

Jebediah and the Pink-Haired Girl

1. Adjective
2. Adjective
3. Adjective

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Jebediah was a middle-school student at West Hollow Middle School. He thought of himself as a very

_____ Adjective and _____ Adjective fellow. He did have a _____ Adjective talent, however: he was excellent at playing ping pong. You couldn't really tell, though, just by looking at him.

One Thursday morning, Jebediah woke up at 6:30 to get ready to take the bus to school, as usual. He stumbled down the stairs to see his mom in the kitchen, making something that smelled amazing. "Good morning, Mom,"; he said. "I'm famished! What is it you're cooking? It smells terrific!"; "Pancakes, Jeb,"; she said. "Your favorite food in the world. Are you ready for school today?"; she asked. Jebediah sighed. "Not really. Everyday is just the same, you know?"; "Oh honey," Mom said. "Don't be so pessimistic. Just think about it. With all that education, someday you'll become a world-renowned professor or something."

His stomach nice and full, Jebediah scurried outside to wait for the bus. At 7:00, it pulled in. He stepped into the bus and found his usual seat. Oh no! Someone was sitting there!

"Excuse me, I think you're sitting in my seat,"; Jebediah quietly said, pointing at his seat. A girl with purple braids and a slightly peeved expression on her face looked at him. "What? This is your seat? Who are you, anyway?"; she asked. Jebediah took a step back.

"Me? I'm Jebediah.";

"Jebediah? What kind of name is that?";

"An Old Testament name. My parents gave it to me.";

"Sounds weird.";

"Okay. Well. How about you? Who are you?";

"I'm Lucille. People describe me as strange and apathetic. I have seven aunts and three hamsters at home.

Anything else you want to know about me?";

"Um, okay. What's your favorite painting in the whole wide world?";

"Favorite painting? Probably the one made by Da Vinci. The one with the lady smiling.â?"

â?"Nice. Iâ?"m also a fan of that one.â?"

â?"So what do you like doing?â?"

â?"Me? Probably playing ping pong.â?"

“What? Are you serious? That’s quite unexpected.”

“Really? I thought it was pretty ordinary. How about you? What do you like doing?”

“I like cutting hair. I know, you can’t tell, right.”

Lucille then eyed Jebediah. “You know, I think your haircut is pretty nice. Suits you quite well.” She then gave him a lopsided smile that flashed metal.

“Really? I never knew that.” Jebediah suddenly felt unexpectedly self-conscious.

“Here, sit down,” she said, patting what was usually Jebediah’s seat.

“Me? Uh, but you’re sitting there.”

To be continued?