

Stories by Geoffrey
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“The Water”

Helping is very important in life. If you help someone, they will probably help you back. People appreciate helping. When you help someone, you feel good, fresh, and glad. Helping is like when the hone guide leads the honey badger to the beehive, or when the plover bird cleans the alligator’s teeth.

I remember, last year, I helped a friend named Jacob Hanson. If you want to know what happened, here it is.

It was a hot day. The sun was scorching the street of Bordeaux Place. It felt like Hollister was having a heat wave. When you touched a plant you got burned; when you had bare feet you got bruised. Your eyes watered in horrifying pain. It felt like all the grass was dying very quickly. Bordeaux was Death Valley.

I asked Jacob if he could come out. Once he did, we walked across the burning blacktop street, slowly waddling towards my family’s shady porch made of concrete as hard as a mountain.

Finally, Jacob and I got to the porch. We started thinking of what to do. As we were thinking of what to do, Jacob was getting dehydrated.

He began to speak, “Geoffrey, can I have some water?” in a weak voice that sounded like a sick mouse. Then I noticed it... his legs were practically paralyzed; his face redder than Kellie Grover’s ever was! I started to get worried.

I opened the front door quickly, and ran through the house almost as fast as Cayman Astolos at the 2010 Pumpkin Run at Nordstrom Elementary School! I got to the cupboard and got a little, clear cup. I sprinted to the cold, icy fridge and filled up the cup with water from the fridge’s built-in faucet. I got very impatient.

After the cup was filled, I accidentally spilled it on my family’s carpet. I ignored the stain on the ground as it oozed into the soft flooring, soaking the materials and attracting the cold. After I refilled the cup, I dried the mess on the ground.

I dashed back outside as fast as I could and gave the refreshment to Jacob. He gulped it down quickly and weakly.

Jacob sprinted to his family’s house like a psychotic person to escape the sun’s trap.

When he closed the the door I felt I did something.

THE END

So there’s my story. That was the biggest thing I ever did. I know another example of helping now: when a Geoffrey gives a Jacob a cup of water.

THE REAL END