

Alli For President

By Amyrii J.

Introduction

Hi! My name is Allison Scott, but everyone calls me Alli. Soon I will also be known as the nine year old president, I think. The president of the After School Community Center. I have to try hard to become number one. I'm super very with an extra cherry excited, but there's one thing that gets me melancholic...that means sad. It's me thinking that that I won't win against that spoiled brat Amanda Pinchens, also known as Amanda Pinchen-face. I came up with that name myself. Anyway, Mom tells me to keep courage, but I don't know how I'll manage to do that.

Chapter 1

Today was Saturday.

All I did was look for campaign ideas. To most people that's one of the most boring things to do on a Saturday. To me that's one of the greatest things I've done in my entire life! Just kidding, but looking for campaign ideas is pretty great. The ideas that I saw on the internet were filled with sour cream...that means very cheesy, so I made some of my own. Did I mention I have a four year old brother who is extra annoying? His name is Ricky but I call him Potato. Once again, another great nick name created by me! He made a lot of noise so, I decided to work at the library. On my way I ran into Pinchen-face. She has a squeaky voice like a rat, and I can't stand it. "Get lost!!" I yelled in my toughest voice. "My mother told me that no one can tell me what to do except for herself!" said Amanda. I knew that this was going to be wrong, but I said it anyway. "Tell your mother that I don't like her either!" I shouted. The rest of the three minute walk to the library was nothing but complete silence. I stepped inside the book palace and took a seat. "She will never win against me" I heard someone whisper. I searched around the whole section. I knew it was Pinchen-face, but I couldn't see her anywhere. I looked around one more time, and finally saw the sleeve of her ugly green shirt. "Come out from under that chair right now rat squeak" I said in a not so library voice. "Allison Scott you are a very rude girl, and you will never become president of the After School Community Center" she said. I got melancholic like I always do. She told me that my campaign poster was horrible, and that no one would choose me. Then she left. I started to weep. I cried too loud. I got sent out which made me cry even harder. I ran all the way home. My mom saw me crying and she heard the door slam. She came to see what was wrong and I explained every detail. She took me out for ice cream so I would feel better. That also meant the same talk I always get...keep courage. I got vanilla with almonds on the side, and she got chocolate. I barely listened to the courage talk, but I did enjoy my ice cream, and the rest of my day. I forgot all about rat squeak Pinchen-face, and finished my campaign posters. I forgot all about the courage talk. I forgot all about every bad thing that happened today...which was super very with an extra cherry great.

Chapter 2

Today was Sunday, and Ricky's fifth birthday party. Amanda also has a little brother who is turning five today. He is super very with an extra cherry sweet...unlike Amanda. His name is Brad, but I call him Angel Baby. Potato and Angel Baby had their parties at the same place at the same time. The party was at Bouncy Boomers, a trampoline park. I didn't want to play on the trampolines, so Mom let me work. I was finished with my posters, so all I needed to do was write a speech. Everyone running for a position was required to deliver a two page speech on Friday. While I was typing, one of Potato's friends came up and spit right in my face. I chased him all around Bouncy Boomers, caught him and pinned him to the ground. "Don't you ever spit on me again!", I yelled. I took a big breath and spit the longest that I could. I got up and walked back to my seat. I looked at my mom who was giving me a look that meant, you're in BIG TROUBLE young lady. I thought to myself, "It was really worth it". At this moment, I didn't care if I was in trouble. But I felt bad about myself. I felt bad about everything. Especially about becoming president and about Pinchen-face. My mom explained to me that Pinchen-face wasn't able to come. Because of her dance competition, she couldn't make it. My mom told me not to feel lonely. "Mom!", I shouted. "Why would I feel lonely, are you crazy!" "I never, ever in my life will feel lonely about Amanda!" I got in trouble, once again. Mom told me that it isn't polite to ask adults if they're crazy. I cried. Not for getting in trouble, but for getting in trouble all of the time.

Chapter 3

Today was Tuesday. Since it was summer time, I had to go to dance class every day except Sunday. The people who came up with that idea are not so smart. Because I have to go to church on Sunday, I no longer have time to do anything. Dance started at twelve o'clock noon, and ended at five thirty. Can you believe that? That's five hours and thirty minutes! I love dance, but not when it takes up all my time. I was reading my two thousand mysteries book when I heard my mom call me. "Alli" she shouted. "Come on, we have to go to the dance studio!"