

# Flying carrots

Business



On just an ordinary Monday after school in the April of my second grade, my friends and I walked on to the yellow school bus to go home. It was a cloudy day and a sense of misfortune themed the sky. At the time, though, I did not pay much attention. I was never really a superstitious person anyway.

We strolled outside and the cloudy sky leered over me like a haunting crow, but who cared? It was the end of school on one of those dreadful Mondays. I was delighted to be sent home. So once we got on the bus, my friends and I were the first ones on the bus but we picked some seats up close to the front because we knew the bigger kids would have kicked us out of the back seats if we were brave enough to sit there. I grabbed a seat with my friend Brian. Once I sat down I felt something with my feet and I reached down and grabbed a bag of baby carrots.

I looked out the window for a second and the sky darkened in a spooky matter. " Hey look some carrots!" I said to Brian. " Eat them?" I looked at them and wondered how long they had been sitting there and many feet like mine making contact with them. I had never been a fan of germs so the idea of eating these carrots quickly passed my mind. But, I, being an immature seven year old, I hastily hid myself behind the back of my seat and grabbed a carrot from the bag and the words, " Flying carrot!" exited my mouth.

The carrot soared gracefully the air, although it was a mystery who had been hit. It then started to rain a little. " Flying carrot!" Brian and I yelled and we both launched a carrot each. As soon as he released the carrot we heard a loud, " Owww!" We had thought we had hit a kindergartner by the sound of his yell. At the same time, the art teacher, Mrs.

Sano came on to take attendance. She was a strict middle aged woman and always overreacted when a kid got hurt. Immediately we threw the carrots under our seat and pretended like nothing happened. Then, all of the sudden, a kid by the name of Will Sanders, a fifth grader, stood up crying his eyes out. We laughed so hard because we knew we had hit him. " Somebody on this bus threw a carrot at my face," he cried.

All that was racing through my mind was how much I hated that " tattletale cry baby" for telling. " Aw! Are you okay Will," Mrs. Sano said caringly. She looked up and her eyes peered as if she were the devil. I was so scared.

" Who threw a carrot!" She demanded. " Oh no, we're dead," we stated simultaneously. " There were two." Will corrected and after his tears dried up, he appeared to be pretty happy to be getting someone in trouble. That is what all of those " tattletale cry babies" find joy from. " Did anyone throw carrots at Will on this bus?" she asked, " because this bus is not leaving until I find out who did it?" I was horrified.

I took a look out the window to hide my guilt. The rain had picked up. I was turning bright red. One part of me wanted to laugh until I could not breathe and the other part of me wanted to just give in and tell her that it was us so we could all go home. I looked at Brian and asked what we should do but he did not give an answer.

He was still thinking. " It was me!" I stated with a sense of relief. Heck I was going to go home. The whole bus laughed and so did I, after all it was hilarious. I slinked back and waited for the bus to start.

It was still raining. All of the sudden I heard, " Mister, come with me," she was really mad. Teachers only call you by " Mister" when they are mad. I followed Mrs. Sano out of the bus and gave Will an angry face to let him know that I was not happy about what he did and I'm not sure if he was afraid of me, but he sure as hell did not have that happy look on his face anymore.

Once the Mrs. Sano and I of us stepped off the bus we ran in the school building because at this time it was pouring outside. She sent me to the vice principal's office and he lectured me on how I could have hurt someone really badly. After a 10 minute period of time of me saying " yes" and " uh hum" to all twenty times he said his signature statement, " Are we clear?" I was given a detention slip and I was free to go. I ran outside and the sun was shining and the rain had stopped. It looked like a beautiful day.

I came back to the bus and I was welcomed back with cheers from my friends. My friend Michael said, " Guys, even though it took the bus twenty million hours to leave, I'm so happy I'm finally going home." " Yeah," we agreed. The bus took off and we all carried on with our normal conversations and such. I got home ate dinner, played basketball with my brothers and neighbors and had a great afternoon.

It was a normal April afternoon. I felt the whole carrot incident would be left behind and forgotten quickly, as it was never mentioned once the bus took off. The next day, however, I learned that I was wrong. I sat down with Brian in the same spot and as all of the older kids walked by I heard " What's up

Carrot?" At that very moment I knew that this whole incident was never going to be forgotten.