Revenge

“Hey, Rusty,” called Jacob Salsbury, the biggest bully in town, from across the street.

“Yeah?” answered Rusty as he exited the candy shop. “Go check out your bike. See how you like it.” “What did you do to it, Jacob?” “Oh, I just made a few adjustment. I know you’ll like it. Ha-ha-ha!” Rusty sprinted behind the candy shop where he had left his bike. He was devastated at what he saw. Jacob had slashed the tires so that they were now flat. On top of that he had turned the seat around backwards and taken the chain off.

“Oh man! My parents are going to be furious!”

The sad thing was that Rusty was completely defenseless, at least physically. Rusty was a genuine nerd. His moppy brown hair flopped into his eyes as he walked home, which was more than a mile away. Everyone who was not Rusty's friend picked on him, especially Jacob Salsbury.

At the time, Rusty was not thinking about this. He had his mind focused on how to gain revenge on Jacob.

"Rusty, where on earth have you been?" questioned Mrs. Felps, his mom, as he trudged into the kitchen.

"Walking home." "But I thought you rode your bike...." "Yeah, I did, but Jacob slashed my tires." "He did what?" she yelled. "He also turned the seat around and took the chain off." When Rusty told her this, she grabbed him by the arm and went out to the garage. He showed her the damage and she was outraged.

"I gotta get Jacob back somehow," said Rusty quietly as he walked upstairs to his room. He sat down at his desk and began playing Alien Invader III, his new video game. After about two
hours, Mr. Felps came up and made Rusty get in bed. He could not fall asleep, so he just lay there looking at his glow-in-the-dark map of the universe brainstorming ways to get Jacob back. He was going to get him good, really good. While sleeping, Rusty came up with a plan that would make Jacob miserable.

The next morning, Rusty took a shower and got ready for school. He stuffed a tube of superglue into his pocket as he walked out the door. He left earlier than usual to make sure that Jacob would not be there when he arrived.

"Hi, Mr. Slack," said Rusty cheerfully as he passed the principal in the hall. There were very few other students around, which was to his advantage. Rusty walked straight to Mrs. Turner's class and she was not there, so he had the room all to himself. He found the desk where Jacob sat and pulled out the chair. Then, he smeared superglue all over his seat. It was clear, and hardly noticeable. After doing this, Rusty went and sat down at his own desk.

Jacob was the last person to enter the room. When he did, Rusty started sweating and his glasses slid down his nose. Rusty was relieved when Jacob sat down, not noticing the glue. The bell rang a few moments later and class was in session.

"Class, the first thing we are going to do today is grammar, so get out your grammar books," said Mrs. Turner, "Yes, Jacob what is it?"

"Umm.. I left my grammar book in my locker. May I go and get it?" "Yes, but hurry back. Next time, bring it with you, okay?" Jacob tried to get out of his seat, but he couldn't. His rear end was stuck.

"Mrs. Turner," he pleaded, "I can't get up. I'm stuck. "Oh stop being silly, of course you can."

"But..." "Jacob if you do not want to receive a zero for today's daily grade, I suggest that you get out of your seat and go to your locker."
"I can't get up. Come over here and have a look for yourself."

Middle School Short Stories

Sure enough, Mrs. Turner saw that Jacob was superglued to his chair. By this time, a few of the students were giggling. "Well, I suppose you will have to take your pants off in order to get loose," said Mrs. Turner.

"What?" exclaimed Jacob.

"I don't know anything else that we can do. If you do, I'd be happy to let you try it."

Unwillingly, Jacob did as he was told. The class broke out into a roar of laughter, especially Rusty. Jacob turned red as a strawberry. He ran to the office in his boxer shorts and called his mom to come and pick him up.

Rusty was very pleased with himself. Rather than using strength, Rusty relied on his brain to gain revenge on Jacob. He had a feeling that Jacob would not be bothering him anymore.