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...Two kinds of people in the world. Nice, and not nice. The lines were clearly drawn. Why do people have such a problem understanding this? Nice people save the world. The Not Nice? They destroy it. Joker: some men just want to see the world burn. Nah. Too harsh. No one wants to destroy our world ... well, not anyone in Rivers Bend ...

Cheese and crackers! What am I doing? I rub my forehead. Snap out of it. I've got forty-five minutes until dinner, which Mom always serves just one minute after she's done watching the WNEP six o'clock news and weather. I need to press the pedal to the metal. I've been sitting here for a half-hour, day-dreaming, trying not to look at my phone, minimizing Snap, rather than putting this PowerPoint together for the newspaper staff welcome meeting. *My* newspaper staff. Some editor I'm gonna be! Wait. Unacceptable attitude. No waffling this year! Shape up, Kelsey Webb. You can do this.

Still in summer mode, I guess. Even though it's the end of summer.

I scooch around on my wooden desk chair. My overall cutoffs stick to the wooden varnished seat and back of the chair. My brown/black hair sits dead on my shoulders. Goodness gracious it is hot in this room! August in Northeastern PA farm country. I wish Mom and Dad had rented a farm with air-conditioning. Years back, when the Hop Bottom 84 Lumber store closed, Dad installed ceiling fans in every room of the house. I'm thankful for that, but ho-lee-man. My bedroom door's wide open, the fan's spinning like a pin wheel in a tornado, and I'm sitting here in the dark, sweating bullets.

2

I'm up in my bedroom here, sweating bullets. Ho-lee-man. My bedroom door's wide open and the white blades of the ceiling fan spin faster than a pinwheel in a tornado.

That's not why I'm sweating.

Ugh.

On Slides I just typed: Welcome Back 2015-2016 Staff of the Hannah High *Herald*! But I can't look at that now. Even though it has to be ready for tomorrow's newspaper staff meeting. First meeting of the year. First meeting I'll run as newspaper editor. In the new dress Mom bought me from Kohl's (normally, we can't afford to shop there).

I hit minimize.

I bring up Sheets again. The 2014-2015 Hannah *Herald* Treasury report. Treasurer: Kelsey Webb. Me. Last year's club treasurer. They will expect me to know what happened here. Explain, they'll say. Well, I've checked and rechecked every cell. Over and over again. I've rechecked every day for the last two weeks. Bottom line: My spreadsheet reads fourteen hundred twenty-one dollars, thirty-two cents. The School District Club Accounts statement, emailed to me (and cc'd to Mr. Dugal) on Monday 8/2/15: thirteen hundred and ninety-four dollars, sixty-seven cents.

Ho-lee-man. I'm gonna catch h-e-double hockey sticks.

It's like somebody withdrew five hundred dollars between Memorial Day and now. But that's not even possible. The business office isn't even *open* in summer. Mr. Dugal calls the people who work there ten-month employees. Same schedule as teachers. The business office took June and July off, and just got back two weeks ago.

5:55.

Two versions of the same first page of my Thriller Young Adult novel    Name \_\_\_\_\_

Write three sentences or more about which is the better Thriller novel opening. Be sure to explain why you think so. Also tell me if you'll buy this book or not, and why.