

## The Great Adventure of an Ordinary Erasable Pen – Lyla, Year 6, ACT

Finally! Someone was using me! I glide across the page, spitting out ink like my life depended on it.

For the first time in forever, the human is testing my history brain with a 5000 word impromptu essay. It's hard, but no match for my clicker! This is so much better than how I used to spend my time: stuck at the back of the stuffy, hot pencil case, where daylight never reached. The pens and pencils that actually got used bragged on and on about how smart, and talented they were.

The three that drove me crazy were Ledmer, the expert at maths, Blob; the blue pen literature whiz, and Eraz. He knows everything about everything. Eraz literally sits at the front of the case and whenever the human makes a mistake, he is pulled out. Eraz is basically the ruler of the pencil case. Well, apart from the actual Ruler!

Anyway, that was in the past. This is the future. Right now, I'm writing something about the colonisation of Australia, and how some grey-haired psycho docked at Botany Bay. I feel so alive! He is almost done with his 70th row (yes I was counting, you should never pass up a chance to improve your counting skills), when suddenly, his usually *very* focused brain went '*whoop-de-doo*'. Instead of writing "he set sail" he wrote "Jenny McDale". I noticed that this is the girl he stares at endlessly. I'm not an expert, but I think he thinks her face is pretty.

The human turns pale. He stares at the page. I can almost taste the dread radiating off of him. I wonder what's wrong with him. It's one mistake, just cross it out then keep going.

But then I remember.

He is an A+ student. He hasn't made a mistake on a paper since 2nd grade, where he was doing a handwriting assignment and had chicken pox. He looks crestfallen. I sigh. This is ridiculous. Doesn't he know that no one is perfect?

By now, the human is worriedly glancing around at neighbouring desks. Seriously, this is why the boy should have used me earlier. I'm going to let you in on a secret nobody knows....I have been experimenting with friction, regular blue ink, and thermo sensitive ink. And I know that in your head you're probably screaming BOOOOORING! But it was the result of that experimentation that will shock you. I made myself....erasable! And I know that this isn't the big bomb you were expecting, but do you know how rare it is for a blue pen to be erasable? Yeah, that's what I thought. Regardless, I still sat at the back of the pencil case, sad, lonely, and neglected, all because my looks were deceiving. That is why I love the saying 'never judge a book by its cover'.

I subtly twist around in the human's hands. Trying to make him read the words etched into my back: 'flip over and remove by friction'. I have given myself a tattoo type 'motto' to maybe help others realise that I was not just the boring blue pen they take me for. It didn't work, but I was going to make it work now!

The human was so close to getting another A. All he had to do was 'flip over and remove by friction'! He hasn't noticed me wriggling around in his hand, so I take the chance to slide out

of his grip. I brace for impact when instantaneously, a sweaty palm catches me mid air. I look up. Of course the boy catches me, the one time that I try to help him, he uses his flawless reflexes to 'save me'.

“Why’d you do that man?”

The recently pale human turns ghostly white.

“Oops!” I had just broken the number one rule of the pen rule book: NEVER, ever, ever, talk to a human.

A few years ago, there was an experiment of social interaction. Many writing utensils volunteered to give it a go. They were taken to the shop, and placed with the other unowned ones. The Markers running the program lured humans in with a sale. People from all around Human town showed up to buy different writing instruments. Whenever someone walked past the pens and pencils from The Pencil Case, they would ask a simple question in hopes of getting a great reaction; if they did, then there would be a chance that we wouldn’t have to hide our voices, but everything went horribly wrong. The humans turned out to have weaker processing abilities than we thought, and every time a utensil talked, a human would faint. Many people ended up in hospital.

I risk a peek at the human boy. He is in utter shock.

“Yo-you- you just talked,” he murmured.

“Uhh, *no!* You just imagined it!”

“You’re doing it again,” he replied, “you don’t have to pretend, I heard you, and honestly, I think it’s pretty cool!”

I almost choke on my own ink. “You do? So, you’re not in a hospital worthy of shock?”

He looks confused. I let go of a relieved breath I didn’t know I was holding.

“Does that say ‘flip over and remove by friction?’” he asked.

“Oh, yeah, you should probably do exactly that, before that clock up there bursts my ear drums!”

The human nods. And before I know it, I am back spitting ink as smoothly as a baby's drool.