

***Survival of the Funniest
Youth Contestants
2009***

NOTE: Entries are unedited.

BASTIAN THE DAYDREAMER

by Susan Huynh
San Jose, California

Once, in Scotland, there was a boy named Bastian. Bastian is a boy with lots of imagination. Oh, how he loved magic. He loved things that had to do with magic. Most of all, he could only use his magic in school. This is because his parents don't let him use it in the house unless it was an emergency.

One day, Bastian was walking to school with his books under his arms, saw a fairly strange apple. It was so strange, Bastian just had to laugh. The apple was something like this:

[drawing of asterisk-shaped creature]

Weird, isn't it? Well, back to the story. Anyways, Bastian started walking again because he never wanted to be late for school.

He was only a few couple of feet away from the school until he saw some rabbits, two in fact, talking. Bastian stayed to hear the conversation. The rabbits said:

Older rabbit: Hi, Vella!

Younger rabbit: Hi, Peter!

Older rabbit: Vella, did you know carrots are good for your eyes?

Younger rabbit: Really?

Older rabbit: Oh, yes.

Younger rabbit: Peter, I shall try this suggestion from you.

(Younger rabbit sticks two carrots inside eyes)

Older rabbit: You idiot! You weren't supposed to put it in your eyes! You were supposed to eat it!

Younger rabbit: Oh, I couldn't see anything so I thought the carrots were rotten!

So, Bastian heard enough. He started laughing so hard he rolled down the hill which the school was on top of. (Bastian is a fat little boy. He eats Wendy's everyday.)

After Bastian finished his laughter, he realized that he was at the bottom of the hill. He groaned and started again.

By the time Bastian was at school everyone was in class already. Oh, no!" cried Bastian. He rushed back to class just in time to be last in line.

While Bastian's teacher, Ms. Neely was taking attendance, he practiced writing. Just when he was taking out his mechanical pencil, the principal Mr. Klutz, came in the room along with the PTA president.

The PTA president started speaking and said, "Good morning boys and girls!" Everyone in the class repeated back, "Good morning Mrs. Dole!" After the greetings, Bastian just had his mind wandering off somewhere else so he thought the PTA president said something like this:

Remember boys and girls. Today is last day of school so be safe by looking both ways while putting on sunscreen and wear a helmet if your mind is telling you to rub with scissors. Got it?

Bastian was laughing at what he was thinking, but he wasn't aware that Mr. Klutz was behind him.

Mr. Klutz said, "Young man, come with me to my office. So Bastian followed him to his office and sat down. "Bastian, why did you laugh while Mrs. Dole was talking?" Bastian turned red and kept quiet. Mr. Klutz chuckled, "Here let me tell you a story." He started but Bastian daydreamed:

A boy named Sam had fat parents. His mom was so fat, the toilet broke every time she sat on it. His dad was so fat, he can eat all the food in the world. Sam was a skinny boy.....

"Bastian, Bastian, Bastian, wake up! Earth to Bastian. "Ohhhh!" exclaimed Bastian. "Where were you?" asked Mr. Klutz. "Uh," I was daydreaming. I'm sorry, sir." Bastian answered. "Well, go back to class," Mr. Klutz ordered quietly.

(Untitled)

by Naomi Lattanzi
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I don't know. I don't know what my feelings are. I've tried thinking about him as a boyfriend, but that made no sense. I could not imagine it. Equally unlikely: having a boy confess to me, or actually looking pretty. I gave up on those things a long time ago. I once asked Mom if I should have been born a guy because my voice was deeper than all the other girls' voices. I was slightly disappointed when she said no.

All I know is, I like being around him. I think constantly what he might think of me, and I worry whenever he's not smiling. It's enough to drive a rational girl up the wall. Besides, I think that if I ever did come out and say, I like you...the world as we know it would end. Worse case scenario, I could never be his friend again. And I could live with that, I could. I just don't want to.

Even in the best case scenario: He likes me back. We go out together a couple of times...but jealousy flares whenever he talks to another girl. Disappointment at the smallest of things, tears become more frequent in worry, an uncomfortable feeling of not measuring up whenever his gaze wanders. Constant lack of confidence about my looks, my weight—Am I acting weird? Will he still like me? Finally, the constant paranoia gets on his nerves and I am ever-so-politely, well-meaningly dumped. And, just like that, I never see him again. Involuntary glances in his direction freeze and bounce away, words stick in my throat, and my pillow grows soggy with silent sobs at night. Better, I think to remain friends. Forever. No matter what my raging hormones say.

Today, I was severely tested in my resolve. See, my best friend since time began has a crush on another boy in her class. I made a stupid deal with her, a typical high school girl bet. "If you can talk to the boy for more than two minutes straight on a serious topic," I said "I'll tell him that I like him." My friend, Tanya has been trying to get me to do just that since I met the boy. I call her an inveterate matchmaker sometimes, and for good reason. In hindsight, I should have bribed her with brownies instead of a promise I didn't want to keep. I make good brownies.

Anyway, we agreed to the deal, and got all excited about it, planning for at least an hour. She would dress up and wear makeup, and I was persuaded to don a shirt that was not a hundred percent cotton and an XL. I even put on lip gloss and blow-dried my hair to make it wavy. It was doomed to fail from the beginning.

We walked to school together early the next day. I looked forward to my end of the bargain with dread, but she was happy as a cat in the cream. I could almost see her licking her lips free of imagined sweetness. I didn't try to weasel

out of the deal, I have more pride than that. But I was desperately wondering what I could do to soften the sentence. Like in *Sleeping Beauty*, when the good fairy changes the death curse to a “sleep for a hundred years and get a hunk” charm. Now, if I could turn that to “nine hours of sleep a night and a continued friendship,” I’d be home free. But how to do it?

While Tanya gushed and schemed alternately, I went over the terms in my mind. She would fulfill her part of the bargain during PE class, snatching a conversation in-between lifting weights. Afterwards, we would reunite at lunch, she would inform me of her victory, and the pressure would be on my shoulders. It happened exactly as I predicted, and as I walked into my fifth period class, I felt a sickening pit of pure dread in my large intestine. He walked into the room, smiled at me and sat down in his usual seat, four feet away. Yet again, my eyes were caught by the bright silver-blue of his, the wide mouth that crooked into a grin with ease. My gut tightened. Oh, fudge. What have I gotten myself into? Tanya, across the room, smirked knowingly at me and made a heart shape with her hands. I stared back, deadpan expression. *Thanks ever so much for your input*, I thought at her. She grinned wider in response.

Then another friend entered, sat between Silver Eyes and myself. She’d brought cookies for us and I blessed her for her intervention. I also felt the beginnings of an idea stir in the back of my mind, a way to get out of this stupid gamble. I knew Tanya would sigh and roll her eyes, but my fanny would be off the flames. I took half a cookie, gave her a hug and smiled sincerely. He took the other half, with an answering grin.

“I like you both a lot.” I exclaimed out of the blue. “You’re such good friends.” And my stomach eased enough for me to munch and swallow the sweet cookie, savoring every crumb. Cookie Giver welcomed me to the rest of the cookies with a laugh, and Silver Eyes cocked an eyebrow at me but kept eating, unfazed. I met Tanya’s questioning eyes with a triumphant grin and a thumbs up. She glanced at Silver Eyes, noting his lack of surprise and stared at me with confusion. I pulled my lips back further displaying my teeth she’d never seen before, and gave an insincere shrug. Figuring it out at last, she pouted. At the sight of Tanya’s mock-disappointed face, I burst out laughing. Other students looked at me with surprise, and the teacher frowned in my direction. I took another cookie, blatantly disregarding the “no food” rule, and settled myself for a long boredom. Halfway through match class, and all is well.