

Post-Assessment: Shaken Up

UNIT: Storyteller Con

TRANSCRIPT

Shaken Up

By Jacob Kramer

“Oh NO! No no no,” whined my big sister Jaime, “There’s no soda! Burgers. Buns. Veggie burgers. Cake. MOM, I can’t believe you forgot the soda!”

Jaime always makes a really big deal out of her birthday. This year she’s turning 14. She even got a very special pink dress made out of fancy fabric. She wants everything to be perfect, but if something goes wrong, she gets so mad. Last year, her party was ruined because her soccer ball got stuck in a tree. I never told her it was me who kicked it up there by accident.

“Sweetie, that’s not exactly true,” said Mom, “You were responsible for making the list.”

“What are my friends supposed to drink?” Jamie whined.

I pointed to the hose.

“Ew, no. Mo, that’s gross. No way we’re drinking hose water! Mom—can you get the soda?”

“Sorry, this barbecue is going and an adult needs to be here,” Mom said.

“UGH. MOM. You’re the worst.”

Jaime can be such a baby sometimes. Even though I’m her little brother, I always have to step up and be mature. This could be my chance to make sure things go perfectly.

I volunteered to get the soda, and Mom gave me a crumpled twenty. I ran all the way to the mini-mart. I picked cherry cola (Jaime’s favorite), root beer (classic), orange soda (my favorite), and a six-pack of cream soda because I once saw Abdul drinking it after soccer practice, and I know Jaime has a crush on him. No way this party can be ruined now.

Linda was working at the counter today. She’s old, but we’re friends.

“These are for Jaime’s birthday,” I said, “She’s turning fourteen.”

Linda nodded, “You know, Mo, my fourteenth birthday party was ruined by a wild pig. I left the gate open in our yard, which we were never supposed to do, and it ran right in.”

My blood ran cold, as cold as the sodas. I’m scared of pigs. They’re a lot bigger and faster than they look in kids books.

“A w-wild pig? I asked, “Can that really happen?”

“Where I grew up, in Texas, we got 2.6 million of ‘em. And they’re everywhere, Mo. There’s wild pigs in thirty-five states. Including this one.”

“W-what did you do?” I asked, “W-when the wild pig came?”

“We ran inside! The pig ate the cake, but there was still ice cream for dessert. The toughest part was admitting that it was me who left the gate open. But when I told everyone, they just laughed! It was still a great party.”

I tried to push the idea of pigs out of my mind as I ran back towards the park. Jaime’s birthday was going to be perfect. The sun was shining, the burgers were on the grill,

and it was almost time for a swim. And I was almost 99 percent certain that there were no wild —SKREEEEEEE!!— PIGS! Squealing right behind me!

I dodged behind a tree, tripped, and went face first into the dirt. The sodas went everywhere. As I brushed the dirt off myself and gathered up the scattered cans, I looked around. No pigs, just a car with squeaky brakes.

I was shaken up. And so were the sodas. The special birthday sodas that cost almost twenty dollars! I felt stupid. I couldn't believe how scared I had been. It was embarrassing. I knew I couldn't tell anyone. I was sure the sodas were fine. It was just a little bump, right?

When I got back, people had started to arrive for the party. Jaime was talking with Abdul, and he was admiring her new pink dress. Everything was perfect. The sun was shining, the burgers were on the grill, and the sodas were ice cold. But deep down, I knew that each can was full of bubbles, and those bubbles were freaking out, and if anyone tried to drink them. . . I made a 'yikes' face to myself.

"Omigosh is that CREAM SODA?" exclaimed Abdul, "My favorite! Mo, how did you know? Ok, Jaime, which one do you want?"

Jaime smoothed her new pink dress. "Um, ok, I guess I'll have one of those, please," she said, blushing. Abdul handed her a cherry cola and she smiled so wide. This was her very special moment of her very special day. I watched in horror as they bumped their cans together. It was too late.

"Cheers!"

Soda erupted in twin volcanoes, covering Jaime in a fountain of sticky brown liquid. It was all over her dress, with the fancy fabric that can't ever get wet.

"My dress!" she shrieked, "MO! WHAT DID YOU DO?"

“Nothing!” I lied.

“DID YOU SHAKE THESE UP? ARE YOU TRYING TO RUIN MY BIRTHDAY?”

I shook my head, trying to think of a better lie to get out of this.

“I don’t know… uh… they were… uhm… ” The more I stuttered, the more Jamie lost her cool.

“I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO RUIN MY BIRTHDAY! Why can’t I have ONE day that’s about me?” I was about to lie and say I didn’t know, but I suddenly remembered Linda’s story. When I opened my mouth, the truth came spilling out.

“I THOUGHT THERE WERE PIGS!” I cried, “YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN SCARED TOO!” A stunned silence followed my outburst.

“Wait, what?” said Abdul, shaking soda out of his hair.

I explained the whole thing. As I told the story, I could see Jamie begin to calm down. When I got to the part about hearing a pig, she actually laughed.

“You’re so silly! Why didn’t you say anything?” said Jaime.

“I was embarrassed. I thought you wouldn’t notice, I thought everything was OK.”

“You thought the sodas smashed all over the ground were OK?”

“Maybe I just wished they were OK,” I said.

“You know, if you had just told me, none of this would have happened,” She replied. She was right, of course.

“I just didn’t want to ruin your birthday,” I mumbled. Jamie looked down at her dress. I knew what she was thinking. It was already ruined. She was about to say something about the dress, when Abdul had an idea to save the party.

“I HAVE A GREAT IDEA! LET’S OPEN ALL OUR SODAS IN THE POND!”