

Change in Places

By Kayla M. Sytsma

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I've always wondered what it'd be like to be someone else. If I were Eddie, the most popular boy at school, I'd have it made. But if I were Mr. Chesters... and that's as far as my imagination would take me. He always looks like he has a toothache and would be the kind that ate little children, so I stay away

I always look in the mirror before I go to bed just to see if everything is the same. That night was no different; I was still plain me, age eleven. I went to sleep saying "One day, James Scott, you are going to change." I said this every night, but I was losing hope

I woke up and I knew something was different; the bed was much harder and I felt strange. I felt like a rubber band with a head- I was all stretched out on the inside. I had an awful toothache and when I finally found a mirror, I was horrified to see Mr. Chesters' face. Unfortunately, I knew it was me and not him because he is tall TALL and as my Mom says, "I'm vertically challenged." My new body was only mediumly tall because I think the TALL tallness and the short shortness evened each other out.

After some rummaging, I ate some cereal that made my toothache worse and put on 'my' janitors outfit. I walked out the front door and thought about trying to drive the car, but decided against it and walked. I wish I would've known how far it was to school; then I'd of tried to find a bike. I went to work trying to find the cleaning supplies and let me tell you, being a janitor is not pleasant. The kids are disgusting too- six dropped their lunch trays and two threw up.

I was half dead by the time I walked to the closest restaurant and ate a burger. When I finished, I realized I had no money and through some twist of fate, I was held in jail because I looked suspiciously like a man who was wanted notoriously around the state. After sleeping on an even harder bed, I was drug to court where I was immediately convicted because I had no alibi and I guess an eleven-year-olds word isn't good enough. I was sentenced to life in prison.

At this point I was crying; when you were someone else, stuff like this wasn't supposed to happen. "I just want to be me!" I sobbed. Suddenly, I woke up and ran to the mirror and saw ME. Now, when I get ready for bed, I don't spend so much time by the mirror and as I fall asleep on my soft bed, I say "James Scott, you are YOU and nothing has to change."

Short Story Application:\

First Name: Kayla Last name: Sytsma Middle or Nickname: Marie. Nickname is Maud

Phone Number: 608-548-4050 Address: 320 Chicago Ave, Coloma, WI 54930

Age: 14 DOB: 11/12/2003

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Signature: Kayla M. Sytsma