

I watched the last sunset of summer through paned glass. I sat on my bed and tried to enjoy the last moments of summer. I failed. I was thinking about the first day of Mon S. Terr middle school tomorrow. You see, I'm not a normal kid. I'm 16.65% human, 16.65% goat, and 66.6% demon. That would look a bit odd in a normal school. I have been home schooled up until now. There are other "monsters" out in the world, but the media doesn't like them, so my parents keep me hidden away in our big, old, creepy house. All I want is to go outside for once and play, like a normal kid would. At least at school, we will be outside in a paparazzi-free zone. I smell dinner burning, and run downstairs to eat a delicious dinner of chicken and broccoli. After that, I go to bed, and the last thing I remember thinking was "I'm going to climb a tree."

I awoke with a cold sweat. The clock read 3:27, Too early to get up. I got up anyway. I snuck downstairs and prepared for school, ate breakfast, and threw some crab apples at a guy in the front yard who was equipped with a camera. THWACK! He'll be feeling that one tomorrow. I lay on the couch for what seems like days, eating cheeriks (they taste the way they sound), and watching the news. Finally, my parents get up, and I daddle around until the bus comes. I walk out the front door with my backpack, my lunch, and a handful of crab apples. On the bus, I sit alone in the back, trying to melt away into the shadows, and it seems to have worked.

When I arrive at school, I am dumbfounded at the size of the building. It is 7 stories tall, and a whole city block wide. I walk in and can see all different types of kids. One kid catches my eyes especially. He is 7' 11", and is lumbering over to me...

"Lunch money. Now." He bellowed

"wwhhaa..." I stutter

"You heard me. Now give it up punk, or I'll give you a fist print in your face."

I dug deep into my pockets and grabbed some spare change, since i had brought a lunch from home. WHAM! He slapped me hard against the back of my head.

"Not enough..." he grumbles, and lumbers away annoyed.

Since it was the first day of school, all the students and teachers gathered in the spacious library to meet each other. ost of the students and knew each other, probably from a previous elementary school. All of a sudden, I felt the icy feeling you get when someone is staring at you, and turn around to see Calvin, the big, mean, hairy bunny looking at me with a

face of pure hatred. "Great." I thought
"Now I have an eight foot tall bunny who hates me that I have to worry about all day."
All of a sudden, I was getting that feeling again, except this time, it wasn't from Calvin. I look in the direction it is coming from, and all I see is a bed.
All of a sudden, two eyes peek out from under the bed. I cautiously walk over and ask in a hushed tone
 "What is your name?"
 "Toby." he responds *"What's yours?"*
 "Logan" I respond
And that was the start of a beautiful friendship.

Gym. My least favorite subject. I'm not exactly the fitness type. Unless I'm running. 16.65% goat in my blood allows me to, well...run like a goat! But today in gym we weren't running. We were playing paintball. So, what I did, is climb a tree. And hide in it. For all of gym. Ends up, I won!!! Since I was in the tree hiding the whole time, I never got hit! Since I won in paintball, I got to chose the next activity. Of course, I chose running.

We were running relay races. The teams were Toby and I versus Calvin and Sheranne, who was a small dragon. First up, Toby and Sheranne. TWEET! And they were off! Or, at least, Toby was. He picked up his bed, and ran like the wind. Sheranne, was crawling along slowly, because flying wasn't allowed. Toby was coming toward the finish line when all of a sudden... WHAP! *Someone* had shot him in the face with a paintball! It hit his glasses and splattered all over his face. By the time he had wiped it up, Sheranne had passed him and was coming home. Toby sprinted lie it was free donut day and tied with Sheranne. Calvin and I took off and I gained the lead. WHAPWHAPWHAP!! Paintballs were coming down on me just narrowly missing me. (I later found out from Toby that Sheranne's sister had been flying above and shooting at us.) I ran as fast as I could, But I was losing steam. BOING! BOING! BOING! Cavin was catching up. But I beat him. (I told you I was a good runner.)

Since it was the first day of school, we had a half-day. The last thing before dismissal was math. I was seated next to Toby and two seats ahead of Calvin. We do all of our work, pass notes, and chat all through out it. We take an introductory test so the teacher can see what we know. Right about halfway throughout the test, I feel that icy chill again. Calvin, 7'11" tall, is looking at my test. I cover it up, and feel that icy chill intensify ten times. After class, WHAP! Calvin gives me another big bruise on my head.

“Hey twinkie, you let me look at your paper next time, or you’re dead lunchmeat. Got it?” Calvin growled.

“Yeeaaaah..” I said, knowing he isn’t joking.

“Good” he says and thumps out of the building.

On the bus, I blended in again, until I arrived at home. I did all of my homework, ate lunch and dinner, and then went to bed. The last thing i remember thinking, was “I climbed a tree”

When I awoke the next morning, I had one thing in my mind. And it was a plan. During breakfast, I thought it through. Every little detail had to be perfect. I texted Toby the plan. He agreed to participate, that is, if I gave him candy. I told it to him on the bus, and a third time in study hall, just to make sure the plan was absolutely flawless. I survived through the day, meanwhile daydreaming about the plan. All the way home, I was dreaming About the plan. That night, I dreamed about the plan.

I woke. I ate. I arrived at school. The pan was ready. I hid around the corner of the main hallway. Toby was at his locker, minding his own business. The plan was in action. Calvin noticed Toby, and walked over to him.

“Lunch money. NOW.” Calvin shouted

“No.” Toby replied

Calvin grimaced, as just realizing what what been said. Calvin chuckled and held out his hand, indicating for Toby to pay up.

“You heard what I said.” Toby responded “I will not give you my lunch money.”

Calvin looked confused. No one had ever treated him like this.

“We can do this the easy way or the hard way. You give me your money, or I take it away from you.”

Toby stood up on his bed and said

“I choose the hard way.”

After that, all chaos broke loose. Calvin was punching the air wildly, kids were shoving each other, and teachers were putting salt in each other’s coffee.

“STOP!” Toby shouted. “I summon thee, Hounds of Satan, to pounce on Calvin Harrison!” That is when My part of the plan was initiated. I used my 66.6% demon heritage to turn into a devil dog, and run into the hall, leap onto Calvin, and knock him down.

“Never. Ever. Bully. Again.”

“Oooooohhh kkkaayyy....” he stammered and ran away screaming.

The rest of the school year wasn't so bad. I actually enjoyed it! I never learned to like paintball, though. It just wasn't my style. I went to track finals, and won 1st place! The trophy was too big for me to carry! Toby and I became and still are the closest friends ever. On the last day of school, I was watching the clock count down to summer, when all of a sudden, the song “The Final Countdown” by Europe started playing over the intercom! The bell rang, and as I was running out the doors I heard the familiar voice saying “Lunch money boys. NOW!”