

Believe in Yourself:

The Story of a Boy Who Has Big Dreams

Written by Jace H.

In the words of one of my favorite people, A.A. Milne, "You are braver than you believe, stronger, than you seem, and smarter than you think you are." Well, those words inspired me to go on the adventure of a lifetime. Hi, I'm Nic. My full name is Nic O. Las. During Christmas time, my brother, John Las, calls me "Noel" because of the "NOL" which is pretty clever. Anyway, I've wanted to be a rockstar, just like my idol, Brett Michels. Oh, I'm pretty sue you're ready for the adventure. Well, here is how it all started. My brother was bullying me like the creep he is and bounced the basketball on my head with his putrid feet! I told my mom and dad I was going on a walk, but they said in sync, "You were grounded last week for calling your brother a bad word, so that sayanorra is now sayaourra." I exclaimed, "What!!?" They said, "We are going on a date night!" They haven't been on one in 14 years, 1 month, 2 weeks, 10 days, 44 minutes, and 3 seconds, and counting. With a high schooler, plus 1 fifth grader, it could get crazy. When they left, Johnny said, "Nic, it's time for fuun." By his nefarious smile, I could tell "fuun" meant my head deep down a swirlie. Their way to escape was to escape. I watched the BET Men's awards of this year, 2018, in my room and Brett Michels won! Then, I realized something. If he won that, imagine what I could do. Next, I planned an escape route to Brett's studio, so I can practice and learn the secret to rock. I set up a rope and snac pacs so I wouldn't be hungry. The rope automatically stretches 1,000,000 miles. I packed everything I needed and zoomed off on the zipline/rope. But wait, I forgot to fool the fool. I laid an apple, my stretched-out slinky on my bed, and flew away outside of my window. Before I knew it I was going from Nashville, Tennessee to Carson City, Nevada. I was so relaxed. Nothing ruined it. Until this girl showed up, screeched, "Hi!", and somehow got on my zipline/rope. She seemed 8 years old with blonde pigtailed and a lime green dress. "Hi, what's your name? Mine is Rose." She said frantically. I could tell she was wondering what I was doing on a zipline/rope at 11:15 pm on a Saturday, so I told her why. "I want to be a great musician just like my idol, Brett Michels." "Well, I'd like to talk

with your parents, cause that's the worst name I've ever heard!" she said tauntingly. "No, I'm Nic." "Hi, is it N-i-c-k?" "Nope, it's N-i-c." She hopped on the zipline/rope and gripped the railing. "Can I come along?" she asked. We shared two juicy snac pacs and after 12:10, we were there! John walked into my room and looked to see if I was there. "He's not here." "Oh, well, now I can invite some hot girls." They were finally at Mr. Michel's studio. The people were friendly and automatically let them go in the back. "Visit for Mr. Michels!" He had long blonde hair and a cap on his head. "What can I help you fellas do?" "I need help with becoming a good rocker, like him." "Okay, so the secret is to have fun. This is a G. This is an A, and this is a G." He took time to teach them keys and how to play the hardest songs. "Bye, children, you learned so much in just two hours." "Goodbye, sir," we said excitedly. When we got home, she started to watch the baking show. "I want to be just like Duff Goldman." "Oh no, here we go again," Rose said.