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## Zusammenfassung:

### **Easy Reader** *One Fine Day*

Man weiß nie, was eines schönen Tages passieren kann — besonders, wenn man dreizehn Jahre alt und zum ersten Mal verliebt ist. Mark, der gutaussehende und beliebte Kapitän des Basketballteams ihrer Schule ist das Objekt der Begierde der Erzählerin. Nur eines wünscht sie sich noch sehnlicher: sie will endlich ihre hässlichen orthopädischen Schuhe loswerden, die sie tragen muss, weil sie über den großen Onkel geht. Wenn sie es bloß schaffen würde, normal zu gehen, dann würde es bestimmt auch mit Mark klappen – und vielleicht könnte sie sogar Cheerleaderin werden? Dann, eines Tages, sieht es so aus, als würden sich alle ihre Träume erfüllen. Aber es kommt immer anders, als man denkt ...

## Leseprobe:

### **Easy Reader** *One Fine Day*

The cooking timer in the kitchen rings and my mother yells, “Supper’s ready. Come on, girls, set the table!”

“What are you sulking about?” my father asks me over dinner.

“She wouldn’t help me with my math,” Joycey says.

My mother looks at me with concern. “Princess, is there something wrong?”

“Oh Mommy,” I cry out. “Oh Mommy, can’t I get high-heels? All the girls are *gonna* be wearing them to the Thanksgiving Day dance.”

“How many times do we have to say no!” shouts my father.

“Jerry,” my mother shouts back at my father, “don’t scream at her!”

“You’re killing my ears!” shouts Joycey.

“Sweetheart,” says my mother to me in a softer tone, “Dr. Friedman said you can’t wear high-heels until your *arches* strengthen. You know that.”

“He also said she’d grow out of it,” my father *snaps* at me. “What’s taking so long? What does it take to walk straight? Why can’t my daughter walk straight? Do you know how much money -----we’re *dish*ing out to that doctor?”

“Oh, how could you be so cruel?” my mother cries out. “It’s not her fault. If you finally got a decent job maybe we could move into an apartment where the trains don’t always come crashing through the bedroom window, and maybe we could finally buy her a new pair of orthopedic shoes.”

“I don’t want orthopedic shoes!” I yell at the top of my lungs. “I want high-heels! High-heels!”

Peppy, our crazy salt-and-pepper schnauzer. Barks hysterically. Joycey *chokes* on a lamb chop and I run into the bathroom, lock myself in tight and cry my eyes out!

***gonna***, in good language: going to

***arch***, here: the curve in the bottom of the foot

***snap***, here: to speak suddenly in a violent way

***dish out***: (slang) spend a lot of money

***Choke*** what happens when something gets caught in your throat