

# An amazing adventure going to school

## 3<sup>RD</sup> GRADE LIFE

If you ask college students, they will say being a 3<sup>rd</sup> grader was one of the simplest things. When you get older you think about it just a bit harder. I think of it really hard. My name is Jaden Smith and my job is school. 8 hours of school each day. Going to school is a lot of work especially being in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. You have enrichment projects, math homework, big heavy text books, and a lot more. Today is Sunday. I better get some sleep for tomorrow's big test.

One bright early Monday morning, I woke up with my hair all in knots. I let out a big yawn, and when I say big I mean it beats my dad's loudest yawn. I looked at the clock and it was 7:45 in the morning (school starts at 8:00 am)! I rushed and threw my clothes on, ate breakfast, brushed my teeth, and suddenly I looked around. My parents were still asleep. I ran to my parents' bedroom and screamed, "time for school! Get up you sleepy heads!" but no one responded. Then a big wind hit the curtain and the curtain flew open. I peeked outside. Taped to the curtain there was a note. I read the note out loud, "Finally, you noticed your parents were gone. They took your place at school." I think I know this handwriting.

Uh! I need to think. How am I going to find them now? I don't know how to drive. Wait! Unless it's driving a bicycle! I ran to the garage and pulled out my bike. I hopped on my bike and started riding it. Then, BAMB. I heard a loud pop. My bike stops going and falls to the ground. I get up and look at my tire. A men's pocket knife stabbed my tire. But when I looked closer I saw another note. "Oh goodness, I think I dropped my pocket knife. Wont you be a dear and perhaps run over it!" Uh! Now how am I going to get to school! The wind was blowing even harder. The only thing I could do was walk. I took one step at a time. One foot in front of the other. Then, I heard a loud motor grumbling, "Grrrrr". Then I smelt gas and air pollution. I saw a light like headlights. What could it be? A motorcycle. It pulled at a stop sign nearby me. The gangster riding the bike said, "Need a lift?" I thought hard about it. My mom always tells me not to talk to strangers but this was my only chance to ever see my mom again. I bounced in his motorcycle and we rode away. I told him the address to my school. Then he smiled and turned the handle as far back as it could go and next thing you know we were going 175 miles per hour! He was cutting in front of every car and running stop signs. I held onto this tiny handle with both hands. If I let go of that handle I would lose my life. Then, the motorcycle started to go down and the speed was dropping down. It ran out of gas. The motorcycle stopped in the middle of the highway. He pulled the motorcycle over to the shoulder of the highway. There was honking and buzzing. The cop came over and interviewed the strange man. I watched curiously. "**WHAT IS YOUR NAME?**" said the police. "I will tell you my name after you tell me yours" said the mysterious man. "**SERIOUSLY DUDE. IT'S ON THE NAME TAG.**" "Bob. Okay." "**NOW YOUR NAME.**" "I won't tell you it." "**WE MADE A DEAL. NOW SPIT IT OUT.**" "No, I said I would tell you my name if you tell me yours, and you never told me yours you made me read the name tag. Fair game." The conversation started to get boring. The police finally figured out the whole story. He offered me a ride to school in his police car. Boy was it fun! Fun until we ran into the construction site. The workers were making another road that lead to only a tiny gas

station. Dumb idea. All the roads were backed up. The streets were blocked and everything was crowded. There were even some people who were turning their cars around and going home. Others were arguing with the workers. The police had a little talk with me. He said, " **OKAY. PERSONALLY I DON'T LIKE TO ARGUE AND WELL UM... I AM AFRAID THAT I AM GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO EXIT THE CAR.**" I walked and walked. Waiting for a sign, another ride, something, or anything. There was the answer. Lying in front of me. Literally, an envelope was lying on the sidewalk ahead. I opened it and read it, " you're almost there. See that bench over there. Sit on it and wait. You will find what you were looking for." I sat and waited for what that letter was trying to tell me. Then, a huge tourist bus stopped. This wasn't the bus stop. Or was it? I got inside the bus. Once I got to school I hopped out and went inside my school's main building. There were my parents waiting at school. I hugged them then asked them many questions all referring to what happened. They answered me with three words, " **Happy April fools!**" "What, April fools was last month! Get to the program!" " **Oh, well school is over you missed it. Let's go home.**" "But I just got here."

And they lived happily ever never. The End – Mom and Dad. Happy April Fools!

By Jaden Smith