Addy Ankleton VS Nell Newton (AKA Smelly Nelly)

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Introduction

Here is a book I wrote! If you like writing stories.
Addy Anklyton was a downright tomboy, although she was very pretty and all, with her waist-length, wavy red hair, bright blue eyes, and lightly freckled pink cheeks. She was practically a cowgirl.

But that didn’t mean she wasn’t scared on her first day at a new school, in a new house, in a new neighborhood, in a new city, in a new state! In fact, she was terrified! Wyoming, where she now lived, didn’t seem at all like Texas, where she had come from.

As she woke up on Tuesday morning, she was reminded all too well of this seemingly terrible day by her mother calling her to breakfast. “Hurry, dear, It’s breakfast time! You don’t want to miss the bus on your first day of school!”

“Coming Mom!” Addy yelled. Then she said quietly to herself, “But I do want to miss the bus, and I don’t want to hurry.”

Addy jumped out of bed and changed into her blue jeans and lucky neon yellow shirt. Then, she grabbed her backpack and headed down to breakfast.
Chapter 2

Breakfast was pancakes, but Addy had absolutely no appetite. Well, at least only a teeny-weeny appetite. She grabbed a cranberry muffin and hugged her parents goodbye.

“Don’t forget your jacket! It’s cold here in March,” Addy’s dad called. Addy sniffed sadly and didn’t reply.

On the way to the bus stop, Addy met a girl with long black hair and kind, blue eyes.

“Oh, hi! What’s your name?” Addy asked.

“Adele Adams,” the girl replied, “What’s yours?”

“Addy Anklyton. Whose class are you in?”

“Ms. Irene’s.”

“Me too!”

“Great, Um, I haven’t seen you; are you new?”

“Mm-hmm,” Addy nodded, “I’m from Texas.”

“Oh! I used to live there when I was two. Oh, and I like your boots.”

“Oh, thanks.”

“You’re welcome. By the way, beware of Nelly Newton. She always wears fancy dresses like she’s going to a ball or something. She’s super mean. We call her Smelly Nelly,” Adele giggled.

“That’s not very nice,” Addy said.

“Oh, wait ‘till you get to know her better,” Adele said in a low voice. “You’ll change your mind. Oh! The bus is here!”
As Addy boarded the bus with Adele, she saw a girl with a long-sleeved blue dress with lace at the cuffs. The skirt was made of soft periwinkle feathers. She had on tights that were striped periwinkle and white. She was not nearly as pretty as Addy or Adele, even though her clothes were prettier.

She had bushy, curly, shoulder-length black hair. Her eyes were cold and black, and her lips were thin and beige, with a seemingly permanent sneer.

“Is that Smelly Nelly?” Addy whispered. “She’s kind of creepy, especially her lips and eyes.”

“Yep, that’s her,” Adele said. “But never call her by her nickname in front of any grown-ups. Don’t say it to her face either, because she’s a horrible tattletale. I mean it.”

They found their seats and before long were at Lincoln Elementary School. Addy headed off to her classroom with Adele. Nelly, unfortunately, was in their class. “Great,” Addy thought.
At lunch, Addy sat next to Adele. As Smelly Nelly walked by, she saw Addy and came over to check her out.

“Hi, I’m Nelly. And you’re Addy. I’ve heard of you. You’re from Texas, right?”

“Um, yes. I-I am.” Addy said. “See? She’s not so bad,” Addy whispered to Adele.

“You just wait,” Adele said in a low voice.

Meanwhile, Nelly was chattering away. “Well, that explains your weird tomboy outfit. As I hope you can see, I’m wearing my brand-new periwinkle dress. It’s of the latest style,” Nelly brushed her skirt sending feathers showering over Addy. Nelly pretended not to notice.


“Eww! You’re sneezing on me!” Nelly shrieked. “What, are you allergic to tiny, soft, harmless, feathers, or something?”

“I might be,” Addy sniffed as Nelly flounced away.
Chapter 5

After lunch, Adele and Addy walked to the playground together. “Hey! Watch what I can do!” Nelly shouted. She swung on the monkey bars to the end and—without stopping—swung back to where she had started. Addy couldn’t help but notice that she skipped the middle bar.

“Bet you can’t do that!” she shrieked.

“You show her, Addy!” Adele yelled. All the commotion drew a crowd.

“All right, Addy!” they shouted.

“O.K.,” Addy said. She sailed up the steps to the monkey bars. Nelly stood tapping her foot and smirking.

Addy shot forward on the monkey bars. At the middle one that Nelly had skipped, Adele screamed, “Oh, no! Addy, watch—"

But it was too late. Addy reached out for the bar, and it rolled! Addy swung for a second in midair, reaching frantically for the next bar, then fell, “Splash!” into a puddle of mud.
Adele rushed over and helped Addy to her feet. Addy walked miserably through the crowd of sympathetic spectators.

As they walked to the door of the school, Adele said, “I can’t believe I didn’t tell you about that bar! It’s been there for so long, I guess it just seems normal to me!”

“It’s fine,” said Addy absentmindedly. She was too busy plotting revenge against Smelly Nelly to pay attention. “Where should we go to change my clothes?”

“Oh, the nurse’s office, I suppose. There’s a lost and found there where they probably have something for you to wear.”

“Sure, but do you even think they’ll have any clothes? I mean, who would strip off their clothes and then leave them lying around at a school?”

“Well, I think that a boy might take his shirt off on a hot summer’s day, but I don’t know about pants. Also, you could just wear a jacket and keep it zipped up.”

“Oh, yes, and I guess that for some reason someone might bring a pair of extra clothes to school and leave them! Oh, I hope there aren’t any clothes for me and I have to go home!” Addy cried.

When they got to the nurse’s office, they explained to the nurse what had happened to Addy. The nurse told Adele to go back to recess, which was almost over, and that she was sure they would have something for Addy. Adele explained that she would rather stay with Addy than go back to recess.

It turned out that there was nothing for Addy to wear on her legs, so she called her mom to come to pick her up.

Back at home, Addy started planning revenge again, and when it was time to go to bed, she had some pretty good ideas!
The next day at school, before the bell had rung, Addy quickly snuck into the classroom. She had asked her mother to drive her there early. When her mother asked why, she only said, “Oh, because…”

First, she put a fake spider into Smelly Nelly’s desk. Then, she put a tack on her chair and a piece of gum sticking the two pages of today’s science lesson together. She quickly snuck out again and began playing on the monkey bars, being careful to skip the middle bar. She was practicing a new trick, and it must be said that it was much more amazing than Nelly’s measly forward-and-back trick when the bell rang. She hurried inside and sat at her desk. “Please don’t look at your chair, Nelly, please don’t look at your chair!” Addy prayed.

“Attention, class, attention!” Ms. Irene called cheerfully. The second bell rang. Nelly’s late! Addy thought. It will draw even more attention to her when she sits on the tack!

“Open your math books to page 103; Addy page four,” Ms. Irene said. Nelly rushed in, out of breath.

“I’m so sorry, Ms. Irene! My little brother, Jude, was playing with my alarm clock, and accidentally changed the alarm from 6:30 to 7:30! My mother goes to work at six and takes Jude to daycare with her, so there was no one to tell me when to get up! Luckily, my body is used to getting up early, so I woke up at seven, and grabbed a pancake to-go, but I still missed the bus!”

“What about your dad?” Addy asked.

“Nelly’s father and mother got divorced when Nelly was just a baby, and Jude was adopted,” Ms. Irene explained to Addy. Then to Nelly, she said worriedly, “Nelly, you really shouldn’t be at home alone in the morning at your age! Something dangerous could happen!”

Nelly hung her head guiltily, but quickly spoke up, “Oh, it’s only for thirty minutes, and
Mother always leaves me breakfast! Plus, I’m already ten; isn’t that old enough to stay at home alone?”
“I’m not sure,” replied Ms. Irene, “though I do think that you should ask your mother if she can leave for work a little later.”
“Oh, O.K., I will!” Nelly said gratefully. She quickly moved to her seat, for through all of this, she had been standing by the door nervously. Addy had been so absorbed in the conversation, that she had completely forgotten the tack.
“O.K.,” Ms. Irene started, “Now if you haven’t opened your math boo-”
“OUCH!” Nelly screamed, leaping out of her chair in pain. Addy fairly jumped out of her seat in surprise, as did many other students. Nelly, in tears, looked down at her seat. The guilty tack was there, gleaming innocently.
“Who did this!” Ms. Irene practically screamed. Addy was so terrified by Ms. Irene’s fury, that she didn’t speak up, as she normally would have. “I see no one is owning up to it!” Ms. Irene fumed. Apparently, Nelly is one of her favorites. Addy thought. Well, Nelly does act very nice and polite in front of adults.
“Mark my words, whoever did this, if I find out who, why, I-I’ll give you a week of detention!” Ms. Irene screeched, “and if anyone hurts my Nelly again, or, in fact, does anything rude or mean to her, then she or he’ll have detention for a month!” My Nelly? Nelly is definitely Ms. Irene’s favorite! Addy thought.
As if Ms. Irene read Addy’s mind, she clapped her hand to her mouth. “I’m sorry, class. I shouldn’t call her ‘my Nelly;’ teachers should never have favorites, of course. I definitely don’t! Now, class do you remember what pages I told you to open to?”
“Yes,” chorused the class.
“Now, Nelly, sweetheart, open to page 103!”
“Yes ma’am!” Nelly smiled.
Oh, I really wish I had only planned one trick! Addy thought miserably.
As Smelly Nelly opened her desk to retrieve her math book, Ms. Irene said, “Now class, today we are learning how to-”

“EEK!” Nelly screamed. “There’s a spider in my desk!” She jumped out of her seat again and ran to Ms. Irene’s desk. “Help, Ms. Irene! Squash it, please!” she cried.

Ms. Irene hurried over to her desk to investigate. Sure enough, a spider was lurking in the shadows. Ms. Irene grabbed a page out of Smelly Nelly’s notebook and grabbed at the spider. When it didn’t move, she said to Nelly, “Nelly, dear, it’s only plastic.” Then, to the class, she this time really did bellow, “I really wish I knew which one of you it was! Whoever it was, if I ever find out who shall have detention for the rest of the school year! My poor, dear, lamb! Nelly, sweetheart, are you all right?”

“Y-yes ma’am,” Nelly stammered. Addy was not feeling too well. What if Ms. Irene discovered it was she who had played the tricks on Nelly? And what about the gum trick still to come? Oh dear, she did hope science came after lunch so she could take the gum out of Nelly’s book!

“O.K., class,” Ms. Irene said calmly, after taking a few breaths. “It is already past math time; you will have this lesson for homework.” This brought quite a few grumbles and groans from the class and even a few glares in Smelly Nelly’s direction. “Next is science; please take out your books,” Ms. Irene continued.

Addy groaned. “Is something wrong, Addy?” Ms. Irene asked. If only she knew! Then, she probably wouldn’t be talking so sweetly to Addy.

“No, ma’am,” Addy mumbled, using Nelly’s name for Ms. Irene.

“Excuse me?” Ms. Irene asked, her voice rising. “Did you just call me ‘ma’am’? I’ll tell you here and now that no one is ever to call me ma’am.”

“B-but,” Addy started. “Nelly-”
“Nelly is a different case entirely!”
“But why?”
“Oh, never you mind,” Ms. Irene said sheepishly. Smelly Nelly was smirking, and Addy couldn’t bear to look at her.
“Science books, please,” Ms. Irene said, tapping the desk with her pencil. “Addy, remember, you are starting at the same lesson as us because we just so happened to be starting a whole new chapter yesterday when you arrived.”
“Ms. Irene!” Nelly called, “My science book’s pages for this lesson are stuck together! OH! EW! It’s with gum!” Then, she burst into tears and ran to Ms. Irene’s desk.
“Tsk, tsk, dear,” Ms. Irene cooed. Now, Addy was starting to think that maybe Nelly was Ms. Irene’s daughter, because she showed so much favoritism to Nelly, although she knew they weren’t mother and daughter because Nelly’s mom went to work early with Jude.
Maybe she’s Nelly’s aunt, Addy thought. Instead of asking directly if they were related, she simply asked, “Ms. Irene, what’s your last name?”
“It’s Addeler, why?”
“Oh, just wondering!” Hmm, I guess Nelly’s just a big favorite of hers! Addy thought. Actually, now that I think about it, aunts can have different last names than their nieces, and still be related! Well, at least I stopped her from yelling about the gum!
“Class, you are going to have to have a lot of homework tonight—math and science, because of all of the disruptions we’ve been having this morning,” Ms. Irene glared around the room but had no one to actually glare at because she still didn’t know who the culprit who pranked Nelly was, she took out a book instead. “Well, I guess it’s reading time!” she said, “Oh, Addy, we are reading Beezus and Ramona this semester. Would you like to start by reading the first paragraph of chapter six to the class?” she questioned.

“Sure!” Addy said enthusiastically. She had read Beezus and Ramona before, and she really liked it.

She took her book out of her backpack and began to read, “When Beezus came home from school on the afternoon of her tenth birthday, she felt that so far the day had been perfect—packages by her plate at breakfast, a new dress to wear to school, the whole class singing "Happy Birthday" just for her. But the best part was still to come. Aunt Beatrice was coming to dinner!” she paused at the end of the paragraph, looking up at Ms. Irene expectantly.

“Good, now Zach, could you please read the next paragraph?” Ms. Irene said, turning toward a blond boy in the second-to-front seat. Addy looked up from her book where she had been reading ahead to see Zach smile at her and give her a thumbs up, his blue eyes twinkling. Addy felt her face grow warm, and her stomach flip-flopped. She smiled right back, though.

Zach turned around and began to read,

“Beezus could hardly wait to tell her aunt about acting the part of Sacajawea leading Lewis and Clark across the plains to Oregon at a P.T.A. meeting.”

“Who cares about Sacajawea and the dumb P.T.A. meeting?” a tall boy beside Addy complained.
“Richard,” Ms. Irene warned, “I know you may not be enjoying the book so far, but some of us are, and I’d like you to remain quiet so we can all listen.” Richard flushed and nodded, slumping down into his seat.

“Now Zach, you may continue,” Ms. Irene said, turning to smile at him.

Zach nodded and kept reading, “And of course, Aunt Beatrice would bring more presents—very special presents…” Addy smiled as she read along with Zach, then a girl named Rebecca, then someone named Jenny, then Ethan, then Chris, then Emily, Ashly, Jessica, Caleb, Noah, Francesca, Megan, A.J., Richard, Adele, and Cassandra.

She listened as Ramona almost spoiled Beezus’s birthday, how Aunt Beatrice had come to the rescue, how Aunt Beatrice had spoiled her sister’s (Beezus’s mother’s) brand new autograph album when they were both little, and how Beezus had still had a perfect birthday, even though Ramona had nearly spoiled it.

When they finished the chapter, Ms. Irene said, “My, my. We’ve sure gotten through the chapter quickly today! We still have fifteen minutes until the bell rings for lunch! How about we start science? Please open up to page 62.”

“Ms. Irene?” Nelly called tentatively, “My book’s pages are still stuck together.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry, dear! I completely forgot!” Ms. Irene cried, hurrying over to Nelly’s desk. “Hmm, let’s see what we can do. Does anybody have something we can use to remove this gum?” she asked, looking around at the class.

Addy spoke up, “Yes, Ms. Irene, I have a plastic knife for my lunch!” Addy hurried over to Nelly’s desk, glad she could help undo her prank.

After the science lesson, which was about frog intestines (gross!), Addy hurried to lunch with Adele.

“Do you have any idea who the culprit is?” Adele asked.

Addy felt horrible.

If I tell her, she’ll probably not want to be my friend anymore! Addy thought. So instead of, “Yes, it was me,” she said, “No idea. You?”

“Nope,” Adele replied, hurrying to sit down as far as she could from Nelly, and as close as she could to Caleb.

Addy noticed that Caleb, who had blond hair like Zach and gray eyes, was sitting next to Zach. That must mean there’re friends! Addy thought, glancing at Adele and Caleb as she slid into a seat beside Zach. Adele was getting her lunchbox out while Caleb was staring disgustedly at whatever was in his lunchbox.

Zach looked up from his food and grinned “Hey, Addy, like your boots,” he said through a mouthful of spaghetti.

Across from Addy, Adele smiled and asked Caleb, “So, Caleb, how are things?’

“Since yesterday, you mean?” Caleb grinned.

Adele blushed, “Um, well, not exactly,

but, you know, I was wondering—"

“Pretty much the same,”

Caleb interrupted her.

“You know, school,

homework, chores…”

“You make it sound like

you never do anything fun!”

Adele sounded indignant. “How

about the book I gave you for your birthday? You know, about the tigers? Have you started it yet?”

“Caleb hates tigers,” Zach whispered to Addy, who giggled.

“Um, I’m pretty sure it’s in my closet somewhere,” Caleb said uncomfortably.

“Oh,” Adele said, sounding hurt. “What do you have for lunch today?”

“A PB&J sandwich,” Caleb sighed, “For, like, the third time in a row.”

“Hey, switch!” Adele said, passing him her unopened lunchbox. “I don’t know what’s in it yet, but my mom always sends me something good.”

“Um, okay,” Caleb said uncertainly. He opened the lunch box and began to laugh. “Oh, never mind, it’s ok,” he said, trying not to smile.

Adele peered into the box and turned beet red. “Uh, never mind,” she said quickly, taking back her lunchbox. Addy looked inside and started to laugh, just like Caleb.

It was a PB&J sandwich.
After school, Addy headed to the school bus, feeling miserable. She felt horrible about being mean to Nelly, even though Nelly had been just as bad, or worse, to her. What was worse, she would get in terrible trouble if she got found out! According to Ms. Irene, she could get detention or even suspension!

That is why, after school, Addy went straight to her reading nook. Her reading nook was a little room, without a door, that was raised up from the floor by a few steps. It was only just tall enough for Addy to stand up straight. The walls, but not the ceiling, were all glass, except for one, which was a normal wall and on the side of the nook that didn’t face outside. The other two walls were all windows (there were only three walls because the steps that led up to the nook took up the whole side of the room, although it was the shorter side of the room). The nook was only about as wide as Addy’s arms from fingertip to fingertip. It was about as long as Addy herself. Around the walls/windows, there were small homemade mattresses that were stuffed with wool and only a few inches tall. In between the mattresses, there was a small area of the floor that was carpeted (the nook’s whole floor was carpeted, actually). There were also some balls made of wool which were pressed to be almost as tough as felt. The balls were stuffed with wool and were, at the biggest, as big as Addy’s chest. There were stacks of books neatly piled about the nook. It was a very cozy place.

Anyway, Addy went to her reading nook whenever she was sad or angry—in this case, both (although she did go there to read, but she didn’t read when she was distressed).

Mrs. Anklyton, Addy’s mother, knew this was Addy’s sad spot, so when she saw Addy sitting there on the fluffy mattress, gazing out of the window, she knew something was up. “Hey, what’s wrong?” she asked Addy.

Addy sighed. “It’s just that there’s this girl named Nelly at my school,” she said.
“Let me guess,” Mrs. Anklyton said. “She’s the resident mean girl.”
“No,” Addy said. “She’s the resident terrible girl.” Then she folded her arms and scowled.
“Go on,” Mrs. Anklyton said, to Addy’s amazement. Addy had been expecting a lecture on not to call people “terrible.”
“Well, she was mean to me, obviously,” Addy said. “She tricked me into falling off the monkey bars into the mud.”
“So that’s how you got muddy!” Mrs. Anklyton exclaimed.
“Well, yeah,” Addy said sheepishly. She hadn’t told her mother about how she’d gotten all muddy when her mother had picked her up. “Anyway,” Addy continued. “I was really angry, so I decided to, um, well, I decided to, uh—”
“Hmm,” Addy’s mother said. “So that’s why you asked me to drive you to school!”
“Well,” Addy said, even more sheepishly this time, “that’s true. Sorry. Anyway, I, well, um, decided to prank her. With gum. And a tack. And a, um, fake spider,”
“Oh, Addy,” Mrs. Anklyton sighed. “So now you feel guilty. I see.”
“Um, yes,” Addy said. “Yes. Can you help?”
“What you need to do,” Mrs. Anklyton replied, “is go to Ms. Irene tomorrow and tell her what you’ve done.”
“But Ms. Irene says whoever pranked Nelly will get detention and/or suspension!”
“I hardly think a few little pranks deserve suspension or even more than one detention,” Mrs. Anklyton stated. “You should also tell Nelly that you are sorry.”
“Oh, fine,” sighed Addy. “I’ll do that tomorrow.” She was already dreading tomorrow.
The next day, Addy woke up, feeling sleepier than usual. At first, she wondered why this was until she remembered that she hadn’t slept very well last night. Then she remembered why she hadn’t slept very well last night, and she wanted to dive under the covers and never come out. Unfortunately for her, she couldn’t, because her mother was calling that the school bus was almost there.

Addy had decided that she would tackle the harder one first; that is, she would apologize to Ms. Irene before Nelly, although it had taken a while to decide which one was worse. Soon, however, Addy had realized that Nelly would tattle to Ms. Irene as soon as possible, and it would be better if Ms. Irene found out from Addy herself, because then she might be a little more merciful, since Addy had come clean and confessed.

After a breakfast of cereal, which Addy didn’t eat, the school bus arrived, and Addy hopped on board with Adele. “Heh, are you okay?” Adele asked. “You look a little sick.”

It was then that Addy realized she had also lied to Adele about who had pranked Nelly. This was even worse than she had thought. “Um, Adele?” she said hesitantly.

“Yes?”

“Well, I have a confession to make.”

“Don’t worry, I don’t bite,” Adele said, causing Addy to look slightly less dismal. “Fire away!” Adele joked.

“Well, it’s about who pranked Nelly,” Addy mumbled.

“Don’t tell me you pranked her!” Adele gasped. Addy looked at the floor.

“Well, yes, and I’m sorry I lied to you about it.” Addy almost whispered.

“Never mind about that!” cried Adele. “You were brilliant! I don’t know why nobody’s tried that before!”
“Probably because I was the only one who didn’t know how much Ms. Irene likes Nelly,”
Addy said miserably. “Wait a sec. I was brilliant?”
“Yeah!” Adele said, like, ‘Of course! Duh!’
“Um, no Adele,” Addy said. “It was mean of me, and I should apologize.”
“Oh, I was just kidding,” Adele said. “But still, you were brave to stand up to her!”
“No, I wasn’t!” Addy cried. “I was mean!”
“Well, maybe you were,” Adele said, “and I’m not saying it was a good thing to do, it’s just—”
“Just say I was mean, and it was a bad thing to do!” Addy cried, clearly exasperated.
“Okay, you were mean, and it was a bad thing to do,” Adele said reluctantly. “Okay, there. You happy?”
“Yes, thank you,” Addy said, relieved, but her heart started beating faster again when they pulled up to the school. She had planned to tell Ms. Irene right before recess, and Nelly during recess.
After what seemed like a year, recess finally came. Addy walked up to Ms. Irene’s desk, relieved that she was in a good mood today. “Um, Ms. Irene?” she said.

Ms. Irene looked up from some papers she had been sorting, clearly startled to see Addy. “Yes, Addy?”

“Um, about the pranks on Nelly,” Addy said nervously, “it was me. I pranked her.”

To Addy’s surprise and delight, Ms. Irene smiled. “Addy, I’m very proud of you for telling me, especially since I threatened to suspend the culprit,” she said. “I meant to say earlier that I was just angry, and that no one was getting suspended, but I guess I just slipped my mind. You will have to have detention, though.”

“Oh, Addy,” Ms. Irene said. “I’m so sorry! You may call me “ma’am;” I was just angry when I told you that you couldn't! Now, about that detention. I think that you don’t need it, after all. I was very rude to you, and I must make it up to you somehow. How about you spend recess inside, doing your homework for tonight.”

“Yes ma’am,” Addy replied. “Only, I was going to apologize to Nelly during recess.”

“You may go out,”

Ms. Irene smiled. “But come in again once you have apologized.”

“I was the one who pranked you. Sorry!” she said quickly before Nelly could hurry away.

“What!” shrieked Nelly. “You! I should have known! Wait until Ms. Irene hears about this!”

Chapter 13
The Apologies
With that, she hurried away to tell Ms. Irene, probably.
“Wait, Nelly!” cried Addy. “Stop! I already—” But it was too late. Nelly had already run inside. Addy hurried after her but didn’t catch up to her until she was already in the classroom and tattling to Ms. Irene.
“Ms. Irene!” she whined. “Ms. Irene, Addy was the one who pranked me! Are you going to suspend her?”
“No, Nelly,” Ms. Irene said sternly. “I am only keeping her in for recess, I was only angry when I told you I would suspend the culprit. Now, I would advise you to mind your own business and not be a tattle-tale.” Addy peeked through the door. Nelly looked stunned. It was probably the first time Ms. Irene had ever spoken to her that way.
“Why didn’t you tell me you had already told Ms. Irene?” Nelly hissed to Addy as she passed her in the doorway.
“I tried to,” Addy said, “but you ran away before I could!”
“Humph!” Nelly sniffed and flounced out of the door.
Chapter 14

“I’m proud of you.”

On the way home that day, Addy was very happy. Her conscience was clear, and her punishment was over. Adele noticed that she seemed much happier than that morning.

“Happy again?” she asked.

“Yep,” Addy answered. “I apologized to Nelly and confessed to Ms. Irene.”

“Great!” Adele smiled. “What’s your punishment, anyway?”

“I had to stay in for recess and do homework for tonight,” Addy said.

“Only that?” Adele asked, bewildered. “That’s all? Wow, that’s great! And you even have less homework tonight because of it!”

“Yes, I know,” Addy smiled. She couldn’t wait to tell her mom.

When she got home, Addy ran straight into the kitchen where Mrs. Anklyton was peeling carrots for a salad. “I did it, Mom!” cried Addy. “I apologized to Nelly! And confessed to Ms. Irene!”

Mrs. Anklyton dropped the carrot she was peeling. “Honey, that’s so great!” she cried, throwing her arms around Addy. “I’m so proud of you! But wait. Did you get detention?”

“No, Mom,” Addy beamed. “I had to stay in for recess and do some of tonight’s homework. That’s all.”

“But honey, that’s great!” Mrs. Anklyton smiled. “Hold on a second. I’m going to order a pizza. I don’t have enough time to make one, but that’s ok. We’re having a movie night!”

“What!” shrieked Addy. “Yes! I love movie nights! They’re my favorite! Dad, come in here!” she called. “We’re having a movie night!”

“What?” Mr. Anklyton said. “A movie night? That’s great! What for?”

Addy held her breath. She didn’t want her father to find out about the Nelly incident. But she needn’t have worried.

“Addy overcame some hardships at school,” Mrs. Anklyton said. “Now, let’s get this show on the road! Where’s my phone? I’ve got to call the pizza place.”
The End
Or is it The Beginning?