

Be a Buddy Not A Bully

By: Cameron W.

Have you ever been in something stressful and competitive? Well I have. My name is Charlotte Baxter and I love writing. When I grow up I want to be just like my favorite authors, Anne M. Marten and Raina Telgemier!

“And don’t forget your reading essay is due tomorrow,” my teacher Mrs. Scott said as everyone was walking out of the classroom.

Chic-Chic the janitor waked away from the bulletin board and looked at the paper. It said writing competition at Stoneyway High School. Will announce places at lunch.

I was so excited my hands were sweating and when I tried to grab the pen it just slipped out of my hands. Finally, I got ahold of the pen and wrote my name down. Then came my worst enemy Vanessa Willconson. “Hey nerd, are you seriously going to sign up?”

“Yeah why?”

“You know I’m going to win right?”

“Yeah sure you are,” I said as I turned around to walk away.

As soon as I got home I got to work. I had ideas popping into my head, and I was writing them down nonstop.

The next day there were 5 more people who signed up. I thought *oh boy this is going to be a competition.*

Then guess who was walking down the hall? Vanessa. Vanessa was not happy when she saw how many people signed up for the writing competition. She grabbed the pen and started crossing out names.

I said loudly, "Vanessa you have always gotten what you wanted and you always act like you're the boss of everyone!" I had no idea what I just said. I walked back slowly because she had a pinched up wrinkly face that was scary. Vanessa was about to scream but before she did I ran home as fast as I could. I was bawling when I got home. I told my mom what happened and she understood and let me stay home for the rest of the day.

I ran upstairs and sat at my writing desk. Then it came to me, the perfect story idea with the perfect title, Be a Buddy not a Bully. I could already tell what the story was going to be about. I was using my frustration with Vanessa and the story just wrote itself.

After I had started planning my story my mom called me down for lunch. As I walked downstairs my dog, Louie, jumped up and gave me lots of kisses.

"Louie down!"

Ruff Ruff.

I ran down the rest of the stairs. My mom and I sat down. She asked me a very awkward question at the time, "Why did you yell at Vanessa."

I replied, "Well I wanted everyone to get a chance to write a story like everyone else."

"OK, well did you get enough to eat?"

"Yes ma'am." Then I ran upstairs.

When I sat down I got an email that said, *this is a reminder to all students that all stories are due tomorrow*. Right then I got to work. A couple of hours later I finished my story and fell asleep. Beep beep. *Huh? I overslept.*

“Oh no!” I had to hurry. I got dressed, did my hair, and didn’t even get breakfast. Honk honk! “Oh no I better not be late for the bus.”

I rushed outside. Here’s my story Mrs. Chetwick.

“Okay thank you. We will announce places at lunch.”

Finally, it was time. Mrs. Chetwick announced fourth place, which was Lily Hamilton, third place, Rebecca Mack, second place, Vanessa Wilcoson, and first place, congratulations Charlotte Baxter.

“Good job Vanessa. Sorry about before.”

“It’s OK. I’m sorry too. Hey wait. Do you want to be friends?”

“It’s OK and I would love to be friends.”