

DRAFT #1

The Baby Box Turtle

The courtyard doors swung open as me and my classmates marched through.

The sweet smell of dew, the chirping of birds, and the buzzing of bees filled the air. It was as if I was in a rainforest. While my mind was swirling with thoughts, I hear a familiar voice yell, "Stop!" It was Jarin. My classmates halted. Some of my classmates were already inside the building, waiting patiently at the turtle check point.

I spotted Jarin towering over something. I couldn't see it from the back of the line, so I pushed my way to the front. I sensed my classmates' jaws dropping open, as if they were cartoon characters.

Then, I spotted what Jarin was fussing about. It was a

baby box turtle, about the size of your ear, if your ear was circular. The patches on the turtle's tiny back shaped perfectly, and the spots on the patches were barely visible to see.

I crouched beside the baby box turtle, giving it some space. I felt bad for it. I tried to reach into its tiny head, imagining how it was feeling with a crowd of people fixing their eyes on it.

For a few heartbeats, my classmates were wide-eyed and shocked. Then, whispers rippled through the crowd.

I thought Marat was going to smash the overwhelmed turtle, but even he was speechless.

Finally, Miss Davitt carefully picked up the baby turtle. For a second, my heart was pounding against my chest, afraid she was going to drop it. But I

set my worries aside as Miss Dawitt gently placed the baby turtle onto the dew soaked grass.

When we walked back inside, whispers were starting about the baby box turtle, and flashes of luckiness ran through the kids who saw the baby turtle.

All down the hallway, people were ~~re~~ telling the people who didn't see the turtle about the turtle.

I'll never forget the jealous looks on the kids who weren't there to see the baby box turtle.