

# Life in Kingly Middle School



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“Jonas, lunch money. Now!” yells Rob Hobblewater.

Rob’s the guy who failed sixth grade four times. Rob’s the meanest and biggest person in school, and I wasn’t going to let him ruin another perfectly good day.

“Did you not hear me? I said, now!”

“Go rob someone else, Rob. I don’t have time,” I say.

“I robbed Melissa yesterday, and I robbed Jim the day before that, and I haven’t robbed you in a week ...” He drones on and on, so I quickly slip past him.

“I hate not having anyone there when Rob’s stealing from me,” I think.

“Get back here!” He yells as he stomps towards me.

I run as fast I can. He knows he can’t catch me. I’m too fast. I dive into the lunchroom and quickly sit down. Rob eyeballs the room in search of someone he won’t find.

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“Jonas, is everything alright in school?” Mother asks at breakfast today.

“Yes, Mom,” I lie for the millionth time.

I’m Jonas Waldo, current sixth grader in Kingly Middle School, and everything is definitely not alright. I was having a lot of trouble fitting in and making friends, and as you just saw, Rob was always being slightly, I mean really, annoying.

“I have a feeling that’s not the case,” Mom says.

“Ok fine, I’ll admit it. I’m not doing okay. I’m having trouble making friends and some big mean dude named Rob keeps stealing from me.”

“I bet you’re trying to be someone you’re not. But the advice about Rob, um. Sorry, I don’t have any. Why don’t you go to the park and get some fresh air?”

“Ok.”

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“Hey, what are YOU doing here, Jonas?” Ceaser asks.

Ceaser is a semi-tall guy with jet-black hair and lime green eyes.

“Yeah,” Sam says.

Sam was a pretty tall guy. He had pale blue eyes and golden hair. He looked like someone who would play basketball.

“I needed some fresh air, at least that’s what my mom said,” I answered. “So do you guys want to play on the jungle gym over there?”

“You’re acting suspiciously different,” Ceaser says.

“Yeah, there is something different about you,” Sam agrees.

“I like the difference!” Ceaser exclaims.

“I feel like I’m a completely different person at school,” I say.

“Usually you’re super quiet and shy. How about we be friends?” Sam requests.

Then Ceaser says, “Sam get over here.”

The two huddle up for a second. I overhear some of their conversation.

“Sam, we can’t tarnish our reputation with this guy.”

“Aw, come on, Ceaser, stop being such a downer; he’s a nice guy.”

The two start talking in a lower voice, so I can’t hear. They finally come out of the huddle.

“We will tell you in 2-3 business days,” Ceaser says.

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“Ok, Ceaser Salad, we should be friends with him,” Sam says.

“First of all I told you never to call me Ceaser Salad, because I hate that nickname. Second of all, you’re way too trusting. I bet he’ll just mooch off of us and when he feels we’re not super useful, he’ll ditch us. So I don’t think we should.”

“Come on Ceaser, I trust him”

“See, you’re way too trusting.”

“Ok, fine, we’ll see what he’s like for a week.”

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“Jonas, you’ve got mail!” Mom calls.

“From who?” I call back.

“It says it’s from two kids called Ceaser and Sam.”

“Ok, coming.”

I pick up the letter and read it. It says...

They’ll be my friends!

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The bell screams in our ears telling us it's time for lunch.

"Finally," I groan.

"Lunch," Sam agrees.

"Today was so tiring," Ceaser says.

"I know, right," Sam agrees.

"We've got to go get our lunches. Meet you at table #4?"

"Okay."

I walk down to the dining hall. Halfway there someone jumps out from behind a door.

"Hey give me your lunch money!"

It was, of course, the meanest guy around. Rob.

"Now!" He yells like he always does.

"No way. It's my lunch money, not yours!"

"I said, NOW!"

"Well, like I said, it's mine; and I'm not giving it to you no matter what. So, good-bye." I say as I start sprinting off. I run hard towards the lunchroom, but I stop as Ceaser and Sam catch up.

"Hey, what's going on?" Ceaser asks.

"Yeah, what is going on?" Sam asks.

"Rob over there is trying to rob me of my rightfully earned lunch money."

Rob sped up enough to catch up. Usually, he's really slow and can't ever catch up unless I wait for two minutes twiddling my thumbs.

“Go leave us alone, Rob. Find someone who actually has time for this nonsense because the bell is about to ring and we have to get to the dining hall,” Ceaser says.

“Fine!” He gave me the I’ll-get-you-next-time look.

“Thanks, guys. I owe you one.”

“No problem. That’s what friends are for,” Ceaser replies.

“Let’s go find a table to sit down at,” Sam says.

“Okay, first let me go get my lunch.”