

By: Ellie B.

I Hate Summer

I hate Summer. Everybody is so energetic and happy and bleh. They act like they are starring in a corny movie or something. And I am sick of it! Well, I used to be like the rest of them. I actually used to love Summer, but now it's *horrible*. And it's all *her* fault.

Oh, hi! My name is Avery Walker, and I live in Massachusetts. When I was eight, I met Ella Janssen. We immediately became fast friends: We both loved soccer, and we both teased each other. Fast forward a few years and now we're 14 and still best friends.

One day, in the middle of Summer, Ella and I went to get cream. We sat down at a table outside because it was so nice and Summer-ful that day. (Ew.) That day, our school posted a writing competition, and the winner would receive a grand prize of \$500. Ella left to use the bathroom, and I pulled out my computer and began to write a story about a girl who gets lost in the ocean and tries to survive. Soon, Ella comes up behind me and says, "Wow, that's really good! Can I read it?" Maybe there was too much Summer air in my brain, because I said yes, and I texted her my story when I was finished with it. If I knew that doing that would haunt me in the future, I never would have sent it to her in the first place.

A few months later, I was about to submit my book to the judges, but then I decided to look at my competition. There were a lot of good stories there, and I felt intimidated. I was about to leave the school website when something caught my eye.

Lost At Sea

By Ella Janssen

Lost at sea? Weird. That's what I named my book. I skimmed over it and to my horror, MY WRITING was there! It was the exact same story that I had written!! I was STUPID enough to send my story to Ella, and she USED IT!!! What?! Why?! I immediately facetimes her. When she picked up, I glared at her. "What?" She asked so innocently.

"WHY DID YOU USE MY STORY?!?"

"What? Why would I do that?"

"Come on."

"Okay, fine! I did use it. So what? You were the dumb one! You literally *sent it to me!*" She smirked. What was going on? This girl wasn't the Ella I knew. Before I could reply with a comeback, she hung up. Huh?!?

Sure enough, her (aka MINE!!!) book won the contest. And I swore that I would never fall for that Summer feeling ever again. I

lost my trust for Ella, and I am now very secretive whenever I talk to her. Well, maybe we *could* be friends again.

After a little revenge.

When Summer was over, I went to school early on the first day and completed my revenge plan:

- 1- Sharpie
- 2- Fake spiders
- 3- Whoopee Cushion
- 4- Shaving cream
- 5- Pictures
- 6- Note

When Ella opened her locker, her loud scream pierced the hallways. Everyone stared and snickered at her. I had put plastic spiders *everywhere* inside! I knew that she was *mortified* when she ran down the hallway screaming bloody murder. This was only part one!! When she fell asleep in the library during lunch, I drew a mustache and a beard on her face with a sharpie!

Whenever she sat down, I would always have a whoopee cushion ready to embarrass her. I put pictures of her on everybody's lockers. I covered her books in shaving cream. And, I left a note in her locker at the end of the day that said this:

Ella, how did you like my story? You really liked it *that* much??? Well, I hope you also like what's coming for you.

P.S, I am mad at you, if you hadn't noticed.

Love,

Avery

And she knew from past experience that she did not want to get me mad. (Long story short, in fifth grade, she ended up with her shoes in the trash can and the trash on her feet instead.)

I felt good, but I also felt a little bad. I embarrassed my best friend in front of the whole school, but *she* did something bad first, so maybe it was worth it. After school, she called me. I answered with an eye roll.

“Did you really have to do that to me?” She yelled.

“Yes. Maybe. Okay, maybe not, but still,” I replied.

“Look, I know that what I did was annoying, but you *really* embarrassed me!” She exclaimed.

“Oh, come on! I poured out my heart and soul into my writing, and you just stole it!!”

“Well, it's *your* fault!” Ella yelled.

“Why?”

“You’re becoming so annoying, and you just have to make every thing about yourself! You don’t care about anyone else, especially *me*, your best friend!! And we always did what *you* wanted to do. It was getting really annoying, so I *had* to find a reason for us not to be friends anymore!” She confessed.

“You know, you could have just asked not to be friends anymore. Not everything is sooo complicated, but whatever,” I mumbled. And with that she huffed and hung up. Maybe I went a *tad bit* too far on the revenge plan.

The next week, there was a new girl, Jane. Ella wasn’t talking to me. Jane looked lonely, so I decided to talk to her during lunch. It turns out, we have the same last name, Walker, we both like birthday cake ice cream, we both like the color green, and we both hate soup! We became friends, and I purposely talked to Jane extra loud when Ella was around so that she would get jealous. So maybe I will have a happy ending. Well, I’ll have a happy ending until next Summer, of course.