

The Adventures of
Mel.B Hargrove

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Introduction

Mel.B Hargrove has an intriguing personality and a distinctive life. She's rather strange... well more like interesting. You know?

Anyways, she goes through a crazy year. Lots of things happen to her with her second year of living alone.

No parents, grandparents, auntie, uncle or anything! Jane Louis, her new friend, is all she has. She also has Mrs. Harrison... but she's really old...

She has a really good time with her new friend who on the first day they met, had a sleep over at Mel.B's house.

Lots of unexpected things happen that one crazy year. At the same time, they have lots of fun.

Chapter 1

~Responsibilities~

My name is Mel.B Hargrove. I'm 9-and-a- half years old.

I live in California on St. John's -Road.

My house is decently sized and its very strangely architected. I have no parents. Well of course I have parents...if I didn't have parents at all, I

wouldn't even be here...but the thing is, is that I'm not 100% sure where they are. That's why I have to take responsibility for going to bed.

First things first, I ask myself calmly and politely.

Then if I don't listen, I tell myself a little more strictly. And then if I still don't

listen, well then that's when it comes to the point were I deserve a big spanking!

Anyway, moving on. The one big problem with having no parents is that you always have to do all the work around the house, including:

Cleaning,

(I don't do that very often),mowing the lawn,*(I don't do that very often either)*,

cutting down a tree for Christmas,*(I use a fake one)*, and going shopping.

I definitely go shopping. I live really close to "Walmart" and "Super-store".

I live closer to "Walmart". That's why I go there more often. Last weekend, I went shopping for Ginger-bread supplies. While I was paying for them, the cashier girl asked me, "May I speak to your parents please?" I stood there very, very quiet.

Chapter 2

~Super-Hero's~

So finally, I took some random old lady by the hand, "uh... this is my um... grandma?" I said, looking at her, hoping the grandma would help me out a little. You won't believe what happened next. The grandma-lady said,

"So you wanted to speak with me?" We both smiled at each other.

Anyway, enough with that awesome story. Lets move on. I love super hero's and I always wish that I could have some sort of strength... like super hero strength. For example: Flying Super-man, spider powers like Spider man, or something like that. Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that I secretly feel like I know what people are going to say even before they say it.

Like, I always know when people are gonna say something like, "Keep your hands away from that Melbe!" or like, "MELBE, NO!!!!!!!!!!!"

Chapter 3

~The Kidnapper~

Suddenly, I woke up in the middle of the night in a dude's white van.

I looked at the front seat to the person who was driving. I could not believe it, I was being Kidnapped! Nothing so fantastic ever happen to me before!

"Yes! I'm actually gonna have a real family and I'm no longer gonna be super lonely! Well, I mean... I do have Mrs. Harrison... But she's old, she's gonna die soon anyway. OMG, I can't thank you enough!!"

The guy just stood there quietly, looking very, very confused. So finally he said, "uh.. How old are you kid?"

"9-and-a-half.. Why?"

"Because, your acting dumb."

"..You just hurt my feelings."

"OMG! For once will you just SHUT YOUR MOUTH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"Please I mean no harm! ha! I just made a voice just like Yoda!!! You know him? He's from a movie called *Star wars*. Have you ever watched it? It's a really good movie."

I just kept on talking and talking for the whole entire ride. He was looking very annoyed.

He didn't look as amused as I thought he would be... so I stopped finally. He looked relieved.

"Can I say one more thing?" I said.

“Make it fast.”

“I mean 2 things.”

“Again I say, make it fast!”

“Okay. Firstly-”

“Its not firstly! Its first!”

“No, I’m pretty sure its firstly.”

“Well ITS NOT!!!”

“Okay, jeez! Fine. First one is this is a pretty good Christmas present, since there’s only 6 more months! I’m so exited!!”

“...Next.”

“Secondly I-”

“SECOND!!!!”

“Fine! Okay. Second I actually get to have my first Christmas with a real family! Even though so far your kind of a Pea-brain.” I said. He looked like he had regretted kidnapping me. I’m sort of glad! ‘Cause it turns out getting kidnapped isn’t so fun after all.

I wanted to ask one more question, but right when he noticed that I was about to ask something, he started blasting a song on the radio. I was getting really annoyed. I mean I like the song.. but still.

I was not so exited after all. Firstly he wasn’t very nice. And secondly he calls me dumb, when he’s the one who didn’t think that firstly and secondly are not words!

His house was really small, and he lives alone too! So it wouldn’t even make much of a difference than when I lived in my house. I already miss my house.

I kinda wanna go home. He showed me to my bedroom. It was in the basement. I saw an old Christmas tree that he didn’t use since he had a new one. I also saw a fake magic wand... Well at least I think its fake...(try’s it out)...Yup. It’s fake.

Chapter 4

~The Circus~

Early in the morning, like around 4:00 ish, I quietly tip-toed down stairs to check if he was awake.. I don't think he was. But since I wasn't 100% sure, I quickly looked in his room... he wasn't there! Then, finally, I heard a "thud!" I saw him walk down the hallway. I froze so that he would think I was a statue.

But, of course he saw me. I started to run. I guess my "Queen's Royal Guard" career is over. He was chasing me all over town!

I was running as fast as possible, but he was still catching up. I couldn't do this much longer so I ended up jumping onto the back of some big, big truck while it was moving!

It said "*Cirque-du-soleil*" on it. I had absolutely no idea of what that meant.

After a long ride of about 20 minutes, when the kidnapper was long gone and the truck had finally stopped, I started hearing some men saying things like,

"ok, les gars, enleve les decoration du camion si'l vous plait"

I was really wondering what they were saying. So I peaked to the front of the truck. The men all looked at me of course. They started walking towards me with a "why is there a random, weird and dirty girl here?" look on there face. I frowned at them. They got confused.

"Yeah, sure I may be small and filthy, but heck I've survived lots of thing that you guys wouldn't even be imagining in your child hood!"

They all looked at me silently looking even more curious. I don't think they spoke English.

"Where sons your parents?" Said one of the guys.

"Uhhmm... I no have parents." The guys all looked at each other for a while. Finally one of the guys said,

"Come wit me." "Okay?" I said. They took me into the big building that they were parked beside. I helped them bring in the decorations.

When we entered the building, There was a big, beautiful room with a big stage and big curtains. I was really amazed of how many big things there were in there! On the stage, there were silks, tight-ropes, bars and a bunch more! There were a bunch of really tall bikes and some of them had only one wheel!

I couldn't resist so I swung onto the tight rope with my hands and did a back flip onto the big bar, and then did a swing pull over onto it. Then finally, I did a tuck on, then did a front flip off the bar. The men looked confused like they were not expecting that.

"Cette enfent est incroyable! On devrait la garder.

Que dites vous les gars? On la garde?"said one of the guys. They all huddled up and chatted secretly. Finally one of the guys said,

"You want to stay here wit us for a while?"

"Uhh.. sure dat would be lovely!" I said, trying to say it in an accent so they would understand.

Chapter 5

~The grand show!~

A nice and pretty woman had given me a crazy costume. It was beautiful!

It was a little, pink dress, with a Tutu that comes with it!! And of course there was a Paris hat. It was red, with a pink little flower on it.

Except since the hat was way too big, it looked like I had some sort of big afro or something weird like that. Then finally, it was time for the “*grand show!*”

I went up stage, and in the middle of my routine, I fell backwards and landed on my neck! Everybody gasped.

I guess they probably thought I had broken my neck or something. I was totally fine.

“That was supposed to happen. It was part of the act.” I said, trying not to mess up the show. I just kept on doing my routine as if nothing ever happened.

I did shows like that for 3 days strait. I ended up wanting to go back home.

“I kind of want to go home now. But tank you for taking care of me.” They all seemed to understand. They nodded and waved goodbye.

I waved back at them.

“Can I keep dee costume?” I asked. They shrugged. I took that as a yes.