

The Disappearing Duck

RING!! The warning bell chimed a deafening sound. Our car's engine rumbled and roared like a thunderstorm as it parked at the PLC roundabout. "Max, be a good duck and stay here," I instructed him gently. He plonked his feathery bottom down onto the ground confidently. After a few minutes, I glanced at my watch and was about to pick him up, but instead, I paused. I had a strong feeling that something had gone terribly wrong. Suddenly, I realized a devastating thing. My cheery mood dropped from 100 to 0. I stopped in my tracks. I thought that this couldn't be true, so I had nothing to worry about. But...

Max wasn't there. My stomach flipped over and over wildly, as if it were performing at a gym competition, when out of the corner of my eye I spotted a familiar glossy speckled feather. A clue at last! I darted around frantically, looking for any sign of Max. Nothing, except some useless duckprints. Wait, duckprints? I raced around at lightning speed, following the faint trail of steps that sneaky duck Max created. The first place they led to was the Year Three garden. Sure enough, there was not only torn and spinach scattered all over the ground, but some randomly uprooted carrots lying near the scarecrow, Glinda. No doubt Max had done this, as he loves to sneak into our vegetable patch at home. There was even a tiny cabbage-green caterpillar crawling around on the floor, seeing its chance to grab a bite.

The next spot to check was the library (hopefully, Max didn't destroy all the books yet). I padded up the stairs lightly, hoping not to scare him in case he was wandering around. When I walked in, a strict-looking teacher eyed me. I noticed that after that, she continued picking up shredded pages with small text on the front. **Book** pages! He'd been here for sure. But shortly after I started asking questions, the lady interrupted. "I don't know how you are, but I am the assistant of Mrs Watters, Mrs stone, and you must be the creator of this gigantic mess; therefore, **you** will see me in my office after school today!" she yelled furiously, in an awful French accent. I wondered if she was really from France, who she actually was, and why I had gotten into trouble.

The day went zooming by, and before I knew it, it was time to see Mrs stone. I strolled into her office nervously, trying to look casual. Little did I know that a huge surprise would be waiting for me. "**APRIL FOOL'S!!**" a voice yelled, but this time I knew she wasn't joking. But her frilly hat and disguise flew off, and now it all made sense. Well, sort of. She was no other than- "**MAX!!**" I squealed, so relieved this was true. Max was trying to play an April Fool's joke on me! That genius duck. Inside the hat, a small radio played Mrs Watters' voice. Of course, there was no Mrs stone. I fell for it. I was so Happy to have Max back. "**HONK!**" and most importantly, he agreed.