



ZOEY'S POST-IT NOTES



BY
ZOEY
STEINER

My name is Zoey. I am a fifth grader at Pleasant Gap Elementary. Zoey's Post-it Notes is a story I would like to share with you about something that happened to me.

A Little About Me

Family is the most important thing in the world. My sister Alexa and I live with our mother and father. We have a nice home, a dog, three cats, and a fish.



#lex's2016birthdaytrip

Our family was able to get a tent at the Grange Fair three years ago. When you have a tent, you basically bring your living room and bedroom with you and move in for the week. We go most days and spend two or three nights. There are all kinds of food and lots of things to do.

We always go to the buildings where they show the animals. My favorite is the rabbits, and every year I asked if I could get one. Mom and Dad always said no. That is, until this year.

At first I really wanted the gray one, but it didn't seem to like me. When I picked it up, it scratched me and wouldn't quit squirming around. I decided to hold its tan

sister and immediately knew that she would be my rabbit and that her name was going to be Sandy.



School can be pretty rough at times. Last year, I got good grades and I felt proud of myself. I don't feel like I am doing the greatest now.

We are doing math division and it is so hard for me. We have to know all of our twelve math facts. My teacher felt that it was so important that we had until the beginning of November to learn them or get extra homework. That was tough for me, and I feel lucky that I finished them on time.

Most of my friends who were in class with me before ended up in another class this year. Now, only some of the girls talk to me. But I don't think many of them consider me a friend.

There is one new girl in my class. I am not sure if I consider her a friend yet. She talks and is nice to me sometimes. Other times she is a little rude, like when she corrects me on things. Occasionally, she cuts in front of me in line as well, and when I say something she usually yells back, "No, I didn't!"

My two best friends are Becca and Haley. Becca has been in my class from kindergarten through to fourth grade. I feel like she's helped me with all of my problems. I trust her so much.

Haley and I have known each other for about three years. She is so smart. Without her, I probably would have made a lot of dumb decisions. It makes me happy that I have at least one person I can trust in class with me this year.

You could say that I am a computer-type girl. Whenever I get the chance, I play Mine Craft on Mom's computer, and at the end of the day when I get time, I watch YouTube videos on my tablet. I've subscribed to about 50 channels, so it's hard to say which one is my favorite.

For the last four years, I have taken karate lessons. Sensei Campbell is fun and serious, nice and strict, just amazing. Karate is healthy and good for self protection, but she is the main reason I keep doing it.



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I just finished participating in Girls Wanna Run. Two of our teachers and a bunch of other girls stayed after school for half an hour on Mondays and Wednesdays. We would talk about things for a bit and then run laps around the recess area. Today we had a 5K and my dad ran with me. When we were done, we started working on this book.

The Flenguin Incident

This incident would have bothered me a lot anyway, but it was doubly worse because I had made a promise to Isaac.

Toward the end of the last school year we had to do a final library project. We needed to pick an animal and do research on it. Then we had to pick a partner to work with and combine our animals into a new one.

I chose to work with Isaac. He is a good friend because he is a very nice person. I had picked the flamingo and he had picked the penguin. We had a few different names for our new animal, but we finally settled on “flenguin.”

We worked together in the library for a few weeks, and then we did our presentation. After it was graded, we agreed that I would take it home to show

my mom first. Then I would give it back to Isaac so he could show his mom and keep it.

On the bus after school, I was sitting in my own seat when Wilson moved to the seat in front of me. I knew this would probably not end well. And it didn't.

Wilson grabbed the project and started to wrinkle it up. I struggled to take it from him and eventually got it back. Then he grabbed it from me again.

By the time this ended, the project was all ripped up. I felt so bad and scared. I had promised Isaac that I would give it back to him to keep and show his parents. I was afraid he would be mad at me because it was all torn up.

That evening, my mom helped me tape it back up. I told Isaac what had happened when I gave it back to him the next day. Thankfully, he didn't get mad and forgave me because he knew it wasn't my fault.

It had been one of the worst school years of my life up to that point because of Wilson. So, for the rest of the year, my mom drove me to and from school every day. That was a big relief and pretty much ended the problem.

Wilson

Things had been building up with Wilson for a long time - since we started the second grade, actually.

It was mostly on the bus at first. Then it started happening at times during recess. By fourth grade, something would happen in class whenever the teacher left the room.

It wasn't really bullying because he didn't punch or slap me. I guess he did once in a while. And it wasn't every day. It was more like every few weeks. He didn't hit a lot.