

# My Life, Page By Page

Most of these stories start with a once upon a time, but I am not the writer of this story. I am the character of another story. Let me tell you a little about myself. I am called Sara-Jane Carterburgh. I am part of a book called Life is Forever. I wish I could write my own story, but I can't, so I will write a story about how another person wishes me to be. I know it seems strange to have somebody else writing a book about me while I am writing a book about his or her book. I am aware that I am a story character but my family still thinks I am crazy.

My mom is named Annie, my dad is named George, and my triplet little brothers are named John, Jack, and Jake. I always get the boys mixed up. See I am hoping that my writing this book helps my family understand that some random person is writing our lives.

I live in a large house right outside the city of Chicago. You could say that I have a life like a book. Well that is true, but I am the only one who knows about it in the whole city of Chicago. I guess that I should stop talking about what I want to happen and start talking about what is happening whether I like it or not. My best friend is named Bridget Afredin. She is the most envied girl of Northbrook High, and I think it is because she lives in the largest house in Chicago. See what I mean? It would be very unlikely that Bridget and I both live in mansions if it were the real world, but oh well.

Today I went to school like any other day, but found out that my teacher has Multiple Sclerosis (M.S.). Could my life get any worse? I am starting to not like my author very much. He or she is just to controlling. I guess it is just in his or her nature to do bad things to me. When I got home there was a big box in my living room. Oh no it was my birthday. Not again. Why does my birthday always involve a pony and a clown? I am turning fifteen this year. I think I can handle a cell phone, or an iPod, or something electronic. "Hey mom", I said as I walked into the kitchen. "What is inside the box in the living room"?

"A television for your dad's and my room"

"Anything else you want to say to me?"

"Um, how was your day at school?"

"It was fine, other than the fact that Mrs. Norbrook has M.S."

"Oh honey, I am so sorry, is she going to be ok?"

"I think so, but she is going to be out of school for a few weeks to be with her husband. So, Mom, is there anything else you want to say to me?"

"Oh yeah you should go get dressed for you brothers' piano recital tonight."

"Is that all?"

"I think so, yes."

"Ok mom. I am going upstairs."

I cannot believe it. My own mother forgot about her first-born child's birthday, she only has two to remember since the boys have the same birthday. See, if I were a real person, my mom would know when my birthday is. I should just be happy that they finally got a T.V. for their room so they can watch their operas and cheesy love stories about the fine young maiden who lives in a castle and she falls in love with the poor butler. Now I can watch my own shows, which are not much better than that. Author, because you are writing my life and can read this book, please have my dad remember at least or just give me a surprise party with all of my friends. I came up to the second floor, only to hear fighting.

"Jack, give me back my book!" That was John.

"No"

"Come on, Jack. Just give it back to John."

"Why?"

"Because they asked you to." I said.

"No!"

"Jack do you need me to call up the boogie man?"

"Here." Jack threw the book back at John and ran downstairs.

"John, have you thought about the whole book thing I told you about?"

"Well I did." he said as he pushed his glasses up on his nose.

"Am I right?"

"I think so, but I am not sure."

"Well, when do you think you will be sure?"

"Most likely by tomorrow."

"Thanks little bro', you're the best."

Well, at least I might be right. John is the smartest person I know and he is eleven years old. So author beat me, I am on my way to victory. On my way upstairs I ran into my dad.

"Dad, do you still think I am crazy about the whole book thing?"

"Yes."

"Ok, do you have anything you want to say to me?"

"No, Hun. I am in a rush to get to a board meeting at the office."

"Ok dad. Bye. Have a good time."

Wow. My dad even forgot about my birthday. I was not expecting my three eleven-year-old brothers to remember my birthday because they forget every year. But my dad always remembers. What is wrong with my family?

"Sara-Jane, you better call your grandmother right away. She said she wants to talk to you but I have no idea why."

I picked up the phone, I dialed the number 555-6575 it rung one time and Grammy picked up the phone.

"Oh, sweet love."

"Hi Grammy."

"Hold on darling. Harold, get over here." She yelled.

"Hello darling, happy birthday." Said Gramps

"Gramps you remembered."

"Of course I did, anybody who didn't is crazy."

"Sorry to say Gramps but you just called your daughter, son in law, and three grandsons crazy."

"Your mother and father forgot your birthday?" Grammy chimed in.

"I'm afraid so."

“Sweet darling I am so sorry. How about if I take you out for coffee and doughnuts this afternoon.”

“Grammy I would love that.”

“Than it’s a date.”

“Okay. I have to go. Mom is calling me again.”

Well at least my grandparents remembered my birthday. If only I could prove to my Mom, Dad, Jack, Jake, Gramps and Grammy that we did live in a book, my life might be a little bit better. My author must not like me because he or she made my family forget my birthday. I wonder what my author is going to do to me next, after all my fake life is already ruined.

“Mom do I have to go to Jack’s piano thingy tonight?”

“Sara-Jane, why on earth would you not want to go?”

“Um, Grammy asked me out to coffee this afternoon.”

“Ask your little brother. I do not want him to be heart-broken.”

“Jack, get down here!” I yelled

“Why?”

“Because I told you to.”

“Fine I’m coming.” He yelled. “What do you want?”

“Do you want me to come to your piano thing?”

“I honestly don’t care what you do.”

“See mom I told you so.”

“Fine you can go with Grammy.”

“Thanks, she will be here to pick me up in about an hour.”

Finally, mom is letting me go to a place without her. It is about time that the controller of my life is letting me do a thing or two.

“Sara-Jane, come up to my room hurry.” John called

“Did you find anything?”

“Yeah look at this. This is a diary that our great, great grandmother wrote.

*"A note to self. The search for the author that is writing my life has almost been complete. His name is, Arren McRantel. He is 21 years of age. My whole family still thinks of me as the odd one out except for my little sister who is helping me solve the mystery. I have not yet been in contact with Arren, but I think I shall try that on this fine day off school."*

"Do you think that Arren is writing our lives?" I pointed out.

"Just keep reading."

*"Arren has gotten very ill. Because he is the writer of my life, I cannot live without him. He is sort of like my god. My life is getting slower day by day as his life is getting nearer to the end so is mine. I think I shall finish my mystery today I hope but I will need help by a person or two."*

"Is that all that you found?"

"No that is just one letter out of a book of letters. Look at this letter that came a few days afterwards."

"Let me see it."

*"A note to self. I have found a valuable piece of information today. Arren McRantel, the ill writer of my life story, has gotten married and has a daughter and son on the way. If they raise them to write stories then my life might go on, and I can have a husband and kids and maybe grandkids. I am on the way to school and cannot tell of my life that is changing page by page."*

"Thank you little bro you are the best."

Finally. With this information I might be able to find out the name of my author. Oh no. I still have to get ready to go out with Grammy.

"Mom can I wear your green top today?"

"I don't think so."

"Ugh Mom please."

"No."

"Fine I will wear my red one."

I ran upstairs and took out the book again. I found the one of the letters that was written in the book.

*"A note to self. My life will end in a day or so. Arren has fallen even more ill. He will die soon and when he dies I will die and so will my family. I have two kids named after Arren's kids, Sarah and Sam. My husband is named Jeremy Apple-Fisher; we met a few years ago in letter number 55. I must go, for my baby is crying.*

"Sara-Jane, your grandmother has been here for over ten minutes."

"I'm coming!"

"Sorry to keep you waiting Grammy."

"Honey I am so sorry we forgot about your birthday."

"It's ok. Are you ready, Grammy?"

"Yes darling. I am ready."

It took my grandmother to tell my mother that it was my birthday. At least she was sorry that she forgot.

"Grammy, do you remember that whole life is a book thing I told you about?"

"Sara-Jane, you are not still talking about that crazy idea of yours?"

"Grammy, your grandmother knew about it too."

"Yes and she was always the crazy one of the family. If I were you I would keep your curly brown hair out of this strange book idea"

"Fine."

Ok, if my grandma thinks that I am going to keep my head out of this she is the crazy one of the family. I do not let go that easily.

"When we got to the coffee shop I scarfed down my chocolate doughnut as Grammy eat hers with care. We slowly drank our coffee and then she pulled out a bag.

"What is that?" I asked

"A birthday-present, what else would it be?"

I opened the present with no care what so ever. Inside of the bag there was a necklace with a book charm on it.

"Thank you so much Grammy."

"That was my grandmothers charm."

No wonder it was a book. Now I have the charm to prove that my great, great grandmother loved books.

“Thanks again Grammy.”

We walked around downtown for a while and then went back to my house. I looked at letter number 55 it did not tell a lot of information. It was just about how dreamy Jeremy was. I wanted to do some research, so I decided to try and find out who was writing my story of my life. I knew that my author had to be one of Arren’s children or grandchildren because he wrote my grandmothers life so his relatives have to write my life as well. I took out the book of letters; I looked at letter number 73 it told about how Arren’s daughter Sarah started to write the life of my great, great grandma, so she lived. I went back to the early letters to try and find how Arren was found, I grabbed a letter that said, *“Look in the book shelf and all of the other things in the house. It will all be the same brand, taadaa that is your author.”* I did what the letter told me to do and the name that was on all of my belonging was Ellen Shellmen. I grabbed the phone book that was sitting on my desk and looked up Ellen Shellmen, I found a number for her. The number was 1-253-468-7901. I slowly pressed the buttons until all I had to do was wait. A woman answered the phone, with a high sweet voice that was like a bell ringing every time she talked.

“Hello is this Ellen?” I asked.

“This is she, how can I help you?”

“I was wondering if you are writing a book right now that is called Life is Forever?”

“I am.”

“Well you might think that this is crazy but I am Sara-Jane Carterburgh, your main character.”

“What?”

“I know it sounds strange but I am inside of your book, writing my book and I wanted to call you and see if you are my author.”

“Well you found the right person.”

“I guess I did.”

“Thank you for calling me, I almost stopped writing the book but now a life depends on me writing this book so I will try my best to do you good deeds.”

“Thank you and it is my whole life that depends on you.”

“Well that is reassuring... I guess.”

“Sorry I have go. You just made my mom get back home.”

“Ok. Well, you know I made you call me, right?”

“Yeah I do but I really have to go. My brother is starting to play piano downstairs for me.”

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

I walked downstairs to the sound of Jack’s piano playing. He actually sounded really good even though he never ever practices. John was sitting on the couch with worried look on his face as he looked at me.

“John, can I talk you?” I asked.

“Sure, but lets go upstairs.”

“Good idea.”

“John, I found it, I was right about the book.”

“Wait, how did you know where to look?”

“The letters. I read them and I found all of the answers.

“Who are they?”

“Her name is Ellen Shellmen. I called her and she answered.”

“Tell mom and dad.”

“No this is our little secret.”

“Now we have something to blame our lives on.”

“My point.”

We walked back downstairs, there was a cake on the table, presents on the counter and my whole family was there. Thank you Ellen, I thought as I took my first bite of cake on my fifteenth birthday. My life was nowhere near normal, but no life is. If only Ellen could see me now. Oh wait, she can.

