

Book - There's a Boy in the Girls' Bathroom by Louis Sachar

Characters - Bradley and Carla

"Hello Bradley," said Carla. "It's a pleasure to see you today." A faint smile graced her withered lips as she remembered the first day she saw Bradley years and years ago, when he was just a little kid, and she was just a young woman in her early twenties.

"Hi Carla," said Bradley. "I appreciate coming to see you." He chuckled as he sat down in the worn out red couch in Carla's office in Willow Bend School.

"Dear, dear Bradley, what brings you here after so many years?" She pushed her glasses up her nose to get a clearer sight of Bradley.

"I came to collect," said Bradley, "and return." He pulled a book out from his paper sack, and Carla stifled a gasp as she saw the familiar yellow book with the words *My Parents Didn't Steal an Elephant* across the cover.

She opened the book to the first page.

*I hate tomato juice.*

Smiling, she turned to the next page, and an envelope fell out.

Opening the envelope, she took out a letter and read:

*"Dearest Carla,*

*It was an honor to have you as my counsellor in the darkest days of my childhood, and you have changed me, to a person much better than the one I was.*

*Thank you for caring for me, and teaching me things that I could not have learnt without you.*

*After you left our school, our family moved to Canada, where people welcomed me with open arms and accepted my flaws, and I never felt more belonged. Of course, I never forgot Jeff and we have never lost contact. He now lives in America, I think.*

*I still live in Canada to this day, with my wife Michelle and my two kids Michael and Brianne, which brings me back to my purpose of writing this letter to you.*

*Brianne has just been born on the 21st of February, and is to be christened in April. However, we haven't found a suitable godmother for her, and I thought you would be the perfect godmother figure for her.*

*Enclosed in the envelope is an airplane ticket to Canada and a family picture of us, so you can get a tiny glimpse of her before you get here. Our address is written at the back.*

*Of course, if you don't want to be her godmother, it would be totally fine, although we would be a little disappointed, for Michelle really wanted to meet you.*

*See you soon!*

*Love,*

*Bradley”*

Carla glanced up and said, “It would be my plea-” but stopped shortly after.

There was no one in the room. Bradley must’ve left while she was reading the letter.

Looking around the room, she found that the little red rabbit with the broken ear gone, and a little note was taped to the desk where the rabbit originally was.

She opened the note.

Scrawled across the tiny sheet of paper in Bradley’s writing, were the words “*I take that as a yes. Michelle will be delighted. ~ B.*”

She smiled and put her glasses on top of her curly white hair. It was time for her to retire anyways.