

Untitled

By Olivia J.

Gabriel Madison jumped out of bed. Today would be a new day, a fresh start of a new school. Gabe had always been the lower-level boy, picked on and tormented at his old school. He'd had his lunch money stolen, had 'lost' his clarinet, and was shoved profusely off the swings. But-oh! – nobody would know that. *The best elementary school in town was perfect! I won't ever live like I did before again!* That was Gabe's thought as he tugged on a woolen orange sweat shirt and navy jeans. He tied his sneakers – orange, to match his shirt- and peered only once out his window.

Outside Gabriel's home, snow was falling rapidly. Ms. Madison was blanketing plants, so they wouldn't die in the swirling cold. She wrapped her coat tighter around her and trudged dutifully on to the next plant.

Gabe was not going to let those kids think of him badly. Gabe was on a new start with a new plan.

At Gabe's new school, the kids were entering, rearranging, and sitting. The tardy bell rang. The teacher, Mr. Pipes, sat nicely on a wooden stool and called attendance.

“Theodore Adey!”

“Here!”

“Isobel Alpines!”

“Here.”

“Tim Barton!”

“Oh, I'm here!”

“Err... mmm.... I think it says... Rosie Clark!”

Here the most wonderful thing happened. A dark haired, olive-skinned, beautiful girl stood and said quietly, “Here, sir,” with her meek yet stunningly gorgeous voice. Gabriel was overcome with her beauty, and it made him forget the entire class and the old teacher who had graying hair and wore an old-timey sweater. He was still lost in that land... just Rosie and Gabe... “Mr. Madison!”

Silence overcame all. Gabe was still lost in that land.

“Ahem- GABRIEL MADISON, PLEASE?”

Gabe snapped back to reality in two seconds.

“Oh, uh, here, sir.”

Then he went back to staring at Rosie. She had a pale blue dress on and a matching headband. Her eyes, green and brownish, (hazel), were breathtaking and –

“GABRIEL MADISON, ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION?”

Mr. Pipe’s words cut through sharply.

“You probably don’t even know that little Mr. Barton is doing a problem for me! Timmy, do continue. What did you say the answer to one-hundred forty-four was again? Please repeat.”

“Twelve.”

“Good. Sit, now.”

Gabe’s cheeks burned fiery with fury and anger. No way would Stonewood Intermediate be like his old school...

“How was school, Gabey?” asked Gabriel’s mom, no sooner the front wheel of Gabe’s bike touched the driveway. Gabe blew fiercely on his hands, ignoring his mother. Riding a bike in such weather makes you extraordinarily cold, even though Gabe wore a thick coat and hat. Gabe’s mom saw this right away. “Here, let’s go inside.” Then you can tell me about school. I covered every plant for the night. Brr, Alaska does get chilly! Hurry, I’m cold!” The two-people rushed in; Mrs. Madison made grilled cheese sandwiches and lit the fireplace. They ate their sandwich slowly as they spoke. “So, how was school?” asked Mrs. Nadison. “Oh, fine. It was fine,” replied Gabriel.

“Well, that’s good, Gabey!”

“Stop calling me that, Mom!”

“As you wish, Gabey!”

“M-O-OM!”

So, the day went. And the next day was school...

The next day at school, Gabe bullied Tim. He called Tim names and hogged the slide, so Timmy was unable to get on. Rosie watched all this from a nice distance. She noted that Gabe didn’t seem like the type of boy to bully. You weren’t allowed to bully people at Highford Elementary anyways. Rosie courageously marched up to Gabe as he taunted Tim, “Try to get on the slide now, *Timmy!* It’s impossible!”

“Gabriel Madison, why are you bullying Tim?”

“Just, uh, payback!”

“No! No! That isn’t how life works!”

“At my old school, kids bullied. I was bullied. Now I don’t want to be bullied, so I bully.”

“Gabe, you have to stand up to somebody if you really dislike being bullied. Don’t bully not to be bullied; stand up to bullies. Say sorry to Tim, he says sorry to you.” Gabe apologized to Tim. Rosie, Gabe, and Tim even started a club; the SUTB (shortened as SUB, the T is silent.) It was a big hit at Highford, and lots of kids were really into it.

Tim was never called names again. He also apologized to Gabe himself. Rosie continued being an angel. She made peace when possible. As for Gabe? Well, Gabriel Madison ended up being the toughest, smartest, most looked up to in the whole school- because he stood up for others. And he never zoned out on another lesson again.

Epilogue

At the end of the school year, Gabe Madison’s dad came back from his work trip to Ethiopia. Both Gabe and his father had stories to tell; they sat in rocking chairs and sipped hot cocoa, but to be honest with you, I think Gabe had the most exciting story.

Sometimes it’s good to start over. – Julian Albans in Auggie & Me, by R. J. Palacio