

The Liar's Evidence: My Journal

* This story is written in a casual format. The jokes are not meant to be taken seriously. Instead, you should have your concern more on the true meaning of this.

* If you are Daddy, don't be annoyed by the extra information, like my name and all about me. This story is directed to my friends and other kids. Most quotations are in their point of view.

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Prologue: I USED TO Like Her and She Hates Me!

4th Grade

"Snape wants his greasy hair back!" Elvia and Lulu said.

"Stop!" Victoria shouted.

"So is your face," Leslie remarked. She smirks.

"S-quit!" Mira bombarded.

"That's not funny," Asmita said. "'Yodo' is a word a year old.

Not the title says, "used to like." Now I hate all of them. I'll probably hate them for life. And that's a good thing.

But the truth is, they hated me first, and I had to hate them due to peer pressure. Seriously? Why do friends put so much pressure on other people, and literally forces them to do what they're urged to do.

Chapter 1: A New Beginning

September

My name is William Qin, and I think we should talk about stuff before you read the rest of the story.

My previous writing teacher was Ms. Jensen, and she said that's not the right way to write intros. Hey, but it's MY story, and I'M THE AUTHOR of this story. Nobody else can change it except for the editor, but that's also me.

Okay, so I'll say it again: this part of the story is just a talk and "all about me." Like, there's no dialogue here, and all that.

I've been through many hardships, enough to fill a swimming pool. That's a style of writing called a metaphor. But just like Ms. Butera, my current reading teacher, says, "Don't overuse figurative language."

So, now it's time to actually talk about the hardships. Like this one took place in Pre-K: I was supposed to say the name of a song that's NOT Christmas-type. I couldn't think of any. But if I say, "I don't know," people will laugh, right? So I just brought up, "Jingle Bells."

I'm also a victim of racism, because I'm Chinese. Hey, but don't think racist thoughts as you're reading, cause when I grow up, I'll invent the wireless mind reader. Ha-ha! I'm also a victim of bullying, but you'll understand as you read on.

Everybody says that I should always do the right thing. Which is not especially hard, because it's easy to NOT do the wrong thing. But it's not me doing the wrong thing, remember that. At least in the timeline of this story, I never did anything wrong.

I might have done bad things before, like hack Elvia's account, or stick a pen in the pencil sharpener. But I've learned that lesson, and now I don't do stuff like that.

My life stinks so far. No, actually I mean it stinks for the past year. Don't get me wrong, the previous eight years before I was nine were actually good. You figured out my age! I'm ten.

I have an idea, how about Supreme Court cases for minors? Like, I see its disadvantages, but I think it would be pretty good. People accuse me for things I didn't do. I stuck a pen in the sharpener, but I didn't wedge a suction cup into it. I hacked Elvia's account, but I didn't proxy-block any school websites.

Also, I think you should get to know our school more. It's Barbara P. Bush Elementary, but don't say the P as pee, cause that's mean. Our mascot's the bobcat. We have more than 820 students as of now. Last year we had 740-ish. So many people have come to attend this school. But that doesn't always mean it's good.

According to online statistics, 32% of people in this school are white, and 37% are Asian/Pacific Islander. But notice the slash. That means that ONLY SOME are Asian, and only a portion of those are Chinese. By the great dominance of whites, that leads to a lot of racism.

Chapter 2: Cloned Infinity on Loud Volume

October

Today's ancillary class is computer/technology. Ancillary IS a word! Anyway, every day we go to Ancillary. Note the capitalization. It's just like "my mom" and "Mom." Ancillary is a special class that's extracurricular, and it's way funner than the boring-old six mandatory subjects.

After Ms. Folgelson, the computer teacher, made us do our assignment, we could do something fun. The computers had headphones, and I knew exactly what everyone would be doing with that.

"Hey, William, listen," Nischay said. I looked at him, and he started to nod his head up and down and laugh. That's a telltale sign that he's listening to "Cloned Infinity" on the headphones. Cloned Infinity Battle Game, the actual full name, is an online game with loud music. Plus, I made it. And yes, it is hard to make games. But people don't like the gameplay of Cloned Infinity, so they just listen to the music.

I put Cloned Infinity on my website, called “Narawa Games.” It currently has two huge errors: it’s blocked, and its chat room stinks. I made the chat room last summer, and I gave it a simple name, called Narawa Games Chat. I could have thought of something better, but rebranding is always tricky. Narawa was actually called “Cool GSM Games” half a year ago, but I changed it.

By the way, I’m good at making acronyms. NARAWA stands for the names of my friends plus me. It goes like this: Nischay, Arjun, Richard, Adam, William, Andrew. Don’t think my name is Andrew, cause it’s William Qin, stated in the first chapter. If you didn’t read that, GO BACK AND READ IT!

My dad mentioned that I’d be starting iOS App Development soon, so watch out. That’s iPhone and iPad Development. But currently, I can’t think of any other app to make than “UltraMobile Racing, Intergalactic Edition.” The UltraMobile is a mind-controlled hovercraft/cruiser that’s transformable, recyclable, and safe. It’s also made with SLA plastic and refined steel. And it has a holographic keyboard and screen. It also uses gravity wells to control you when you fall or use the computer.

And by now, you already know it’s in the future. I’ll make the future world a much better and awesomer place. The UltraMobile is not the only product I’m gonna invent. There’s virtually infinite combinations of awesomeness!

Chapter 3: Study Hall

October

So here I am, plunked into a seat in Study Hall at school. IYDAK, Study Hall is a place to do unfinished classwork, knock out some homework, and go on the computer to play EDUCATIONAL GAMES. “IYDAK” is an acronym for “if you don’t already know,” and it’s pronounced [EYE-dahk].

As I stick my hand into my backpack, I hear Cloned Infinity coming outta the computer’s speakers. Ha-ha, very funny, Ramy! He frantically plugs in the headphones.

You know, the term “cool” has evolved over the years. A long time ago, it was plantations that were cool. Now it’s rap music and artificial intelligence, or AI. It’s not AI, but Microsoft Word’s font makes a capital I look like a lowercase L. Yup, I’m typing this on a Mid-2009 MacBook Air with MS Word For Mac 2011. So anyways, you might consider Cloned Infinity cool, but listening to it in Study Hall is not the best idea.

I always go to Study Hall to finish the darn homework, so I have more free time at home. If I want, I go on "Think Through Math," or TTM for short. It's an educational website with math games on it. You also get to earn points. But over time, people have discovered many pranks for it.

"Hey, look at what Heron's doing," Adam said as he pointed to the first computer.

Heron didn't say a word. He was fiddling with some controls at the bottom of the screen. Then he whispered, "Shhhhh..."

"Hey, that's the Inspector!" I told Adam. "He's gonna make TTM go crazy!"

But Heron didn't do anything big. He just replaced his point count "312" with "1,000,000." I knew it. Doing that won't actually make you get a million points. It'll revert after a page load.

"Click on the console tab," I whispered to Heron. He didn't listen. Instead, he closed the Inspector. Urg! Oh, but guess what? Just then, Briac sat down at the second computer. Suddenly, people started staring at him.

"You have to ASK!" someone said.

"Dude! Ask Ms. Larson!"

"Oh, I'm telling."

Personally, I don't think it's much of a big deal to not ask for permission. You're only allowed to go on TTM if you completed all your work. And Briac DID complete all his work. So WTP? That's an acronym for "what's the point." Don't confuse it with "weird terrifying punk."

Study Hall is always in math class. Ms. Larson is the math teacher, which pushes easy work a bit too hard. You see, if you do a division problem, it's easy. But doing twenty problems with a time limit of thirty minutes is really hard. Too much of a good thing can be bad, too much of an easy thing can be hard.

It's another day at Study Hall now. You can choose to go to recess instead of Study Hall, but it's either rainy and wet or hot and boring. Nobody wants to play with me. So Study Hall is the best option! But Ms. Larson gets annoyed with people going in and out, so she announced, "Once you're in Study Hall, you stay. I can't have people walking in and outta my classroom."

It's October now, and I'm still in Study Hall. You do notice that this whole chapter is all about the Study Hall days, right?

"Ms. Larson," I ask, extremely nervous. "Can I go on Think Through Math?"

"MAY I go on Think Through Math," Ms. Larson corrects. I know about that grammar rule, but I just use "can" when people are around. That makes me seem imperfect, which is good.

So fine, I do go on TTM. But guess what? Cloned Infinity pops up. Heck, what kinda moron would leave that loud music playing on the computer?

Chapter 4: The Amazing Kids Writing Contest

October

Language ambiguity. It's not only in English. But dontcha get it? The title of this chapter is "The Amazing Kids Writing Contest." It may describe the Kids Writing Contest as amazing, but Amazing Kids is the name of a magazine, and it does not say a writing contest is amazing.

So the AKWC, an acronym for Amazing Kids Writing Contest, pronounced [ACK-wass], is just what it sounds like. A writing contest. I already thought up of, like, a trillion ideas.

Back in fourth grade, I typed up a series of 20-25 page stories called Ralph Goes Viral. The story is about a guy with large fists named Ralph. He lives inside computers, and teams up with Felix, Vanellope, Tafa, and Qbert. Calhoun and Turbo are viruses who try to take over CyberSpace, but the Antivirus Team stops them. Calhoun joins Antivirus, while a city is named after Turbo. The team meets Dr. Brain in the second story, and they explore the Deep Web, uncovering the deep secrets. In the third story, Ralph gets sucked into a hard drive. To be continued...

I used an online reading age calculator, and it said most people have to be eleven or older to understand my Ralph Goes Viral Series. I was nine when I started the series, so ha-ha! I also used the Flesch-Kincaid readability score, which states how easy-to-read text is. Ralph Goes Viral scores 81.3, and Ralph Goes Viral in the Deep Web scores 84.1.

Well, actually you can type anything into the reading age calculator. So I typed an extremely long sentence, and I got a reading level of grade 20.4. I think there's a huge glitch in the processing, because nobody needs eight years in college to understand that darn long

sentence. Oh, and I tested the reading level of Narawa Games's content. It scored Felch Kinkad 66.5, and grade level 5.1.

Fine. Back to the AKWC. Ms. Jensen gave me a letter that said all the requirements and stuff for the AKWC. Too bad, there's a 1200 word limit, but RGV has around 5500 words. RGV is just an acronym for Ralph Goes Viral. So I guess I'm writing another story. Also, and this is important, the story has to be jungle-related.

Heck? Jungle-related? At first I thought that was terrible, cause I like science fiction. But as I thought and thought, I was able to think of a pretty decent wild jungle chase. It was an intense wild creature adventure, and it's four pages long.

But I showed the story and AKWC stuff to my dad, and that was a HUGE MISTAKE!

I don't think Dad appreciated any of my hard work. He advised me to rewrite it, and ditch the idiotic idea of a "jungle running chase." That made me laugh, but inside, it wasn't funny at all. To show my anger and dislike, I deliberately typed the next revision very poorly in quality. Ha-ha!

The plan backfired. Dad hated the story, and gave an example of a "better" story. His idea was elephants' revenge on a campsite. The climax would be the elephants saving a bucket of MIND MELDED EGGS. I tried to explain, "A campsite wouldn't be in the Jungle. That would be in a savanna or African Plains or something." He rejected my rejection.

But who cares? The prize for the grand winner is only forty dollars. I'm already low on allowance, so that could help a great deal. But "low" isn't actually low. You see, I'm supposed to get 1,200 dollars a year, which is a hundred dollars a month. I usually get about twenty or so dollars per month.

I read the rest of the AKWC terms and regulations. It says you don't mail the submission in, you send it as a Word Document. You see what I'm getting to here? It's MY E-MAIL ADDRESS. It's MY WORD DOC. Dad won't have to parentally guard or restrict me. Ha-ha!

Maybe I should send the chase story. But what if Dad finds out? Or what if I don't win the AKWC, and my dad proves himself right? I decided to send both stories. But here's the catch: I have two e-mail accounts. Both of them have "William" in the address. The AKWC judges'll know it's me for sure.

After a few days, I got a reply! But I didn't win, neither did I get a cheat warning. Whew. At least I didn't get rejected by sending two submissions!

Chapter 5: Slapstick Violence

November

Hey! Watch out! A sledgehammer is about to plunk down on your head! That's a downright example of slapstick violence. Oh, and the violence here isn't supposed to offend you in any manner.

First, let me get this straight: we're not here to talk about the toxic smell in high-density polyethylene. We're not here to talk about the racy album covers of bestseller Nicki Minaj. We're not here to talk about doofus' fried steaming buttocks being run over by eighteen-wheelers. We're not here for a WWDC conference, and we certainly aren't gonna do that mosaic bogus stuff. WWDC is for Apple Worldwide Developer Conference.

How come Microsoft doesn't call their developer talks WWPC? Get it? PC? But that actually wouldn't make any sense. Who calls a dev conference "Worldwide Personal Computers"? My social studies/language teacher is Mr. Rushing. If the punctuation at the end of a sentence is not a period and it doesn't match the quote, place it outside the quotes.

All right, so here's where the bullying starts. Or rather, ends.

"Narawa Games sucks!"

"Get a life ya' freak'n' noob!"

"Quit acting so messed up, you dry-humping dumbass!"

That's not the kinda bullying I'm talking about. That kinda bullying is so 2014.¹¹ That's a decimal point, but it's base twelve for months of the year. I'm talking about the "emotional depression torture" type of bullying.

Okay, so after reading all this, you might be wondering: what's the big deal about Narawa Games? By the way, or BTW, we'll call Narawa Games NG henceforth. Everybody HATES NG WITH A PASSION. They want to destroy it, compare it to Xbox One, delete and hack it, and probably also murder the creator of it.

Aw, shoot-dang. Oh, and be sure to read the next three sentences really fast: we're gonna die! We're gonna die! We're gonna die! And read it with a Texan/Southern accent. That way, it sounds like, "Wer gonna da wer gonna da wer gonna da!"

Now I agree: I'll quit talking about my ideas, and get along with the actual 50%-near-climax region of the story. This is when it really begins!

"Moranne S. Stupider?" Richard asked. He wasn't curious or anything, he was kinda boggled by the stupidity of that name.

"Yup. My new pseudonym is Moranne."

"But dude, don't write it on the test!" Richard likes to see me get in trouble, but he actually gives great advice.

"It's a sub," I said in a "duh" tone. Sub is short for substitute teacher.

"Who cares? Erase it!"

"Yeah, you know how Hannah Montana wanted to get away from her Disney persona? I'm getting away from the 'Narawa Games Idiot' persona. I wanna get people to see me in a different-"

"No they're not. Everyone hates Narawa Games, and they're not gonna change."

"This isn't about Narawa Games! This is about my Moranne pseudonym. Okay?" I didn't want to bring up such a hated topic.

Kartik chimed in, "Just let him get in trouble. He's an idiot." There he goes again.

Shortly after, my darn old eraser went scritch-scratch against the paper. I'm erasing my pseudonym from my test paper. I guess it's gonna be hard to smack your old personality away into the shadows.

Now it's time. I seriously have to get rid of this phenotype. I can't be walking around with hot girls whispering, "See that? It's the NG Idiot!" Notice the capitalization. NG Idiot is the name of a person, so it's a proper noun. Ha-ha!

Chapter 6: The Pencil Sharpener Incident**November**

I hate this part. Waitin' for the 'puter to sync the files to the QATC. QATC is an acronym for Qin Airport Time Capsule, and it's my family's extra storage device. It's pronounced [quAh-TIC].

Okay, so let's back up. The title of this story is The Liar's Evidence. Why is nobody lying? It's not the climax of the story yet. And this is NOT A COMEDY! You'll find out at the end chapters. And why have I never called my writing a "book"? Because it's self-explanatory. They're not published, they're not binded, it's just a chunk of stupid 8.5 by 11 printer paper sheets.

And this is something very important to me, but not necessarily to you: change doesn't have to come in bad forms. Hannah Montana is now Miley Cyrus. Nobody likes Miley cause she's an inappropriate influence for kids. Yet she decided to change, and get away from Hannah Montana, or HM. Do not confuse that with Monster High, MH.

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. IYDAK, it's a TV show. I mean, that's what actual teens act like. Have you notice how teenagers act weird? That's another example of how "cool" has evolved over history. The reason I'm writing this story in a casual style is to fit in. Everyone acts like a YouTuber nowadays. At least all the boys in my class. They act like the people online who swear, and think they're so cool.

Today is the day when I get in trouble for no rock-knocking legit reason at all. Ms. Hillman is sitting at her desk, as usual. Nothing interesting is happening, since we're all working on science worksheets. My pencil's gotten dull. I stood up, and headed for the pencil sharpener.

Kimberly was there first. As I was about to stick the pencil in, she jammed hers into the sharpener. BTW, MS Word corrected "her's" into "hers." People beside me started laughing. Ugh. Finally, Kim snorkels and walks away. I just sharpen my pencil, as usual.

When I go back to my seat, I just expect the boring old regular things to happen. Then Celeste walks up to the sharpener. She sticks her pencil in. Nothing happens. Yeah, NOTHING HAPPENS! It's not my fault, like I said in the first chapter. If you didn't read that chapter, DO IT! Anyway, Celeste reports the incident to Ms. Hillman.

"Uh, please don't shove the little pencils in there," Ms. Hillman tells the class. "They cause trouble and are hard to get out."

"Oh, Lord," Ms. Hillman said, "who did this?" Even though she wasn't talking to us, we could still hear her voice loud and clear.

Adam advised Ms. Hillman with his non-working ideas. "Well, you could just poke—"

"Do you know who did it?" That was all Ms. Hillman wanted to know. Adam walks away. When he sat back down in his seat, he mouth-gestured to me, "Did you do it?"

I shook my head.

Ms. Hillman was still poking around with the sharpener. Suddenly, she realized, "Hey, this is something plastic. So whoever did this is asking for BIG TROUBLE!" She turns to me, and asks, "Did you do it?" Then she asks Celeste whether she done it or not.

Ms. Hillman then gasps. She holds up a clear plastic suction cup, about a quarter inch wide. She says, "Somebody stuck this plastic suction cup in here. Whoever did it is goin' to the office!"

We're all still silent. Everybody agrees that I'm innocent, and that's the truest thing in the entire Universe.

"Nobody did it? Well you're not getting any recess until the person responsible admits it. This whole class isn't going to recess," Ms. Hillman says.

I thought about getting in trouble for the class. I could cause this whole class to go to recess! But still, why would I lie about something I didn't do? Remember when I talked about doing the right thing? Now I just went on with my science work. Who cares about recess? I'm going to Study Hall, anyway.

Kim walks up to Ms. Hillman's media cart, where she was preparing the projector. She mumbled something I couldn't distinguish. But I could tell from her eyebrows: she's telling on me. But that was a mistake! I didn't know she would be first, so I stuck my pencil in, and it jammed! But in fact, she was not reporting the pencil jam.

"Okay, people saw you do it," Ms. Hillman says. "You're getting three U's for the week." IYDAK, a U is for "unsatisfactory," and it's a bad conduct grade to have. We measure behavior conduct grades in E, S, P, and U. It's from good to bad.

"Do what? Jam the pencil?" I asked Ms. Hillman just to make sure.

"You ALSO jammed the pencil into the hole?" Ms. Hillman was kinda surprised to hear that.

"...Not exactly." I didn't really jam it, it was just kinda a mixup between Kim and I. BTW, the "[person] and I" grammar rule is awesome. Instead of using "me and [person]," you make the other guy go first in the sentence. Which puts me last! Hooray! I'm last and I suck!

Chapter 7: Keeping a Low Profile

December

Here's a funny joke: why did the web designer put {padding-top: 1000px;} on his Facebook page? Because he wanted to keep a low profile. Ha-ha! Well, it might not be funny for people who are against Facebook, but you get the punch line. IYDAK, the punch line is the main point of a joke.

Okay, so I keep failing to keep a low profile. I just can't fit in, no matter how hard I try.

In second grade, I acted girly, according to some other boys. So I tried to do what all the boys do. They talk about MineCraft, soccer, football, and basketball. They also talk differently, like in a "swag" way.

I tried to talk about sports, but I had no clue what the rules of soccer are. So I never come up with original ideas about sports. If someone says, "Michael Jordan is the best basketball player," I'll just agree, "Yeah, he is." But if someone says, "Nicki Minaj sucks at soccer," I'll just agree, "Yeah, she does." That makes me seem a whole lot dumber.

In third grade, it was easy. I can choose whether to talk about girly stuff, right? I didn't. So I did a pretty great job of fitting in.

In fourth grade, nosto much. Victoria, or Vic, had a Monster High book. I kept peeking to see what it was, and she kept saying, "SHTAWP!" BTW, "shtawp" is supposed to sound like "stop" in Vic's accent. Until Vic finally asked, "You like Monster High?" Actually, at the time I'd never heard of it before.

Now it's fifth grade, and it's hard to keep a low profile much longer. All the boys talk about MineCraft, Pokémon, football, Five Nights at Freddy's, Yepi Games, etc. Of course, NG is failing here. Anyway, I can't fit in no more!

It's tracktime, but it's raining. That sucks! It's not the rain, it's just the crazy freak of Pokémon! When it rains, we have to go to the Multi-Purpose Room instead of going outside.

The Multi-Purpose Room is basically a gym, so we'll call it just that from now on, the gym. Anyway, the problem is that you can talk to whoever you want about whatever you want in the gym. And guess what? It's all Minecraft and Pokémon.

Kartik made a paper airplane, and so did all his friends. I'm not his friend anymore, but I still made one. We were allowed to make one at library. This time, I'm not making a library acronym. Because I don't really like the program-ish sound of "BookLib."

Suddenly, I hear a shout. I was working on my spaceship, but a hand snatched it away. "Hey, gimme my paper back, you moron!" said Kartik.

"Hey," I tried to calm everyone down, including me, "it's not YOUR paper, it's MINE."

"I left my airplane on the desk, and now it's not there. So you must've taken it-"

"Yeah, well this airplane [or spaceship] is mine."

"No it's not."

"Yeah it is!"

"You want me to tell?" Kartik always says that. But getting reported isn't much of a big deal if you didn't do anything wrong in the first place.

"Fine," I sighed. "Go ahead!" Ha-ha. He's not gonna get it this time. Who cares about these paper airplane/spaceships anyway?

Ms. Hillman calls me up. Dang. She says, "Did you take Kartik's airplane?"

I answer truthfully, "Nope."

"Yeah," Kartik interrupted. "He took it off that black table!" He points to the table across the gym stage.

"William," Ms. Hillman said. "Don't take things that don't belong to you."

"Arg. It wasn't his paper!" I insisted.

Ms. Hillman ignored me, and turned to Kartik. "You see that? When there's a piece of paper lying on the table, first of all, it's an airplane. Second, if you leave something on the

table, people're not gonna think, 'Oh, this is SOMEONE ELSE'S piece of paper.' They're gonna think, 'Oh, it's a piece of paper.' Now, hand me that airplane. They're not allowed."

Kartik gave the airplane to Ms. Hillman without talking. Then he walked away, back to those Pokémon guys. Wait a minute, or WAM, as we're gonna call it now. How come other people get to fly airplanes and spaceships? How come they're allowed to? If they're prohibited, how the heck are teachers not seeing them shoot up into the air?

Aww, man! Pronounce that sentence you just read, "Waah meeeeahnnn!"

This is unfair! BTW, I have an awesome idea. Here's my version of the first paragraph in the USA's Declaration of Independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men and women are created equal, that one should be given all paper-folding rights, making airplanes, spaceships, and the pursuit of coolness. That to secure these rights, institutes mustn't disallow the manufacturing of paper airplanes among students, and doing so must be evaluated by the consent of the governed.

Chapter 8: Liar, Liar, Pants on Fire!

December

Yes! It's Study Hall! I get to knock out all my math homework before I get home... Wait a minute. It's on all of the computers. I recognize that screen very well. Banned. That's the page that shows up when a page's access is denied.

"William, go fix up my computers," Ms. Larson requested. Hey, I wasn't the one who did it. But I'm willing to go ahead.

Heron was also at the computers. He was fiddling with the controls again. That's not how you're supposed to do it! I was determined to get the URL working again. But Heron actually fixed the issue! His URL is https://lms.thinkthroughmath.com/users/sign_in. My URL is <http://thinkthroughmath.com>. Darn, it's TTM's fault. They messed it up with their capital I's again!

I was about to head outta Study Hall, but Ms. Larson stopped me. She said, "What are you doing? You messed up my computers, so go sit down."

Phhhhhh. Pronounce that word like, “puff-t.” It’s just an interjection of annoyance or disgrace. Anyway, that’s just how I feel. In my mind, I hear, “Just tell the teacher! Seriously! What the heck are you scared of?” I reject that thought, and slump down into a seat.

Am I a liar? Nope. Does Ms. Larson think I am? Yup, of course she does! If she didn’t, I’d be happily playing at recess...without any friends to play with me. But that kinda destroys the whole purpose of “happily” playing.

So, by the time this paragraph started, several days had passed. Now we’re going outside to eat snack. WTP? Why do you have to GO OUTSIDE to eat snack? It’s cold! But then again, we would have to do classwork inside, so it’s a fair compromise.

When we walked out of Ms. Butera’s class, people were lagging behind. People were staying in class talking instead of going to snack. Yeah, but who cares? They always do that. All the other boys just keep talking and talking and talking...sheesh.

Yesterday I printed out a packet. It’s about the history of NG, and how it evolved compared to other websites’ evolutions. Nischay thought it was interesting, but at last he commented, “But dude, it was better back then. Why dontcha add them back?” Well duh, there’s a reason why I ain’t keep dang old features up there.

Richard laughed at the packet’s contents. People in his clique always laugh at things like that. “That’s sucky!” he remarked. It wasn’t to be mean, it was more of a satire joke. A satire joke is a sarcastic statement that’s funny. Sometimes, satire jokes are shameful to some people, but it’s sometimes just constructive criticism.

Speaking of cliques, there’re six main categories of boys: swaggers, nerds, sporties, goody-goodies, romantics, and normal people like me. There’re also six categories of girls: fashion fangirls, nerds, tom-girls, goody-goodies, popstars, and normal people.

Hey, NEWS FLASH! The amount of words typed in this story almost matches the word count in RGV! That’s a great milestone, so I’ll keep going forever! Ha-ha, that was just a satire joke.

One last thing before we continue the snacktime: I’ll tell you the categories of jokes! There’re satire jokes, which we talked about. There’re also sarcastic jokes, which are more serious than satire jokes, but still sarcastic. There’re comedy jokes, which might offend certain people, but are funny to the average person. And lastly, there’s word-play. That’s just a mix of words that have many meanings, and trick the brain into laughing.

Yay! It's the end of snack, and I'm gonna...WHAT THE HECK? Oh, I didn't mean I'd what the heck, I meant something ultra-surprising and weird happened. There's the F-Bomb on my desk! Someone supposedly ripped off a corner of cardstock paper, and wrote the F-Word on it. WTP of making the F-Word a curse word? What's so bad about it?

Huh. I guess I'll just toss it out in the trash, who cares? It's no big deal, just throw it out. But wait! Let's pause the story's progression. Why on Earth would someone put an F-Note on my desk?

It could just be careless hate. Some people these days are just plain careless. Such as these "IE Haters" running around the Internet.

It could also be sexism. Sexism? Yeah, of course! It's even in revision one of the DOI! BTW, the DOI is the Declaration of Independence. It said, "all men are created equal," but nothing at all about women. Who says women aren't just as equal as men?

Plus, there're rules separating girls and boys. Note how I put girls first. I hate putting myself first. Modesty is the best policy, not honesty! Anyway, I hate these rules. Boys can't wear girl clothes, otherwise everyone hates you. Boys can't think both guys and girls are hot, or your friends punch you in the face. And yes, I've been punched in the face all the time. Hey, you should see a picture of me. My nose is so distorted!

Resume time progression. Before I could toss the F-Note out, guess what? Meghana sees the note, and she gasps. Then she actually laughs. I have no idea girls thought bad words were funny. But the bad part is, she tells Ms. Butera.

"Are you kiddin' me?" Ms. Butera practically explodes. Darn, Dad says not to use "?!?!?" when I'm writing stories. But Ms. Butera was actually that mad!

Oh, sorry to interrupt flow, but there's something really urgent I need to say. I know Ms. Jensen says to keep stories going, and not have breaks in them. But hey, that's an aspect of casual writing. And if you're curious, why am I writing casually? Well, you'll see after you read this paragraph:

This paragraph has been written in formal language. This is different from casual or colloquial writing, since those types contain frequent use of jargon and slang terms. Formal style fits well for formal occasions, such as business letters. Formal writing can be unsuitable for some types of first-person, such as a child or adolescent's point of view. Using formal language in inappropriate situations, however, could degrade the reader's

attractiveness and attention-span to the text. Using formal writing seems very unintelligent in these occasions...

Aaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrgggggg! Read that as an elongated version of “urg.” It’s just an angry interjection. That’s exactly why I’m writing casually! Formal writing, or rather typing, is so hard! Like, it’s unthinkable. And also, doesn’t casualty fit the tone of this story?

Okay, finally, resume! “Is this a joke?” Ms. Butera exclaims. In my opinion, I’m pretty sure it IS A JOKE. But I knew she’s just in a “WHAT?” mood.

“Well, I was mad-” I started. And that’s true. I was mad. But I didn’t write the not because of that.

Ms. Butera shakes her head. “You know better than this. Being mad is not a reason to write inappropriate notes. These are words you shouldn’t be using at school, well, you really shouldn’t use the F-Word anywhere.”

Ms. Butera says Ms. Paton, the teacher/parent/student coordinator, will talk with me later on. I go back to class.

Dang, I really need to get revenge on that guy who did this to me. To do that, I’ll turn to the dark side! I’ll kill Obi-Wan just like Anakin did when he turned into Darth Vader! I’ll use my sith-ly powers to conquer the empire! We’ll use the Death Star to shoot Princess Lia’s home planet! Oh, ha-ha, that was just a sarcastic joke. IYDAK, that’s Star Wars related. And IYDAK about that, it’s a series of movies. I’m sure you know about it.

Ms. Paton’s here to talk to me. “William, we’ve talked about this before. Doing inappropriate things is unacceptable at Bush. And you’re a smart guy. Doing this, writing F-Words, is just plain stupid.”

Ms. Butera seems worried. She asks, “Who were you directing this note to? It certainly isn’t me, is it?”

I just shrug and say, “Oh, nobody. I just wanted to write it for no reason.”

“Wait...” Ms. Butera realizes. “You just said you were mad.”

“Oh, yeah,” I remembered, “I was.”

“Do you,” Ms. Paton suggests, “think that you’re capable of doing much better than this?”

“Neope.” I replied. That sounds like “nope” except it’s in Victoria’s accent.

“You don’t?” Ms. Butera seems surprised. “You think you’re not capable of doing better?”

And we go on and on, talking about that stuff. Including dialogue in my story is pretty hard, so I guess I’ll cut it a bit short.

Plus, NEWS FLASH! The word count of this story exceeds RGV by a thousand words! You know how they say, “A picture is worth a thousand words”? That’s totally wrong. You think it’s possible to put seven or eight pictures to replace the whole story? No! The only way is if each picture has many, many sub-pictures in them.

Oh, and note that I’m typing the story’s “News Flashes” as of when I type it. If the word count grows later on, just so you’ll know.

Chapter 9: The Detective of the Robbery

December

I’m TOO LAZY to finish this chapter.

You know, the chapters aren’t written in the order they take place in. For instance, I typed Chapter Eleven before Chapter Ten, and before Chapter Nine.

Chapter Nine is actually the last Chapter I have to work on. Because I started Chapter Twelve before Chapter Five.

Also, since we’ve been doing all this random chapter-talk, here’s a fact: Microsoft skipped Windows Nine, and went straight to Windows Ten!

Chapter 10: Research

December

For some reason, none of my so-called “trends” ever seem to catch on. Other people’s inventions ALWAYS get popular. So here they are:

Tennisketball: Basketball Parody!

Basically, you have to dribble with the rackets. You steal the ball by using the racket to catch one from the other team. And you shoot the hoop by hitting the racket against it, and it'll fall into the hoop.

That's a big fail, because obviously nobody likes someone who invents a new sport. Especially with tiny balls, and dangerous rackets!

Fist-Ball: Volleyball Parody!

Instead of your hands, you have to punch the ball to the other team-mates.

Apparently nobody liked my idea, because you'd always miss and end up punching the air. Or, if you weren't too careful player, your fist'd smack a face.

The Butting Challenge: Rear-End Wrestling!

Instead of your whole body, you have to pump your butt at someone. If two butts touch at the same time, whoever "buted" first scores a point. The person who's been butted on is eliminated.

Well, duh. Everyone hates the idea because it's gay. Who cares if it's gay? WTP of that?

Slang-Snotter: Language Battles!

The objective of this sport is to talk slang as slangy as possible. Like, "Yo, dude. Sup so whassup deuuud! Yo gotto chill-out, yo slap-whacked simpleton. Sup! Yo gotton slap-slap swag. Swag!"

Chapter 11: Stop the Hacking!**December**

"Stop the hacking, stop the hacking, stop the hacking!" Johann and I alerted as we marched around the playground. Both our Gamestar Mechanic account's are being hacked up. We'll call Gamestar Mechanic GSM for short.

The part you just read took place in third grade. And now, in fifth grade, my account got hacked again. What the heck? I just changed my password and my security code! How could this possibly happen?

Today's Monday, and the Ancillary is computer. Ms. Folgelson said, "Yes, you can play Gamestar Mechanic." I haven't played GSM in a few months, but it's not that bad. My account's not gonna deleted or anything. Like, what could go wrong?

"Yyyeeeeuuussss!" Everybody exclaimed. Most people like GSM, but not that group of girls. I don't know if I'd said it before, but they're Rana, Asmita, and Meghana.

So anyway, I tried to log in to GSM. It didn't work. Seriously? I ain't forget my password. So I tried again, and again, and again, and...

"Sorry, you've attempted to log in with the incorrect password too many times. This account will be temporarily disabled for two hours. A hacking notice will be sent to the owner," appeared on the computer screen. Darn! I really hate these types of security. If they're smart enough to filter out hackers, shouldn't they be able to tell I'm not?

I felt a tap on my shoulder. "What?" I asked.

"I think I know why that happens," Rahul suggested.

"You didn't hack, did you!" I rammed at his face.

"Uh, no," Rahul replied. "One time, I tried to log in to MY ACCOUNT, but YOUR ACCOUNT popped up on the screen. And then I tried to change MY PASSWORD, but your account appeared, remember? So YOUR PASSWORD got changed-"

"Aww, the sake of Pete!" I protested annoyingly. Soon, I told the problem to Ms. Folgelson. But guess what? Even though she's a wizard with computers, she couldn't figure out how it happened. Darn again!

Adam heard me, and he suggested, "Oh, that was your seat last year, right?" He's thinking a cookie was set on Rahul's computer with my account's info.

"Neooooowww! Last year I was computer number fourteen," I corrected. I'm really fed up with this stupidity. Why Didn't Rahul check the username?

I tried to guess what the password was, so I could log in a home. “RetardIsWilliam”? No. “PASSWORD”? Nope. “Wqsucks123rahulisa3e5ome”? Not even close!

At recess, I begged Nischay to tell me the password. I literally begged like a dog who gets raped by his owner!

Nischay put a finger to his lips. “Shh... Don’t tell Rahul, okay! The password is something that Rahul likes,” Nischay clues me. And there’s only one thing Rahul likes most: Pokémon!

At home, I sent a couple of e-mails to GSM just in case. They’d help me get my account back. But then I remembered, “The password is something that Rahul likes.”

I figured it out, finally! The password’s Pokémon. Seriously! Talk about insecurity! But that’s actually a good thing, since I now have my account back.

But here’s the bad thing: I received a bunch of replies in my inbox from the GSM company. They’re all asking for security conformation, account verification, and to provide more detail. I should really try to let them know it’s all over!

Chapter 12: I Came in Like a Wrecking Ball!

January

Here’s a totally true fact: I’m an introvert. I know, I know. The whole story, I’ve been acting kinda extrovertic. I actually want to be an extrovert! Introverts suck, they’re alone, shy, anti-social, stupid, and they die.

How can I be an extrovert? I can be social! I signed up for Google Plus. We’ll acronym it as G+ from now on. Anyway, I set up my profile, got my business pages, connected Analytics, put URLs, and finally, it’s all set up!

The Analytics was just GA, or Google Analytics. I’m using that to gather data about NG’s usage logs.

The URLs are just links to my YouTube channels. One is NarawaGamesNews, and the other is “4 Clones.” 4 Clones is a show where three cloned contestants compete. But here’s the twist: all four clones are just me, acting different and wearing different clothes. What a cool trick!

So guess what? Today, I'm on the computer. I embedded a chunk of code onto a webpage. That webpage is on NG. That webpage is a game. The game has something on it. It's embedded code. That embedded code is...Miley Cyrus's new song, Wrecking Ball!

Oh, and BTW, have you noticed all the exclamation marks? Why'm I so excited now? One reason is, remember when I talked about how I hate being a boy, and all that sexuality stuff? Well girls talk excited. And plus, I don't wanna be like Big Nate. Big Nate, or just Nate, is a character in a comic/novel series. And he's always bored, and writes with periods mostly. His eyelids are low, so low, you can barley see his irises, much less his pupils. Basically, he's a "fatty-eyelid-sagger."

Before we continue the timeline, NEWS FLASH! This story's word count is 7359, as of the time of writing this sentence. That's nearly two-thousand words more than both RGV stories! Plus, a famous kids' book series, Junie B. Jones, has a word count of around seven-thousand. Ha-ha!

Dang. It's 8:00. And you know what that means, it's Math! I don't really hate the math that much. You see, it's the teacher. Oh, Ms. Larson again, isn't it? Yup, she's pretty much being just as mean to the students as Whaley is to us. I bet Whaley's named after a whale of some kind, otherwise he's a mean arrogant prick.

You know, Ms. Larson says "for me" and "my" frequently, so dontcha think she's like a slave master? Cause back in the 1800s, the owners said, "These slaves are MINE."

Chapter 13: The Incredible Ink Master

January

"I'm not the one who did it," I told Ms. Hillman. Dang-nab-it! Not again, someone blames me for something I didn't do. This time, it's removing ink tubes from Crayola Markers.

Oh, and BTW, those ink tubes are open on two sides. But that makes no sense! Why would an ink tube be in the marker, but have two-sided openings to it? Isn't it supposed to have ONLY ONE opening where the ink comes out?

Well, in reality, it makes perfect sense. Try this experiment: fill a straw with water, and squeeze and hold one end. Then hold the straw vertically, and no water'll drip out. There. Just like ink tubes, they need air to drip, otherwise tension and suction'll stop it.

In fact, the other classes've been experiencing this problem too. They call the ink-dumper a "globber." I've been spying at Study Hall, and it turns out, I keep hearing "globber" recently. So that's how I know!

Maybe we'll find out who's the globber someday, but as I always say, "Every liar needs evidence!"

Epilogue: The Future'll Probably Suck

The Future

Hey! Reader up there! Read the epilogue! Basically, the epilogue reduces the chapter count. So it's less boring and redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Redundant. Isn't "redundant" one of those words that you say it many times, and it doesn't sound like a word anymore.

What Ms. Larson is Like in the Future:

“What is this?” Ms. Larson asks Kamrin. “This is a GT class! And you only give me this?” Kamrin forgot to do half of his homework, which is about twelve questions. Ms Larson continues, “Last period didn’t miss a single one. And look how many conduct charts I have. Go to the office. Let’s talk to Ms. Paton about this! [Sigh]”

The conduct charts record a student's behavior over a week. It also shows restroom passes, and incomplete assignments. Kamrin had so many incomplete assignments that it won't even fit!

“Aren’t you embarrassed?” Ms. Larson shouts at Kamrin.

"I AM EMBARRASSED," Kamrin says. Then he goes to the principal's office.

What My Life is Like in the Future:

I'm too lazy to type this section. Too bad, [yawn]! BTW, this IS WHAT MY LIFE IS LIKE in the future. I'm a lazy obese guy, sitting at the computer every day, getting cancer, eating Aspartame and Advantame, redundantly killing myself.

What Victoria is Like in the Future:

I'm climbing on the single-ledged bars at recess. Once I climb on, I balance myself on one bar. I start walking, as if it's a tight-rope. I step... I wobble... I reflex my falling action... I land straight on my butt!

Pause. IYDAK, that's a way of writing called suspended comedy. It's kinda like this excerpt I found from a basketball book: He's the Pro player... He aims... He shoots... He... MISSES!

Resume. Victoria's here. Darn, she probably hates me now, for doing the most gay thing ever. Don't get me wrong, I like being gay, but I'm never gonna get a girlfriend if Victoria sees this.

"William can be insane sometimes," she tells her friend. Ha-ha, that's not funny.

I throw back at her a retreat, "Oh yeah, only insane people call other people insane. You're sane. I just called you sane, so that means I'M NOT insane, but you are, since you called me that." That's a cheesy pick-up line. Those strategies are the one-way route to Singles-Ville.

"Ha-ha, I told ya, he's insane!" Victoria says to nobody but the whole world. What an idiot! All right, that's it! I dust the woodchips off my pants, and stomp off the playground.

What The School's Like in the Future:

I'm in trouble again. Business as usual. But when two people walk up to Mr. Rushing, things become not so business-as-usual.

"That guy just said he loved me!" the first guy demands.

"Hey, Tife! No I didn't! David forced-" the second guy argued.

"Dude, that's wrong!"

"No, you just asked, 'Do you love me?'"

"No I didn't!"

Mr. Rushing finally takes action. "So which one of you did it?" he asks.

"No, but he-" the second guy says.

"Yeah, you-" the first guy interrupts.

"Let me make this clear: did you ask, 'Do you love me?'" Mr. Rushing repeats.

"No," the first guy replies.

"Hey, you are so gross! You-" the second guy got mad.

"Did you," Mr. Rushing emphasizes, "or did you not?"

"David made me!" the second guy admitted.

Okay, let's push those two morons aside, and talk about this. Gayness. I love gays! I wanna be gay! Gah-ay-aaah-ay-eiii-y! So there's nothing wrong about being gay, and there shouldn't be. So why is Mr. Rushing making such a big deal about this?

That's it. I'm too lazy to keep recording my fifth-grade life. The end!