

Home Again

By Chloe K. and Campbell O.

Hello, my name is Susan Hatch. I am 12 years old and live in Milwaukee, Wisconsin with my mom. I have one older sister who goes to Edgewood College in Madison. She visits us on holidays or tries to. My dad is in the military and I haven't seen him in two years. I have a pet hamster named Beonete. I call her Beo. She makes a great companion on rainy days, especially when mom has to work late at the hospital. Anyway, today is my first day at Oakwood Middle School. I'm anxious to start today. I hop on the bus and a mean girl starts teasing me for my red hair. "Look at the little strawberry," she says in a really mean tone. "My name is Susan, and I'm not a strawberry," I say in a voice too weak to be heard, or I thought it was too weak. "Well my name is Clarise, and you are a Strawberry," she snaps back. Some people laugh, others stay quiet. I decide to avoid Clarise and find a seat in the back of the bus. When we arrive at school, I try to avoid Clarise and head to room 188 and try to blend in with the other 6th graders. I sit at a desk in the front of the room. No one bothers to sit next to me, "the new girl". As the tardy bell rings, Clarise runs to the room at full speed. "Clarise please take your seat and get comfortable with after-school detention!" Mrs. Sullivan says in her nicest voice. Clarise grunts and finds a seat at the back of the room. I could tell that she was going to be trouble. After 6 exhausting classes on the most boring subjects in the world, I hop back on the bus, exhausted and ready to go home. Luckily Clarise had detention, so I was free, for a while anyway. As I get off the bus, a boy named Billy calls my name, "Yo Susan!" he calls from the back of the bus," or should I say STRAWBERRY!" he made me feel worse every second. When I arrive at my small apartment, a small note from my mom is pasted on the door. "*Gotta work late, dinner in the Crockpot. Xoxoxo, Mom*" I grab my key out of my backpack and head inside. Safe at last!! I rush to the pantry, grab my cookies, and dive into my favorite book, The House on Meadow Lane. An hour later my stomach starts to growl, so I go see what's in the crockpot. I discover a decent meal of chicken curry. Just after I poured my bowl, I spot something on our table and go see what it is. I suddenly discover something horrible on our large brown table. A state bill stating that we are not passing for owners of our apartment lays on the table. Reading the last part makes me sweat. "You must pay \$2,000 to the bank by 8/24/19 or you will lose your house." "Tomorrow" a voice echoes through my head. I finish my curry and decide to go watch my favorite show, America's Best Bakers. I try to watch the episode "Wedding Cake" but the word tomorrow keeps playing in my head. Finally, two hours thinking about the bill, Mom comes home. "Hey Mom!" I ask quietly, "What's this?" I point at the bill on the table. "Our ticket to moving," she solemnly says. "Where will we go now?" I ask in a trembling voice. "Well," mom starts to say, "I saw this really cute farm for sale," she says with confidence. I grunt and storm back to my room. I tried to get rid of all the bad feelings with a blast of my favorite tunes, but it doesn't help. The next day, Mom lets me stay home from school and start on packing. I start grabbing my things and stuff them in a

small suitcase. I stop when I see a picture of me and my dad holding hands and mango ice cream at the park. Silent tears were swelling up in my eyes and flowing down like a river. I slowly pack up my things. Once everything was packed up, I head to the car while a worker drives our U-Haul truck. Ten minutes later, we arrive at our farm, cows block our path. Mom has to honk her horn to get the cows to move. Moments later we arrive at a house. I stare at the two-story house. "Wow," I say, still staring in awe. Mom guides me to my room, and I start unpacking. I get Beo from the car and set her in her cage. Moments later I hear a knock on the door. "Probably just a worker," I told Beo. Beo scuttled around in her cage just like when Dad was here. I heard a voice just like my Dad's. I run down and see my dad! I start to cry, and then I jump into his arms. We both cry tears of joy on each other and I him everything he missed. "Maybe this place isn't so bad after all" I think and keep hugging him. I just can't stop crying! When we finally stop my sister Silvia steps in the living room. I enclose them both in a giant hug. I've never felt happier in my life.