

Clare and Arbor Day



By Shanae

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“Now class, as you know Arbor Day is coming up. That means no climbing on trees, watering them, and if you can plant one. All you have to do is buy a seed and I’m sure you can buy just one seed. ”, said Ms. Beauty. Ms. Beauty is our teacher. Everyone knows she’s called Ms. Beauty because, it fits her perfectly. She is the most gorgeous teacher in all of Leadville.

“Isn’t she wonderful?” Sharry asked. Sharry is my best friend. She has wonderful brunet hair and perfect rosy cheeks. I always envied her and if she wasn’t my best friend I’d probably hate her.

“Yah.”, I said. Everything except her enthusiasm about Arbor Day, I thought. I mean I can climb on trees all I want! It is fun and I don’t have to water them! Plus I’m definitely not going to waste my money on a stupid, little seed! All teachers are the same in that way. They all think trees are so important, but they’re not!

“Can you do that for me class?” Ms. Beauty said. What’d I miss? Every one nodded. “Clare! I have a special report for you. Your mom tells me you’re a wiz at reports and you set your mind to it if you want to. So I was wondering if you could write a report for me about trees. ”, she asked. A report on trees! No way! I thought. Trees were the number one thing that was bothering me right now and she’s asking me to do a report on them!

“Yes I will do anything for you Ms. Beauty!” I said confidently. Only I wasn’t feeling very confident at the moment.



RINGG! “O.K. then children, that is the bell, Have a good weekend and don’t forget to write those reports.”

“Oh Clare aren’t you excited?” Sharry asked. “You’re the only one doing a report on trees and for Ms. Beauty when we have to do report on when Arbor Day was declared a holiday and stuff like that. You are sooooo lucky!”

“Sharry you know how I feel about Arbor Day, and trees, and planting. It’s the worst of luck.

“Oh get over your *worst of luck* and think of the luck you do have compared to us. You do have it way easier.”

“Help me please Sharry. I don’t know a bit about trees and you know it.”

“Yes you do Clare.”

“O.K., I know they’re green, have trunks, and are plants, but scientifically I know nothing.

“**No, No, No, No!!!** I can’t I still have mine to do. I’m sorry. I don’t want to talk about it anymore. I’m going home.” She said.

I got home said, “Mom can you help me with my report.

“I think you’re old enough to be doing a report by yourself now besides I am packed with enough things to do around this house with you not doing your chores. Oh and dad can’t help you ether because he’s gone away on a business trip. You know how much he likes his job.”

I stomped into my room and sunk myself in my bed and hugged my teddy as I sobbed. “Why does everyone have to be so busy? I’m never going to get this stupid report done.” I cried for a long time. I’ve got to get under control, I thought. Let’s think this through. I don’t want to not get this done because Ms. Beauty will be disappointed. I do not want to get this done because it’s a boring subject and



I don't know anything about it. The first thing I can do is go to the library. So I better get going.

I ran out the door and was almost at the corner when...
“! Where are you going?” Her mom asked.

“Mom I'm just going to the library. Gees.”

“The library? You're going to the *library* and why would you be going to the *library* Clare Haring? You've always hated the library. You wouldn't go anywhere near the library and now you're going to *study* in the *library*!”

“Hey”, I said. “A girl can change her mind and ran off without letting her mom say anything more. She raced passed the button store, then the school (That she looked at with disgust even though she usually looked at it the thought “I could do a really do a great report about some schools” but not today.), and finally got to the library. Once she did she jerked to a stop right in time before she slammed nose first into the library door.



“O.K.” she thought. “I can do this. On the count of three I'll zoom through the door. 1, 2, 3.” Something inside her stopped and her legs stopped with it.

“Come on you wimp. GO THROU THAT DOOR,” She roared. “1, 2, 3.” She jumped with all her might. Through the door she went landing so hard that she fell on her side. She jumped up right away once she noticed everyone was staring at her. “I knew it. “I knew the library wasn't the place for me.” She yelled.



“Clare!”

While turning around she said “What do you.” but stopped as she noticed who it was. “Sharry what are you doing here?” She asked in a much lower voice while rushing to her.

“I believe the question is what are YOU doing here?”
Sharry replied.

“What I swore never to do. She said grimly.

“What are you studying about? Sharry asked eagerly.

“Trees!”

“Trees you’ve got to be kidding me. You promised never to come in here as long as you lived.”

“I know. So, get over it already. Will you pleassssse help me?”

“Okay only today! I have a lot to do too.”

They worked till sundown. Clare learned that trees produce oxygen for humans and humans produce carbon dioxide for the trees. We both need those things to live. She also found out trees roots hold the soil down so sand and dust storms don’t start. That they provide homes for animals and people are cutting them down just for toothpicks and dumb things like that. She talked with Sharry about it and they both decided it was okay to cut down trees as long as people plant one seed for every tree they cut down.



It started to get dark out. She and Sharry went home. “I wish we could never leave this place,” Clare said. “It’s full of adventure, facts, and I’m going to come here whenever I have a second to spare.”

“I’m so glad you decided to come here,” said Sharry.

“Will you come back tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow’s when it’s due!” said Sharry.

“I know. It’s a good thing we got your report done too. It’s just I love the library and everything in it now! Please come and we’ll do an extra report about... about... well I don’t know what about, but we’ll figure it out!”

“Okay! I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Bye.” They left and instead of running out or racing as fast as she could she walked very slowly down the hall wanting the moment to last as long as it could.

Clare took a deep breath in front of the school. With a 19 page report in one hand and the other well the other hand was just sweating she stepped into the school people crowding around her. Closer and closer she got to Ms. Beauty’s room. *This is it she thought.* Slowly but with pools of sweat rolling down her she went into the room #4.

Everyone was in their seats putting last touches on their reports. They must have been there a long time because before she even got to her desk everyone had their reports put away and starring at her. Every single beady eye fixed on her. *Sharry must have told them I went to the library,* thought Clare.

Can you believe her a grown 3rd grader and she doesn’t even know how to keep her own silly mouth shut! That girl! Now instead of shaken like a leaf, I’m going to be shaken like a rattle snakes tail! Sharry, Sharry, Sharry when will you ever learn?



Actually she thought it was sort of nice being the center of attention. Especially with her being popular and all. She enjoyed it.

“**So...**”_she said trying to look cool and show off.

“**How’s it going! I’m sure you all have reports that are 19 long too!**” At first everyone just starred at her for a moment then a boy named Jo who was here to hear his older brother’s (Jake) report said, “**Don’t brag! Mom says it’s not nice!**”_Everyone shook their heads in agreement. Some laughed at him for saying that since he was such a little boy and others gave a big yah!

“Sorry,” she said in a smaller voice.

“Okay,” announced Ms. Beauty. “We will now begin our reports. My heart started beating like a drum! How was I going to do this? “First, Abby Bettner will go first. I herd Abby gulp. She went up and I’m sure not willingly. She gave her report then Sara went up and Sharry. Everyone went up in the class except Shawna and me.

“Please pick me,” I whispered under my breath. I did not want to be last. The last person always got the most attention because they’re the *last person for the day!*

“The next person up here will be... Clare Haring.” I went up and I guess if I were any slower I’d be going backwards.

“Umm... Hi. Today I’m going to talk about trees. Umm...Oh yes, trees are very good for this earth. They provide oxygen for us and in return we provide carbon dioxide for them.” After a while I felt more confident even though I still thought I was being too stupid. “And that’s why trees are a good thing to have on this earth,” I finished.

I felt good I finished my report, and went to the library, and... MY MOM CAME! I was so excited. “Mom,” I yelled and jumped on her to give her a big wet kiss. “Hi mom. I didn’t know you were coming. What made you come,” I asked. Mom just smiled and gave me a big wet kiss back.

“Well,” Ms. Beauty said. “Now that every one is done I have an announcement to make. We weren’t going to have a winner today because all of you are winners, but there is one person who has caught my eye and I’m sure must have caught yours. May I have Ms. Clare Haring come up please?” Every one started cheering.

While I was going up Sharry screamed, “Go Clare.” I went up and received a little blue pin saying 1st place. “Do you have anything to say?” Ms. Beauty asked.



“Thank you! I’ve enjoyed doing the report and wish to do another report as interesting as this one was again soon. Thanks again,” I said.

That night when mom and I went home she tucked me in, kissed me good night, and went to bed and under my breath so low not even a mouse right by me could hear me, "Good-bye day of my dreams and I won't ever forget you!"



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