

The Great Birthday Switch-Up

The night before my birthday, I went to bed early, dreaming of cake, presents, and all the fun I'd have the next day.... but when I woke up, something felt... wrong. My room looked gigantic, and my pajamas were gone; replaced by fur! I tried to yell, but all that came out was a bark. That's when I saw me; or rather, my dog, Max, stretching my arms and grinning with my face.

"Good morning, sleepyhead!" Max said in my voice. He hopped out of bed and started brushing my teeth horribly, while I scrambled after him, barking. At breakfast, Max (as me) stuffed pancakes into his mouth without chewing, while I whined and pawed at Mom's leg. "Aw, someone's jealous of the birthday boy!" she laughed, scratching behind my ears. If only she knew!

The party was worse. Max (still me) ran around licking guests, jumping on the furniture, and howling during "Happy Birthday." I tried to help by knocking over the cake, tripping Uncle Dave but everyone just said, "Max, calm down!"

Finally, as Mom brought out the presents, Max (in my body) chewed open every box, growling at anyone who came close. The guests gasped. "Sweetie... are you okay?" Mom asked, crouching down. Max froze, then licked her nose. That's when I couldn't take it anymore. I sprinted to my room, dragging Max's collar in my teeth. He followed, and the second we touched noses "POOF!" I was back in my body, and Max was his slobbery, tail-wagging self again.

"Wait... did I just dream all that?" I muttered. Then Max barked and dropped a half-eaten cupcake in my lap. The party ended with me explaining (badly) why I'd acted so weird, while Max grinned at me like he knew exactly what he'd done. Best. Worst. Weirdest. Birthday ever.

The Best (and Worst) April Fools' Prank Ever

For weeks, I planned the perfect April Fools' prank for my best friend, Jake. It was going to be epic. I'd seen this trick online where you fill a doughnut box with frogs instead of doughnuts. Jake loves doughnuts and I knew on opening that box, he'd freak out!

I begged my mom to buy a box of glazed doughnuts for "research," I said. After she left, I carefully took out the doughnuts, making sure to eat a few and replaced them with some tiny frogs I caught in the drain running alongside my house. I made sure to add some grass and stones to give the donut box the perfect weight. I was so happy that the box didn't have a see-through cover. Then, I wrapped the box back up with a ribbon, just like a real bakery.

On April 1st, I ran to school, my backpack bouncing at my back and my fake treat steady in my hands. My heart pounded as I spotted Jake at the entrance to our classroom. "Hey, dude!" I said, grinning. "I got you something." His eyes lit up when he saw the box. "No way! You got me doughnuts?" "Yup! All for you," I said, barely holding in my laughter. He ripped open the box..... then froze. His smile dropped. "What... is this?" he asked, baby frogs jumping in the box. "April Fools!" I cackled, doubling over. "You should've seen your face!" Jake glared. Then... he smirked. A dangerous smirk.

"Funny," he said. "But you know what's even funnier?" Before I could react, he dumped the contents of the box on my head. Grass, dirt, tiny pebbles and frogs plopped onto my hair, my shirt, even down my backpack. The hallway ERUPTED in laughter..... at me.

Worst of all, Jake pulled out a real doughnut from his pocket and took a huge bite. "April Fools' back," he said, grinning with frosting on his teeth. As if this wasn't bad enough, Ms. Scott, our teacher, came with her broom and scoop and handed it to us! That day, I learnt to never prank a prankster.

The Terrible Treehouse Idea

It all started on a hot Saturday afternoon when my best friend Jake came running into my backyard, his face flushed with excitement. “Dude, I have the best idea ever!” he panted, skidding to a stop in front of me. I looked up from my comic book. “What is it this time?” Jake was always coming up with wild plans, like the time he tried to build a go-kart out of shopping carts, which definitely didn’t end well.

“We’re gonna build a treehouse!” he announced, pointing at the plum tree at the edge of my yard. “Right up there! It’ll be our secret hideout!” I frowned. The plum tree was tall, its branches twisted and uneven. “I don’t know... that tree looks kinda dangerous. Plus, we don’t even have real wood or tools.” Jake rolled his eyes. “We don’t need fancy stuff! Look.....” He ran to my garage and started pulling out damaged planks left over from my dad’s old fence project. “See? Perfect!”

Before I could argue, he was already dragging the wood toward the tree. Reluctantly, I followed. We stacked the planks between two branches and tried hammering them in with rusty nails from the garage. The wood was old and splintery, and the nails just bent sideways with every pong. Jake insisted we could make it work if we just “balanced better.” That’s when it happened.

I stepped onto what looked like a sturdy board and “CRACK,” it snapped like a twig. My stomach lurched as I fell, arms flapping, before landing thud in a prickly bush below. “Owww...” I groaned, my elbow stinging. My jeans had a huge tear, and my shirt was covered in leaves. Jake’s head popped over the branch, his eyes wide. “Whoa! You okay?”

I sat up, glaring at him. “Do I look okay?” He bit his lip, trying not to laugh. “I mean... you did kind of bounce.” I grabbed a handful of leaves and threw them at him. “Never ever again, will I listen to you!” Jake climbed down, still grinning. “Okay, okay, maybe we should’ve used a ladder. Or, y’know, not rotten wood.” I crossed my arms. “No more of your ‘brilliant’ ideas. Ever.” Just then, my mom came outside, took one look at me, and sighed. “What did Jake talk you into this time?” I shot him one last glare. “Something I’ll never do again.”