

From *The Sloppy Copy Slip Up*, by DyAnne DiSalvo

I personally do not mind writing. The problem is that I never have anything exciting to write about. Thinking up an idea is the hardest part for me. Anything I ever think about writing is either too long, too short, or too boring.

For example, why do the kids call me Big Hig? Simple. I am the biggest kid in our class and my name is Brian Higman. End of story.

And how about my family? Well, let's see. I have a mother named Florence. My pop's name is George. My older brother is Denny. My younger brother is Stevie. And I have a dog named Patches.

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I guess I could try to write something about them. But that's where the long and boring part comes in.

Once I tried to write about a fishing trip we all went on. It was the day my pop decided we needed to spend some family time together. The sun was shining like pizza. My mother got two fishing poles from the basement and sponged off the cobwebs. Denny and I wrapped five peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in tinfoil. Stevie was in charge of packing the snacks. Pop piled everything, including us, into our Subaru station wagon and off we went. Mom turned up the radio while Denny played an air guitar in the backseat. Stevie counted and recounted the number of cookies he had in his bag. "One plus two is three. Three plus one is four." I was relieved to know that my little brother did not have any ideas to supply us with any of his so-called entertainment.

When we got to the lake, we unpacked our stuff into the little boat we rented. Well no sooner did Pop finally ripple our canoe to what promised to be a good spot for fishing, when Stevie began to feel sorry for the minnows we were about to use for live bait. He patted his life jacket. "Don't worry fishies," Stevie said in his superhero voice, "I'll save you." Then he picked up the pail of minnows and emptied the entire bucket into the water, yelling, "Free the fishies! Free the fishies!" You can believe me or not, but this really happened. Who wants to hear a story like that? I didn't think it was very good.

So instead of handing it in to Miss Fromme, I gave her a blank piece of paper. That was the first time I got a red zero.

Miss Fromme says that it is good practice to be aware of the ordinary things that happen in your life and learn to write them down.