

The Perfect Plan

“But why not?” I scream.

“Because I said so! Stop it now that is enough! If I hear one more word about that stupid well there will be trouble! Stay away from it,” Mother shouts back.

But all I asked was why, and I only asked it 72 times! Why not? Why can't I go look in the well just outside the gate? It's just across the other side of the gate, I'll peek in and come back. She gets mad when I make up stories about the well, but what if I'm right! There might be treasures down there, she doesn't know that there's not! I need to go see for myself!

“Go make your lunch for school tomorrow, and then get your shower, and I'll come read to you before bedtime,” she says, and I walk away with all my questions about the well left unanswered, but I know not to test mother. Father doesn't know anything about the well, but I could go see, if only I could sneak away for just a few minutes, then I could look in the well.

I could find the treasure we need to keep the house. So the bad man at the bank won't take it away. Maybe this could be my father's new job, professional gold finder! I could help him, and we would find treasures everywhere! We could be like pirates, but without the boat, I hate boats. I'll do it tomorrow morning, I'll sneak away and skip school, then come home at my normal time and it will all be great and we will have money!

My escape plan failed. I walked outside and went over to the well, but mom ran over and grabbed me before I could look down into it. Mom and Dad lectured me for what felt like hours. They wouldn't even listen to anything I had to say. I tried to tell them about saving the house, but they wouldn't listen. They said that was a sweet idea but it wouldn't work. I think they just don't believe me. It's not like they have any proof that there's not any gold in the well.

Mom is mad. Dad is mad. I got grounded for a whole day! It's okay though because that gave me time to prepare my escape plan part two. They even tried to scare me out of going to the well, they talked about some poison gas down in the well. They are calling it 'hydrogen sulfide'? Yeah right! I am smart enough to know those aren't real words! I tell them they are being silly but that is a myth, they call it the 'swamp gas' and say it makes you sleepy and you pass out and die. I don't believe them, they are just wrong. I can't believe they'd lie to me! They told me to start packing to move to Grandma and Grandpa's all the way in some other state. They said we don't have enough money to live here anymore. I've never met Grandma and Grandpa, what if they are mean? I can save the house, I can save us while dad finds a new job!

I've made a new plan. Tomorrow is Saturday, which means Mom and Dad will sleep in. They get mad when I wake them up early and they always tell me to play quietly. I'll be extra quiet tomorrow. I'll sneak out of our house and run over to the well. I can take my rope and tie it to the top of the well and climb down in, get the gold, and bring it back up. Dad taught me how to climb ropes a long time ago, he loves rock climbing and he takes me all the time. I'm great at that, so I will be able to get out of the well.

I made it! They didn't even hear me shut the door. I run over to the well and look down in..

Wow, it's deeper than I thought. I attach my rope and start my way down with my bucket. Man, it's getting warm. I make it to the bottom, and I think I see something, gold? What is this? It looks like a bone, like an animal or something. I can't breathe. What is this, it doesn't smell like air. Was this what mom and dad were trying to scare me with when they lied and said that wells sometimes had pockets of some death gas? I can't think of what they called it, the swamp gas?

Yeah, that's it, but that's a myth. So, why can't I breathe?

Hello?

I need help, it's so dark, I can't see the rope!

I'm getting tired, I need to sit down.