

Beatrice Eloise Krupp  
Goes to First Grade



Elizabeth Chapin-Pinotti

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by

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Reading Level 2.0

## Chapter 1

Spells or magic of any kind will not be tolerated in the First Grade. They are not for school use only.

My Kindergarten was special. It was for magic kids. Only now I'm not in Kindergarten anymore.

Now I am a big first grader and that means no magic of any kind young lady.

We worked hard in Kindergarten. We learned really fun spells. We waved our arms and learned words like poems to move apples and float them across the room.

Now I am supposed to not tell anyone about that special school. Apparently, a good girl in public school is not supposed to show her witchy ways.

I do not care for that information. Not one bit.

Plus the only friend coming with me on this public school trip is Jeffy Bloom. Jeffy was also made perfectly clear that magic would not be tolerated.

I, Beatrice Eloise Krupp, wonder why did I learn all of those hardy spells full of words and motions? Why did I learn them if I can't use them?

What was the point in all that, I thought very slumping at the breakfast table. This first day of new school did not seem to be starting good at all.

“Beatrice, finish your cereal or you'll be late for the bus,” Mom said.

“I been thinking,” I said careful like.  
“This may not be such a good idea.”

“What are you talking about Beatrice?  
Mom said in that mommy way that knew  
perfectly well what I was thinking in my head.

“Public school. I don’t think I can be  
trusted not to do magic,” I said. “The best thing is  
if I just stay with you.”

“Now Beatrice,” Mom said with that tone  
of hers. “We’ve been over this a million times.  
You have to go to school and you can not do any  
magic there. No one can know you are a witch.”

“What is the point of being able to add one  
plus two by tinkling my nose if I can’t use those  
very special skills?” I believed I had a very good  
point.

Mom did not believe this apparently.  
“You will learn how to do math like every other  
boy and girl at school.”

I rolled my eyes at that crazy answer. I was not even like every other boy or girl. I was a witch.

Mom walked me to the door. She helped me on with my new blue sweater. I looked very cute. But not so ready for my first bus ride.

“Mom can we please talk about this bus thing?” I asked.

“Beatrice, all the boys and girls in our neighborhood ride the bus.” She said.

I smiled my best smile. “That is why I should twinkle there.”

“No twinkling or no birthday party.”

Now that was over the line not fair. I just blinked real hard.

Mom kissed my head. “Ready?”

“Is that a real question?” I asked hopeful.

Mom gave me a look that melted all of the hopeful away.

Why do grown-ups ask questions when they don't really want answers? It is not fair. It is confusing for real.

## Chapter 2

Mom just stood there and watched as the big yellow bus swallowed me up. It bumped me away from her before I even had a seat.

I was getting pretty sweaty. And that was not good for my new blue sweater. I get sweaty when I am a little nervous. I get sweaty and the butterflies come and flutter in my tummy. Just when they were about to jump from my tummy into my mouth I saw Jeff. I breathed again.

He saw me too. He waved and smiled big. I waved back and smiled bigger. I sat down next to him.

“Hi Beatrice,” he said not looking scared at all.

“Hi Jeff. Thanks for saving me a seat.”

“It wasn’t easy.” He pointed to a big guy with spiky hair. “He is not that friendly when he needs a seat.”

“You are a true friend.” I said.

He pulled his backpack tight.

“You can put that down on mine.” I said.

“I can’t,” he said secret-like.

I tilted my head. “Why not?”

Jeffy leaned real close. “I brought my wand,” he whispered.

My eyes got real big. I could not believe that guy. I could not believe the guts he had. I did not have those kind of guts my dad calls nerves.

“You did what?” I asked. Maybe I heard him wrong.

“I brought my wand. In case I need it.”

“You are going to be in big trouble Mister.” I said.

“Not if I keep it a secret. I am not going to use it. It is my just in case.”

It was perfectly clear to me that having a just in case wand was not a good idea. I just hope that guy left the magic part of his wand home.

Next to me in Room 1 of Fiesta Gardens Elementary School was Sarah Steinrock. Sarah had yellow hair and blue eyes. She was pretty. She had on a pretty pink skirt and a white shirt with ruffles.

I leaned over. “That is a lovely skirt,” I said.

“Yes it is,” she said. She sat taller in her chair.

I did not like that answer.

“That is not an answer with manners,” I said.

She did a mad face at me.

She looked over at Jeffy.

Jeffy was in a desk by the window. He smiled big at her. And she smiled back at him.

Boy, I do not like that girl already.

I gave Jeffy a madder look than Sarah gave me.

He did not even see it.

Sarah did. She turned to me stuck out her tongue.

Jeffy saw that.

I did a face at that boy. Jeffy needed to know who the enemy was.

### Chapter 3

The school part of my day did not start so good. My teacher's name was Mr. Blanket and he smelled like one. Not the freshy out of the drawer smell either. The smell of the oldy blanket that covers the truck in my Nonnie's basement. Nonnie means grandmother in Italian and I am half Italian. On the witchy side.

Plus, he was very demanding. He put words on the board and we had to copy them onto our paper in the exact order. Where is the imagination in that? I did not like to copy them in his order. His order was wrong. I learned my alphabet last year and now I think all letters should be in alphabet order. His weren't. I think his work list skills are inept. Inept is my new fancy word for someone who can't even do the things he is supposed to do. What kind of teacher can't do the alphabet order?

I raised my hand at that guy.

“Beatrice?” he called in a nicey voice.

“Mr. Blanket your list is wrong.” I said.

The room got all quiet. Even the pencils stopped scraping.

Mr. Blanket looked at me puzzled-like.

Apparently he is not even as smart as I thought, my mind said inside.

Sarah leaned over. “You are so in trouble,” she whispered.

Mr. Blanket took a deep breath. “What do you mean?” He looked over his list. “They are spelled correctly. They all end in n, which is our sound of the day. I don’t see any mistakes.”

“They are out of order.” I said.

“There isn’t an order,” he said back.

“There is always an order. The alphabet kind.”

“That isn’t the purpose of this assignment Beatrice.”

“I can’t have life without order Mr. Teacher.” I was so frustrated with that guy that I couldn’t even remember the Blanket part of his name.

He looked happy for some reason, smiley. That guy is strange, I thought, to be all smiley when you can’t teach your class. “You may write them in any order you like Beatrice.”

“Will you be able to correct them?” I did not want to set the guy up for failure.

He smiled brightly. “I think I can manage” he said. He went to help the Jason kid who sits in the front row. Jason is really tall, so I’m not sure why he is in front of everyone. I did see him picking his nose and eating it. Maybe Mr. Blanket needs him there so he can help him

stop that gross habit that does not belong in first grade.

Mr. Blanket stopped helping Jason and headed straight for my desk.

Sarah leaned over again. “Like I said...big trouble.” That girl leaned a lot and I did not like it. She needs to mind her own business.

Mr. Blanket squatted down at my desk. Oh that blanket smell. How can I last all 180 days my mom and dad say I have to stay in this place?

“Tell me, Beatrice, what happens when you get to the words clown and clean? They both start with c. Which goes first?”

I looked up at him. Was he for real? How did he get this teaching job if he didn’t even know the alphabet order?

“Well, Mr. Blanket. It is probably something you should know, but I can certainly help you.

He put his hand over his mouth and I think he laughed. How could he laugh at his own ineptness? There is my new word again. Mom says I have to say my new words three times a day and saying in my mind counts just as much as the out loud saying. Saying your words in a sentence three times will make them remembered.

“Well, Mr. Blanket, if the first letter is all the same and the second letter is all the same. Like here is c and second is l,” I pointed to the letters in case he didn’t know. “Then you go to the third as we have an o and an e. Which comes first in the alphabet?” I asked him. Someone had to test this teacher.

“Which does Beatrice? Do you know?”

“Of course I know,” I did the eye roll. “I am just concerned that you do not know.”

He took a deep breath and smiled again. This was one smiley man especially since he doesn't seem to know much teacherly stuff.

“They are right here.” I pointed again and they were in perfect order. E definitely before o.

He left my desk and the recess bell rang.

## Chapter 4

At the recess bell everybody got up and lined at the door. Sarah beat me and was first. Being first means you get to carry the jump rope or the ball. I needed to devise a plan to get first place next time. Devise was my word two days ago. It means figure out. I need to figure out a plan. It is important to know words. Especially if you are a witch and plan to twinkle your nose and travel to grown up places like Disneyland all by yourself.

“Ok class,” Mr. Blanket said, “walk slowly to the playground like we practiced this morning. I will watch from here.” He started to watch. “Beatrice may I see you for a minute?”

“I told you,” that Sarah said in a full voice, “Beatrice is in trouble. Beatrice is in trouble.” She sang all the way to the playground with the other kids all laughing. Even Jeffy.

I steamed mad. I followed Mr. Blanket to his desk. On the way I tripped over Jeffy's backpack. It had fallen off of his chair. As I picked it up to help the laughing two-timing traitor, I got an idea.

I quickly opened the front pouch and took out his wand. I put it in my pocket without Mr. Blanket even ever seeing. People don't understand about wands. They fold up and look kind of like brownish quarters. You have to tap a wand three times with a special finger trick in order for it to open and be wandy like. Mr. Blanket had a folder with my name on it open on his desk. There were tests from my magic school in that folder. I recognized them.

Did that means schools told on people?  
Did they tell I was magic? Did mom know this?  
I plugged my nose and blew out. This is how I

stop the swirling questions when they zip through my mind.

Mr. Blanket folded a piece of paper. He put it in an envelope and handed it to me. It already had my mom and dad's name on it. I was quite surprised that he knew their names. I was quite surprised at that folder. Maybe this guy knew more than I thought.

“Beatrice, will you please give this to your parents?” He asked.

Ut-oh. My mom and dad would not be so pleased to get a letter home and it is only the first day. “No, Mr. Blanket, no I don't think I will give that to my parents.” I started to turn.

He raised his eyebrows.

Ut-oh again. I think that was one of those questions parents ask when they don't really want an answer. Second time today. Why do they do that? “Beatrice...” It was that tone.

I took the letter. I slowly walked to my desk and put it in my backpack.

“Have a nice recess,” he said.

You just ruined it thank you very much. I didn't say that though. I was in enough trouble. I just left the room.

## Chapter 5

I almost forgot that I had Jeffy's wand in my pocket. Then Sarah bounced over. I do not like that girl already on this very first day of school.

“So how much trouble are you really in?” she asked.

I looked at her and remembered the wand. I took it out of my pocket.

“What do you hate the most?” I asked her. She looked puzzled. It was not a difficult question.

“Ok, I will give you a choice. Frog or turtle?”

“Eeeuuuu frogs are so slimy.”

I tapped the wand three times in my special way. The wand shook in my hand and exploded out in a cloud of witchy dust.

That girl looked surprised.

Before she could speak, I waved the wand and poof – Sarah frog.

I looked around and no one saw...or so I thought. I put Sarah in my pocket as the bell rang.

Drat, I thought, I didn't even get to go potty.

Jeffy came up and snatched his wand right out of my hand. "You were supposed to leave that in my backpack."

"I needed it."

"Give her to me."

"Oh then you saw?" I said all innocently. "She deserved it."

"We need to turn her back."

"Sorry Charlie." I said and skipped to the bathroom.

## Chapter 6

The bathroom at this Red Rover Elementary School is one smelly place. It is poopy and piney all at once.

My nose does not like that poopy, piney smell. The stalls were tall and sort of scary. They were black after all. Who puts black doors on kids' bathrooms?

The truth of the matter was I had never been inside a stally bathroom alone. At home...sure...at Nonnie's of course...but public was always accompanied by an adult...namely my mom or my Nonnie or my Zia. Zia is aunt in Italian and she is the awesomist.

I was very disappointed to discover that the toilets did not have the boxes in the back that fill with water. That was my plan for Sarah. Put her in the back toilet box until it was time to go home. Only now I needed a plan B.

There was a closet in the big stall. The door was closed but I took my bravest breath and turned the knob and that thing opened right up.

It was a dark place in there with mops and bottles of pine smelling brown gunk and brooms and mop buckets. Perfect. I could put some water in the mop bucket and cover it with paper towels.

The closet was the perfect place to leave Sarah until after school.

I had to use a brown coffee cup with a black stain in the bottom to fill the bucket. The faucet water would not stay on no matter what.

What did these people think? That we couldn't turn off a faucet after we turned it on? That we could not ever remember a little bit?

Well, I thought inside my head, these were the people who are part of Mr. Blanket's group who can't do the alphabet order.

To make it easier I used the water from the toilet bowl.

I made sure that I flushed first. I didn't like Sarah, but I didn't want another person swimming around in even drops of left over number one. I am a good person after all.

The poor little frog did not look happy. It was hard, but I had to keep reminding myself that it was not a poor little frog. I had to remind myself that it was that mean girl Sarah who had nice clothes and all. But you should not answer a friendly compliment with "I know".

You should never tease people.

And you should, mostly, never ever tell Beatrice Eloise Krupp that she is in big trouble or you will be sorry.

I finished up and closed the door on Sarah.

I walked out of the bathroom and ran right into the school boss, Principal Greene. Principal

Greene was very pretty. Only she wasn't smiling down at me. In fact, she had that hands on her hips look that means business.

“Beatrice, why aren't you in class?” She asked.

I looked at the bathroom door. I wanted to say duh...you just saw me come out of the bathroom. But that would not be a first day of school, best behavior thing to say.

“I had to go to the bathroom and the bell rang.”

She spun me towards my classroom.

“Next time, Beatrice, use recess time. When the bell rings you must line up.”

I did not like the way this pretty principal said my name. Something tells me it is not a good thing that school people know your name on the very first day of school.

And it wasn't even lunch yet.

## Chapter 7

Mr. Blanket seemed glad to see me.

Mrs. Greene walked me all the way to my desk. Didn't she know how easily a new girl could be embarrassed by all of the marching to desk and then whispering to the teacher?

The other kids had their new math workbooks out and they were writing their numbers on the first page. Baby, easy stuff.

I am way to smart for what we are learning here. I am one smart cooking according to my last teacher. The first thing I am going to do when I get home is tell my mother that first grade is a waste of time and that I will play in my room until second grade.

Jeffy nodded towards Sarah's seat. I mouthed "bathroom".

Mr. Blanket walked over to my desk. Second time today. Not good.

“Beatrice, wasn’t Sarah with you?”

“Um,” I opened my book and concentrated very hard-like on creasing it open neatly.

My mother told me never to lie. Beatrice Eloise Krupp is a good person. And good people do not lie. I looked that teacher right in the face and told him the truth.

“She is still in the bathroom sir.” I pretended to concentrate on writing my numbers.

“Janie,” he asked this blondish girl with braids, “will you please go and get Sarah from the bathroom.”

I stood up. “That won’t be necessary blonde girl with braids. I will get her.”

“Sit down Beatrice,” he said.

This was not going to be good.

I held my breath and counted...one...two...three...four...five.... I got

all the way to fifteen when Janie came back. She announced that the bathroom was empty and the jig was up.

I heard that on a movie I watched with my dad once. “The jig is up.” It means that you are busted, found out...in big trouble young lady.

Mr. Blanket called the office. The principal lady came back. This time she looked worried. I wanted to tell her not to worry. Sarah was taking a little swim in the bathroom for time out.

Mrs. Green whispered to Mr. Blanket again and she left.

I tried to hear them, but they talked very soft.

Didn't they know it was impolite to whisper young lady? I spent many time outs for doing just that at Sunday school.

I raised my hand. I was ignored.

I raised it higher.

Mr. Blanket looked right at me and kept whispering.

Mrs. Green came up to me. Ut-oh.

“Beatrice, did you see Sarah when you were in the bathroom?” She asked.

“I did see Sarah. She was a little wet.” I said.

“That explains the water all over the floor,” she said.

I guess it kind of does, I thought. I grabbed my nose and pinched it really tight. I did not want it to twinkle. See, I am very nervous at this point. I think I am about to be in big trouble.

When I get nervous my nose has a mind of its own. It wants to twinkle me back home to the safety of my own room.

## Chapter 8

Think Beatrice. You are one smart cookie. What are you going to do? My mind could not come up with an answer.

“Did you see where she went?” she asked.

I had to get back to that smelly bathroom.

“She was there when I lefted.” I said.

Mrs. Green left the room.

“Pssstt.” I pssted at Jeffy.

He did not hear me.

“Psssstttt!” I pssted louder and that Janie turned around. I gave her my turn around look and she did.

“Jeff,” I whispered.

He finally looked.

“I have to get to the bathroom.”

Jeffy looked at me. He looked deep in concentration. His eyebrows raised and bam...he jumped out of his seat.

He ran to the window. “Look,” he yelled.  
Everyone got up to look at what I  
suspected was nothing.

He is the one smart cookie I thought as I  
raced to the door.

I opened it slowly. I looked both ways.  
No hall monitors. I ran to the bathroom.

The closet was open. I looked inside

The bucket was gone!

This was not going to be good.

I went to the office. It was the only place I  
knew where to go.

The lady behind the desk is named Sally.  
She is really nice. Even though she helped to sign  
me up for this joint.

“Hello Beatrice,” she said in a friendly  
voice that I needed just about now. “What can I  
do for you?”

“I would like very much to call my mom.”

I said.

“Why Beatrice,” she asked. “Don’t you feel well?”

“That’s it!” I said too happy.

She looked at me puzzled-like.

“I mean, yes I do not feel well and I would like my mom to come and get me.”

She came around the counter. She felt my forehead.

“You don’t feel like you have a fever.”

“But I think I will hurl.” I said thinking that nobody wants to be hurled on.

I was right. She went back to her chair, typed on the computer and then called my mom.

“Please tell her it is an emergency.” I said.  
“A hurling emergency.”

I waited in that chair for twenty minutes before my mother got there.

She had her meeting suit on. She came in and sat down beside me.

But I jumped up.

“Let’s go mom.” I said.

“Not so fast,” she said giving me that you are up to something and I don’t think I am going to like it look.

“Mom, this is not the time or the place for a not so fast.” I said.

By the look on her face – I don’t think I should have said exactly those words.

“Mom, this is really an emergency. We need to go to the bathroom.”

“You can use the one here.” Nice Sally said.

I pulled mom to the door. “No thank you. I want to use the smelly one.”

Mom shrugged to the now laughing Sally.

## Chapter 9

I was practically dragging my mom down the hall and she had enough.

She stopped.

“Beatrice, what is this all about?” she asked.

“You are not going to like this.” I said.

“Beatrice, what did you do?” she asked.

“I had no other choice mom.” I said. I really didn’t. That meany Sarah made me frog her.

“And it’s Jeffy’s fault too. If he had just followed the number one rule and left his wand at home these circumstances would not have occurred.”

“Beatrice Eloise Krupp...” It was the not so very happy voice mommy gets when she means business young lady.

“I had to.” Suddenly I didn’t feel like I shoulda done that frog thing to mean ol’ Sarah.

“You had to what?” Mom asked. I was not getting out of this one.

“Frog her,” I said quietly ‘cause if you say it quietly it doesn’t really count as much.

“Oh Beatrice! You didn’t.”

“Yes, Mommy, I did, but again and for the record. It was not my fault.”

“Well, we will talk about that later young lady. You take her out and turn her back this instant.” Mom meant business. I guess that’s why she wears here businessy suit.

“Only I can’t,” I said truthfully.

“You most certainly can and you most certainly will young lady,” her neck was getting red. Two young ladies in a row. I was in big trouble with this one.

“Really, mommy, I can’t on account of I lost her.”

“Mommy leaned against the wall and put her face in her hands. “I told your father this was not a good idea, but he wanted you go grow up normal in a normal school.”

And then I saw it...a green hoppeddy thing under the drinking fountain.

I ran to her.

Mommy followed.

I swatted down.

“Is it her?” Mom asked.

How should I know, I wanted to say. But I refrained from those words. A smarty mouth would not help the situation.

I picked her up.

“Turn her back.” Mom said. She was not the same patient lady I knew and loved on that day. Jeesh.

“There is still one problem,” I said.

Mom did a sign. “What is it now?”

“I don’t have Jeffy’s wand.” Mrs. Green was coming down the hall. “Two problems.”

“Take Sarah and go back to class,” Mommy straightened out her hair. “I will handle Mrs. Green.”

I put slimy Sarah into my pocket and skipped back to class. I might as well enjoy the outside air while I was here.

I could hear Mommy volunteer to help Mrs. Green look for Sarah.

I got back to my class and took my seat.

“Pssst,” I hissed to Jeffy who paid no attention.

“Pssst,” I hissed again, but then the lunch bell rang. I did a sigh.

The other kids lined up. I picked up Jeffy’s backpack. I put Sarah in it. I pretended it

was my lunch and I followed my class to the cafeteria.

## Chapter 10

Mommy was looking in classrooms. She saw me in line.

“Hi Mrs. Krupp,” Jeffy waved and smiled.

“Hi Jeffy. We’ll talk later.” She said to him.

“Ah shucks,” Jeffy said and then looked at me. “You told her about the wand.”

“She busted it outta me Jeffy,” I said. “I had to.”

Mommy tugged my arm into the empty library. It was dark. We went to a far corner. I took Sarah out and put her on the floor.

“Wait,” Mommy said. She picked Sarah up and put her on a chair. “Ok.”

I waved the wand. “Magic wand when I give a swirl turn the frog back to a girl.” I did my

swirl just like I remembered and poof...that meany Sarah appeared and I did a giggle.

Mommy gave me her raised eyebrow and I covered my mouth. Did she not see what I was? Were Mommy's eyes even open?

Sarah was wet and crouched. She balance musta still been a little green 'cause over she toppled on the chair.

Mommy was helping her up when the library door opened and in came the Principal.

"We found her," Mommy called in a very calmy voice.

Mrs. Green marched right in there and took Sarah by the hand. "You have some explaining to do young lady."

Sarah opened her mouth and a fly buzzed out.

My eyes got really big and Sarah started to cry and I almost felt sorry for that girl. Then she

pointed her finger at me. Didn't her mother teach her that pointing fingers was not polite at all young lady?

"She did it. She did it." Sarah said and I thought "big trouble".

"Did what Sarah?" Mrs. Green was not so very patient at this minute.

"I can't remember. She just did it."

"Sarah Steinrock, Beatrice has been with Mr. Blanket or the office the whole time." Mrs. Green scolded.

I phewed. That was a close one.

## Chapter 11

That night I was not so very excited to get home. It was a long and tiring day at school, but Mommy would not be happy about the wand event and then there was the note sitting in my backpack.

A note on the first day of first grade could not be counted as a good thing. It was probably some sort of a record.

And my finger hurted. I think that mean ol' Sarah got frog pee on my finger and gave me a wart.

I was extra good. I folded the napkins for mommy and placed them neatly under the forks. I even washed my hands first. Without mommy asking me to. She has this thing for clean fingers. She is such a hand washer. I can't believe she has any fingers left on her very own hands at all.

I ate quietly and I used my fork. This is not always an easy thing for me to do. No fingers young lady was the rule tonight.

I thought I was home free. Mom was doing the dishes. Dad was sweeping the floor. I tucked in my chair and headed to my room.

“Beatrice,” Dad said in his “we have to talk young lady” voice.

I turned and raised an eyebrow at that man. He was scowling at me and after the day I had.

“I don’t think I appreciate that look, Daddy.” My hand rushed to my mouth, but it was too late. Sometimes that mouth of mine does not let my brain think before it speaks.

He did his eyebrow back at me. “Sorry, Daddy.”

He sitted me down in my chair. “Beatrice, your mother tells me that you used magic at school today.”

“I don’t know why that lady would do that?” I said.

“It isn’t true?” Dad asked only he knew the answer.

“No. It’s true. I just don’t know why she’d rat me out?”

I thought I heard that mother of mine giggle at the sink. I sincerely hope that lady was not laughing at my expense.

“Beatrice, your mother and I share everything.”

Except the new purse she has under her bed, I said inside my head. But I would not let that man know. I am not a rat-fink. I scowled’d at her only she was not looking.

“It was Jeffy’s fault. He brought his wand. I did no such thing.”

“But you used it.” Daddy continued.

“Only ‘cause I had to. That mean old Sarah made me.” I did my arms across my chest. That would tell him.

“We use our words, honey, not our wands.”

“Ok, but it was not my wand. It was Jeffy’s wand and that girl would not listen to words.” I said.

Daddy look at mommy and she just shrugged her shoulders. Then she did something that was uncalled for. She brought my backpack to the table.

## Chapter 12

I leapt for it and got it just before she opened the zipper.

“You are violenting my privacy.” I said.

“Violating...Beatrice. You are violating my privacy.”

“I am doing no such thing,” that mommy got it all wrong. “I am not in your backpack.”

She did a sigh and shook her head.

“Give me the backpack young lady.”

She had her not so very good voice on. I gave her the backpack.

I got real sweaty. She was seconds away from Mr. Blanket’s note. I wonder how much trouble I would be in if I zapped’d my way to my room? I thought.

“What’s this?” Mommy said. It was the envelope.

“Why Mommy,” I said, “that is my envelope.”

“Beatrice,” Daddy said, “magic and a note? You had some first day.”

“Yes I did and I think that I should go back to magicy Kindergarten. That first grade place is for the birds.” I got up and went for the door.

“Sit back down young lady,” Dad said, “we are far from finished.”

Mother got a strange look on her face. She was reading the note, but she didn’t go all red in the face.

“Beatrice, did Mr. Blanket tell you want the note said?”

“I can only imagine,” I said.

She looked at that father of mine and got smirky lips. “He wants her tested for GATE.”

I did not know what gate I had to go through, but after the day I had...I have to believe that it is not such a very good thing.

“What?” My daddy said.

“He thinks she may be gifted.” Mommy turned to me. “What happened in class today?”

“I already told you, I used Jeffy’s wand and turned that mean ol’ Sarah into a frog. Only Mr. Blanket could not know that.”

Then I remembered the word list and did a gulp. I pointed out an error in Mr. Blanket’s listing ways.

“Gifted?” Daddy looked at me and did a smile. “Must be from my side.”

Mommy gave him a silly look.

“I know nothing about a gift.” I was not going to be blamed for some gift I didn’t know about. I can get myself into enough trouble. Thank you very much.

Daddy pulled me on his lap. He was not mad at all. How did all this big trouble go away?

“Beatrice. Mr. Blanket is going to have someone come and give you special tests.”

I nodded my head. Maybe they are testing to see if I can show Mr. Blanket how to list alphabet-ly.

Plus, I like tests thank you very much.

“But no more magic at school. Got it?”

There was the mad again.

“Got it.” I did not like the sweaty *Beatrice is in trouble feeling* anyway.

“Thank you.” Daddy said.

“Only, that Jeffy better not tempt me with his wand again or he will be the frog.”

“No one is going to be a frog, young lady.” Daddy said.

Mommy schooched her chair back. “I will go call Jeffy’s mother now.”

“Ut-oh...trouble on Jeffy radar.” I said.

They both did a laugh.

“Bathtime young lady,” Daddy scooped me up. “You’ve had a long day.”

We airplaned to the bathtub.

“I think that I will need lots of bubbles to wash this day away.”

I held my finger up to Daddy and he kissed it.

“Frog pee.” I said.

He laughed and sputtered all over me.