

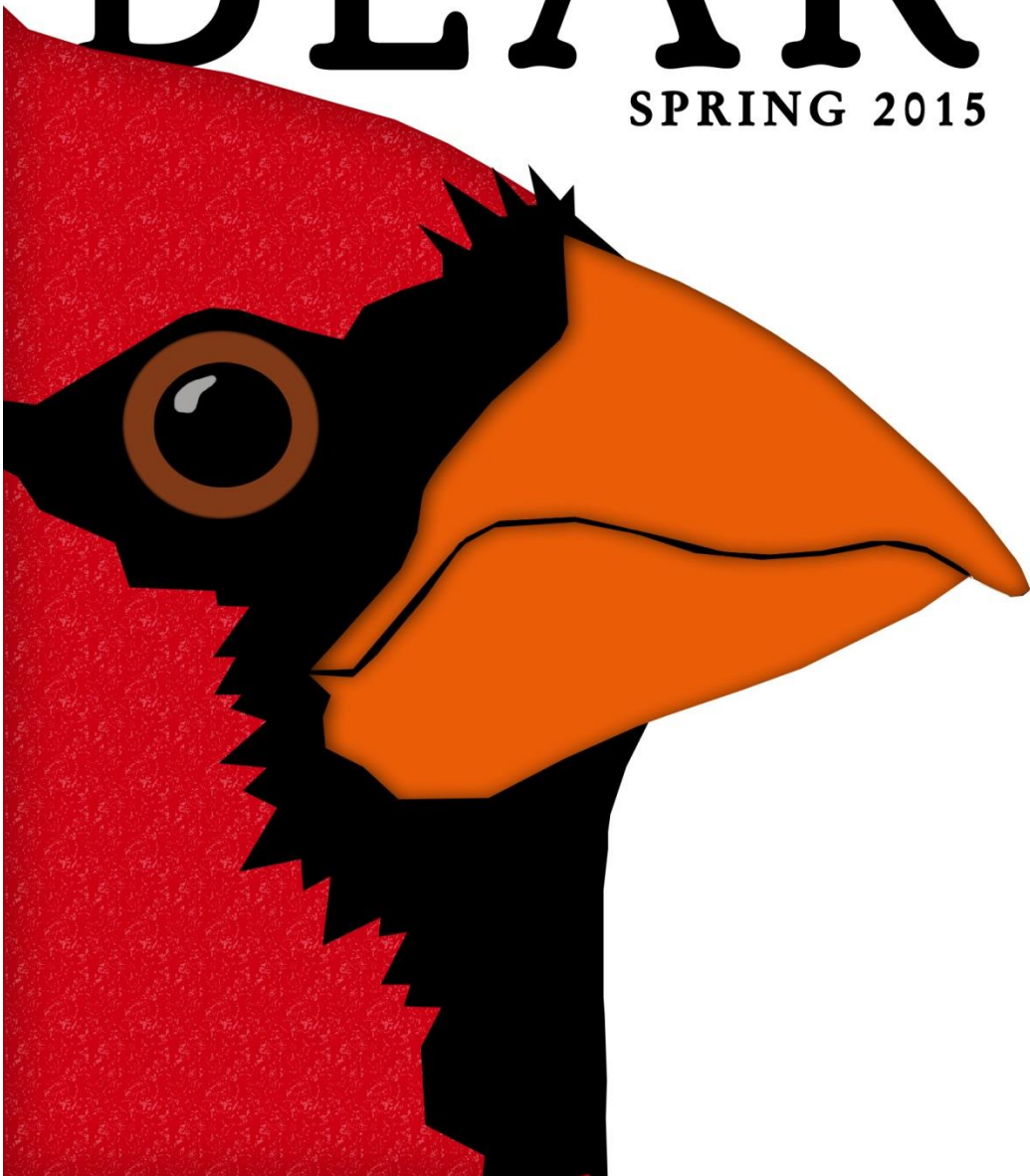
VOLUME ONE

ISSUE ONE

THE

BEAK

SPRING 2015



VOL. 1:1

SPRING 2015

THE BEAK

ABOUT THIS PUBLICATION

Welcome to the first issue of The Beak! The Beak is a school literary magazine that aims to showcase creative works produced by the students of Chadwick School. If you are interested in having your work featured in future issues, please contact a member of the Editorial Staff for details.

THE BEAK Copyright © 2015

All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America.
No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner
whatsoever without written permission.

<http://www.chadwick.k12.mo.us>

Cover Art by Tyler Walker

EDITORIAL STAFF

Katelynn Owens

Kyrsten Armato

Tyler Gardner

Jimmy Nelson

T.J. Sanchez

Victoria Garrison

ADVISOR

Tyler Walker

TABLE OF CONTENTS

8

Night Sky by Jessie Short

10

Butterfly by Chloe Burkhart

10

Time by Janson Billingsly

12

Carry Your Candle: A Song by Brandyn Wiles

14

Flag by Janson Billingsly

18

Deer by Josh Cook

18

Plants by Clayton Gage

20

Chadwick Cardinals by Katelynn Satterfield

23

No One's Listening by Kelsey Walker

24

Untitled by Kyrsten Armato

26

Lesson by Mikayla Bushong

28

A Crime for a Crown by Haley Farris

NIGHT SKY

I've got my head up in the clouds
And I can't see the ground
I only see the endless beauty
That very few have found

I can see the stars from way up here
They're brighter than city lights
This picture that flooded my eyes
It's so beautiful and bright

I cast my wishes one by one
On every passing star
They have promised never to fail me
No matter if I'm near or far

I thought of returning to the earth
Where reality awaits
There are people wondering where I am
On the ground they call the states

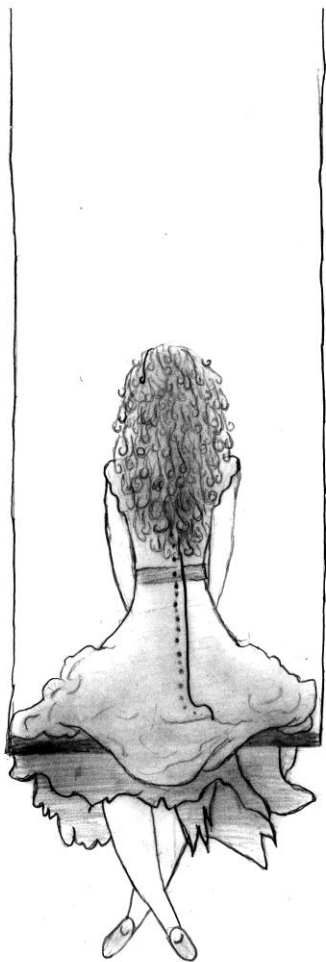
The moon doesn't want me to leave
But I know that I must leave
I promised to return tomorrow
And I told her not to grieve

The clouds take me back to Earth
Where they lay me gently to rest
I thank the stars and the moon
For letting me be their guest

I fall fast asleep and I dream
About the stars and moon
It won't be long till I'm back
The time will be here soon

The dark night sky is where I belong
It is where I ache to be
Hidden away from the burning sun
And the harsh reality

-Jessie Shortt, Sophomore



"Jessie." Pencil Drawing by Jessie Shortt, Sophomore

BUTTERFLY

It's early morning.
The butterfly is happy.
It takes flight at dawn.

-Chloe Burkhart, Fourth Grade

TIME

Time is a precious thing.
There is a time for everything.
There is time 'til our demise,
yet we waste it on people we despise.
Time is like a window pane.
Sure, it will keep out the onslaught of rain,
but a crack will
let in little droplets of pain
until finally it bursts,
tearing at you until it hurts.
But with time it will heal--
yet too much will kill.
If only we could make a deal.

-Janson Billingsly, Senior



Pencil Drawing by Tori Garrison, Freshman

CARRY YOUR CANDLE: A SONG

There is a candle in every soul,
Some brightly burning, some dark and cold.
There is a spirit who brings up fire,
Ignites a candle and makes his home.

Carry your candle. Run to the darkness.
Seek out the helpless, confused, and torn.
Hold out your candle for all to see it.
Take your candle. Go light your world.

Frustrated brother, see how he tried to
Light his own candle some other way.
See now your sister, she's been robbed and lied to,
Still holds a candle without a flame.

Carry your candle. Run to the darkness.
Seek out the helpless, confused, and torn.
Hold out your candle for all to see it.
Take your candle. Go light your world.

We are a family whose hearts are blazing.
Let's raise our candles and light up the sky.
Pray to our Father in the name of Jesus,
Make us a beacon in darkest times.

Carry your candle. Run to the darkness.
Seek out the helpless, confused, and torn.
Hold out your candle for all to see it.
Take your candle. Go light your world.

-Brandyn Wiles, Eighth Grade



"Generations." Oil Pastel by Tori Garrison, Freshman

FLAG

The flag seemed so grand.
As it quivered and shook.
In the afternoon wind
Behind it the white wake.
Of what once was a great lake?
Now just a pool of radioactive slime
Caused by Armageddon and Father Time
Oh such a crime.
Oh such a crime created by mankind.
That peeled the earth to its rind
Without leaving a single trace
Of what once was a mighty race.

- Janson Billingsly, Senior



"Freedom." Oil pastel by Winter Mason, Sophomore



DEER

Deer in the meadow...
They eat the grass and flourish.
The winds blow through the trees.

-Josh Cook, Fourth Grade

PLANTS

Growing in the dirt.
Living a good life cycle.
Planting your own seed.

-Clayton Gage, Fourth Grade



Yarn on Fabric by Jimmy Nelson, Freshman



Keep it bottled up inside
Show nothing to the world, just hide
Let it simmer less and less
Stay calm, focus, and just
Supress

Poem and drawing by Luke Walker, Freshman

CHADWICK CARDINALS

Country--Cowboy boots stomping in hallways,
Helpful--Ready to lend a hand,
Attitude—Focusing on the positive,
Determination—Hanging on during tough times,
Willing—Never quitting,
Inseparable—Sticking together,
Caring—Sharing smiles and shoulders,
Kind—Teachers helping students,

Character—Students respecting teachers,
Adventurous—Trying new things,
Respect—Treating everyone fairly,
Dreams—Preparing for the future,
Involved—Meeting needs in the community,
Neighbors—Taking time for understanding,
American—Remembering heritage,
Leadership—Setting good examples,
Students—Chadwick Cardinals ready to learn.

-Katelynn Satterfield, Eighth Grade



"Nature's Spectrum." Oil Pastel by Makiyla Bushong, Freshman

NO ONE'S LISTENING

It was early in the spring
When
I realized I only felt alive when doing things that could kill me
“looking for fun
Burning my lungs
Learning my favorite feeling was numb”

Everything's about me and you
I'm still stuck on you

Walking this world
alone took its toll
Crippled
by the realization that my life didn't mean
Anything to
anyone

I love her but when I see you I want you
Can't talk right now I'm with her
I'll call
you after

Doing anything to get a high
The scars
Started to add up
Trying to find anything that could
Hurt worse than the darkness inside

I don't want to hurt you
I care about you

They said pills would solve my problem
They said I was selfish
They said I needed to get over it
They said I just wanted attention
They said I was ruining their life
They said everything I didn't need to hear

It was all just a game and I was sick of losing
I wasted away

-Kelsey Walker, Junior



"Cancer." Pencil Drawing by Kenzi Hamtpton , Senior

UNTITLED

Take my marks away?
Leave me in this world
to find the trail
to think
to go?

Just start walking and
end aiming a bullet at the heart?
Never mind. You can't live. I wanted to,
but stayed the music, which would not let go.

Caught.

Fallen.

Hurt.

I wasn't looking.

It was looking when at first I couldn't.

-Kyrsten Armato, Freshman



"Abandon." Ink by Tori Garrison, Freshman

LESSON

The stranger
nameless
cut off
I felt alone unknown

terror crept over me
I longed for my return

a moment of silence...
...then stirring of leaves

the wind knocked me off the branch.
small twigs snapped

an impulse to jump--
but I crouched down in the fork of the tree

branches lashed
I felt a jarring
Then something heavy had fallen

I sat thinking trembling
I had learned a new lesson.

-Mikayla Bushong, Freshman



"Pride." Painting by Jessie Shortt, Sophomore

A BEAUTIFUL CRIME

by Haley Farris, Sophomore

Deep breaths. Breathe in. Breathe out. I'm in the top five. Okay. My cheeks hurt. Keep smiling. This is the moment of truth.

"The fourth runner up to Miss Fabulous 2014 is... Bailee Blanchet!" the announcer shouted.

Whew! It isn't me. Don't say my name. Please don't say my name.

"The third runner up is... Mackayla Sutherland!"

I was so close; Mackayla thought as her whole world came crashing down. It was her fifth time competing for the title, and now that she was graduating high school in the spring, she would be too old to compete again. It had been her last chance to wear the crown.

Her ears were ringing, and she suddenly became aware of the bright stage lights shining in her eyes. She barely even noticed as Donna Forsyth was announced second runner up, Maria Jones was announced first runner up, and Dianne Hart was crowned the new Miss Fabulous.

Mackayla did not hear the slow clip, clip, clip of Dianne taking her first walk as the titleholder or the obnoxiously upbeat theme playing in the background; all she knew was she had worked consistently for a year to no avail and failed to receive the crown she deserved.

The next morning, Mackayla awoke to a soft rapping on her bedroom door.

"Come in," she yawned.

Mackayla's pageant coach Miss Lacey peeked her head into the bedroom at her little prodigy, whose face was tear-stained and red.

"Wake up sweetie! I know just what to do to make you feel better. Get ready for a fun day!" Miss Lacey said cheerfully before exiting.



"The Woman." Ink by Mikayla Bushong, Freshman

Mackayla's pageant coach was like a mother to her. Her own parents were never home. They were trapeze artists and traveled with the circus. They were too busy flying through the air with the greatest of ease to pay much attention to her.

Mackayla took her time dressing, paying careful attention to every detail of her appearance. She carried out her typical ten-step skincare routine, brushed on her makeup even heavier than usual, and meticulously curled her platinum blonde hair. She wanted to show everyone why she should have been Miss Fabulous. She slipped on her favorite bubblegum pink pleated dress, piles of jewelry, and, for good measure, her tallest stilettos. She glanced around her room, from the fluffy pink rug to the crystal chandelier, and from her stark white vanity to her elaborately canopied bed. Everything was in proper order. Before leaving, she glanced in the mirror. "I look goooooood," she said quietly to her reflection.

"Girl you know it!" was the unexpected reply from Miss Lacey who had snuck in the door. That was one of their fun traditions to boost Mackayla's confidence and shake off nerves before hitting the stage.

They walked to Miss Lacey's silver Porsche and climbed in.

"Close your eyes," Miss Lacey said. "It's a surprise!"

Mackayla did as she was told, and they were off.

Because she could not see, Mackayla focused on her other senses. She could feel the wind whipping on her face and hear the stereo booming her favorite song. She hummed softly to herself and tried really hard not to open her eyes. She managed to go the whole way only peeking once. She felt the car turn and whip into a parking spot. "Okay, you can open your eyes," said Miss Lacey.

As soon as she did Mackayla gasped, "Yay! This is my favorite place!" She looked around to see the familiar Asian Market complete with a nail salon and buffet.

"We are getting our nails touched up and having lunch," said Miss Lacey.

When they entered the salon the smell of chemicals stung their nostrils. They were led to two orange-cushioned chairs and sat down.

Mackayla looked around at the familiar room. There were all kinds of nail manikins and samples. She saw the sign that said 'Kim Lee's Nails' and was taken aback when she noticed that they had added underneath the professional lettering, scrawled in magic marker, the words "and fortune telling."

"Ah, yes! We tell your first fortune for free!" said one of the three nail artists in a very heavy Asian accent.

"Alright," Mackayla said. "Why not? Go ahead and tell my fortune."

The three women went to work on Miss Lacey's and Mackayla's nails while predicting Mackayla's future in slightly broken English.

"You ah so sad that you didn't win crown," said the first nail artist.

"But do not let that get you down," said the second nail artist.

"You ah go-ing to be Miss Fabulous!" said the first.

"In very few minutes," said the second.

"I can tell your heart is in it," said the third.

"How is that possible? I am aged-out now, and I already lost!" Mackayla questioned.

"You ah Miss Fabulous 2014. Mackayla. Mackayla. Mackayla." They all said together.

"Now your nails are done. No more and bye-bye!" said the first nail artist.

"You can eat all you want today!" said Miss Lacey as they approached the doors to Mr. Cho's buffet. "You don't have any competitions any time soon, so eat big, girlfriend!"

Miss Lacey opened the door, and Mackayla let out an audible gasp when she saw all of the food. She hadn't eaten anything but broccoli and skinless chicken in months. Her mouth started watering as they got their plates. There were so many varieties of fried, breaded chicken slathered in rich sauces, and rice, crab Rangoon, egg rolls, pot stickers, and noodles galore.

Mackayla licked her lips. She couldn't remember the last time she ate a carb.

Remember what the nail artists said? You're going to be Miss Fabulous. You better eat like it. What am I thinking? That's crazy. I don't believe in fortune telling! And it's over, anyway....

But her false hope of gaining the title of her dreams took over and she walked to the salad bar. She made a little pile of lettuce on her plate with no dressing and went back to sit down. Miss Lacey came back with her plate loaded and joined her at the table.

"What are you doing? You can eat anything you want, and you get salad? Wait...Don't tell me you believe those crazy nail ladies!"

"No, of course, I don't. I'm just not in the mood to eat," said Mackayla.

They feasted on their meal. *Maybe I'm being stupid. I should just forget about being Miss Fabulous and enjoy myself for once*, Mackayla thought as she grabbed a dessert plate. The bar featured chocolate cake, tiramisu, some kind of dessert sushi, and those little powdered donut-things that would be the death of any diet. She was just about to pile it all on her plate when she heard a sound coming from a television mounted in the corner near the bar.

The reporter said, "Breaking News: There has been a car crash near 75 Highway. Police say two are dead and one is critically injured. Dianne Hart has been airlifted to the hospital. She is nonresponsive. Our sources tell us she is in a coma. Dianne was the reigning Miss Fabulous. She was just crowned last night, but it looks like the first runner up, Maria Jones, is going to have to take over. There is no way Dianne can carry out her duties in this state."

Mackayla's jaw dropped. She put her dessert plate back on the stack. She did not even have time to process what had happened before Miss Lacey grabbed her arm, cutting her with her newly painted nails. "Let's go to the car," she said.

As soon as they were in the privacy of the vehicle, Miss Lacey started in. "Okay, look. I know I said I didn't believe all of that fortune telling stuff, but now you're the second runner up,

not the third. What if they were right? What if you are meant to be Miss Fabulous?"

Mackayla thought about what Miss Lacey said all night and much of the next day. She was starting to believe—just as she had before the competition—that it was her destiny to be Miss Fabulous.

In the afternoon, she got a phone call from Miss Lacey. She started ranting before they even had time for hellos.

"Alright, I know you want to be Miss Fabulous, but wanting it isn't enough. If it was, you'd already have that crown. You are going to have to take action! I have a plan. We sabotage the new Miss Fabulous by hacking into her SocialSpace account and posting inappropriate things. She will be forced to give up her crown in the wake of the scandal."

Mackayla was dumbfounded. "But that would blackball her in the world of pageantry forever. We can't do that!"

"You deserve to be Miss Fabulous! You have been preparing for this your whole life! This was your fifth and last time competing. There are no more chances. You spent thousands of dollars on highlights in your hair, makeup, spray tans, fake nails, and wardrobe. You practiced for two hours every morning and three hours every night to make sure your walk was flawless and your interview and onstage questions went smoothly. You worked out every single day. You gave up unhealthy food altogether. When is the last time you had a holiday meal with your family? You have sacrificed everything. You want it for yourself, but you have to do something about it! I only want the best for you, and this is it. I'm coming over so we can talk about this in person."

"Ugh, fine!" Mackayla said and hung up. True to her word, Miss Lacey showed up in about ten minutes even though she lived at least fifteen minutes away.

"I have some connections," Miss Lacey explained. "My mom's cousin's friend Jimmy is a huge computer geek. My dad fixed the transmission on Jimmy's car last year. The poor guy is clueless when it comes to vehicles. So he owes my family. I asked him to get the password to Maria's SocialSpace. You can log on

and post this photo." She pulled up a picture on her phone of a girl drinking out of a red Solo cup.

"She's drinking out of a cup. So what?"

"With the right caption, it will look very incriminating! Oh, and it wouldn't hurt to post a couple of party girl statuses while you're at it."

"What if we get caught?"

"We'll never get caught! Are you kidding me? No one is going to know who did it. You can use a computer at the library so they can't trace it back to us. I'll send you the picture, and here is her password."

Miss Lacey handed Mackayla a slip of paper with "pageantprincess" written on it.

"Her password is 'pageantprincess'? That is too easy!" said Mackayla.

Mackayla thought long and hard on the matter. *I'm a good kid. I can't possibly do something like this. Those nail salon ladies are crazy. But, Dianne already had to step down. The crown didn't really even belong to Maria. Who knew it could be this easy? "Pageantprincess"? Really? She was practically begging to be hacked. Everything is working out so perfectly. It has to be fate! I must be destined to be Miss Fabulous. Am I supposed to turn my back on my destiny? But what if I get caught? No, Miss Lacey is right. It's foolproof. I'll never get caught.*

Mackayla drove to the public library and sat down at a computer. She logged into her email account and found the email from Miss Lacey with the incriminating picture. Then, she went to SocialSpace and logged in as Maria Jones using the password. She posted the photo with the caption "Red Solo cup, I fill you up! Let's have a party!" For good measure, she posted a status: "I had so much fun hanging with my best girls last night. Who cares if I'm not 21, I still know how to party it up!" She added a glass of beer emoji to the end for good measure before submitting.

She could not believe how smoothly that had gone, but soon guilty thoughts began to trouble her: *I am a horrible person! I have ruined everything! I don't deserve anything, let alone the title of Miss Fabulous!*

The next day Miss Lacey came over to talk about what she had done.

"Miss Lacey, I feel terrible. We shouldn't have done this."

"It's too late now. It's already done. You are one step closer to becoming Miss Fabulous! Now, what should we do about Donna Forsyth? She will surely become the next Miss Fabulous now.... Aha! I've got it! We will make her drop out. You can threaten to do the same thing you did to Maria Jones."

"How is that going to work? She'll turn me in!"

"Not if she doesn't know who you are. You can log on to Maria's SocialSpace again and message her from there."

"Genius!--But this isn't right."

"Is it right that you haven't eaten a dessert in years? Is it right that you have blisters all over your feet from walking in heels? Is it right that you sleep in headgear to keep your teeth straight? Is it right that you missed your senior prom to practice? You are supposed to be Miss Fabulous. You have earned it! You have worked way too hard to let it go to waste."

"True. We have already started. From the first step, we threw right and wrong out the window. We may as well finish on top. I'll do it this afternoon."

Mackayla did as she promised. She drove to the library and logged on to Maria's SocialSpace again and then found the messages. She started a new one to Donna and thought about what to send her. She finally settled on this:

"Maria Jones will be dethroned tonight because of suspicious pictures posted on her SocialSpace. She will never be able to compete in a pageant again once her name is tarnished. Turn down the Miss Fabulous title unless you want the same to happen to you."

She read over what she had typed. *That doesn't sound serious enough.* She added one last sentence: "This is not a threat. It is a promise."

She hit the send button.

At home, Mackayla turned on the TV. "Welcome to your 9 o'clock news!" It blared. "This is the latest on a story we have on the Miss Fabulous pageant. On Monday, we reported that the

newly crowned Miss Fabulous had been in an accident and could not fulfill her duties. This is still true, as Dianne Hart remains unresponsive. Medical professionals say she could be in a coma indefinitely. In Dianne's absence, Maria Jones took over as Miss Fabulous. Just one day after taking the title, some very inappropriate social media activity surfaced. Maria allegedly posted statuses and a photo on her SocialSpace with references to underage drinking. We have word that she has been dethroned as well. As a matter-of-fact, Julie Fisher, the director of the Miss Fabulous organization had this to say..."

The broadcast cut to a woman in a smart suit: "Maria's social media activities do not reflect the values and morals of our pageant. She is in the public eye as Miss Fabulous, and this behavior is not acceptable."

The newscaster continued: "The second runner up, Donna Forsyth, was next in line for the crown, but we hear she has turned it down."

Yes! Mackayla thought. *It worked!*

The reporter continued, "The third runner up, Mackayla Sutherland, should be offered the crown next. The story of the Miss Fabulous pageant has proved to be full of surprises."

Mackayla turned off the TV. *Wow! I'm sure I can expect a call from the pageant anytime.*

The next morning, Mackayla's cell phone started buzzing. She answered it and a voice on the

"Is this Mackayla Sutherland?" the voice on the phone asked.

"Yes, ma'am!"

"This is Julie Fisher from the Miss Fabulous organization. We would like to arrange a meeting with you if at all possible."

"Yes, of course."

"Could you come to our office this afternoon? Maybe at two o'clock?"

"Yes! That is perfect! I'll see you at two."

Mackayla was so excited to meet with the pageant director. The rest of her day inched by, until finally Miss Lacey came to pick up her up.

When they arrived, Mackayla was in awe. The building was tall with so many windows that it was almost solid glass. Inside, it followed a theme of soft pink, grey, and white.

The front desk was a counter of white marble, and a receptionist in a pink shirt helped them to Julie Fisher's office. The room was beautiful. Everything was so elaborate. The walls were ballerina pink with minuscule details in a slightly darker pink that gave the wall the effect of looking like a pool of pink water. Mackayla didn't know if she had ever seen so much gold or so many diamonds in her life, and she had a feeling they were real. The desk, the trim, the door, and the bookshelves were just a few of the many gold plated furnishings, and they were all encrusted in swirling patterns of glittering diamonds.

Julie greeted them and began to talk about the title of Miss Fabulous right away. She revealed that Mackayla had the opportunity to become Miss Fabulous. Mackayla readily agreed, and they got to work on contracts and paperwork.

Hours later, when all of the papers had been signed, it was time for Mackayla to put on the crown and sash for the first time. Julie pulled out a white leather case with Miss Fabulous stitched across the top in pink. She unzipped it to reveal the crown and sash. The sash was white with Miss Fabulous written in silver thread. It was lined in rhinestones and had a crown pin on the bottom. The crown had thousands of real diamonds planted in white gold. It was so beautiful. She handed the case to Miss Lacey. She carefully slipped the sash over Mackayla's shoulder and placed the crown on her head.

Mackayla knew instantaneously that she was indeed meant to be Miss Fabulous. They fit so perfectly that she thought they were actually made for her. That's when she knew that she would do anything to keep that crown on her head.

When Mackayla got home, she got out her paperwork and read it over. She wanted to reestablish that this was real and not a dream. She was reading over the titleholder restrictions and giggling to herself. Some of them were really funny. "... must never drive with the crown on... must not have been out of the country in the last two months..." *It's a good thing Miss Lacey drove home and our Europe trip got cancelled*, she thought,

laughing to herself. "...Must never have been married or engaged to be married..." *Oh my gosh! I can't believe I didn't think of this before. I'm in so much trouble!—No, I can't get caught. No one even knows about it. Calm down. Just calm down.*

Mackayla had been engaged for a week last year to her long-time boyfriend. It was silly. It didn't last and they broke it off quickly, but this could be enough to have her crown ripped from her hands. Mackayla suddenly remembered that her former best friend Bailee Blanchet, who had finished the pageant as fourth runner up and was now first runner up, did in fact know about the engagement. She was there when he popped the question. He she had even taken pictures with one of those cheap disposable cameras. She realized in horror that Bailee still had the photos.

Only now she also had one more thing: a reason to release them. *What if Bailee wants to dethrone me so she can become Miss Fabulous?*

Mackayla knew just what to do. She knew that Bailee kept all of her photos in a box in her closet. Bailee had put her copies of the engagement photos in there as soon as they were developed, and Mackayla had witnessed it. She would just go over to Bailee's house and get the photos.

Mackayla invited herself over to Bailee's house the next morning. During her visit, she excused herself to the restroom and snuck upstairs to Bailee's room and took out her photo box. She looked through the box quickly. Once. Twice. The photos weren't there! Bailee must have taken them out already. Mackayla had to stop her from turning them in. She couldn't risk those photos getting out. She had to remain Miss Fabulous, no matter the cost. Mackayla left in a rush, but invited Bailee over for lunch.

When Bailee arrived, Mackayla led her to her mom's old office which was located in the basement. The room had no windows but it was pleasant enough. The walls were cream-colored and had pictures of flowers and trees hanging on them. There were shelves filled with books. The room was furnished with a couch, a desk, and a mini-fridge, and had a bathroom adjoined to it.

"Have a seat," she told Bailee, motioning to the blue plaid couch.

“Why are we down here?”

“I’ll tell you in a minute. I’m going to get our lunch from the kitchen. I’ll be right back,” Mackayla said and she left the room. She shut the door tightly and locked Bailee inside.

She returned only to bring her food and water.

The police began a large scale, but largely inept investigation into Bailee’s disappearance. Meanwhile, Mackayla was going crazy with guilt. Her room became a pigsty. She ate everything she could get her hands on. She didn’t worry too much about how she looked because she had stopped going out except for her scheduled appearances and an occasional trip to binge-eat at Mr. Cho’s.

At one appearance, she was supposed to talk about the debt ceiling to the state congress because she had been very involved in current events. She showed up in a purple dress with green polka dots that made her look somewhat like Barney the purple dinosaur. It was terrible, but she no choice. She had to borrow something out of her mom’s closet because none of her clothes fit over the little pot belly she had developed in the previous weeks, and her mom didn’t have any normal clothes. (She was literally in the circus, for Pete’s sake!) Mackayla had not prepared a speech. She tried to wing it, but nothing she said made sense, and she kept getting tongue-tied. At the end of her speech, the congressmen were stifling laughter instead of applauding.

She was a horrible Miss Fabulous.

Mackayla wasn’t the only one that started to go downhill. Miss Lacey was overcome with guilt. She gradually stopped visiting Mackayla and then stopped leaving her house. Eventually, she just disappeared. With her pageant coach gone, Mackayla only knew of one place to go for reassurance: the women who had started it all.

When Mackayla arrived at the nail salon the nail artists were outside on their lunch break and, to Mackayla’s surprise, they were speaking in clear English, rather than their usual broken dialect.

As she approached, she could hear that they were talking about their college classes. Mackayla was shocked. Could it be that

they played the part of the stereotypical nail artists to attract customers or get bigger tips?

Mackayla pushed this thought from her head. Desperately, she held onto the possibility that they could still tell her fortune. Pretending she hadn't seen anything, she went on inside.

When it was time for them to predict her future, they said, "You will remain Miss Fabulous as long as we remain real fortune tellers."

"How do I know if that's true?" Mackayla said. "Will my crown be taken away or not?"

"When pigs fly," one of them responded. And the others nodded in agreement.

Mackayla was reassured and she hurried home. Her parents were scheduled to come home for one night in between their circus tours in Australia and South Africa. She wanted to be there to greet them, but even more she needed to be home to make sure they didn't visit the basement.

Everything was going smoothly until dinner. Her mother wasn't much of a cook, but she made her dad's favorite meal, pigs-in-a-blanket, to celebrate. Mackayla was carrying the tray to the kitchen table when she thought she heard a cry from the basement. She became distracted and lost her footing. She held tightly onto the tray, but the little pigs flew off into the air.

Oh no! Pigs! And they kind of flew! Could this be what the fortune tellers were talking about? If so, I'm doomed!

The very next morning, Mackayla's parents discovered Bailee in her basement. They called the police immediately. When the officers arrived, Mackayla was arrested and taken to jail. Hearing that Mackayla was in custody, Donna mustered the courage to admit to being threatened by Mackayla, adding to her list of offenses.

Not long afterward, Dianne came out of her coma. She rightfully took back her crown and served her time uneventfully, until it was time to crown the next Miss Fabulous which, by the way, was Bailee.

