

The School Thief

After class, I strided to my locker to get my books for chemistry. Once I reached my locker, there was a big note written on my locker in permanent marker. My mesmerised horror told me to touch it. My hand lifted slowly, trembling with fright. Wet, black ink stuck onto my fingers as my fingers glided across the smooth yet rusted surface of my carmine locker.

"Your prize will be stolen by ME" Read the note.

What prize? Who's me? Why will I be the victim of the thief? My head was a whirlpool spinning with questions. I looked around, suddenly back in my school again. No one was in the hallway and what did I have now? Oh yeah! Chemistry! I grabbed my books and paced towards the chemistry classroom. My brain was still thinking about that note on my locker. Who wrote it? Why stolen? While the teacher kept on explaining the powers of sulfuric acid I jotted down the powers and stuff and yada yada yada. The teacher marched up to me, snatched my notebook and read my notes.

"So.....Concentrated sulfuric acid has a powerful dehydrating property, removing water (H_2O) from other chemical compounds such as table sugar (sucrose) and other carbohydrates, to produce carbon, steam, and heat." The teacher read out loud.

"Fine, this is okay, but next time, I WON'T let it slide." The teacher hissed, her face scarlet.

After an hour of boring chemistry, the teacher finally dismissed the class and my class headed to sport. Yes! The school carnival young sprinters competition was tomorrow!

"Billie is definitely going to place first as the 12-13 age champions!" I heard my best friend Cordelia whisper to another girl called Juno.

"100%" Juno exclaimed.

"No, 100000000%!" Cordelia replied.

I already knew it was going to be me to win first as age champion. I was so excited for tomorrow I wish today was skipped!

"Billie, can you sit on the silver seats please?" Mr.Thorné asked, piercing through my thoughts of receiving the age champion trophy.

What a bummer. I sat down on the silver seats as my head hung low as if there was a boulder attached to my foreign and neck. I didn't need this average training. I already trained hours in the gym for the carnival but not for too long because I wouldn't improve as I was a natural young athlete. After Mr.Thorné sorted us into groups of 6, we started to do our activity which was running laps around the court. After a few 10 minutes, we moved onto the next activity which included the shotput. This was my favourite because the weights are so easy to throw and they are so lightweight! Well, mostly for me because it's like only 4 kilograms.

"Melany, you're showing excellent resilience although I have a suggestion, can you put the shotput ball to just touch the end of your ear so you can have a better push when you throw it." Suggested Mr.Thorné.

Sport ended after an hour of hard work. The day finally ended and I could have a good sleep for tomorrow and I'm confident I will win. Marcus Kenn the 'male karen' doubts I can win the carnival and he says if I win, he'll eat his homework. I'd love to see that!

Today is finally the carnival and I'm gonna win that gorgeous, golden, glimmering trophy. The bright summer's sun glowed a spotlight on it.

"Young sprinters race, starts first in 1 minute. Melany, Juno, Cordelia, Marcus, Danni, Terry, and Billie! That is you!" buzzed a quick announcement through the muddy, rusty, old megaphone.

I stepped out of the little tent-like shelter to walk slowly towards the racing lanes. I walked into lane 1, my lane and I steadied myself and took a deep breath. Everyone else participating in the race bent low to get a strong boost when they take off. Such dummies, they think I am not here otherwise, they just want to place on the podium.

"On your marks, get set, BEEP!" buzzed the megaphone.

Everyone took off as well as I but it was a piece of cake beating everyone. 1 kilometre in 1 minute! Pretty fast compared to everyone else. I stepped to the sidelines, and received my 1st place ribbon.

"GO CORDELIA!! GO MELANY!! WOOOOOO!!" I cheered.

As soon as I cheered, that gave them the strength to keep on going. Cordelia went from jogging to actually sprinting while Melany tried to overtake Marcus. Unfortunately, neither Melany nor Cordelia came second or third. I was quite disappointed at the fact they didn't win but still, they tried their best at least. After a few hours of championships and races, it was the moment of truth. But before that, the school moved indoors so it wouldn't be so hot anymore and we could be under the air conditioning. Whew! That feels much better. Everyone settled in their seats, waiting for the age champion awards.

"And the moment you've all been waiting for, females first up, age 12-13 years. 3rd place goes to.... Joanna Wong!" Exclaimed Mr. James the head of sport as Joana made her way up the stairs and onto the stage to claim her medal.

"And second place goes to.... Annita Caroline!" Proclaimed Mr. James while Annita enthusiastically marched up the stage and received her shiny, polished, silver medal.

The splendid golden trophy glinted under the spotlight. It was the moment of truth and the school's celebration for 12-13 age champions.

"And 1st place goes to...." Mr. James' loud enthusiastic words fell into a deafening silence.

The room went pitch black and everyone started to panic. I knew that the trophy was mine but what in the world was happening? I then thought about the note I found on my locker yesterday but what was that supposed to do with this? This is nothing but a room of chaos, not a robbery! I heard a loud crash and then a cracking noise of the podium sounding as if it was about to collapse! Oh no, oh no! I started to panic even more than everyone else and when the lights came back on, the trophy was gone.