

Yay or Nay?

GRADE LEVEL AND CATEGORY FORM

(To be placed on the front cover in the bottom right corner)

GRADE 8

Fiction

Poetry

Nonfiction

Fourth of July

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Fourth of July

One year me and my friends family decided to get together for the fourth of July. We loved each other and our parents loved each other, so what could happen?

We started setting off fireworks. They weren't actually fireworks, they were smaller. They just went off closer to the ground. That was great, but the thing was, the adults were drunk.

Well, at the time there was a grumpy lady that lived across the street and up some. While we were having fun and enjoying life, she was over there being grumpy and called the cops on us.

We all saw the cop coming and ran inside. The one person that didn't see him was my mom. And yes I'm a jerk for abandoning her, she still brings it up when we're playing around, but if you got to know me, it's pretty normal.

She talked to him and and got it all sorted out and came back inside. Then, when she was done telling us how mean we were playfully, we decided to move it to the back yard.

Well, my mom had an inhome daycare, so we had half of our yard fenced off so they wouldn't ruin the trampoline. On the daycares side there was a sandbox, a playhouse(which we had to take the front off of because kids were peeing in there), a tower with a slide attached to it, and a weird tunnel thing.

One of our dogs is absolutely terrified of thunder, fireworks, and anything that sounds like it, so of course, she was freaking out, which made it even more chaotic.

When we set off one of the fireworks it went off too close to the ground and everybody went running.

After that disaster, we set some more fireworks off. And I don't exactly remember what happened but there was a police officer talking to

mom again. We all thought it was the same one as earlier, but it was just a guy patrolling around.

After that we only had a few left and when we made sure he was gone and set the last few off. We had a great time.

I think that I was about eight or nine, in third or fourth grade when we had that party.

Well, when I was in seventh grade, I had a social studies teacher. She hated me, and I had no idea why.

When my mom and dad went to parent teacher conferences that year, they told me that the woman that called the cops was my teacher. That explained why she hated me and my family.

My friends family actually moved away to Texas in sixth grade so she was off the hook.

My parents are really strict with grades, so I tried as I could to get good grades, but, even with my efforts, the highest quarter grade I got in that class was an eighty-nine percent.

Broken Foot

Why I broke my foot was probably the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me. So, here it is!

Our front yard would not grow grass no matter how hard we tried, so we just put rocks in the front yard.

Me and a couple of kids were playing with the rocks for some reason. I don't remember why, but when they went home my mom made me clean up the mess we made. I was using this big broom my dad kept in the garage to clean them up.

The neighbors across the street were nice. They had two kids, a son a few years younger than me and a daughter that was a year younger than him. They had two dachshunds that were really cute.

What happened was I heard him call me, I looked up and he was holding one of his dogs and asked if I wanted to pet his weiner.

I wanted any excuse to not clean up the mess, so I ran over and pet the dog. He said he had to go and I started going across the street.

When I went up on the curve my foot slipped and I fell down. I got up thinking it was just one more of my epic fails.

I fell down again, but I didn't know why. I tried to get up again and this time I stayed up but I limped all the way to the house.

When I got in the house my mom didn't believe me that my foot was hurt. She thought that I was just faking so I wouldn't have to clean up. Eventually she took me to a doctor.

When we got there we waited for a little while, and they took me back. They took some pictures and a while later came in and told me that I broke my foot.

The weirdest thing was I was kind of excited because everybody else I knew had broken something. Then he said that I was going to need surgery to fix it. I didn't know anybody that had surgery because they broke something. And right there in the middle of the whole mess, I started crying.

The appointment was scheduled for a few weeks later.

The whole time I was waiting for the appointment I was on drugs to take the pain away.

When the appointment finally arrived, I got drugged up and before I knew it they were calling my mom to come see me.

A few weeks later everything was fine and I was still using crutches but it wasn't a problem. I got off them by getting sick of walking in the mall with sweat dripping off me.

When I could wear shoes again they said I might need another surgery because they somehow screwed it up and needed to fix it.

Just my luck right.

Well, they said it was optional and that I could live without it, and I didn't like the surgery I already had. I kept saying no every time it would come up, but eventually, I gave in.

I didn't like this surgery any more than I liked the last. I hated going to the doctor for my foot 'cause he would squeeze it and mess with it. But the thing I hate most is everybody who teases me.

Ever since that happened, every time it would come up in a conversation, or something, everyone who knew how I broke my foot teases me about the fact that I broke my foot chasing after the boy across the streets weiner.

Jurassic Park

My baby sister is a sweetheart, but only when she wants to be. She's also a little brat. She loves to play barbies, but at the same time, she loves to make dinosaurs eat each other.

When my sister found out about dinosaurs, she had to have it all. She watched dinosaur movies, had dinosaur toys, and had us read her books about them. She was in love with them.

When I went to texas to see my friend that moved there, we watched the new movie, Jurassic World. I really liked it and wanted to see the rest of them.

My mom got me the other movies and I watched them. I don't really like them as much, but they're cool.

Well, me and my mom thought it would be cool to have my sister watch them. My other sister that is a year younger than me thought it would be hilarious. My dad thought it would be cool, so we did it.

At the scary parts she would be hiding under her blanket screaming, but eventually she loved them.

At the end of the movie she went around the house chasing me and my other sister. But the thing about it, was that when she would catch us she would scream and yell, "EAT, EAT, EAT!"

Yup, you guessed it, she was pretending to be a dinosaur, and we were the people in the movie that got eaten.

Well, she loves dinosaurs, but not as much now. She is scared of some of them. My Aunt Kennedy got her some robotic dinosaurs that she terrified of and just to get her to calm down we had to tell her that they went bye bye and hid them in my closet.

She loves dinosaurs and to be like them and "EAT, EAT, EAT!", but at the same time she hates them when they are the least bit alive or real looking.

One time we took her to a museum in Vernal that had dinosaurs that looked real and she loved it.

I don't get her, like anybody else who knows her. She loves real looking dinosaurs that are actual size but hates toys that walk. Even though at some points she is really annoying, I still love her so much.