

Joy Byrd

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Adventures of Joy Byrd of Folklorica.

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Grandfather was tired by the end of the day. He was driving for hours and now he had to get things out of the moving truck. Grandfather and Benny moved the mattress while Yvette moved all the smaller things into the empty living room. Boris sat in the rocking chair Benny had set for him. Boris was taking a nice nap, he wasn't use to the change, and he had been protesting since they left the old Blue house. Boris didn't want to live in a new home. He didn't want to live in Folklorica. Grandfather helped Boris move things into Boris's new room after they were all done moving big furniture and boxes. Boris crashed on the floor with his blankets. Benny and Yvette were also snoring in their sleeping bags on top of their mattresses. The new house was quiet and unfamiliar. Boris was very unhappy, uncomfortable, and afraid of the house because it was so dark and their were not enough lights. Little did Boris know moving to Folklorica was the best thing to happen to him in his thirteen years of life.

On the same day as the move, A girl riding a bicycle stopped in front of the newly purchased house. She saw Boris get up from his nap on the rocking chair and walk up to the elderly adult. The girl grinned and put on her strange yellow goggles and sped past.

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The classroom, the school, and the teachers were all very different. Seventh grade was harsh for any student but for Boris it was even harder. He could hear snickering in the class room. His homeroom was awfully loud and obnoxious. When the teacher, a large woman walked in, everyone got all cold and quiet. No one even looked at Boris. He remained wordless until roll call. He made a booming noise and raised his hand. The large woman, his new teacher, Mrs. Perkins made a squeaky introduction, "This is Boris Popova everyone. Welcome the new student to Folklorica Junior High." Then the woman went rambling on about herself and her old home town. Boris though Mrs. Perkins was a horrible home room teacher. She was hard to understand at times and she went off on tangents about herself. She gave confusing homework instructions. Boris endured the first class before the bell rang.

A tall boy came up to Boris. He seemed very friendly, "What's your next class?"

Boris showed him his new schedule. " I have English next."

"Cool, me too. I am Dennis. We can go to our next class together. You probably don't know where it is huh?"

"I don't know where anything is."

"Alright, then I'll help you."

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Dennis didn't speak much, except about instructions. Boris tried to follow along. It was after all his first day and all the new faces and settings were making Boris wary. Dennis seem to notice this on Boris's face so he didn't say anything about details. Dennis did, however inform Boris about Mrs.Perkins and how she was one dim lady. Dennis got at a look at Boris's schedule, in English class. Mrs. Perkins is nothing compare to the English teacher. Mr.Trody. Dennis conveyed his detest for Mr.Trody by sticking out his tongue and pretending to gag. Boris wanted to make the same expression when he saw Mr.Trody walk into the class and squint unhappily. He was a grey haired old man with a plaid, stained shirt on and too-big-to-wear loafers. Mr.Trody spoke in monotone and seemed less than curious at the extra body in the room. Boris had to stand

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up and introduce himself to another class, some faces were from Mrs. Perkin's homeroom, like Dennis. Boris shied away to his seat after his humiliating introduction was over.

Boris after Mr. Trody put up some notes for lecture. Boris wasn't all amazed by the teachers at the new school. So far, he wish he had his old English teacher back. His favorite old English teacher Mrs. Otto. By the second bell Boris was even more home sick. Dennis tried to perk up Boris who gave the most obvious frown.

"You have a normal schedule accept for the first two teachers. You're lucky though, you have a class with Miss Byrd."

Boris had no idea what had found him already but it was the first time he heard the name, Byrd. It didn't seem like such a life changing word, not yet at least.

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Boris had lunch with Dennis and his circle of friends. Boris had a circle of friends at his old town that use to come by everyday. Dennis introduced Chester, a boy with thick glasses he seemed to talk fast and looked nervous. Chester's neighbor and good friend Kory was really brawny for his age and he was also the biggest in the group. Boris then met Pete who didn't say a single word, he just ate. Boris figured that Dennis was at the bottom of the food chain at the junior high, just be the look of his odd friends. Lunch went fine for Boris who got along fine with everyone until Chester asked him about his classes.

They were all really happy for Boris when they found out that he had Miss Byrd after lunch. Boris didn't understand at first until they all clued him in,

"Miss Byrd is the nicest teacher ever." Chester said.

"She's also hot." Dennis said.

"Boris you're lucky she only has two classes, because she's a new teacher. I had her last year though." Kory said.

"Yeah Pete and Boris are so lucky." Chester said.

Boris looked at Pete who just munched on his food. Pete seemed to be ignoring the whole conversation until Boris asked if he was in the next class. Pete didn't reply he just bit into his sandwich and chewed it thoroughly. Before, Boris could asked again Chester cut in.

"He doesn't speak. He's never spoken ever. So, don't try to get a word out of him."

"Well, why not? Is he deaf?"

"No, just mute."

Boris had never met anyone who was mute before. He just stared at Pete, wondering what he sounded like. Dennis picked up another conversation about the end of class. The good thing was that all four of them had Physical Education with Boris. They all would show him the ropes and for the first time since he came to the town Boris smiled. When the bell rang Pete thumbed at his garbage and put it in the trash. He turned and waited for Boris.

"He'll show you to Miss Byrd's class." Chester explained for Pete.

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Silently Boris followed Pete who seemed to be very calm in the hallways of the school. He noticed not even either grade guys got in Pete's way. Boris would have thought it would be tougher, not to speak or make a sound. But Pete, if anything, look like he was in charge.

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Miss Byrd was gorgeous. She was tall and had short hair with high cheek bones. She was dressed in jeans and a really bright red shirt that matched her lipstick. She was really nice too. She helped Boris find a seat before any more people could walk in. Mrs. Perkins walked in with a smile. " Here's the work. I found it!"

Mrs. Perkins gave Miss Byrd a stack of papers and cracked a private joke with Mrs. Perkins. Teachers liked Miss Byrd too. Boris didn't even have to introduce himself because Miss Byrd was running late on time and refused to take roll call. Today was a pre-test and Miss Byrd was handing out lollies for anyone who answered everything right. It was fun for all. Then Miss Byrd called on Boris. He didn't know anything about the test and by default she gave him a lollie.

Then at the end of class a cell phone went off. It was Miss Byrd's. Embarrassed she let the class take a break and she went outside. Boris could hear her talk from his seat. Pete tapped Boris on the shoulder and handed him a small note. In Pete's neat handwriting he wrote:

*It's the boss on the phone. You'll meet her soon.*

Pete then sling back in his chair and put his hands at the back of his head. He just smirked silently. Everyone was talking, but somehow Boris felt everyone's attention was on him.

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