

The Procrastinator

Ages: 10-12

By: Sharon Chriscoe

Annie hung upside down on the monkey bars in her backyard. Mrs. Bowman's words in class flooded her head. "Remember Annie, your science project is due tomorrow. Don't be a procrastinator. Turn it in tomorrow and you will get a treat."

I am not a procrastinator. Annie furiously flipped right side up and jumped down off the monkey bars. *A procrastinator waits until the last minute to do everything. Well, I don't.*

For instance, I like to eat my cookies before supper, not afterward. I always play outside before doing my homework. That's not procrastinating. Playtime and cookies are important to me, so I do them first. I think that's smart. Annie nodded at her logic.

As Annie attempted to beat her dad's record for swinging the highest, her parents pulled into the driveway.

They're going to make me do my science project now. Great. I guess no record breaker for me today. Annie moped toward her mom and dad.

"Supper will be in an hour, Annie," her mom said.

Her dad patted her on the head as he walked by. "Still trying to beat my record, I see."

Neither of them said a peep about her science project. *Wow! This is awesome!*

Later Annie went inside for supper. The smell of chicken and potatoes lurked in the air. Her mouth watered. But first she just had to try out her luck. She marched to the cookie jar, picked a handful of cookies, and sat down at the table. She crunched a cookie and—nothing.

Her dad didn't even look at her funny.

Her mom simply handed her a plate and a glass of milk.

Annie could not believe it. *This is the best day of my life. I got cookies before supper, without a speech. And not one word about my stupid science project. Sweet!*

When Annie woke up the following morning, she was convinced the day before had been a wonderful dream.

She knew the first thing she'd hear when she walked into the kitchen would be, "Good morning, Annie. Are you finished with your project?"

It was the same as the day before, not one tiny peep about school. It wasn't a dream. It was real.

When Mrs. Bowman asked why she didn't have her project ready to turn in, she could blame it on her parents. After all, they hadn't told her to do it.

Annie strolled into Mrs. Bowman's class with her excuse on the tip of her tongue.

Before she even made it to her seat, she noticed a note on the chalkboard. It read:

FIELD TRIP TO CARO-WINDS THEME
PARK THIS SATURDAY. *Can this day get any better?*

Then, like a nightmare, Mrs. Bowman said, "For everyone who completed their science project, there will be a field trip to Carowinds tomorrow."

The entire class, with the exception of Annie, broke into cheers.

Annie nervously approached Mrs. Bowman. She could tell by the look on Mrs. Bowman's face that she already knew what Annie wanted.

"Mrs. Bowman, I don't have my project ready today because my parents didn't tell me to finish it. Can I still go to Carowinds and ride the roller coaster?"

"I'm sorry, Annie, but the field trip is only for those who have completed their project." Mrs. Bowman spoke gently. "Maybe you can go next time."



That Saturday while the rest of her class was having fun on all the rides, Annie completed her project.

A few days later, Annie refused to come out of her room. Her mom peeked at her through the door crack.

"Annie, what on earth are you doing with all that paper and glue?" her mom asked.

"Next year's science project," Annie replied. "There is no way I'm missing Screaming Cyclone again."

~The End~



C'mon Dobbin Go! Go! Go!
By Linda Jackman

C'mon Dobbin Go! Go! Go!

C'mon Dobbin my trusty steed
Let us rock then gather speed.
Riding hard across the plains
Holding tight on to your reins.

We will ride our very best,
Bringing mail throughout the west.
No time to lose, we can't stop.
Keep on rocking till we drop.

We will ride in rain and snow.
C'mon Dobbin lets go, go, go!
You're the horse to get us through
C'mon Dobbin it's up to you.

Poor old Dobbin, something's wrong.
You are broke, your rocker's gone.
Never mind, I've got some glue,
You will be as good as new.

