

THE NOODLE AND POODLE CHRONICLES

Crunch... Crunch... Crunch! "Noodle, could you eat cupcakes any quieter?" Poodle snapped as she threw her notepad and pencil on the floor. "You know," Noodle paused to grab another chocolate cupcake. "If it weren't for me, you would be getting ready to go to another boarding school without even knowing it." She sighed as he bit into his cupcake smugly and changed the subject. "Noodle, if you don't quit eating all those sweets, you'll be 2,000 pounds by tomorrow." He raised his eyebrows and continued to eat it. They both knew she was lying. He was still be as skinny as a stick, despite being severely addicted to sugar his whole short 12- year-long life.

"Fine." He told her, "Since you want me to, I'll go eat some *fruit*. In the kitchen." "Wait." Poodle handed him a map. "We're right... here" she said, pointing to a room on the map. "Okay, thanks, Poodle" he replied as he tried (and failed) to secretly grab some chocolate bars on his way out the door.

Poodle shook her head and grabbed a macaroon. *Think, Poodle* she told herself. *What can I do?* She flopped on her bed, nibbling the lemon macaroon, and recapped what had just happened. It had been the night before the last day of the school year at her boarding school. It was still relatively normal. Until she heard a knock. At first she opened the door of her dorm room, then the window. When she did, much to her surprise, her twin brother, Noodle, came tumbling through the window with his old, tattered green suitcase onto her carpet. He had green eyes and dark brown hair, instead of her blue eyes and light brown hair. "Noodle!" she gasped. "Why are you outside my window freezing to death?" "Be-because," he stuttered, "We just got into town. Mom and dad are shipping you off t- to *Ms. Wintersmichalot's School for Prim Young Girls* tomorrow morning." Poodle had rushed to grab a blanket for him, then made him tell the whole story instead of a panicked ten-second stammer. Once he had finished, she went to grab a bunch of sweets as a reward from the school's kitchen.

There is an explanation for the twins' strange names. You see, their father was a renowned dog breeder and their mother was a professional Italian chef. One thing they had in common, though, was their love for rhymes. So when they were told they were going to have twins, they began to argue. "Smoodle and Zoodle!" their father yelled, because they were the names of his favorite dogs. Their mother would yell "Fettuccini and Rotini!", because they were her favorite pastas. On and on they went, until they came to Noodle and Poodle. Happy? Good, now back to the story.

Poodle absentmindedly glanced at the clock as Noodle returned. Poodle gasped. "Noodle. Get in the closet." "Um, What?" her brother looked at her, bewildered. "Now, Noodle!" She shoved him in her closet while he shouted something about his cupcake getting smashed, closed the closet doors, dove into bed, and turned off the light.

"Ms. Poodle?" Mrs. Hadmem cracked open the door. "Yes, ma'am?" Poodle replied. The nightly inspections were normally fine, but tonight they were annoying. "Good, you're in bed already." Her instructor made a little checkmark on the clipboard she was carrying. "But, your room is a mess, dear. You simply must clean it before tomorrow evening. And you aren't even wearing your pajamas." She pursed her lips. "Shall I clean it now?" Poodle asked. "Please do, dear. We really can't have your room be so cluttered." As Mrs. Hadmem said this, three things happened. For one, Noodle burst out of the closet, purely out of habit, to clean up her room. The second is that Poodle's crawl out of bed turned into a wide-eyed lunge to push Noodle back into the closet. Third and final, last but not least, Mrs. Hadmem fainted at the sight of a strange boy that looked very much like Poodle was wiping chocolate frosting off of his face and calmly walking out of the closet.

"Oh!" Mrs. Hadmem exclaimed, and promptly fell over. "Well, she's out cold." Noodle said, staring at the instructor. "Noodle, why did you do that?" Poodle half frowned, half smiled as her brother strolled over to the old lady and nudged her with his shoe. "Hmm." He stroked his chin. "Perhaps I had to make you owe me a favor." Poodle snorted (if Mrs. Hadmem was still awake she would have fainted again at

that). "What makes you think making my instructor faint makes me owe you a favor?" "Nothing. But, you will owe me a favor for dragging her to her room." Noodle retorted as he hoisted the old woman in his arms and began to carry her out the door. He stopped short. "Hey, uh, where *is* her room?" Poodle laughed. "C'mon." As they walked through the halls, they were both thinking about one thing. *How are we going to get more food?* Oh, sorry. Looks like Noodle wasn't quite on the same track. Let me try again. *How are we going to find a way out by tomorrow morning?* Thank goodness for Poodle's thoughts not circling around food the way Noodle's did. Much better for telling a story. Back to the tale at hand. They plopped the prim old woman on her bed. Noodle seemed a lot more energetic than when she had last seen him. Given, the last time she *had* seen him, he was exhausted from a 36-hour drive with no stopping, or in his case, sleeping. Sleeping was a lost cause on the road for Noodle.

"So, now what?" Noodle asked her. "We plan an escape." Poodle said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. "I have a better idea." He said "What if we went... Nowhere?" She silently raised her eyebrows in interest and mild surprise. She was used to crazy ideas coming from her brother. "We can hide out in this school. We can get food from the kitchen, sleep in spare rooms, and it's so obvious that they'll never guess where we are hiding!" Noodle looked at her expectantly as she cocked her head. "That... could work" she grudgingly admitted. He positively glowed. "Where to first in that case?" Her brother asked. "My room. We need to grab our stuff. How else would we do anything?" Poodle said and promptly started off. Noodle looked around them as they walked, obviously trying to memorize the way around the long twisting hallways. "Oops. Looks like she forgot her clipboard on her way out the door" he said. Poodle rolled her eyes. "Look, we need to get our stuff and go find a vacant room" Poodle said dryly, packing a suitcase full of her least frilly outfits, her books, her favorite blanket (the one that wasn't pink), her pillow, and...

"Hey, is that Brownie?" Noodle pulled a dark brown elephant from her grasp before she could protest. But not before she could squeak indignantly and blush. "I bet mom that you kept this! Now she owes me

\$2.00 dollars!" He grinned as she tried to grab the stuffed animal away from him. "Well, it was the only thing from you that I could keep with me. You know how long this year seemed." She looked at her feet. "I missed you too, Poodle" Noodle said. "To make you feel better, I kept Mr. Butterscotch." He was referring to the tan kangaroo she gave him at the same time he had given her Brownie. "I actually couldn't bring half of the books I wanted to bring because of him. I knew you would want to see him." Poodle stood up and wiped her eyes. To Noodle's surprise, they looked like she wanted to cry. "Anyways, I'm ready. Let's go." Poodle picked her suitcase up by the strap and started lugging it to the doorway. Noodle grabbed a flashlight from her nightstand that he had spotted earlier. "Are you coming, or what?" she called from down the hallway. "Yeah, I'm ready." He started to pull his suitcase out the door. "Wait. Poodle, I need to leave." "What do you mean?" Poodle stopped dead in her tracks, looking back at her brother. "Well, mom and dad will know I helped you hide if I'm not in our hotel room in the morning." He fidgeted and looked out the window. "It already looks close to midnight. I'm going to need at least a little sleep. I'm sorry. I'll meet you in the kitchen in the morning. I can find an opportunity to slip away once we arrive." "Noodle, it's fine. I'll carry our suitcases to an empty room." Poodle hugged him. "See you tomorrow?" "Okay." He swallowed. He finally got up and slowly walked back to her door. He walked in to her room and shut the door. From the hallway, Poodle heard a faint thud. Probably him opening the window. Then she heard a clunk and another thud. She hoped he would be able to find her again tomorrow. *Have some faith in him, Poodle.* She told herself. *He can do it.*

:-----:

Poodle woke up to a dainty little alarm. It was far too annoying. Where was her normal-sounding alarm? *Noodle.* She awoke with a start. She got a Do-Not-Disturb sign and put it on the door. She changed and grabbed her flashlight. Everyone else would still be asleep. She couldn't wake or alert someone by turning on the light. "I have to do this for Noodle." She hated the darkness. Poodle eventually found her way to the kitchen. *I guess cooking class is good for one thing.* She laughed at

herself as she made pancakes and bacon. She also grabbed some plates, bowls, and silverware. "Good enough." She grabbed some Oreos from a 'hidden' stash that was *supposed* to be for the teachers, but now they were for Noodle and his sweet tooth.

"Poodle?" Chills went up Poodle's arms. "Mom, dad, and I just got here. Are you there?" She sagged in relief as she realized that it was just her brother. "Noodle, yes, I'm here. Try to be a little quieter. I made breakfast. Let's go back up to the room I found." She found him wandering the hallway and pulled him along.

"THIS IS SO FLUFFY!" Noodle fell face-first on the bed. "Here's the plan." She said, ignoring her brother. "Yeah?" Noodle sat up and looked at her. "We need breakfast before we do anything. We need brain food." Noodle greedily grabbed some of the bacon. As he gobbled it down, Poodle reached for a pancake and some silverware. When they were done she continued. "We need to start off with this." She pulled a paper off of the dresser. "The staff will be clearing out all of the student dorms tomorrow. We'll need to find an empty guest bedroom, first of all. Where do you want to stay?" "Room 7, floor 3." Noodle said this as if he had know it for his whole life. Poodle looked at him in surprise, then back at the paper. Sure enough, the room wasn't booked. "I got a glimpse of the paperwork on my way in here." He shrugged. "I thought it could be useful." "Okay, then." Poodle kept explaining the steps to the plan, and Noodle kept on nodding. Once she was finished, he agreed and they both stood up and grabbed their suitcases. They tidied the room as well as they could. When they done, Noodle was the first one out the door. As Poodle began to walk out of the doorframe, she paused. *What have I gotten myself into?* She shook her head. *It's not what I've gotten myself into, it's what I've gotten myself out of.* And with that, she turned away from the room and into the hallways of the boarding school.

~THE END~