

APRIL FOOLS!

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After school one day, my best friends Jennifer, Kayleigh, Dore, and Dania came running up to me and shouting. They were waving little pieces of paper in their hands. I couldn't understand them because they were jabbering and talking at the same time. I caught a few words they were saying.

“—at Cold Stone, that ice cream store—”

“—got coupons—”

“—teenagers hand them out—”

“—got one for you—”

Before I could say anything, they had started to tug my arm. “Hey! *Hey!* HEY!” I screamed, trying to push them away from me. They fell silent, and let go of my arm. “Oh—er—thanks, Dania,” I said as Dania shoved a coupon into my hand. I looked down at it. It read:

COLD STONE

FREE

ANY TYPE

REALLY YUMMY

“Oh . . . wow, guys. Er—thanks. C'mon, let's go,” I said, stuffing the coupon in my pocket. We set off, talking about which flavor we liked most. Secretly, I thought the coupon was just a joke. It was just regular paper, the background was white, and there were no little pictures or anything on it at all.

“You know, I think this is really fake, or just a joke,” I said, pulling the coupon of out my pocket again and looking at it. It was ripped and torn. There were smudges on it. Surely was just a joke?

“No, of course not. The people there were wearing Cold Stone uniform. Well, hats that had Cold Stone written on them,” said Jennifer.

“Yeah, and why would they waste their time handing these out?” asked Kayleigh, raising her eyebrows.

“Yes, and I’ve seen that woman working at Cold Stone,” said Dore.

“Right,” said Dania. And, seeing my ears turn pink, she added, “Everyone could make that mistake. Maybe they should have put some ice-cream pictures on, huh? Looks a bit dull.”

Everyone nodded. “Er, yeah, I guess so,” I said glumly. No one ever agreed with me.

As we made our way across the field, we saw other kids sprinting across screaming joyfully and jumping at the same time. We saw teenagers handing out the coupons to other kids. I finally thought that this wasn’t a joke at all, but a real free-ice cream day. I grinned broadly, and couldn’t resist shouting to the kids racing across the field, “Have a nice time breaking your legs!” I couldn’t think of any funnier joke to say, but surprisingly, everybody walking with me laughed. And we started zooming across the field, too. The day wasn’t so bad after all. And there was still the delicious ice cream to look forward to. I laughed happily as we got nearer and nearer to Cold Stone.

Finally, we reached the ice cream store and got into the queue. It was awfully long; it went all the way to the field. I saw boys coming out, strangely looking very put-down and glum. They were cursing very nasty words under their breaths.

“Hey, Emily, what flavor do you want? I want chocolate. Mmmmm,” said Dania’s voice from behind me.

Tearing my eyes away from the boys, I turned around and looked at Dania. “I think I want mint. I always get it,” I answered. “Hower ’bout you?” I said, addressing Jennifer.

She turned away from Kayleigh and said, “Dark chocolate. Deeeeeeelicious. Mmm-mmm.”

“Mint for me,” I grinned. And I continued to stare at the sad-looking people coming out.

After a while, a deep, growling voice came from behind me. “Whaaaat do you waaant todaaay?” he asked. He had a funny way of speaking. His A’s seemed to roll around in his mouth for a while and then come out.

“Oh, mint, please. Thank you,” I replied briskly. I looked at all the choices of ice cream. Just looking at them made my mouth water.

“Here you go,” said the man. “Thaaaaat’ll be five dollaaaaaars. Fwank you very much.”

“Oh, um, here you go,” I said, handing him the Cold Stone coupon.

“Vry aaaare you giving me this, girl? No coupons aaaallowed, okaay? Aaaaall of you girls,” said the man grouchily.

Our mouths dropped open. “What!? But these teenagers handed them out to every—”

“Enough, enough! I no need to heaaaar no more, girls! I vill complaaain!” The man marched outside to tell the teenagers off.

“So much for our ice cream,” I said, tearing the coupon apart in anger. “Why did we even wait in line? You should have listened to me.”

“Hey, it’s ok. You guys wanna come to my house? Bought some ice cream we could eat,” suggested Dania. We nodded, and set off to her house, chatting.

