

# Corruption at Amaraca High

Regal. Bright. Beautiful. The description of the student president's personal office. His name was Ronald Bump, handsome on the outside but rotten on the inside. Beyond his office, you could see the bland peach colored walls of the hallways. Students shrunk back from his office as if they could feel the waves of corruption pouring out under the door. This wasn't a lie, he was corrupt and threatening, enough that the principal was still in the closet hiding and the teachers decided to support him. The teachers were promised riches from the boy half their age. No one could stop him, not even his mom nor his girlfriend. His school was called Amaraca High, people had deemed it the devil's school. It was a nightmare. Let's rewind to how he became class president.

On the bright sunny morning at approximately 6 am, Ronald Bump was awoken by a dream. He gasped as he burst out of the covers. He had dreamed of becoming president. It was exhilarating. He had locked up the teachers that were rushing him to get his assignments done. He hurriedly put on his clothes and ran down the stairs, each step making a loud thump.

His mother was downstairs staring at her reflection in the dining table while the chef was making pancakes.

"Mother! I just had a dream!" burst out Ronald. He looked questionable: his hair was a bird's nest and his morning breath was contaminating the air.

"That's very nice Ronald," his mother, Elysia stated blankly. She was adding more layers of makeup onto her face.

"No, mother. I had a grea-

"Ronald, darling, you're morning breath is messing with my appetite, please, go and brush your teeth," Elysia snapped.

Ronald grumbled in annoyance but didn't argue as he stomped back up the stairs. He slammed his washroom door so hard the already dented frame dented more. While he brushed his teeth, he reimagined his dream.

*"Ronald Bump! Where is your English assignment?" Ms. Croak screeched. He rolled his eyes and spun around on his president-worthy chair. He ignored her and straightened his polka-dot tie. She stopped in front of him and flicked his head.*

*"Mister Bump! Where is your English assignment?"*

*"I dunno ma'am. As president, I hereby ban homework!" Ronald declared, loud and clear.*

*Ms. Croak gasped out loud. "No Homework! Unbelievable!" She shook her head in disbelief and clicked her tongue at Ronald. "You are young, Ronald. You don't know anything," Ms. Croak spoke. She laughed at Ronald and at his attempts to boss her.*

*"You don't know anything, YOU HAG!" Ronald yelled, face more orange from her comment. "HENCHMEN! Take this hag away!"*

*"No. NO! You can't do this to me!" Ms. Croak cried desperately, while trying to keep her composure. Tears flowed down her face onto her blouse as the FBI agents dragged her by the arms, out of the room. Ronald laughed maniacally and spun in his chair once more.*

*"I AM THE BOSS!" Ronald cried in joy, a devious smile twisted on his face.*

Ronald snapped back into reality and looked at himself in the mirror. He had finished trying to wash his face and brush his teeth. He raked his hand through his hair, flattening it down a little. He looked at the mirror and imagined a beautiful, clean face in the mirror and admired it.

He felt that potential was bursting out of his ears, his mouth and his nostrils. He smiled big and bright and proceeded to practice his president wave.

“RONALD!” His mother hollered. Ronald rolled his eyes and skipped down the stairs.

“That boy. What is taking him so long?” Elysia muttered. Breakfast was served and there were two plates. One for him and one for his mother. He sat down and dragged the chair in, making an awful screeching sound. Ronald was worried about his dad because he hadn’t seen him for days.

“Hey mother, where’s daddy?” Ronald asked innocently. His mother looked up worriedly, but the look quickly faded from her eyes.

“Nowhere. He has some business he has to take care of,” she snapped strictly. Ronald flinched but continued munching on his scrambled eggs.

“Hey mother! Guess wha-”

“I don’t care, Ronald! Does eating food not shut you up?” his mother snapped once more, her eyes never lifting above her iPhone.

“But mother-”

“Shut it!” His mother spat, harshly slamming her hand on the table. Ronald withered from her tone and crumpled inside.

“You’ll regret that, *mother*.” Ronald thought fiercely. He stood up and pushed his plate into the middle of the table. He waited for his mother to ask if he was still hungry, but he received only silence. Her glasses reflected her iPhone screen. Ronald grumbled under his breath, but made no comments as he retrieved his backpack and slammed the front door.

It was then, his mother looked sorrow up from her phone. The truth was that they were in debt, her husband had gone bankrupt and their business wasn’t doing well either. But they kept on spoiling Ronald. Scared to take away his privileged lifestyle, they were getting money illegally. Ronald was kept in the dark about this because his parents didn’t want him to be involved in such dangerous business and they thought he was naïve.

However, at school, Ronald was running to be student president. He sat in the row of all the other student presidents, waiting to speak. His foot tapped impatiently on the floor, annoying all the other people, but no one said anything.

“Our next contestant is RONALD BUMP!” the announcer spoke. Unlike all the others, Ronald received no applause or support. Instead, he received laughter and a few people mocking him.

“I can’t take his baby face seriously!”

“You remove the “p” from his last name and you get BUM!”

“Is he wearing a wig?”

But Ronald didn’t whimper and hide in the corner. He stood tall and slammed his hand down onto the podium, people flinched. Ronald narrowed his eyes at the people who were still talking, and noted their faces.

“They’re the first people I want to arrest when I become president,” he thought. He took a deep breath and let his speech flow out.

“If I become student president, I will stop all other immigrant students from entering our school! I will build a wall to keep us safe from our neighboring schools. I will get rid of the tax to pay for the student government and all fundraising will be used to further advance our school. I promise to kick out all the students who haven’t been here since they graduated. I vow to give local class leaders more power to decide and make choices. I will make AMARACA GREAT

AGAIN!” Ronald spoke with confidence and pride. The crowd believed his words and roared and cheered, even the people who were unsure of him before looked slightly impressed.

“Ok now for the next contestant!” the announcer declared with disgust. She had already made up her mind. Ronald Bump was the right boy to be student president. He made it seem like he had the mind and motivation to do anything.

“BOO! NO MORE PRESIDENTS! RONALD BUMP IS THE BEST OPTION!” screamed the crowd. Ronald Bump smiled. His dream was becoming a reality.

“Here is your office, sir,” stated Kaley, the office administrator. She opened the door to a beautiful room with white walls and bright lights.

Ronald twirled around like a ballerina, awed by how beautiful the room was. He shook his rump and flailed his arms in the air while the office administrator stood by the doorway, her face stern.

“Are you done, mister?” questioned the office administrator impatiently. Ronald whirled around, nodded at the administrator and smiled.

“Yes, ma’am. In the meantime, can you buy me some breakfast?” Ronald asked.

The office administrator scowled and turned on her heel. Her hair whipped through the air as she stomped into the main office. Ronald blew a raspberry at the lady, sat down in his new black leather chair and began to spin, exactly like in his dream.

“MWAHH HAAAA!” Ronald laughed maniacally. He felt powerful and the feeling was addictive. Ronald looked at the wooden table and sighed at the stacks of papers. He raised his pen and was about to start on the paperwork when an idea popped into his head.

“If I get a girlfriend, a smart one, she could do all the paperwork and do my job behind the doors. I wouldn’t have to waste my *precious* brain cells on useless things,” dreamed Ronald. He suddenly stood up, kicking his chair behind him.

“MAID!” called Ronald, silence following. He groaned, annoyed that he had to use his legs to get up and look for a willing girl who would be his slave. He walked out of his office and looked for the office administrator. She was working on important files about some students.

“Why didn’t you come when I called you, maid?” Ronald asked. The office administrator’s face turned as red as a tomato.

“ONE, I AM NOT YOUR MAID! TWO, YOU ARE A KID, A CHILD WHO IS HALF MY AGE! THREE, I AM AN OFFICE ADMINISTRATOR, I DO NOT REPLY TO DISRESPECTFUL KIDS NOR DO I REPLY TO KIDS WHO CALL ME A MAID!”

“Fine, whatever,” Ronald gave the office administrator a look of dismissal. He walked past the fuming lady and continued on his quest to find a girl.

Ronald wandered through the hallways, pushing kids through. He didn’t stop until he saw a crowd of teenagers cheering. He shoved a kid who was screaming on top of his lungs for the entertainment in the middle of the circle. When he saw what was happening, he couldn’t believe it. There were two girls punching each other on the floor, screaming at each other. It wasn’t them fighting that surprised him, it was the fact that they were arguing over him.

“Ronald Bump is MY DUDE! Back off, sis!” screamed the blond girl. The other girl huffed in anger but retorted back.

“Ronald Bump should deserve someone as awesome as ME! So, YOU back off, pig!” yelled the Asian girl. Ronald smiled. He knew his mom was lying when she said that no girls liked him. How could someone not like his beautiful poop colored eyes, or his oily black hair?

“Girls, girls, girls. No need to fight, for I have decided to find a girlfriend. Maybe you two would qualify,” sweet talked Ronald. The words flowed out of Ronald’s mouth as he gave a breath stopping smile. The two girls squealed. Ronald offered each a hand to help them get up and both girls swooned.

“Ew, Kayla and Ivory! What the heck are you guys doing?” asked another girl. She made Ronald drop his smile. She looked completely average, light brown hair, brown eyes with glasses, but she was gorgeous to Ronald. He felt his hands become sweaty and a blush creep up his cheeks.

“Milady, may I ask for your name?” Ronald politely inquired for once in his life. The girl rolled her eyes and scoffed at Ronald trying to be nice to her.

“My name is Zelena. By the way, I’m not interested in you,” replied Zelena. The crowd let out a chorus of “Ooohs” and “Ahhs”. They were shocked that she could say that to the student president. But this didn’t make Ronald hesitate or falter, after all, he had survived a childhood of rejection. Ronald simply smiled and let go of the two girls’ hands.

“See you two, soon,” Ronald promised and winked at Zelena. Zelena knew his words were a wicked pun and had a double meaning; it scared her. She frowned at her sisters who waved to Ronald excitedly, even though Ronald had already turned around and walked down the hallway.

When Ronald returned to his office, he realised that Zelena was the perfect girl he could use for help. She was smart and pretty; she could make him seem powerful. However, the problem was that he didn’t know how to make her agree to it. Abruptly, everything clicked. He could blackmail her! Ronald rapped his head a few times with his knuckles, wondering why he hadn’t thought of it earlier.

Zelena had many siblings that had moved to Amaraca High in the middle of the semester. He could threaten to kick her siblings out of the school, then she would definitely agree. That was just how Zelena’s brain worked. Ronald was jerked out of his thoughts by a knock on the door.

“COME IN!”

His door creaked open slowly and a head poked through.

“Hi,” the little boy said quietly, almost in a whisper.

“Hi! What brings you here?”

“Um.. Mah sistahs want me to ask you to not kick them out because they came later in the year,” murmured the little boy. Ronald’s smile dropped. Why were some high schoolers asking their grade one sibling to ask for them?

“You go tell them that I will not do anything,” Ronald spoke venomously. The little boy didn’t hear the venom in his voice so he smiled at Ronald’s words.

“Of course, I will tell them! Thank you so much!” The little boy closed the door behind him softly. Laughing, Ronald shook his head. Kids were so gullible these days. Sitting on his chair, Ronald twirled in a few circles before he became dizzy. While he was trying to regain his balance, another idea flashed through his dazed brain. What if he sent assassins after Ivory and Kayla? Then Zelena would agree to be his extra brain.

Ronald grabbed his iPhone X and pressed the numbers on the screen rapidly. When the call started, he relaxed, letting out a fart and a burp.

“Hello?” the person on the other side of the phone asked.

“Hi, I heard you’re one of the best assassin’s around,” stated Ronald with a gruff voice.

“Yup. So, sir what is it you want me to do?”

“Well... That’s a great question.”

While Ronald was chatting away on the phone, the little boy stood outside the door eavesdropping. Turns out, he wasn’t so naïve as Ronald had thought. As soon as the little boy heard Ronald say his oldest sister’s name, he had to listen. The little boy stood with his ear glued to the door, letting the words flow through his brain when suddenly the administrator walked by.

“What in the hell are you doing, Corden?” the administrator asked, her face confused. Corden jumped at her voice and sweated profusely.

“Uh...” Corden looked around the room for anything to give himself a good cover story, but he couldn’t think. The administrator tapped her foot on the floor impatiently, waiting for a good explanation.

“Why are you interrogating this little boy, maid?” Ronald questioned as he walked out of his doorway. He put a hand on Corden’s shoulder and reassured him.

“FOR THE LAST TIME! I AM AN OFFICE ADMINISTRATOR, NOT A MAID!” exclaimed the office administrator. She huffed and puffed in anger. Ronald, like always, dismissed her and turned to Corden.

“Hey dude, everything’s fine. You can go now, I’ll deal with the wicked witch of the west.” Ronald whispered. Corden shyly nodded and bolted out of the room, knocking a few things down in the way. The office administrator opened her mouth to tattletale on Corden, but Ronald interrupted.

“Not another word from your mouth, maid.”

“Do you realise, I AM FORTY YEARS OLD and you are a FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD KID? How did your mother raise you to be so rude and disrespectful!”

Ronald’s face turned orange at the mention of his mom and he glared at the administrator.

“Do NOT speak about my mom!” Ronald roared. He turned towards the door where the assassin strolled in.

“I’ve got your first assignment, assassin. Dispose of this human waste!” Ronald said emotionlessly. The office administrator looked to all the exits and thought of an escape plan. But before she could move, the assassin was behind her and grabbed her biceps.

“You have the right to be silence, any words out of your mouth will be used in court,” the assassin boomed. The office administrator’s knees knocked together and her hands felt slippery. The only thing holding her up was the assassin’s hands grasped onto her biceps.

“Wait... I said dispose of her not send her to jail, where she could leak information,” Ronald injected.

“Yeah. Yeah, I got that, I wanted to say that for the flare of drama. You know, scare the victim a little, make it seem like they’re getting arrested.” the assassin teased. The office administrator gasped and narrowed her eyes at Ronald and the assassin.

“I’m not afraid. Whatever you do to me, I hope karma punches you in the face!” screeched the office administrator. Ronald rolled his eyes and clicked his tongue at her.

“So you’re saying, you’re not afraid of death?” Ronald spat. She gulped and backed away from Ronald. But it was too late. The assassin grabbed her and pulled her out of the office, with screaming and fighting so they went through the back door. As soon as they were gone, Ronald clapped his hands together and squealed.

“ONE MORE STEP FORWARD!” he yelled.

Truth be told, it was only half a step forward because of Corden. After he exited out of the office, he ran straight into the library to his eldest sister, Zelena.

"ZELENA!" spluttered Corden, still trying to catch his breath. Zelena looked up from his book and frowned at his appearance. His hair was everywhere, his clothes were crumpled and his face was red from running.

"Corden, calm down. Everything is fine," Zelena reassured.

"No! It's not!"

"What do you mean?"

"RonaldplansonhurtingKaylaandIvorytogetyoutobehisassistant!" Corden burst out. Zelena stared at him.

"What?!?"

"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!" sobbed Corden. Zelena stood up and hugged him.

"Hey, it's fine, I'll deal with it," Zelena consoled him. She stood up and made Corden sit down. Waving at him and she delicately walked out of the library. Through the hallways, everyone steered clear of the raging storm. They were not used to seeing sweet Zelena so angry. Especially not her sisters.

"Zelenaaaaa, do you like my hair?" Ivory whined. Zelena ignored her and walked down the hall, each step causing a mini earthquake. Soon, Zelena reached *his* door.

Why was there a peppa pig, a dora and a boots sticker stuck on the white wooden door? She raised her hand to knock when suddenly the door opened, revealing Ronald in a suit and glasses. Zelena gasped in shock but quickly regained her composure.

"What is this news I hear about you murdering my sisters?" Zelena demanded. Ronald laughed but Zelena didn't do anything. She didn't get mad or start to cry. Instead, she kept her posture and unnerving stare. Ronald stopped laughing when Zelena punched his crooked nose and scoffed at his wailing as he crumpled to the ground clutching his crooked nose.

"AHHH! My beautiful nose!" Ronald howled.

Zelena stared at him. "Are you done yet?"

Ronald got up, dusted off his pants and walked into office. Zelena followed and sat on the chair in front of his desk.

"So... What brings you here?"

"You."

"Me? Awww, thank you," Ronald gushed. Zelena rolled her eyes.

"Why are you sending an assassin after my sisters?"

"Well, I want you to be my assistant."

"Well, I want you to leave me alone. I guess we don't always get we want."

"Well, then your sisters die." Ronald shrugged and returned his attention to his rubix cube.

"Well you leave me no choice; I'm going to expose you, how you murdered the office administrator and are GOING to murder my sisters!"

Ronald laughed. "How are *you* gonna do anything?"

"I'M just going to tell everyone that you threatened my sisters and meant to kill them." Zelena got up and smugly leaned on the wall. "Everyone will hate you!"

Ronald gasped at how vicious she was. But he was still four steps ahead. The assassin came strolling in through the back, holding Corden by the collar of his sweater.

"Look what I found while patrolling the school! A little rat who was eavesdropping on you." The assassin dropped Corden on the ground with a thump. "I followed your orders, boss."

Ronald nodded and smiled approvingly. "See? You're trapped. You either work for me or I murder your sisters and you'll never see your them or your brother again." Ronald twirled a few times in his chair, waiting for Zelena's answer. "Time's ticking!"

Zelena bit her lip in frustration. She didn't want to help the horrible boy, but she couldn't risk her siblings. "You know I can call the police, right?" Zelena struggled to keep up her confident image.

"No, you don't understand Zelena. How will the police believe that a fifteen-year-old kid planned all this -- especially a *rich* kid's statement over a commoner's?" Ronald smirked. "Plus, I could just pay the police to not say anything."

Zelena lost her composure and lunged for him, claws extended. She scratched him in the face before the assassin yanked her back. Ronald held his face in pain.

"NOOOOO!!! Seriously? You're so violent! Punching me, then scratching me!" Ronald blubbered. He was bawling because his beautiful face was ruined. A tiny scratch marked the left side of his face. Tears dripped down his cheeks. Snot poured from his nostrils.

Corden shivered in fright and curled up into a little ball while Zelena burst into laughter at Ronald's state and snorted, "I'm going to be the assistant of a crybaby?" Then she changed her posture and sat on the couch, crossing her legs. "I thought student presidents weren't supposed to threaten people." Zelena uncrossed her legs. "Maybe, if you were nicer, you wouldn't have to force someone to be your assistant. I guess only the smart people realise that you are a corrupt boy."

Ronald scoffed in disbelief. "Me, corrupt?!? Never heard those two words together. I'm just trying to make Amaraca High a better place. It's just maybe the smart people don't see my intentions."

"You mean they only see your TRUE intentions," retorted Zelena. The assassin had an amused smile planted on his face. Ronald's lip curled and seemed to promise violence.

"Well... What's your choice?" Ronald placed his arms on either side of his desk. "As I said before, time is ticking. Make your choice."

Zelena glanced worriedly at Corden, who was shaking with fear and crying. Zelena couldn't imagine her two annoying sisters, Ivory and Kaley, being murdered in cold blood. She opened her mouth but left it open, as if the words were her last. Finally, she closed her mouth and began.

"Fine, I will be your assistant but if any harm is done to my siblings, I will quit and report you to the police."

Ronald smirked, proud of himself for *convincing* Zelena to agree. "Of course, but if anything is exposed about me on the job, you may not live to see the blue sky again."

Zelena slumped in defeat and got up from the sofa.

"Well, boss I'm going to take Corden home," Zelena muttered. She picked Corden up and was about to exit the door when Ronald stopped them.

"Zelena, here are my plans for this school. Please organise them."

Zelena grabbed the sheets in Ronald's hand and left the dreaded office. She never faltered in her step until she reached her locker. There she set Corden down. Ivory ran over, wiping Corden's tears and checking Corden for injuries.

"Zelena? What happened?" Ivory asked. Zelena simply shook her head and smiled. She realised she probably looked like a maniac. Her hair was a bird's nest and her face was covered with red blotches of anger.

“Hey ZELENA! What happened?”

“Nothing. Now leave me alone!” Zelena commanded. As Ivory and Corden left without a question, Zelena began reading the papers Ronald had given her. They contained a list, a plan of all the corruption he planned to commit at school. Zelena was horrified. He planned on killing all other school student presidents. She went on with her day rereading the list and wondering if working with him was the worst mistake in her life.

Back in the office, Ronald was packing up to go home. He grabbed his backpack and stuffed all his toys into it. As he turned off the lights and walked out he was grabbed by the assassin.

“WHERE’S MY MONEY?”

Ronald simply brushed his hands off and stood taller.

“I don’t have the money yet.”

“What?! You promised me the money by today!”

“Well... That’s too bad.” Ronald tried to walk away, but the assassin jumped forward and held a knife to his throat. Ronald tsked then called his chauffeur. The assassin looked at Ronald in confusion before the realization hit him -- *too* late. Ronald’s chauffeur ran in and shot the assassin in the head.

Ronald sighed in annoyance. “Dammit, Aladdin, I needed you to shoot him in the leg, not his head. Now I have to find another assassin.”

Aladdin, Ronald’s chauffeur and bodyguard, remained stone-faced and silent. Ronald left the office leaving his bags for Aladdin.

“ALADDIN!” hollered Ronald. Aladdin quickly scurried over with Ronald’s bags and started the car. As they started the car, a crowd of students started gathering around. Ronald opened his window and did his ‘student-president’ wave. Everyone cheered.

“WOOOOO! GO RONALD BUMP! MAY HE MAKE AMARACA HIGH GREAT AGAIN!” the crowd hollered. Ronald put on his biggest, sweetest smile and took a deep breath, preparing to respond.

“YES! INDEED, I shall make Amaraca the BIGGEST, BESTEST AND MOST POWERFUL SCHOOL!”

The crowd whistled, hollered and cheered as the new student president drove out of the parking lot. Zelena’s sisters were in the crowd, too. They were holding a whimpering Corden while cheering. Zelena stood in the back of the crowd, a solemn look on her face. She was angry at how the students couldn’t see how corrupted Ronald Bump truly was; now she had to pay the price. Zelena’s grip on the files tightened as she saw Ronald wink at her before he was out sight.

“I hate that boy.” muttered Zelena angrily. She glared at the crowd until she saw Corden. Her gaze softened. He looked up and met her gaze, his eyes watering. Zelena stomped over to Ivory and Kayla.

“Why are you here? Didn’t you say you would take Corden home? Why are you wasting time cheering for that boy?” demanded Zelena.

“It’s not *“THAT BOY”*! It’s Ronald Bump, our new handsome president! Ugh, cousin, you’ll never understand!” whined Kayla.

“Yeah, Corden isn’t complaining, so why are you so annoyed?” grumbled Ivory.

If glares could kill someone then Ivory and Kayla would be dead. Zelena grabbed Corden and looked back once.

"I'm taking Corden home now. You guys can walk home," Zelena set Corden on his feet and took his hand. "By the way, Ronald Bump is not the person you think he is." On that note, Zelena and Corden walked to her car where they began their journey home.

Ronald had already arrived home. He greeted the pot of plants and ignored the butler. He let the door slam behind him as he dropped his backpack at the butler's feet.

"How was your day today, young sir?"

"None of your business, ALBERT."

Ronald took off his boots and ran upstairs. "MOOOOMMMMM!" He arrived at the top floor and rammed his fist into his mom's bedroom door. "MOTHHEERRRRRRRR!"

Ronald stood in front of his door staring at the doorknob, waiting for it to turn. But nothing happened. He heard some shuffling and a few things falling on the floor, but not his mother's voice. Ronald shrugged and skipped to his own room.

He greeted Mr. David, and jumped on top of him, spittle flying everywhere. Mr. David's face peeked out from Ronald's body.

"MR. DAVID! GUESS WHAT I DID AT SCHOOL!" Ronald yelled excitedly, eager to tell Mr. David his adventures. Ronald sat up and hugged Mr. David. "I conquered the WHOLE school! I built a future for the two of us! You can now walk the school hallways without being scared that someone may cut open your fur and take out your fluff." Ronald clapped for himself, imagining Mr. David clapping too.

"Thank you, Ronald! You're the best! I'm so happy!" Ronald voiced for Mr. David. When Ronald heard his father downstairs, he quickly hopped off his bed, patted Mr. David and the head, and ran through his bedroom door.

Before he made an action for his father to acknowledge him, he heard angry furious whispering from his mother's room.

"Those damn kids! Going on strike, not going to school. I wish we could arrest them but then that would cause an uproar in citizens. These kids are so foolish, no one cares about the environment! So? What if we pollute the environment? Get the next generations to deal with it, it's not our problem."

Ronald realised the angry whispering was his father's voice. He ran and put his ear on the door. Then his mother began to speak in a hushed voice.

"Don Don, you have to calm down. Just think, we can possibly use the kids as a distraction. Find the UN council members and while their so stressed, you can put your ideas in. They will start freaking out about how many kids are going on strike and they'll be desperate for solutions. Remember, it's the Greta girl that started this all."

Ronald gaped. That was a genius idea! He could use it for the school, if the students ever go on strike. Ronald smiled and smashed his ear against the door.

"Wait. Do you hear that? I think someone is listening to our conversation."

Ronald freaked and slid down the railing of the stairs landing downstairs breathlessly. Ronald looked up to catch the stare of his parents on the top of the stairs. He gulped down air, greedy for the air. He looked up and waved.

"Hey! I just came back from a run! It's pretty nice out there." Ronald pointed at the window, where it was raining. "Um.. I mean I had an umbrella that made it nice weather." Ronald fidgeted with his fingers, twisting them then untwisting them.

Ronald's dad narrowed his eyes at Ronald in suspicion. This made Ronald want to puke, so he quickly changed the topic.

“Guess what? I MADE IT AS STUDENT PRESIDENT!”

Ronald’s mother burst into a smile. “That’s great, honey.”

Ronald’s dad glanced at Ronald once more, and closed his eyes. He pinched his nose bridge and sighed. “I’m so proud of you...”

Ronald grinned so hard that it hurt, but it was worth it. His two parents were proud of him! Even though, his dad’s voice sounded bored and dismissive, it was fine because it was the words that count. Or was it the thought that counts? Ronald shrugged it off and ran up the stairs to hug his mom.

“Mom!” He leaned forward, but she let out a yelp and ducked. Ronald fell on his face with a splat. Ronald immediately straightened up and dusted himself off. He dismissed the fact that maybe his mom didn’t actually love him.

“Oh uh, sorry Ronald, you took me by surprise.” Ronald’s mother murmured. Ronald smiled, any doubt that his mother loved him faded away.

“It’s fine! Next time, I’ll give you a warning.”

Ronald beamed and ran into his room, not noticing his father glaring at his back and his mother looking distastefully his way.

In Ronald’s room, Ronald laid on his bed relaying the day, relishing in the dream that had become a reality. His closed eyes suddenly opened when he remembered the situation his father was dealing with.

He remembered that April 4<sup>th</sup> was when the students were organising a strike for the environment and for the adults to do something. Ronald quickly got up and began to plan and write notes based off of his mother’s idea. By the time he was finished, it was already 10 pm. Ronald put down his trusty ol’ pencil, and laid down on his bed. He grabbed Mr. David and his blanket and sleep took over.

The next morning, Zelena scurried around in her house. She was scrambling to find the right outfit and scrambling to get Corden ready for school. Contrary to yesterday’s event, she was tired. She felt like a bunch of elephants trampled over her body. Everywhere ached.

“CORDENN! WHERE’S YOUR LUNCH BAG?!” hollered Zelena. When Corden didn’t answer, she yelled again. “CORDE—”

“Zelena, it’s in front of you.”

Zelena mumbled an apology and packed everything. Her parents were always busy; they were always at work. This left Zelena to be the guardian of the house.

Each morning, Zelena and Corden left the house at seven sharp to ride the bus to school. But today, they were late.

By the time Zelena got to school, all the grade one’s had already entered the elementary school beside hers. She quickly dropped Corden off and ran to her school. When she arrived, her mouth dropped open.

There was a crowd. A crowd of students from all sorts of grades all standing there with signs and they were yelling, protesting.

“THERE’S NO PLANET B!”

“THE OCEANS ARE RISING AND SO ARE WE!”

“IF YOU GET YOUR FUTURE, WHY CAN’T WE!”

“GET OFF URANUS AND COME BACK TO EARTH!”

Zelena closed her mouth and opened it, like a gaping fish. She thought the protest was April 4<sup>th</sup>, not April 1<sup>st</sup>. She saw her friend, John and he called her over.

“ZELENA!”

“John? What’s happening?” she tried to yell over the crowd. He shook his head. Zelena assumed he didn’t know either. She quickly moved through the wave of bodies and reached him.

“Zelena! Everyone started the protest today not April 4<sup>th</sup>!”

“I can see that!” Zelena sputtered out. She looked around the parking lot for that familiar black Lamborghini. When she didn’t see Ronald, she let out the breath she was holding. But just as she did, on cue, Ronald’s car came through the driveway.

Everyone went quiet. Ronald’s face peeked out of the open window and he grinned. He thought that the crowd was outside yelling for him.

Ronald came out of the sleek car and waved the crowd. Students began whispering among themselves as they realised Ronald was a part of the problem. His car was not eco- friendly at all. The crowd began yelling again.

“YOU DON’T DESERVE THE POSITION OF STUDENT PRESIDENT!”

“WE’RE PROTESTING FOR THE ENVIRONMENT WHILE EVEN OUR OWN STUDENT PRESIDENT DOESN’T SUPPORT US!”

Ronald gaped; he hadn’t realised the student would turn on him so fast. He thought they loved him. Ronald’s brain began turning; trying to find a way to calm down the crowd. He gasped, remembering a lesson his father taught him; fake it till you make it. Ronald took a deep breath.

“HEY!”

The crowd shushed as they all glared at him accusingly, except for Zelena still in shock from the protest. Ronald didn’t whimper or wither under the crowd’s stare; he stood taller. Ronald began once more.

“I SUPPORT YOU GUYS! As student president, I plan to put more funding into the school’s green ways!”

Students began cheering for their student president’s false words. Whistles and yells were heard from within the mass of students.

John was one of them. However, Zelena didn’t approve; she knew Ronald’s plans and they weren’t environmentally- friendly at all. John’s cheering and clapping faded when he realised Zelena wasn’t joining him.

“Zelena? Why aren’t you clapping? It’s our student president! He’s going to help us make the world a bigger place!”

Zelena frowned. Was her friend that gullible? She shook her head. “You don’t understand, John! For once, wake up! Ronald isn’t a good guy! What can’t you see? I see you’re just as dumb as the rest of the school!”

John stared; hurt from Zelena’s words. Zelena gasped and covered her mouth. She hadn’t meant to be so harsh. She reached her hand out to put it on his arm; to comfort him. But he dodged it.

“Well then... I guess I don’t deserve to be the *smartest* person’s friend, eh? I guess I’ll just hang out with the rest of the idiots.”

John walked away, with his head down. Zelena stared after his retreating figure and wanted to cry. She was so frustrated she snapped. Zelena glared at the floor, thinking of a way to end Ronald’s reign. Suddenly an idea popped into her head and she began walking.

“ALADDIN!” hollered Ronald. Aladdin came scurrying into the room, checking for danger.

“Yes, young master?”

“I need you to murder Hillard Cliché. She’s the president of BCI. If we take her down, then all the funding from her school can direct to ours.”

Aladdin nodded.

“I also need you to assign people to hang up signs and make announcements about the upcoming student tax. My chair is becoming old and I want a new car. The only way to fund these essentials is taxes.” Ronald closed his eyes and began picturing his brand-new Lamborghini. Aladdin fidgeted with his hands, awkwardly, as he tried to think of a way to point out Ronald’s wrongheadedness.

“But, young master, you should not-”

“WHO ARE YOU TO TELLING ME NOT TO DO THINGS? HMM?” Ronald stood up from his turning chair and stomped up to Aladdin. Even though Ronald was two heads shorter than Aladdin’s six feet, he was still intimidating. Intimidating in a way meaning that he paid Aladdin, which gave Aladdin money to live.

Aladdin gulped but tried again, “Ro-”

“DO NOT CALL ME BY MY FIRST NAME, PEASANT!”

Aladdin fumed but decided to keep his mouth shut. Ronald nodded in approval when he realised Aladdin had given up.

“Now, shoo!”

Aladdin turned on his heel and walked through the hallway hanging up posters and keeping a watchful eye for students that were fit to make announcements. As students walked past him, they began whispering.

“Taxes?!?”

“I barely have enough for my bus fare!”

“What is the meaning of this?”

“What corrupted person could do this?!?”

Aladdin ignored them and continued hanging up the posters. Once he finished, he looked around the hallway for students that could do announcements. The hallways were empty, except for one girl, Ivory.

She was still removing the contents of her locker with the speed of a sloth. With her phone in one hand and the other grabbing books, it was no wonder she was so slow. Aladdin rushed over and tapped her on the shoulder. Ivory jumped and slapped his face.

Aladdin simply glared with a red handprint and a tired look on his face.

Ivory gasped, “I’m so sorry! I’m just really jumpy.”

“I need you to do something.”

“What?!? Why would I do something for you?”

“Becau-”

“I know I just slapped you, but that was an accident!”

“It’s not anything b-,”

“I’m not doing your dirty work! I already helped Emerald put a whoopee cushion on Mr. Bald’s chair.”

Aladdin was fuming. Why couldn’t this girl just stop talking and let him explain?

Ivory opened her mouth to blab some more but Aladdin stopped her with a look. Ivory quickly closed her mouth. If looks could kill, she would be dead.

"I'm trying to ask you to do announcements. Ronald Bump, the school president needs someone to do-,"

"Oh. Well why didn't you tell me sooner?" Ivory beamed, joyful that out of 500 students, she was picked to help Ronald Bump. "I would love to work with Ronald!"

"I'd rather not," muttered Aladdin.

"Hm? What did you say? I didn't hear you."

"Nothing. now walk. We need to get to the office." Aladdin instantly turned and began walking to the office. Ivory skipped after Aladdin, her ponytail waving in the air.

When they got there, they witnessed Ronald making an important call.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN THAT THE STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT OF SIRAC ESCAPED?!?" Ronald yelled. Ivory stared while Aladdin quickly steered her out of the room and waited there until Ronald was done. As soon as they were out of earshot, Ivory began pestering him with questions.

"Who was Ronald yelling at?"

Aladdin avoided her gaze and stared at his calloused hands.

"Hey, I asked you a question!"

"Just because Ronald is allowed to treat me like dirt doesn't mean you can."

Ivory watched Aladdin walk away with a surprised look on her face. She didn't mean to be rude; she was only curious. Before she could chase after Aladdin, Ronald came out of the office. His eyes popped a little when he saw Ivory. Ivory's face lit up.

"Hey, I'm Ivory. A man called Aladdin in a black suit asked me to do the announcements for you! I'm a huge fan and I would be honored to stand in the same room as you and do the announcements!"

Ronald sighed mentally; he didn't have the patience today to deal with crazy fangirls, but he was too lazy to go find someone else. However, Zelena was a great option.

"Hey Ivory, thank you for being one of my biggest fans!" Ronald sweettalked. "Also, thank you for coming, but I don't really need-,"

Ivory blushed, "Aww no need to thank me, I already cancelled all my classes to help you."

Ronald groaned. Before he could rudely kick her out, she pushed past him into the office.

"Wow! The walls are so white!" Ivory admired. She began twirling around the office. "I think the new changes you made to the office are beautiful. The old office administrator had horrible taste."

Ronald stiffened. He couldn't let Ivory find out about what happened to the old office administrator. He needed someone to handle this.

"Ivory, I'm going to go to the washroom for a second, alright? Just stay in the main office and out of my office."

Ivory nodded, pretending to be listening while she stared at the fish tank and admired the variety of fish. Once Ronald left, she snapped out of her daze and examined the front office before she stopped in front of Ronald's office.

"Hmmm... Should I enter or not?" Ivory mumbled to herself. When she was sure no one was there, she slowly crept inside the office and turned on the lights. She gasped, shocked.

On the wall was a bulletin board filled with information and pictures of her, Kaley and Corden. They all had red Xs on their faces. Beneath the photos was a sticky note. Ivory looked closely. Suddenly all her respect for Ronald crumpled.

It said, "Kill these peasants by May 4, 2019. Keep Zelena as assistant for the time being."

Ivory's hand shook as she raised it to her mouth. She turned around to leave when something on Ronald's desk caught her eye. She closed the door before hesitantly turning around and walking towards the desk. When she was close enough to read the words, she was horrified *again*.

She now understood why Ronald had been so angry on the phone call. His assassin had failed to murder the student president of SIRAC. There was a whole script for Ronald to recite that was left on the desk.

Stupidly, Ivory slowly opened the blue folder under that sheet and screamed. There were photos of the office administrator tied up and knocked out. Ivory began flipping faster and she found a page all about Zelena. Ivory was about to pull her phone out to take a photo when a knock on the door scared her.

"Mr. Bump?" a girl asked in a shaky voice. The girl raised her hand to knock again but changed her mind. She was still a little traumatised from the phone call earlier from Ronald. He had screamed, telling her to go to the office to supervise a guest. She had rushed towards the office as soon as possible, especially since he threatened her with her sisters.

Ivory froze. Who was at the door?

"Hello?" the girl asked again. Ivory ran under Ronald's desk just in time, as the girl opened the door, letting it swing and bang the wall. She heard the girl's footsteps come closer to the desk and Ivory held her breath.

When Ivory couldn't resist the temptation anymore, she popped out from the desk, causing the girl to scream.

"Zelena?!?"

"Ivory?!?"

Ivory jumped over Ronald's desk and crashed into Zelena's arms.

"Zelena..." sobbed Ivory. Zelena stiffened, not used to physical displays of emotion from Ivory. But she accepted it and combed her fingers through Ivory's hair.

"Shh, what's wrong?"

"I-i found out what Ronald was doing. It's horrible." Ivory dug her fingers into Zelena's back. Zelena sighed. "I know too, but we can't really do anythi--,"

"ZELENA?!? IVORY?!?"

Ivory and Zelena both screamed. They both turned around, expecting Ronald, instead they stood face to face with Kaley.

"What are you two doing?" demanded Kaley. Zelena and Ivory gave each other looks and decided to spill all the tea with Kaley.

By the end of it, Kaley was emotionless. Zelena waved her hand in Kaley's face and Kaley snapped out of her daze. She was just as horrified as Ivory.

The three girls decided they wanted to end Ronald's evil reign. Ivory took photos of all the evidence and was about to post it on social media when they were stopped by a commanding voice.

"What are you guys doing in my office?" demanded Ronald. Zelena jumped in front of Ivory and Kaley just in case Ronald tried anything.

"Nothing." Kaley blurted.

"Are you sure about that?" Ronald questioned, his voice threatening. He took a few steps closer to Zelena, facing her. Before he could ask anymore, they bolted. They ran through the office into the hallways. Behind them they heard Ronald screaming for Aladdin and his

bodyguards to catch Zelena, Kaley and Ivory. The girls pushed students out of the way as they were running.

“STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!” yelled Ronald. Nosy students blocked Kaley, Ivory and Zelena from running.

They faced Ronald in a circle made by the by standing students.

“You guys better give me your phone before you guys get into trouble!” Ronald spat with a glint in his eye that told Zelena that “trouble” meant more than sitting in the time-out chair.

“Ivory, send it!” shrieked Zelena. Even if they did give Ivory’s phone to Ronald, they would still be killed or kidnapped. It was kill or be killed.

Since Ivory was practically every student’s friend, everyone’s phones dinged. Ivory smirked when murmurs and gasps were heard throughout the crowd.

Ronald looked around, shaking his head, horrified. His plans were all ruined by Zelena and her sisters.

Zelena let out a breath of relief. Finally, Ronald’s corrupt reign had ended. Their school obviously needed help with finding a new principal since the old one had run away in fear. Suddenly, someone yelled. It jolted Zelena out of her thoughts and she looked around.

“GET THOSE PEASANTS!” roared Ronald.

Zelena looked to Ivory and Kaley and nodded. If the bodyguards were to come, they would run. Zelena looked at Ronald straight in the eye and gave him a lopsided smile. “Bring it on!”

The bodyguards came and tried to run into the circle of student to grab the sisters but the students wouldn’t allow it. They formed a tight circle, woven so no bodyguard could get through. Ronald screamed in frustration. He signaled his men to stop and he walked out of the circle. He turned abruptly and stuck up his pinkie finger. “I hope you guys all die in a hole!” Ronald turned back around and sashayed out of the school, his men following him.

As soon as he was out of ear sight, everyone burst out laughing.

“HAH THAT SHOWS HIM MESSING WITH OUR SCHOOL!”

“WHOOO AMARACA RULES!”

Everyone was joyful that their school was back the way it was. They all stopped when a student president walked in and shushed them.

“Hello everyone, I’m Hill Blint. I’m your new STUDENT PRESIDENT!”

All the students glanced at each other and groaned.

Zelena smirked and yelled, “NO STUDENT PRESIDENT!”

Everyone followed her lead as they marched out to the front of the school, leaving a flabbergasted Hilly Blint staring.

TTHHEEEEE ENEDDD

