

Story Outline/Writing-
Theme: Daring

About 9 years ago, when I was 5 years old, I used to go to this prison-like school that was near our house which was easy for us to walk back to from the school. There were huge iron gates and the courtyard was almost bare. The buildings that held the classrooms were like prisons cells and the entire school property had wire fencing around 10 feet tall. The place always looked gloomy, the grass was yellow and the sky was usually gray. But this day was different. The sky was especially gray that morning as my mom dropped my older sister and I off at the front of the school. We always arrived early and had to wait for the lady at the front desk to haul herself out of her huge swivel chair to unlock the chain that kept the gates closed. On the side of the gate is the auditorium, and next to that is the cafeteria, then after that is the courtyard. Most of the kids rushed to the courtyard as several headed to the cafeteria. My sister left me at the cafeteria to find her friends, since hanging out with a 1st grader was un-cool. I got in line to get breakfast when I heard a racket. My class bully was trying to negotiate with the lunch lady, telling her to give him extra food. They kept fighting for a while until he unzipped his backpack and scooped packets of burritos into it and ran off. The lunch lady and several other teachers chased after him. Some seconds passed by until the kids went wild. They all rushed to the burritos and other options of food and began to grab them. Kids were fighting and I realized that if I wanted food I had to fight my way through and boy did I want a burrito. I jumped into the pile of screeching children and managed to escape with a chocolate milk baggy. I was too relieved to have escaped then to notice I got the wrong food. But it was a good thing because one of the kids squeezed through the small window into the kitchen and began tossing out more food to the awaiting pack of hungry-crazy children. The P.A stated that class was starting soon, so I put the milk in my bag and headed to class. On my way to class, I saw some of my classmates crying or rubbing their arms to calm down. I began to feel nervous as I walked up the stairs to my classroom and when I entered I understood why. The tables were scattered across the class with cardboard stands covering the front of each desk. I sat in my seat and a while after, the teacher walked in. She was a short woman, but very, very loud. She violently cleared her throat then said in her booming voice that we had a pop quiz. My teacher handed out the test and told us we had an hour to complete it, and yes, it was definitely being put in our grades and would be brought up in parent-teacher conferences. I was relatively calm, since it was a literature quiz, but I was more worried about the math section that was after lunch. When break started, 5 of my classmates and I sat at the bottom of the stairs to talk about how we were going to pass this quiz. One of my classmates shared the idea of stealing the teachers keys to break into the closet near her desk, which held the answer sheet inside. To start our plan, 4 kids caused a diversion in front of the teacher and then the rest of us stole her key and ran off. We went back to class and waited an hour till lunch to continue our plan. A few minutes into lunch, one of the kids in our group told the teacher one kid, who was actually waiting on the other side of the school, was being beat up on the other side of the school, which made her immediately run out of the classroom. Before the door shut, another kid placed a pencil in between to keep it from being closed. One kid was stationed at the bottom of the stairs, and another was placed outside the door, and the last was waiting in the hallway that led to the other side of the school. They gave me the key and demanded I go in a steal

the answer sheet, which i did. I opened the door casually and was walking over to the closet when I saw a kid sleeping on his desk. It was actually the class bully, who I assumed was in trouble for stealing around thirteen burritos that morning. I slowed my pace and gently unlocked the door and slipped the answer sheet into my bag then closed it. I heard footsteps, and the first thing I thought was the teacher, or maybe the kid outside the door, but when I turned around, the bully was standing in front of me with clenched fist. I couldn't say anything so out of quick reaction, I reached into my bag and popped a hole into the milk baggy and sprayed his white shirt. I then ran out through under his legs and grabbed the kid by the door on my way out and ran. As things settled, we all met up in our regroup area and explained what happened. It turned out that the kid who went to wait on the other side of the school ended up getting beat up by several delinquents, and the kid who convinced the teacher ran back. I told them about the bully, which we all had a good laugh at. A few minutes before lunch ended, we wrote down the answers from the sheet onto the bottom of our shoes, our arms, the inside of our clothes, and one kid wrote some answers on his pristine white undergarments. We were ready, so we headed back to class. Unknowingly, one kid stepped into a puddle of water and left pen streaks all over the classroom floor leading up to his desk. The teacher called him to the front of the class, and he actually almost ratted us out but the teacher let him go before he could do that. We then started our quiz, completely prepared. About an hour or so after, we were finally done. In the last minutes of class, the teacher graded our quiz, and the kids i worked with, and myself, all aced the quiz. I left class with a proud smile, which quickly disappeared when I saw the class bully on the bench I wait at for my sister. I avoided eye contact as I walked around the bench but he got up and stood in my way. I started by say how lucky I was that he didn't tell the teacher what I did earlier, mainly because he wanted to deal with me personally. As I was about to make a run for it, my older sister yelled out my name as she angrily walked to me. She grabbed my shoulder and dragged me off while the bully looked surprised and a little scared. We started to walk home when my sister began questioning me. She asked what was wrong, saying that I was acting weird then she began to pinch me to get an answer. She loved getting me in trouble, and I couldn't take any more pressure so I ran off, leaving her behind. As I was getting away from her, I wondered how I could take another answer sheet again if I ever had to. Thankfully, I transferred to another elementary school before that could ever happen.