

Licensed for Chaos - Zadie, Year 5, WA

“What was the darn stop sign doing in front of my car?! I had no choice but to hit it!” Agatha bellowed, her voice echoing in the near empty courtroom.

Agatha just turned 105. I’m happy for her, although it’s hard to be happy for someone who has run over three people. She’s one merciless driver. It’s very unlikely she got her license legally. For example, this morning in Times Square, she sped into a stop sign (that a man was holding).

Judge Blue-bottom glanced at his associate. Agatha glared, steely-eyed.

“I’m not that old!” Agatha snapped.

Judge Blue-Bottom sighed; he was reluctant to tell her the truth, you never know what she might do.

“Ma’am, you’re 105...” he said.

After some debate, Judge Blue-Bottom ruled Agatha must renew her licence and pay a \$50 fine. Ordinarily, a 105-year-old doesn’t retake the driver’s test, but Agatha’s file hadn’t been updated for at least 30 years, and the Department of Transport were unaware of her age (or that she was part blind). Agatha sat in silence, dreaming up an excuse, but nothing came to mind.

She left the courtroom and walked to the bus stop. Slouched in the dirty bus chair, she gazed out at the town, thinking of things she should’ve said to Judge Blue-Bottom. “Granny brain!” she would say, or, “Oh, just my dementia kicking in!” Agatha did not have dementia; she just gets granny privileges. She’d top it all off by wobbling away on her walking stick. She was skinny as a hairless cat, so she could work the frail role well.

Back home, Agatha pondered. Her delightful peppermint tea sat on a beautiful hand-woven coaster that she fiddled with, her wrinkly fingers tracing the patterns.

Suddenly, her head jerked up. “Ow, my back!” she screeched. It didn’t matter, since she had concocted a master plan.

It involved her long lost sister, Bella, a sad sack who only ever cared about grades. I suppose it paid off considering she’s now one of the world’s most successful scientists, but that’s not the point. Bella wasn’t important, like the beans on your dinner plate you push to the side. Back in the day, when Agatha was in Year 7, Bella was supposed to be in Pre-Primary, but because she had no television, she actually read books! Eventually, her teacher couldn’t deal with any more corrections! Bella moved up seven grades. Agatha was obviously infuriated,

and unfortunately for her, later in the year, there was an “incident”. Let’s just say Agatha was named ‘Pie girl’ from then on.

So now Bella owes Agatha a favour.

Agatha staggered to her sister’s house. Knocking on her door, she roared ferociously. “Bella!! Get your ugly self out here!”

Bella took her time, as she could tell it wasn’t the Nobel Prize nominator knocking.

“Hello, sister,” Bella sighed, opening the door.

“How come you took so long? Have you been skipping the gym again to do your weird science-stuff?” Agatha asked, rude as always.

“Not at all!” Bella said as she flexed her impressive biceps. “Also, a *hello!* Or a *how have you been, Agatha? Would you like some cookies?* would’ve been nice.” Bella’s tummy grumbled.

“What do you mean cookies, are you hungry from all that study again?” Agatha snarled. She had a muesli bar in her hiking bag, but she didn’t feel like sharing.

Agatha squeezed into Bella’s apartment, her head nearing the ceiling. She made some tea and sat down. Gulping noisily, she gazed out the window.

“So, I need a favour,” she said.

“I don’t remember owing you anything,” Bella stated, as if she did not recall “the incident”. Unfortunately, her photographic memory forbids her from forgetting.

“I know you remember that day, I can sit here forever,” Agatha said manipulatively.

Bella’s eyes opened widely. She sat back down. “I-I uh, fine, I remember, it was Open Classroom in 1936, you were carrying pies. I forgot my jumper so I got cold. I tried to snatch yours off your waist. Everyone laughed as you hit the floor, the pies fell on you. Your nickname was “Pie girl” for years,” Bella said.

“Exactly. You owe me one, see you tomorrow at 10 AM,” she said, smirking. “You’re getting me my licence back...”

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As the sun arose the following day, Agatha took a bus to her sister’s house. Bella was in no mood for another lecture, so she huffed straight to the door.

“Hello, Bella,” Agatha said, welcoming herself in.

Inside, Agatha handed Bella a large bag of clothes. Agatha knew that nobody could wear her style better than herself, but it was worth a shot. Inside was a bright frilly skirt covered with circles that looked like a weird old ball gown, Agatha’s huge, brown boots in men's size 18 that she loved to kick people out of her way with, a neon green t-shirt with pockets all over, and a jacket, but not just any jacket. It looked like it had been dipped in paint, run over, bleached, and then run over again.

“What is this!?” Bella exclaimed.

“My favourite jacket! Lovely, isn’t it?” Agatha said.

Bella sighed and took the bundle from her sister. As she walked away, tins of cat food spilled out of the pockets.

“Um, Agatha?” Bella asked.

“Oh, my afternoon snacks! Try some, I love the crunchiness of the biscuits with the runny gravy,” Agatha replied.

“I-I’m good thanks...” Bella said, backing away to the bathroom to change.

“Gorgeous!” said Agatha when Bella appeared like a clown. “Now let’s go!”

Thankfully, a bus was passing by, so they hopped in.

Soon, they arrived.

“I’ve attached a camera to your buttonhole so I can see what you’re doing. Don’t choke!” Agatha hissed.

“Hello, ma’am, I’ve been expecting you. Agatha, correct?” the man behind the counter said as Bella stumbled in. “Bob,” his nametag read.

“Yes, that’s my sister’s- I mean my name,” Bella stuttered/

“Right this way.” He motioned.

Bella sat down at the computer and clicked start. She wasn’t worried at all; she had studied this years ago. She flew through the questions with ease.

Bob appeared. “Finished I presume?”

Bella nodded, she heard a ding on the computer. “What’s that?” she asked.

“Your test score, 29/30. Impressive,” Bob replied.

“It can’t be! I never get anything incorrect!” Bella was in disbelief.

“You passed ma’am,” Bob reassured her.

As they walked to the car to do her practical driving test, she asked, “Which question did I get wrong?”

“You said the speed limit for a school zone is 45, it’s actually 40,” he replied.

Frustrated, Bella climbed into the brand-new Tesla.

“Whenever you’re ready,” Bob said, clicking his pen in the passenger seat.

Bella started the car and reversed out of the carpark. She peered over to see Bob drawing a tick, she was acing it! She copped barely any yellow lights (they aren’t her strong suit. Neither are social skills, so she kept quiet).

Eventually she neared the carpark. She was so exhilarated, she waved her arms around.

“STOP!” Bob screamed, reaching for the wheel.

“Aaargh!” They screamed as the car spun then smashed into the rear-end of another car.

Bella looked up at Bob. She knew what she must do. Complain to her sister. Quickly, she ran to Agatha, who was hiding behind a tree.

“What the heck was that?!” Agatha screeched.

“I messed up... but we don’t have time to fight, quick! What do we do?!” Bella frantically yelled.

“Come now,” Agatha whispered.

They tip-toed through the back entrance leading to the computers. Once they were in, Agatha yanked the fire alarm!

“Are... are you stealing a licence?” Bella asked, dreading the answer.

“Shh, just go with it.” Agatha answered.

The alarm wailed loudly. Agatha hacked the system, printing a fake licence as water sprayed everywhere and all the employees ran.

“Woohoo!” Agatha yelled as they walked out. “I did it!”

“You mean we,” Bella corrected.

“I can’t wait for all the ice cream trips, and I can go to the bakery, and the pie store—” Agatha’s rant was interrupted...

“What do you think you’re doing?” A deep voice said. Bella took a closer look. Oh no... It was Bob!

“Uh I-we-” Agatha snuck the licence behind her back.

“Who’s this, and what’s that?” he said, snatching the licence.

The old girls were sweating.

“You’re in big trouble, both of you. Come with me.” Bob said.

The cops arrived within minutes. This was it, Agatha’s karma and Bella’s... uh, punishment? They drove to the station in silence, patiently awaiting their fate.

“So, do you want the cell with the bedbugs, or the one with 2 crazy women who might make you insane,” the officer asked when they got to the station.

“Bedbugs...” They both chimed.

The cell door closed. They sat in silence.

“I’m sorry,” Agatha whimpered.

Bella just stared, how could she forgive this rodent?

Agatha silently cried, what had she done?

Don’t worry, the roads are safe, for now...