

A Horrible Night for James

Even though James was only ten, James lived alone. He was very poor. On many days you would see him wearing the same socks, same shirt, and same pants. He looked like some madman had ripped off fifty percent of his clothes.

On one windy night, James couldn't sleep. His window was open, and the wind was like a knife on his cheek! Suddenly, a heavy breeze almost carried him across the room! He tumbled on the floor. "Ouch!" he screamed. James' parents couldn't save him. James remembered the time when his mother and father went shopping one day happily, until a rhino escaped from the Detroit Zoo and gobbled his two poor parents up.

James felt sadder than ever before. Tears stung his cheek, making a small puddle on his bedroom floor. "Drip, Drop, Drip, Drop." They came rolling down James' face. His eyes were like a machine just for making tears. All night, James thought about his two poor parents, until those thoughts were stuck in his head. He got out of bed and started walking slowly across his bedroom. He felt like a sloth because his feet were all wobbly and shaky. He watched leaves rustle in his garden, though it was nearly impossible to see them in the dark. Bits of flying pieces of bark were landing in poor James' eyes. He could feel the pieces stick in each of his eyes. He still thought about his poor old parents. Tears were dripping everywhere, until they made a big wide river across his bedroom floor.

James didn't know what to do, so he simply stayed wide-awake all night. At 9:00 A.M., the wind was knocking everything out of its way. James was half asleep for a moment, until the bell he used to play with made the most tremendous bang of all time. James woke up, quick as a flash. He pounced on the floor.

James was different from most children. Most children really like playing so much that they are very greedy indeed. They all like to be first on the playground, and also stay there until it is time for dinner. Sometimes, other children like James, who was not so greedy, want to play too, but the greedy children take up the whole playground. The other children only get to use the playground for one hour, until it is closed.

The greedy children didn't have that much knowledge, so they thought the crashing bell sound meant a brand new playground was opening. "Whoohoo!" They howled. They came from wherever they heard the sound. They were doing flip-flops, jit-jops, and hip-hops.

Even though James was poor, he had lots of toys in his backyard that his parents had bought him before they died. He could hear yells, saying, "Oh my, this stuff is absolutely just gorgeous!" Soon, newspapermen began to arrive in helicopters.

"KABOOM!" A helicopter rammed into James' house and turned into one million smaller pieces, scattered all around. There was an explosion, and flames were

everywhere. One minute later, James heard sirens as fire trucks came speeding as fast as they could to reach the house.

Everyone could hear the fire trucks screaming, and now, instead of running into James' yard, children were yelling at the top of their lungs as they ran out of James' yard. At this point, even people who were watching TV could hear all the noise. Smoke was making it hard to breath.

When the firemen arrived, they were carrying their long hoses and other gears. James could see them spraying water all over. The firemen were able to save the house. It just didn't look as nice as before.

James looked at the damage to his house. Then he realized how much worse it could have been. He could have been poor AND homeless. For the first time since his parents died, he stopped feeling sorry for himself and started to appreciate what he did have.