled.

"Grr!" Twilight frowned. "I hate when you say that!"

"Well I hate when you're disobedient." SnowDapple sat beside them.

I'll teach them in the morning.

Chapter 2

"Yeah like that." SnowDapple watched as Twilight spread her wings, crouched by the edge of their tree house.

She jumped and fell out of her sight, fear was whispering to her, *she's dead, it's all your fault, the chick wasn't ready.*

SnowDapple ran to the side, preparing herself for what she'd see. Beneath her a small chocolate brown owl was soaring towards her, green eyes shining with pride.

She let out a sigh of relief as her chick fluttered to the nearest branch. Twilight quavered in delight resting her arms neatly along her side.

As Jasper's turn arrived she still had that nervous feeling in the pit of her stomach. She knew that Twilight had made it, so surely he should too, but still, that feeling felt as if her insides were being torn out.

Again, fear muttered. *You fool, how dare you let him go, he's not ready, Twilight's success was just pity from me. Do you really think I'll let this one live too? He will die, don't let him go, stop him! Stop him now!*

SnowDapple hesitated.

Do you want him to die?!

Her heart was like a hammer in her chest, her breathes were quinnnckening.

Don't you remember what happened last time you ignored me?

She gulped, as she was taken back in time. SnowDapple found herself flashing back to her first flight. She watched as her little tail wiggled in the air and her wings were spread out ready to jump. She was falling, and SnowDapple heard her mother's unsteady heartbeat. Basil hopped off the side of the branch, and dove down where SnowDapple was flapping her wings, trying to save herself.

Come on SnowDapple, I told you not to jump, why'd you jump, why'd you disobey? I thought we were friends.

Her mother rapped her wings around her body and flipped herself upside down. Her back hit the floor, a loud crack sounded, and her wings slipped off her side and into the grass.

"Mom!" The chick squealed terrified.

Look what you did, this is your fault! You murdered your mother.

Jasper hopped from the side.

Again, you didn't listen.

Without hesitation SnowDapple sprinted to the edge and jumped. Her wings were struggling to keep her balanced, but Jasper needed her, her *baby* needed her.

Does he need you?

"Don't worry Jasper mamma's comin'!" She called through the wind howling in her ears.

"What?!" Jasper glanced over his shoulder. "No no no! I don't need help!" He thrashed his wings up and down, twisted his tail trying to turn but nothing happened.

"Jasper, let me help you." SnowDapple watched her struggling chick.

"No!" He panted. "I don't want help, I wanna do it by myself!"

She sped past him, her talons out ready to land. As her feet hit the grass she whipped her head around, fear was clouding Jasper's eyes.

Are you gonna help him or what?

SnowDapple held out her wings knowing that was the only thing left to do.

"Keep flapping Jasper!" She ordered him.

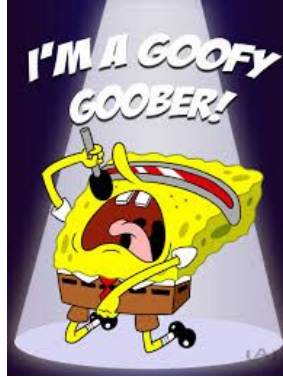
Jasper.

A poem about Life.

**Roses are red violets are not blue there violet duh
And smurfs are blue and can possibly live in your own
Slushies are blue and red and rainbow but smurfs will always be blue.
Thank you and goodnight - Megan is signing off
I'm blue 2**

St. Patrick's Day

St. Patrick's Day
St. Patrick's Day is celebrated with school
But leprechauns are pretty cool
We might find gold coins
Or at dinner, loins
For St. Patrick's Day is fun
And we get lucky till we can't see the sun
We go out and buy
Decorations for a little guy
If your not wearing green
Watch out, you might get pinched



Take the quiz, are you a goofy goober?

Do you have the common urge to say oof very loudly? 1pt

Do you watch spongeBob 24/7? 10pts

Are you yellow? 5pts

Do you know the theme song? 100pts

You must have at least 100 points to succeed

Sneak Peek to Fantasy Girl

Who knew that being a person could be so hard? Well, for some people. I mean, when you get a little older, or when you can talk, your parents don't just come in and tell you that life is hard. For people like Stephanie Walker, well, they obviously haven't learned the true meaning of life.

Who wouldn't love to live such a perfect life like her. Strutting down the hallway, flicking your hair, chewing your gum, and everyone is staring at you, admiring the way that your new designer purse matches your outfit, and how your new mascara makes your eyes pop. That would be just amazing. Pain is like another universe for her. And I wish it were for me too.

I am the lonely one, you know, the one who presses her hands against the window when she's riding the bus and doesn't talk to anyone. An Oh, nothing much, don't mind me person. If you are me, I bet that you would be wondering why you were ever born. With no friends, or anybody caring to aid you, you basically don't have a life. I have never been invited to a party before, or had fun. I don't even know what fun is. Because I have never experienced it.

There are many stories that include the lesson: It is okay to be different. I just wish that was true, but apparently it isn't. In the stories, the others accept someone for who they are, but that's never going to happen with me.

I mean, who wants to accept a shorty? A nerd? Well, that's a whole other story. Since my mom divorced with my dad, everything has been harder than it was before.

Now I have a new mother. She is not fun. In fact, I would call her the opposite of fun. My stepmother's a witch. She even looks like a witch. She has long choppy brown hair which she dyed on an ugly

shade of dark purple. Her legs are extremely long and skinny, and she has big feet. She has ugly pimples over her face and is always pursing her lips. I have never met somebody so cruel. Honestly, it's impossible for me to imagine her looking or at least trying to look happy. I didn't even know somebody could be so cruel. Even in the books, a person as evil as my stepmother is as rare as snow in midsummer, which is like, exceedingly rare.

One night, my stepmother had tricked me into sleeping in the basement. Our basement has had many issues since I moved. Spiders everywhere, cockroaches, mold, stink, the floors were unstable, and the ceiling always looked like it was going to fall. My stepmother had told me she was going to surprise me. I was eager, because I rarely had surprises. At the time, I had barely knew my stepmother, and I didn't know how evil she was. She gave me some candy, and there were a bunch of notes leading towards the basement door. I opened the door.

"Um... is the surprise in the basement?" I had asked. I started to get a bit suspicious.

"Yes dearie! The basement is fixed now! We hired a professional and everything is fine." My stepmom smiled sweetly.

Something about how weirdly nice her voice was didn't fit. Before I could give a further thought, my stepmother shoved me in, and slammed the door. She locked it.

Chapter 1

The following morning I returned to school again. Usually, I would have liked that, because school is enjoyable for me. Well, the learning part of it, not the bullies, sassy girls, and gym part.

Gym is absolutely dreadful for me. While for others it is their favorite, for me, it is my least favorite. I like math, and science. Because they are both so interesting. Science is a world of investigation. There are mysteries and the unknown is always out there. I like science, because it's unlimited. Math is an extraordinary

subject, because I love solving problems. Especially hard logical ones. They are just so out there. They make me think in a way I love, and it trains my brain.

Others think it twists their minds. To those people, personally, I think they're insane. But then, I guess to other people, I am insane. I am pretty used to it now, so I don't really mind.

Anyway, I wasn't looking forward to going to school today, because my stepmother was the substitute teacher for science. Great. I thought. My favorite subject is taught by a witch today. How could I be happy about that?

I wish mom were still here... not like she cared for me that much either, or else I would have known what it felt like to have fun, or have a caring mom. But she was better...

My thoughts trailed off as the bus halted abruptly at my stop. I stepped on, slowly, with my head down.

The bus driver just grunted and frowned at me. Even he knew I was different, and I guess that's what everyone wants to avoid.

I sat down at seat number D3, like I always do, and stared out the window. Like I always do. I always feel so lonely. But I try to hide it, and I guess that works, because nobody ever notices. Or it's because they just never noticed me, in general. How I knew that, is because what happened almost the second after I sat down.

A girl with puffy brown hair plopped down next to me and dropped her backpack onto me, as if I wasn't there. I always thought I was invisible, and I guess that's the proof.

"Oops! Sorry! Didn't see you there! Do you usually ride this bus?" She asked.

"Yeah..." I murmured, offended but not at the same time that she had not noticed me.

"Oh! Are you new?" She smiled.

"No..." I muttered and looked down. I was trying to avoid her gaze.

"Really? I have never seen you before!"

She was really getting on my nerves now. I took a deep breath.

I didn't say anything.

"Well, why haven't I seen you here before?" She asked. I sort of wish she didn't talk to me.

"Um... that's because... uh... nobody ever really notices me..." I paused, realizing what I was about to say. The moment was pretty perplexing for a shy and unnoticeable person like me.

"Why?" The girl asked. Geez, why is she in my business so much? What if I don't want to say why?

"Because... um... of how Uh, different... I am... and... some people avoid me... and... yeah." I stuttered, whispering quietly and looked down. I usually don't tell people why they have never seen me before, even though I rode this bus since kindergarten. I mean, it's kind of awkward if you really think about it that way.

"Oh! I'm sorry... I didn't mean to offend... you." The girl looked nervous, as if she didn't know what was the right thing to say. I could tell she was feeling uncomfortable and uneasy.

"My name is Marla by the way. Marla Chevoski."

If I had to spend the rest of my life in a library, a museum or a zoo I would live in the zoo because in the zoo I could see the animals and each day they will act differently. But in a library all you can do is read and I hate reading. And In a museum you will just get bored of seeing the same old things. Plus at a zoo you can interact with the animals unlike at a library where you can't even talk at all. Now that would suck. That is why I would rather live at the zoo than at a museum or a library.

SPICY CUPCAKE

