

"If you could change one thing about your life, what would it be?"

No one in my sixth-grade class answered our teacher. I could think of lots of things about my life that I'd like to change but I wasn't going to say them out loud, not even on the last day of school.

"Think about it. What do you wish was different?" Mrs. Hoke asked.

"I wish I was six feet tall," my friend Gary said.

Everyone, including Mrs. Hoke, laughed. Then she said, "I want you each to write down four goals for your summer. They must be goals that you can work to achieve, not something over which you have no control, such as getting taller. You don't have to turn your lists in. They are to help you improve yourselves."

I think Mrs. Hoke's goal was to keep the class out

PEG KEHRET

of mischief without having a bunch of papers to correct.

I wrote my name, Kyle Davidson, at the top of a sheet of notebook paper and started my list:

- 1. Raise my batting average over .250
- 2. Learn to pop a wheelie on my scooter
- 3. Get Mom and Dad to increase my allowance

"Think before you write," Mrs. Hoke said. "Good goals have a long-term effect. A goal accomplished makes your life better."

I put one elbow on my desk, rested my chin on my palm, and read my list. Yes. My life would definitely be better if my batting average went up, if I could pop a wheelie, and if I had more money.

I was confident that I could achieve numbers one and two. All I needed was practice.

Number three would be more of a challenge. I planned to mention frequently to my parents how much spending money my friends have. I would remind them that I feed Alexander the Greatest, our cat, and clean his litter box every night. I also carry out the garbage and make popcorn for the whole family when we rent a movie. I figured if I kept talking about how helpful I am, I'd wear Mom and Dad down, and they'd agree to give me more allowance.

Escaping the Giant Wave

As I stared at my list, a hand shoved my elbow off the desk. My head jerked forward. "Ooof!" I said as I dropped my pencil.

Behind me, I heard Daren Hazelton snicker. I didn't need to turn around in order to know who had yanked my elbow.

I sighed, retrieved the pencil, and finished my list.

4. Make Daren Hazelton leave me alone

As soon as I wrote it, I put my hand over that line, in case Daren peeked at my paper.

Daren is the meanest kid in Edison School. He's probably the meanest kid in the world. I bet Daren was born mean. He probably bit the other babies and kicked the nurses before his parents took him home from the hospital.

I met Daren when I was five, on my first day of kindergarten. He came up behind me and bonked me on the head with a box of crayons. I didn't want to be labeled as either a crybaby or a tattletale on my first day of school, so I walked away from Daren without saying or doing anything, and I didn't tell the teacher on him.

Big mistake.

From then on, Daren sneaked up on me once every day. He punched me, poked me with a pencil, tripped me, and shoved me. He never hurt me

the Worst Vacation Ever!

Thirteen-year-old Kyle thought spending a vacation on the Oregon coast with his family would be great. He'd never flown before, and he'd never seen the Pacific Ocean.

Kyle's perfect vacation becomes a nightmare while he's babysitting his sister, BeeBee. An earthquake hits the coast and starts a fire in their hotel. While fighting their way through smoke and flame, Kyle remembers seeing a sign at the beach that said after an earthquake everyone should go uphill and inland, as far from the ocean as possible. Tsunamis, giant waves that often follow earthquakes, can ride in from the sea and engulf anyone who doesn't escape fast enough.

Can Kyle and BeeBee outwit and outrun nature's fury to save themselves from tsunami terror?

ALADDIN PAPERBACKS
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