

## A Day in the Life of Kelly Fredericks

(Middle School Fiction)

It was that time of year again, and we all knew it. The second month of winter, when the trees are barren, and the wind nips at your nose, and if someone says the word Christmas you feel like screaming long and loud. In fact, that's what I'm doing right now. Yes, I, Kelly Fredericks, am screaming.

If you actually knew me, it might sound crazier than it does now. In fact, you probably think I'm crazy right now. That's what most of the kids call me, so I'm used to names like that. Don't sweat it. Anyway, the Principal is staring at me like I ate a water buffalo, so I guess maybe screaming isn't the best idea. I know you're thinking, 'What the heck are you doing in the Principal's office?' so I might as well get it over with.

I stole a kid's lunch money. Well, rephrase that. I "borrowed" a kid's lunch money. I had every intention of giving it back, but the kid just started yelling at me. Sheesh! And all I had wanted was to get it straight which President was on the quarter. There was a quiz on George Washington today, so I wanted to make sure it was he. You never know what type of question your English teacher will ask you. So of course, everyone sided with the kid's story over mine. Good grief, he's in the first grade!

Well, I guess now I can join all the troublemakers in detention this afternoon. Imagine! Detention, all for a misunderstanding. Oh, well. At least it's not like I have to clean the

bathrooms or anything, 'cause that would be gross. Strike that, apparently I do! Man, that principle is out to get me! No use in arguing, I suppose. They would just give me more detention time. I was lucky they had only given me 30 minutes. I Guess cleaning the bathrooms isn't really that bad of a punishment, I mean, this being my first time getting detention, I had always thought that you had to fix a bunch of electrical wires and gadgets, but now I can see how silly that was.

Mom is going to kill me when she hears about this. I can already predict our conversation:

Mom: Kelly, I got a call from the principal. I'm very disappointed in you for stealing a kid's lunch money. A girl of your age should know better! You are grounded from video games for three weeks.

Me: But mom-

Mom: No buts about it, Kelly. Now go to your room.

Yep, that sounds like mom all right. The Principal finished her lecture, and is waving me out the door. Detention, here I come. All the kids are watching me like I'm on my way to the gallows to be hung. I grimly give them a half smile and then rush down the halls only to bump into the Vice Principal, Mr. Roach. I have always felt bad for him, with the unfortunate last name and all, since it is definitely an easy target for teasing. We both exchange smiles.

"Kelly, right?" I nod. "I'm sorry you have to serve detention, but our choices trigger consequences. Although something tells me that your decision is not all that it seems, am I right?" I stare at him, dumbfounded. How did he know? I was getting a little creeped out, so I hurriedly said, "Well, you never know these days. I need to go *now*. G'Bye Mr. Roach!"

I run down the halls, careful not to run into any of the kids. I dragged open the heavy brown door, leading to the detention room. A thin middle-aged woman glared at me, and said sharply, “So, Miss Fredericks, you decided to join us after all. That’s a half hour of lunchtime detention tomorrow.” I sigh and put down my backpack. Mrs. Andrews glared at me, and began her long, droning, never ending lecture.

I had a sickening feeling I was going to hear an exact replica of it from my dad. Huh, last time I got that lecture I was five and had just gotten in trouble for pushing a kid off the big slide in the park two blocks from our house. I had to use my allowance for the next three years to pay a *large* portion of the medical bills, since the wimp had broken his arm. Never going to forget that one.

Finally, Mrs. Andrews is done with her “*speech of doom*”. She handed me a mop, and a bucket of water. “Kelly, you are to clean the girls’ bathroom. And I don’t want to see you cutting corners, got it?” I glumly nodded, and dragged myself through the long, empty hallway. Thank goodness there were only three stalls in the bathroom, so the job only took about twenty minutes.

I dashed outside and hopped onto the late bus to go home. I looked out the window to see a kid running, trying (and failing miserably) to catch the bus. The poor guy was too late. I watched him slump his shoulders in despair whilst putting up his umbrella. Then, the bus turned and I couldn’t see the school anymore.

I sighed and retrieved my iPod from my backpack to listen to a few selections of calming music. I took out my ear buds a few minutes later, grabbed my backpack, and dashed out of the bus onto my street. When I got home, as I expected, I got the anticipated conversation with my mom, and the lecture from my dad. I dragged myself upstairs, and sat on my bed. I smiled. Wait 'til they hear about detention for tomorrow.

The End