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Switch 3

## Michael Schmidt

Michael Schmidt walked down Orange Street with his black and red Tony Hawk backpack slung loosely over his left shoulder. It was a musty Monday morning clouded with fog, and he was starting a mile long walk to school. He had slept in past the estimated bus arrival time, and had to walk to school. Not a good start to the first day of eighth grade.

Several times already he had argued with his conscience whether or not to skip school that day, but he decided to go anyway because his mother, Katrina Schmidt, would be furious if he skipped. So he walked down the street in Lititz on that musty Monday morning in September. He was almost there when his mother's car whizzed past him, flying down the street towards Warwick Middle School. He broke into a jog then sped up, now sprinting down the street, chasing after his mom's silver Toyota Camry.

As if the car was a bolt of lightning, his mom's car spun around in a 180° turn. The car stopped, facing him, so close that he could feel the heat rising from the engine. His mother sat in the car and glared at him. While she sat there Mikey couldn't help but notice the skid marks his mother's car had left behind.

But looking at the skid marks couldn't save his skin now, she was livid.....

**END OF CHAPTER 1**

He looked at her once more and then, “MICHAEL, JEREMY, SCHMIDT, GET IN THIS CAR IMMEDIATELY!” She said through gritted teeth. He ran to the passenger side door and got in. They sat there in silence for a while before she put the car in drive and sped down the street towards the school. When they got there she walked him directly to the principal's office and then plopped him down in the firm plaid chairs facing his desk. The principal, Dr.Elder, looked at Mikey with disappointment, “We take skipping school very seriously here” Mikey opened his mouth to explain that he was not trying to skip but was stopped by the glare his mother shot him, signaling that it was time for him to shut up.

After the three and a half hour long lecture about not trying to skip school Mikey went to his third class of the day, woodshop. It was already halfway over but he walked over and took his seat at a table in the back. He looked around to see if any of his friends were there, he saw his best friends from elementary school. Evan Kling and Dustin Hippo were the worst trouble-makers he had ever met. At the age of six Evan lit someone's mailbox on fire because they had called him a, “poopy head”. As for Dustin, well he knew everything there is to know about the military, breaking in and out of places and much more. They both had a squeaky clean record, because they were never caught.

With Mikey, a parkour and fighting master, as the voted leader, they could take over a small country. At least that is what Mikey's had mom always said. They had been best friends since kindergarten, and now they had all the same classes.

After class Dustin and Evan waited for Mikey outside the boys' bathroom, across the hall from woodshop. Mikey walked up to them and was greeted with huge smiles. It was hard to imagine that it was already eighth grade. But, nevertheless, they *were* in eighth grade, almost high school. Last year they had arranged that they would all sign up for the same clubs as to keep in touch.

