

The Mysterious Package

Loud chatter and squealing filled the school oval. Children running around like little leopards while the kindy girls made fairy gardens and rock tattoo shops.

"Drrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr" went a droning sound.

Silence spread around the school oval like a contagious virus. All eyes darted to a little white drone, whirring around in the air, —carrying a sandpaper wrapped package, dangling at the bottom of the drone.

"What do you think that is?" Whispered my friend to me.

"I think it's Frankie's sandwich. Remember how his mum forgot to pack it? It might be from his mum, driving a drone to deliver his food!" I exclaimed out loud, forgetting that I was supposed to whisper.

"Guys, let me through! I'm trying to get my sandwich because Melody said so!" Frankie spat as he pushed through the crowd of students.

Oops! I hope it's really his sandwich otherwise I'll be in BIG trouble! CHZZZZ CHZZZZ! Frankie tore open the package, leaving sandpaper scraps all over the ground. His face fell and flushed crimson red. He turned slowly to face me. Face scrunched up and fists clenching. I leaned over to see what was inside the package. Inside was art supplies of paint, crayons, scissors, glue, and pencils. I totally forgot! At the end of art, my art teacher told me in secret that she was ordering a package of new art supplies and it will arrive by drone since I was complaining about the art supplies we have currently.

"Excuse me, my treasures," said Ms. Charné, our art teacher as she strode through the students.

Then she stopped in her tracks. Her face was horrified.

"WHO. DID. THIS?" asked Ms. Charné, her mouth wide open and her eyes unblinking.

The crowd of students and I moved aside, revealing Frankie in the middle.

"Frankie, you have detention for the rest of the term!" Snapped Ms. Charné.

"But....but....Melody said that it was my sandwich!" Whimpered Frankie.

"Is that true Melody?" Ms. Charné queried me, her eyes bulging.

"No, I said that I THINK it was his sandwich. He didn't hear properly so it's his problem, not mine!" I explained.

"Very well, you are dismissed. MELODY." Ms. Charné answered.

That was a close one but I couldn't bear the look on Frankie's horrified face. He was my best friend after all, and I put him in detention,—for a term! I felt really bad. My face fell whilst my heart and stomach felt heavy of guilt. I looked back, and saw Frankie following Ms. Charné through heavy steps of shame. He looked at me and looked away, seeing that his best friend betrayed him by sliding out of the tiniest crack.

A few days later at soccer, I saw Frankie and offered to pair up with him for ball games, but he just ignored me, feeling too upset to even listen to me. My eyes flooded with tears and my lips trembled.

"Why did I do that? Why couldn't I just have told the truth without getting him in trouble?" I thought to myself.

I sprinted towards the girls bathroom. I couldn't bear losing my best friend,—especially when I always partnered up with him. I thought about the good times we had together but that just made me feel even guiltier.

"Hey Melody, I'm sorry for being upset at you. I wish I didn't make you feel so sad. Could we be friends again?" Frankie asked me at the doorway for the girls bathroom as he wasn't allowed to enter.

Why would he ask me to make up with him when he made me feel so upset? But if I refuse, I might not have another opportunity to make up with him again.

"Fine." I reply in a bossy-ish way.

I wipe my out my tears, eyes still red from crying and step out of the cubicle I was in. I stepped out of the girls bathroom and Frankie gave me a tight hug, hoping it would cheer me up.

"I'm really sorry for getting you into detention!" I confess.

"It's ok, I'll get over it! At least I get to run laps instead of doing boring school work!" Replied Frankie.

I beamed from happiness. I clutched his hand tightly and we ran off towards the soccer field.

"Last person to get to soccer is a hairy monkey!" I yell.

"I'm not a hairy monkey so I'm gonna win!" Giggled Frankie.

"We'll see about that" I exclaimed.

