

Connor
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Writing

Story

A.J's Story

"Hi", my name is Andrew Jackson Logan. But, my friends call me A.J. One of my best friends is David Dadsetan. His dad works at a newspaper stand in Grand Central Station. That's a big train station in NYC. I have lived in GCS even before David's dad came to work here. I live in a hole in the wall just off track #10. There are a lot of concession stands which means lots of chips, soda and other goodies for us mice.

About three months ago, on one of my snack runs, which happens more than you think, I saw a boy sitting at the brand new newspaper stand. He dropped a few chips from his bag. I scurried over and started to munch on the chips. They were BBQ flavored, my favorite! As I was munching, I got the feeling that I was being watched. So, I looked up and saw the boy staring back down at me. When he didn't do anything, I kept munching on my chip. But, I made sure to keep an eye out incase he started to do anything funny. When I had eaten my fill, I started to walk back to my hole. I got about 2 inches away and somebody put another chip in front of me. I looked up and saw that the boy was taking more chips out of his bag and getting ready to put them in front of me. Being the polite mouse that I am, I picked up as many as I could and carried them back to my hole.

This went on for about a week. He not only gave me chips sometimes it was part of a sandwich, or maybe a little piece of chicken and sometimes even a few drops of soda. On the eighth day, he decided to give me a little piece of strawberry short cake. Because this was so awesome, I forgot not to talk to humans and said, "Thank you." The boy being amazed by my ability to speak went, "You can talk?" Having my secret discovered, I said, "Yes, I can talk."

Ever since that day, David and I have been best friends. Every day we have a conversation. David tells me all about what is happening in the human world. Sometimes it's about sports, and sometimes it's about new movies that he got to see.

During one of our daily conversations, I found out that when David was only one and a half years old his parents had decided to live apart from each other. David moved with his dad from Salt Lake City, Utah to NYC. Because of his dad's choice to move to far away, David had not seen his mom for eight and a half years and counting. He doesn't remember what she looks like or what she was like to play with or be around. David often tells me that he wants to meet her someday.

Yesterday, I got an urge, like most young mice do, to go exploring in new places. I decide to go all the way down to track #1. On my way down, I saw that there was a lot more action down here in the tracks # 1 through #5. When I reached track #1, I saw a lady running a small snack stand and she had a little girl with her. The girl looked about the same age as David. She even had the same emerald green eyes as David's. I was so shocked by her resemblance to David that I forgot that I she might, understandably, be shocked by a talking mouse. I hid under the stand and gnawed a peep hole in a cloth that was draped over the stand. As soon as her mom was gone, I decided to go out and talk to her. I said, "Hi, I'm Andrew Jackson Logan. What is your name?" To my surprise she didn't scream or run away, she just squatted down and said, "Hi, my name is Deancy Okoebor. Why such the long name little guy?" I told her the story and this is how it goes.

I used to belong to a scientist that conducted experiments on mice to see if they could be taught to talk to humans. Dr. Logan named all his mice after famous people, normally

presidents. He decided to name me Andrew Jackson after his favorite president because he thought that I would be the one that was would be able to talk to humans. Being the smart mouse I am I was able to learn how to speak your language. After I learned how to speak English, Dr. Logan ignored me to teach other mice. One day when Dr. Logan came to change my food dish, he forgot to close my door all the way. So I squeezed out and ran away. On my travels, I heard two rats talking about the great food a GCS so I decided to come here and see how it was. That was 3 years ago and I've always enjoyed it.

After I told her my story, I asked how she got here and she replied with this story. I moved away from Salt Lake City, Utah when I was only one and a half years old. My mom and dad decided to live far apart from each other. My mom brought me to NYC because she thought that was the best place that she could make a living. I haven't seen my dad in eight and a half years because we have always lived so far apart from each other. I always wonder what he's like. I wish that we could be a family again. She gave me a small piece of a PBJ sandwich. I thank her and went home.

Today, I'm going to visit David and tell him about Deancy. After my breakfast of a few French fries from the concession stand, I scurried over to the news stand to have my morning chat with David.

"Hi, David, guess what I found? There is this girl named Deancy Okoebor down at track #1 and guess what? She looks exactly like you and she's from Salt Lake City and her parents live apart too."

"Really, A.J.? Ask her if we can meet at track #5 at 4:30 pm so we can see if she really does look like me."

“OK, let’s see who’s right?”

I’m scurrying over to Deancy’s as fast as my little legs will carry me. I can see the food stand now.

“Hi, Deancy!”

“Hi, A.J.”

“Guess what, I forgot to tell you yesterday, but I have a friend named David. He and his dad moved here from Salt Lake City and he looks exactly like you. He wants to meet you at 4:30 pm at track #5 to see if you really look alike. Do you want to go?”

“Sure A.J. Tell him that I will be there. Bye”

“Bye Deancy”

I’m scurrying back and forth today aren’t I? It’s 4:30 pm and I’m waiting at track #5 for Deancy and David to show up. Wait here comes David now and here’s Deancy.

“Are you Deancy?”

“Are you David?”

“Yes”

“Yes”

“Wow, you really do look like me!”

“And you look like me!”

“A.J. you were right we really do look like each other.” They say together.

“A.J. told me that you and your dad moved here from Salt Lake City when you were one and a half and you haven’t seen your mom in eight and a half years.”

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“Holy cow, we are TWINS!” They yell at the same time.

Ten years later:

Hi, it is me A.J. again. I am still living here in the wall of track #10. David and Deancy are at Brown University together. They are happy because their parents still own the newspaper stand and the snack shop and business is doing well. Their parents were remarried five years ago and both now know about me. I visit them regularly. Dan, their dad, is teaching me how to read and he says I’m doing good job. Diana, their mom, made special little cups made for me and she fills them with soda every time I come over. I’m glad that the two families got back together and all thanks to me, Andrew Jackson Logan, the train station mouse.