**“Oaklyn the Awesome”**

**996 words**

When I was little, I already knew that I was different from all the other kids. I figured that out when I was in preschool, and Samuel and some boys were making fun of me. They said, “Oaklyn, Oaklyn’s fanny went croakin’...” This not being true, I got really mad and threw a table so hard that it smashed through three buildings straight. Everyone looked at me, and the teacher was so astounded that she froze up and fell to the floor. No one knew what to do, until we saw our principal come into the room and stare at us. Everyone scooched aside except for me.

“WHO DID THIS!?!” our principal yelled. Everyone pointed at me. She glared down at me and snatched me up by my collar. As I cried, she called my mom, and I was suspended for three weeks.

As I went home, I wondered, *am I a superhero? Am I special?*

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I was rushing around in Butternut Middle School when I crashed into someone, but I realized that it was Samuel. I never really liked him, though. “Sorry,” I mumbled, pushing past him towards math class. I didn’t want to be late, but I also didn’t want to be early, either. It was a better chance of me not being noticed.

*Rrriiing!* the bell chimed. *Yes, right on time!* I thought, because now other kids were hurrying into the classroom, too. I slid right into my seat and tried to avoid people as much as possible. I always wore pants and a sweatshirt - even in the summer - because one time when I didn’t, all of the boys would turn bright red when they saw me. I tried to act normal that day, but it was so hard because I kept seeing awkward faces or heard boys’ whispers saying, ‘*man, she’s hot!’* or ‘*how’d she get so ripped?’* That taught me to wear long-sleeved clothing no matter what.

Math class is my last class before I get released to go home. It always goes by so slowly, so I draw instead of listen. I have to use pencils so gently because if I use one to where it *feels* normal, it always ends up snapping in half. Once I used a pen too hard and ink went all over my paper. My math teacher is really nice though, so whenever it happens, he gives me another pencil.

“Ms. Oaklyn?” Mr. Johnson, my math teacher said. I snapped back to reality when he said, “Ms. Oaklyn? Are you listening to me?” Now everyone was staring at me (So much for being unnoticed!).

“Sorry Mr. Johnson!” I said. “I just got lost in my thoughts for a moment.” Everyone snickered at me except for Mr. Johnson. I wanted to punch someone right then, but I knew if I did, I could seriously hurt someone.

“That’s alright, Oaklyn,” he said. “Just try harder to stay with us, okay?”

“Okay,” I said, trying to stay calm. I think Mr. Johnson knew I was different, but not in the way I was.

Finally, the bell rang, and I was released to go home. I scrambled out of class to gather my things and go outside. At pickup, my mom was waiting in her bright blue car. I went over to her car and pulled the handle. I accidentally pulled too hard because the whole handle broke off.

*Oh no!* I thought. *Not again!* I started to tap on the window for Mom to open the door. Instead, she just rolled down the window.

*No! That’s not what I meant!* I thought. Since I didn’t want to wait any longer, I hauled my things through the window and clambered in.

“Mom,” I said. “I accidentally broke the handle again.”

“No wonder!” Mom said. “I've already spent more than two hundred dollars on the things you’ve broken!”

“Sorry,” I said. “I don’t always *try* to break things.”

“Oh, that’s okay, honey. I was just teasing–”

*KA-BOOM!!!*

“What was that!?” I screeched, now hearing a high pitched ringing.

“I don’t know!” Mom shouted back.

Before we knew it, my school exploded right before our eyes.

*Oh, no!* I thought. The kindergarten school hasn't been dismissed yet! I knew I could save some of them with my strength, but what if I didn’t survive? Who could do such a thing to a school? Quickly making my decision, I shoved the door open and towards the school.

“Wait, Oaklyn!” Mom shrieked. “Don’t go!”

I ignored my mom’s calls, and found a window into a kindergarten classroom. I made my way through parts of the collapsing walls, and found a teacher with many crying kindergarteners.

“Try to calm down everyone,” the teacher quivered. “Help has come!”

I threw off my sweatshirt and revealed my physique. Many kindergarten students gasped at my muscles, including the teacher.

“Okay everyone,” I said, trying to sound calm. “You have to listen to me in order to stay safe.” The kindergarteners nodded their heads. “I’m going to bring you out two at a time, but you can't make too much commotion. This place could collapse any second.” I started picking one kid up in each arm, and cautiously went back to the window. I got the teacher last, and right in time because the room collapsed right after that.

“Oh, thank goodness you came!” exclaimed the teacher. “We would’ve been squished if it weren’t for you!” Her words were followed by kindergarteners cheering. “May we know your name?”

I paused for a moment. “I am Oaklyn Zillmann.”

“That’s lovely,” the teacher said. “Well, I have to see some parents now! Thank you so much!”

“You’re welcome!” I called back, with many astonished faces looking at me.

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Later on, it was announced that two gas trucks crashed into the school and caused the destruction, but I was glad it happened because now I can help people as my true identity.

**THE END**