

The Assignment

A story based off a not true story

“YOLO!” Shouted my story. “Ha-ha. I’m so freaking sweet. HASHTAG SWAG! Now that you’ve created me, screw you. I’m outta here! I got a lot of sweet stuff to do because I got loads of swag and I’m so much cooler than you! HASHTAG YOLO DUMB FACE!” And that is what my story said to me as it deleted itself forever. I had put much effort into it, but it deleted itself. So now I’m stuck here between a rock and a hard place. I have three more writing periods before I have to turn in this story. What am I going to do now? I can’t come up with another story, write it out and polish it within three days! Oh god, oh god, oh god. I’m in a REALLY bad position. This reminds me of a time back when I was younger. I was put in a situation like this, only ten times worse. I remember it like it was yesterday. (But it wasn’t yesterday; it was actually about four years ago.)

I had been given an assignment to write an essay about what I wanted to do when I grew up. We had to write two paragraphs about it. Okay. Now that would be pretty easy, but back then, it was like trying to understand quantum physics. It was just not possible. We were given two days to finish it. You were able to turn it in early if you finished it before the due date.

The day after the work was assigned, nearly everybody had already finished it. I hadn’t even started writing! After seeing how many people had already finished gave me the motivation to start. But when I started, I realized that I didn’t know what I wanted to do! So I started listing through the jobs that all kids say they wanted to have, firefighter, police officer, construction worker, those kinds of jobs. I didn’t want any of them. firefighter is too dangerous and hot, police officers have to go around and chase people and I’m not a very good runner and I’m not very strong so I can’t be a construction worker. I just wanted to sit and play video games and get paid for that. After thinking about video games, I thought that I had been working long enough, so I took a break. I said to myself “I’ll just take a short break. About five minutes will do.” So I put down my paper and took a break.

Obviously, in my world, five minutes is three hours. So when I finally started to work again, it was already eight 'o'clock. "Uh oh. It's time for bed and I haven't written anything!" So I started to panic. What did I want to do when I grow up? What did I want to do? I started listing off options. Band member, electrician, engineer, train engineer, car dealer, bus driver, none of them. I didn't want to do any of them. Eventually, I had to go to bed. I didn't sleep at all. I was too worried about what would happen to me. I would be sent to detention and then have my arms cut off and then be shot in the face! At least that's what I thought would happen. I actually did get some sleep, but I don't think I actually fell asleep, I'm pretty sure I just passed out from fright.

When I woke up, I had completely forgotten about my problem. I didn't remember about it until we had to go up to the front of the class and read our paper. The second that my teacher said the word "Assignment" I flipped out. We went by last names in alphabetical order. Luckily, my last name starts with a Y so I had plenty of time to think of an excuse to why I didn't finish my homework.

When it was my turn, I had it all planned out. If the assignment were to write a story, I would have had this done in no time. I even had a super dramatic and action packed battle scene. I was pretty sure that I would get away with this. It seemed flawless.

"Jesse, please come up and read your essay," my teacher said.

"Well, I would, but I wasn't able to finish it," I said.

"Well then, I guess you'll just have to-" I cut off my teacher's sentence and began my story.

"My tale is full of woe and sorrow, so I suggest that you all grab a couple of tissues. Everybody got some? Good. Now let me begin.

I was writing my essay like the good boy I am, when all of the sudden, my pencil grew legs and ran away! Now I wasn't going to allow this. I ran after the pencil and I chased it around my room. Eventually, it jumped through my open window and out into the yard. I jumped right through that window as well. After a long time of chasing, I finally caught it, but it grew wings and started to fly! I was still holding on to it, so I was lifted off the ground along with it. It took me up into space! Luckily, I always carry my trusty space suit. It carried me past the moon, past Saturn, past Jupiter and eventually brought me to a giant space ship. It flew in and it shook me off. I fell on the ground face

first. The pencil jumped away. I looked up and I saw that it was in the hands of a large alien! I grabbed my laser gun that I always carry on me and I pointed at the alien. 'Hand over the pencil!' I said. The alien spoke in some strange language and pulled out a laser gun as well. We both stood with our guns pointed at each other. We both shot our weapons. He was quick, but I was quicker! He blew up and I jumped out of the way of his laser. The pencil tried to flee but I shot a laser in front of it. The blast knocked it back and on to its bottom. I held my gun pointed at it and it surrendered. I picked it up and walked to one of the escape pods. I stepped in and I was launched away.

I was heading toward earth when suddenly an asteroid hit me! I spiraled out of control and I was forced to make a crash landing. I braced for the impact, and then... KA-BOOM! My escape pod exploded in a dazzling fire! I was able to walk off without a scratch on me because I'm just so cool.

I looked around. I was in the middle of a jungle. 'I'm going to have to find a way out of here as quick as possible so I can finish my homework.' I said to myself. 'Not turning in that essay would be the last thing that I would want to do.' So I set off.

I encountered many dangerous animals like lions, snakes, crocodiles and a group of angry monkeys. I fought my way past all of those and eventually found myself at an ancient temple. I thought to myself 'Well, it won't matter too much if I spend some time exploring this temple. I'll only be about five minutes, then I'll be back on my way.' So I went in. And what I found was amazing; treasure. Treasure as far as the eye could see. I stared in amazement for a while, and then I started filling my pockets. When I was done, I must have weighed an extra fifty pounds. It was some pretty heavy treasure.

So I walked toward the exit when suddenly, it closed! I was stuck inside. I didn't panic because I'm cool like that. So I looked around trying to find a way out. I tried pushing stuff, pulling stuff, jumping on stuff and kicking stuff but nothing worked. I couldn't think of anything else, so I started throwing my treasure at the spot where the door once was. As I took the last piece of treasure out of my pockets, the door opened! The temple was designed to keep greedy people from stealing the ancient treasures. So I ran out as fast as I could. I wish that I hadn't tried to take that treasure with me because that took up a lot of time. I would end up regretting that in the end.

So I ran as far away from the temple as I could. I kept running until I found myself at a beach. I looked around to see if I could find any other people. I didn't see anyone. I was alone on this island. I had to get off fast if I wanted to get home with enough time to write my assignment. So I started to search around the island for materials to make a boat. I took my laser gun out of my pocket and I started to shoot lasers at a tree. I don't need an axe if I have a laser gun.

So I carved out the tree trunk with my gun and it was eventually finished. It was the best boat that you had ever seen that was made within five minutes. So I hopped in and I set off.

So to make a long story short, I rode the boat to Australia because it was the closest, I got on a plane and I flew back home. When I got home, I was about to take out my pencil and get back to work, but then I realized, my pencil was gone! It had run off again! I was mad and I was ready to go after it again, but my mom said it was my bedtime. If I hadn't tried to take that treasure with me, I would have had enough time to go after it again. But greed got the best of me and I ended up regretting it. And that's why I couldn't turn in my assignment." See? Flawless. I have to admit, I actually lost track of what I was even saying after about two minutes.

My class just stared at me with expressionless faces. The silence was broken when my teacher was finally able to finish the sentence that I had cut off to tell my story. She said,

"What I was going to say before you told that "amazing" story is that you'll just have to stay in at recess and finish your assignment."

"Oh, that's it?" I asked.

"Yes. That's it."

"So I told that story for no reason?"

"Well, not for no reason, you showed us all how creative you are."

"Oh, thanks. I guess."

So I stayed in at recess and I finished my essay. I finally figured out what I wanted to be when I grew up and I think that my story helped a lot. I found out that I wanted to be a carpenter. Were you expecting me to say adventurer? Well being an

The Assignment, 6-8, p. 5

adventurer isn't a well paying job. Most of the time it doesn't even pay you in money. It pays you in death. Being a carpenter only pays you in money.

Yeah, that was a pretty crazy time. I was never really good at turning stuff in on time. In fact, I'm still struggling with it today. But I guess that failing to turn something in during my past has helped me out in the future. Thanks, past Jesse.