

Blorf's Quest to Fit In

"OUCH!" Blorf yelled, covering his face with his hands. Whoever was Poking him, Bill, or Bob, or something like that, just laughed and poked him again.

"Go back to your own planet, Blue Boy!" Bob snapped. They were standing in a park, near the school, in New York City. Now, you may be wondering, why does he call him Blue Boy?, or what kind of a name is Blorf? Well, it all started ten years ago, on the planet Pinkleshnad, when Blorf Snazzle was born. Him and his parents, Tozzen, and Winky, were Pinkleshnadians. Pinkleshnadians were a blue type of alien with round bodies and pointy heads.

Blorf's parents decided that Blorf would not be safe on Pinkleshnad because the good King Dinker had been warring over land against the evil King Shnoob, and it was only a matter of time until the fighting reached the Snazzles small town of Gershwin. They then built a small rocket for blorf out of a metal called eowoltz, known for its strength. (Now, all this took years, but I can only write this story, in less than eight hundred words, so I'm not going to explain all of the details). By the time the rocket was ready, Blorf was four years old. It then took another three years to reach earth from Pinkleshnad. He landed in a dumpster next to the Empire State Building.

As seven-year-old Blorf climbed out of the dumpster, tearing a banana peel off his face, the first view he ever got of earth was the Empire State Building. He staggered around to look for a place to live, and eventually, found an elderly couple who had always wanted a little boy, and were overjoyed when one literally showed up at their door, even if he was blue. They taught him everything that a regular seven-year-old needed to know, like how to read and write, and, of course, how to speak English. By the time he was ten years old, he was ready for school. His "mother" drove him the three-and-a-half miles to Beckendorf Elementary, and dropped him off.

"Have a nice first day at school!" She said enthusiastically, kissing Blorf's forehead. "Goodbye!" she called as she drove away. Blorf turned around to see huddles of human boys and girls, whispering and pointing at him.

"What's up with the new kid?" said one.

"This kid belongs with the smurfs!" snarked another.

"He's blue for goodness sake!" someone else exclaimed. Blorf just walked toward the entrance of the school, with his head down. He could already tell that school was not going to be fun. But he had no idea.

The teasing continued all day. The worst was from a boy named Bob Snob. he waited for the teacher to leave the room and then came over to Blorf's desk.

"Get up and come with me" snapped Bob. He led Blorf outside into the park near the school.

"Are we allowed to do this?" BLorf asked. "Do you think we will get in trouble?"

