

KJ Hooker

English 3 6th Period

Mrs. Feher

3 October 2019

The Big Book of Animals

I moved to Tennessee during the beginning of seventh grade from the great state of Georgia and at first, I thought it was going to be the worst thing ever but eventually I started to like it here. Throughout seventh grade, I stayed quiet and hung around a selective group of people. There was this black, loud girl named Dada and she became one of my favorite peoples ever. She stuck with me all through seventh grade year and got me in LOTS of trouble.

It was the beginning of Eighth grade year and it already went down a bumpy road. It had been my first full year of living in Tennessee and I only knew a handful of kids from the grade before. When I walked into my first period, I saw a familiar face sitting across the class.

“IT’S DADA!!!!” I screamed in my head.

She has been my homegirl since I moved here, and she saved me a seat right next to her. During the first few months, we had this amazing Indian science teacher named, Mr. Sabor, but sadly he left us.... went back to his home country with his mother. So about two to three days later, we get a new science teacher named, Mrs. Morris; She was in her mid-fifty's and was cool in the beginning, but as soon as she settled down, she slowly but surely ran my nerves through the ground. At this point, Dada and I have been sitting together, laughing, cracking

jokes, and “causing a problem”. I saw no wrong in what Dada and I were doing but apparently Mrs. Morris thought it was the end of the world as she knew it. Somehow, we labeled ourselves as troublemakers and that’s all the teacher saw.

“Dada! KJ!” Mrs. Morris exclaimed. “Why are y’all still murmuring?! I’ve asked you numerous times to be quiet. Next time it’s a write-up!”

First off, all that screaming just made the situation worse.

“Who she yellin’ at? Because I know it aint me.” Dada whispered.

I whisper back, “SHHHIIIDDDD it aint me either. She not dumb.”

Then, BOOM! Mrs. Morris comes sprinting through the class, stopped at our desk, all out of breath ,panting.

“I’m fed up with both of yalls nonsense. It’s a constant problem and I will not stand for it any longer. Dada, move to the corner of the class NOW! KJ! Move to the other corner. You guys are never allowed to sit near each other again.” She rambled. That just made Dada and I laugh even more. Everyday wed have to sit in our own separate corner and just look at each other.

“This not gone make us stop talkin. Were just gonna talk across the class or make eye contact and start laughing again.” I thought and I knew Dada thought the same thing because when I sipped my head to look at her, she dipped her head to look at me and we busted out laughing,only making Mrs. Morris madder. About a month or so later, Mrs. Morris assigned a project for us and she said we could work with a partner. I automatically looked at Dada and she looked back at me; As soon as our eyes locked, Mrs. Morris yelled,

“NOPE!NOPE!NO!”

I was not stunting her at all. Later that day, Dada and I were texting and I asked her if she wanted to be partners and of course, she went on and on about how Mrs. Morris said we couldn't and whoop-de-woo. I told her that that didn't matter and that we most definitely are going to be partners; Not even thirty minutes later, I was on my way to Gardner Drive on my eight speed bike. I stopped at the Dollar General on my way to get posters, markers, colored pencils, and copy paper.

Finally, I arrived at Dada's house and we got straight to work.

"Why don't we make a book? Dada asked.

"No. Who wants to read a book? I said back.

We went back and forth for about five minutes and we eventually went with The Big Book of Animals. It was very colorful and bright because of all the neon paper we used.

Dada started, "All we need now is the animals. Who's gonna be the one to ask Mrs. Morris?"

"I aint askin her for nothing." I screamed." She already has a problem with me!"

"She has a problem with me too!!!!" Dada shouted.

After arguing for what felt like hours, Dada and I decided how we were going to work it out. Four games of rock, paper, scissors would determine the winner and sadly, it wasn't me. That Monday, I went to Mrs. Morris's class during stinger time and asked if she could print the pictures of my animals and while they were printing, she kept on trying to make small talk. She asked me if I had started on it, who I was working with, and what it was about. I tried to give her the bluntest answers I could think of so she can finally give up and stop asking me all these questions and it worked. That evening, I glued the pictures of the animals on the pages and put the finishing touches on everything.

The next morning, I was all excited and ready to go to school and ready to get to first period. I couldn't wait to see the look on her face. As the bell rung, I snuck into class because she closed the door to fast and apparently she caught me.

"Because you cant be here on time, you go first!" Mrs. Morris squawked. "Get your partner and get to the front of the class."

I walked up to the front and motioned Dada to come up too. As Dada was walking up, Mrs. Morris's face changed dramatically. It went from a weird elongated shape to a shriveled balled-up shape. Her ears were redder than usual and her eyes were wider than usual.

"I cant believe were dong this bruh!" Dada whispered. "Shes toooooo mad!"

"On god shes mad!" I replied, but I wasn't worried about here. "What is she gonna do? Give us a zero? She don't wanna deal with either of out parents.

"On slick cuhs." Dada said.

Mrs. Morris ran up to the front of the class and proceeded to run her mouth about how rude we were and how disrespectful it was to undermine her authority whoop-de-woo. All dada and I were dong was laughing and when we finally got settled down we said simultaneously, "Mrs. Morris...This is the Big Book of Animals"