

“Butterflies and Elephants” by Cameron

*This story is published with the expressed consent from Samantha R. I thank Samantha for allowing me to tell her story.*

"Huh?" Mrs. Lion shouted, "Next time be more responsible."

"O-Okay," I cried, "It won't happen again, I'm sorry."

I was at school during the second week of the school year at Jane Addams Elementary. I was excited for this year because it was the first week of third grade! Although I was excited for third grade, the school year was already off to a bad start. Here's the story of how I lost my hearing aid.

The day seemed normal. My mom woke me up in the morning and then I walked into our kitchen. The kitchen was your average kitchen, well I mean, we live in an apartment. Kitchens aren't that pretty in apartments.

"Hey," my mom said, "What do you want for breakfast?"

"I'll just make some cereal," I said.

After I made my cereal, I walked into the dining room and ate my cereal. It was my favorite, Frosted Flakes. I loved how they tasted. I loved how the frosting mixed in with the milk to make a delicious, creamy concoction. I also loved how the brown flakes crunched and blended with the concoction.

I finished my delicious cereal and dashed into the restroom. First, I brushed my teeth and rinsed them with mouth wash. I also did all my business and washed my hands.

I walked into my room and got dressed. I was wearing a pair of white jeans and a grey sweater.

"Bye mom," I shouted, "See you after school!"

"Okay honey," my mom replied, "Have fun!"

I was walking out of my apartment complex, it was warm outside because it was the beginning of the school. I was excited for school, I always was. There was only one thing that I didn't like about school: [homework](#). I despised homework. I mean, who likes doing homework?

After that, I arrived at school. The day was almost completely normal. We did average first-week-of-third-grade work. We colored, talk about things we're going to do in third grade, etc. I was enjoying my day. My friend Gizelle was in my class. Gizelle had the same skin tone as me, and she also had black hair. She was a good friend, a very good friend. Everything looked perfect up until recess. I was talking to my friend, Gizelle, for the whole recess. When we heard the whistle, we all ran into our lines. When we were walking inside, I realized something. Everything sounded muffled, sort of like I was underwater. Butterflies started dancing clumsily in my stomach. Ms. Lion, my teacher, put on a Peanuts movie. She was about to turn off the lights when I realized that she was looking into my ear.

"Samantha," she whispered, "Come to the hall with me."

"Uhh," I said, "Okay."

The butterflies turned into elephants, and my face was burning like a forest fire. I was so nervous I could have fainted right then and there.

"Where's your hearing aid?" she asked.

"Um," I said, "I lost it.. It's probably outside."

We went out searching for it. The elephants grew and grew. The elephants also started dancing ferociously.

I was heading back inside with Mrs. Lion; we were in the hall when she started to shout at me: again.

"I'm sorry," I said crying.

"Your parents won't be happy with you, Samantha," Mrs. Lion replied.

This memory has stayed with me because I hated being yelled at by my teacher and my parents. Now I'm extra careful with my hearing aid. I make sure I have it. This story is trying to show people that they have to be careful and responsible with their things or there will be outcomes.

[Samantha's response to Cameron:](#)

I choose to tell this story because it was the first time I realized that my hearing aid is really important and that was the first time I realized it was expensive. After that I was never the same but in a good way. Now, whenever I climb the stairs or walk for a long time I touch my ear and make sure that it isn't loose. I became terrified by this memory because it can happen again and it actually did happen again. The end of fourth grade I lost it. The end of fifth grade I lost it. This is my 3rd hearing aid so far!

I think Cameron did an amazing job with my story. I think if I did my own story, Cameron's would still be better. I want to thank Cameron for taking care of my story and I want to thank him putting his best effort on my story. Thank you Cameron . I loved this story so bad.