

Elizabeth S.

## The Contest

“Come on! You know I can’t,” I said to my friend Sophie.

“You really should Maisy,” Sophie reassured me, “since you’re so great at writing this contest will be a breeze!”

“I know, but I’m way too shy to share my writing,” I laughed uneasily.

Then we heard high heels and fans shouting “Mackenzie! Will you autograph my math test?” “Please sit with me at lunch Mackenzie!” “Hey losers! Going to try out for the competition?”

That wasn’t a fan. It was Mackenzie Riches! She always teases me! “My mom’s getting some professional author to write a story for me! So, don’t try to enter *Maisy Mouse*,” she snarled.

*Maisy Mouse* was the name of a popular character from a series of book and T.V. shows. She always called me that! “Mackenzie, you can’t cheat. It’s against the rules!”

“Oh yes I can! If you are rich, beautiful, and popular, then you can cheat whenever you want!” yelled Mackenzie. Then, she kicked me, pretty hard too.

Ms. Randy, the yard teacher, came over and started shouting at me for yelling at Mackenzie. She also yelled at me for ‘physically harming’ another student, whatever that meant!

“But Mackenzie was yelling at me,” I stated.

“No, she wasn’t! You were yelling at her,” Ms. Randy boomed in her thundering voice. “If I ever see you do that again,” she threatened “you will be disqualified from the contest!” she echoed before walking off. Mackenzie had a huge smirk on her face. I wanted to rip that off so badly, and then throw it in a garbage disposal.

Mackenzie began to sneer, “See? Don’t enter, besides, my writing would win anyway! Hey, also, I would recommend you going to beauty parlor so you don’t look so hideous!” The other kids in the hall laughed, pointed, and snickered at me while Mackenzie shoved me into a locker.

“Ow!” I cried. Sophie ran over to help me up, “Oh, yikes,” Sophie said, “that’s going to leave a bruise!” I grabbed my backpack and slammed my locker shut. Sophie and I are neighbors so we ride our bikes home together most days. We also have bike races. But not this time. Today I went home heavy-hearted and slow.

When I shuffled through the door my mom greeted me. “Hi pumpkin! How was school?”

“Horrible,” I mumbled as I trudged to my room. Later, I heard a knock on my door. “Honey?” It was my mom, “What happened? Math grade? Detention? Left your homework here?”

“No, I actually remembered to bring my homework this time. Mackenzie teased me and said I shouldn’t enter the writing competition.”

“Don’t listen to her. You can do whatever you want, including entering the writing competition. Besides, I made you hot cocoa.” She cracked open my door and took a few steps in.

“Thanks,” I said as I took the mug and sipped. It made me feel a little better. My mom left and I began to think. *Maybe my mom was right. No one can tell me to enter or not enter the competition.* Before I knew it, I was at my desk writing a rough draft. When my mom called me to dinner, I was reluctant to leave my writing, I could almost hear Crystal Allen saying, “Write the best story you know you will ever write!” After dinner I went back to working on my writing.

The next morning, I went to turn my story in. I looked for Mackenzie but she was nowhere to be seen. Mackenzie was out sick! I yelled, “Yes!” Sophie

scurried over and asked what all the commotion was about. “Mackenzie is out sick,” I exclaimed.

“Woo-hoo!” Sophie shouted. “Wait! We shouldn’t be celebrating that she is sick!”

“Oh, you’re right,” I said. “I hope Mackenzie gets better and can attend school.”

“Agreed,” Sophie said.

Then we both giggled, “Fingers crossed!” and our giggles erupted into laughter. When we silenced our giggles, I said, “I think I’ll work on my story for a few more days. It’s also not due ‘til February 15<sup>th</sup>.”

“Great idea!” Sophie said.

It seemed as if just yesterday we had giggled about Mackenzie being sick by the time February 15<sup>th</sup> rolled around. I turned in my neatly typed paper to Mrs. Lemon (yes, that’s her real last name), the librarian. “Thank you, Maisy, this looks wonderful!”

“Thanks. I tried my best on it,” I answered. I felt good and confident about my writing. Sophie was outside the library waiting for me. “You did it?” she asked. “Yep!” I answered happily.

Mackenzie was prancing to the library. When she saw us she stopped dead in her tracks. “What books did you nerds get?” she sneered coldly.

“Actually, we didn’t get books. Maisy entered her story in the contest,” Sophie explained. Her jaw dropped open in disbelief while she thought of a snarky comment to embarrass us. We waited. Nothing. “Umm, umm,” she stammered. Still nothing. “Good luck!” we said cheerily as we skipped off.

A few weeks later, the principal made an announcement over the intercom. “Attention students and teachers, we now have the official writing contest winners!” A bunch of kids cheered. A couple of kids wished they had entered. Everyone was excited! “The winners are: Addison Thislel, Cammie Stone, Lizzy Lockwood, Kala Missie, Tom Thunder, Craig Davidson, Luke Maryland, and Mackenzie Riches!!” Everyone cheered and started chanting “Mackenzie! Mackenzie! Mackenzie!” I sighed in disappointment.

“Wait! Hold on! I misread the paper,” the principal interrupted. “Mackenzie was not a winner! The real winner is Maisy Lakes!!” A lot of people gasped and said, “Her?”.

I thought, “Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! No! They probably got the name wrong again!” But they didn’t. I had for real, absolutely won! It was so

exiting! All the stuff like the pizza lunch and dessert. But the best thing, was getting to meet my favorite author, Crystal Allen.