



CHOICES

FRIEND

OR

FOE?

ELEANOR

ROBINS

## Chapter 1

### Who Wants to Run?

Jazz sat at the front of his school. It was almost time for the bell to ring. His best friend, Key, sat with him.

The boys read their science notes. They had a science test today. And they wanted to study some more before school started.

“Did you study a lot for our test?” Jazz asked.

“Yeah. I had to. I didn’t study much for the last one. And I failed it. I have to get a good grade this time,” Key said.

“I did OK last time. But not that great. So I need to make a good grade, too,” Jazz said.

“Do you know what will be on the test, Jazz?” Key asked.

“You know Mr. Lee. He will have everything on the test that he told us to study. Just to make sure we studied *all* of it,” Jazz said.

“You are right about that,” Key said. Then he laughed. Mr. Lee always gave them a lot to study. His tests always covered everything they learned.

“Did you study everything?” Jazz asked.

“I tried to,” Key said.

“So did I,” Jazz said. The two boys read their science notes for a few more minutes. Then Jazz looked at Key.

Jazz said, “You look like you’re half asleep.”

“I feel that way, too,” Key said.

“Why? Did you stay up late last night to study?” Jazz asked.

“Yeah. Did you?” Key asked.

“Yeah. I hope I can get to bed early tonight,” Jazz said.

“She said we need to hold an election,”  
Key said.

“I hope it is soon. Did she say when it will be?”  
Jazz asked.

“Yeah. The week after next,” Key said.

“Who do you think will run?” Jazz asked.

“I don’t know. I hope it is someone who listens  
to the other students. Trace always listened.  
We mightn’t be that lucky next time,” Key said.

“Yeah. The president before Trace did whatever  
he wanted. He didn’t listen to us,” Jazz said.

Key said, “I will ask around. Maybe I can find  
out who wants to run.”

“I will ask around, too,” Jazz said.

The bell rang for school to start. Jazz said,  
“Time to get to class. Good luck on your test.”

## Chapter 2

### Cory Will Run

Later that morning, Jazz walked down the hall. He had a PE class next, and was on his way to the gym.

His friend Cory yelled to him. “Jazz. Wait for me,” Cory yelled. Jazz needed to get to class. But he stopped and waited for Cory.

Cory hurried up to him. “I need to talk to you about something,” Cory said.

Jazz said, “OK. But make it quick. I need to get to PE. I can’t be late. What do you want to talk to me about?”

“Did you hear that Trace has moved? We have to elect a new class president.” Cory said.

“Yeah, I heard that, too,” Jazz said.

“Did you hear that Brock is going to run?” Cory asked.

Jazz didn't think Brock would be a good president. But he didn't tell Cory that.

"Why do you think that?" Jazz asked.

Cory said, "You know how Brock is. He does whatever he wants. We don't want a class president like that."

Jazz knew Cory was right. Brock wouldn't care about what the other students wanted.

"So what do you think, Jazz? Should I run?" Cory asked.

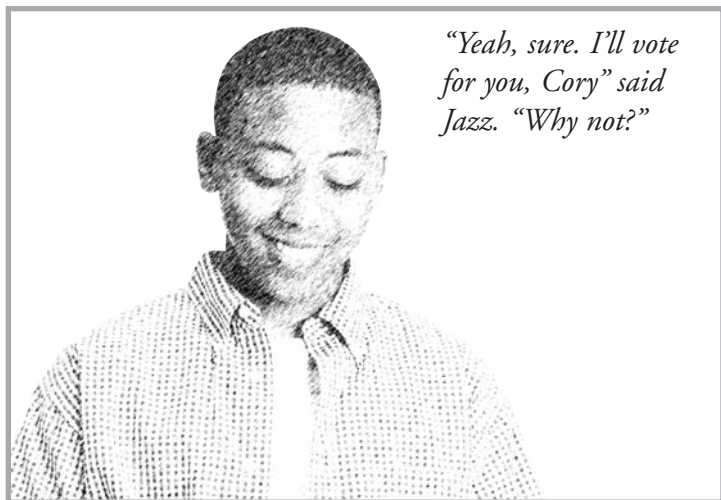
"It is up to you," Jazz said.

"Yeah. I know. But what do you think? Do you think I should run?" Cory asked again.

"I told you. It is up to you. Do what you want to do," Jazz said.

"Would you vote for me?" Cory asked.

"Yeah, sure. Why not?" Jazz said.



Jazz wasn't sure Cory would be a good president. But he would be a better president than Brock. Besides, no one else wanted to run. Or at least Jazz didn't know of anyone else who wanted to run.

"Thanks, Jazz. I knew I could count on your vote. I talked to a lot of people this morning. I told them I might run. And they all said they would vote for me," Cory said.

Jazz said, "Great. So are you going to run?"

“Yeah. I think I will. But I will let you know for sure later,” Cory said.

“You need to make up your mind soon. Or it will be too late to run,” Jazz said.

Cory said, “Yeah. I know. But I’m still not sure I should run. Do you think I can beat Brock?”

“I don’t know. But you have a good chance to win. A lot of kids don’t like Brock,” Jazz said. And Jazz was one of them.

“I know. But that doesn’t mean that I can beat Brock. Do you think most of the kids like me?” Cory asked.

“Yeah,” Jazz said. They liked Cory OK. But Jazz wasn’t sure that they would vote for him. Jazz wished someone else would run.

But who?



In a day or two someone else might want to run. But Jazz didn't think so. He had asked around. So far Cory was the only person who wanted to run against Brock. So Jazz thought it was OK to say that he would vote for Cory.

Cory said, "Today I will tell everyone that I plan to run. But I can't tell everyone in one day. So can you tell some people too?"

"OK. I will tell some people," Jazz said.

"And will you ask them to vote for me, Jazz?" Cory asked.

"Sure," Jazz said.

"Let me know if you hear that someone else plans to run. Let me know right away," Cory said.

"OK. I will," Jazz said.

Cory said, "Thanks. Now I need to go and tell everyone that I plan to run. See you later, Jazz."

"OK. Good luck," Jazz said.

Cory hurried off. He ran over to a small group of students. Then Jazz saw Key.

“Key. Come over here!” he yelled. Key saw Jazz. And he ran over to him.

Key said, “I thought I might be late again. I will be in big trouble if I am late today.”

Jazz said, “You stay up too late, Key. You need to go to bed earlier. Then maybe you won’t have to worry about being at school on time.”

“Yeah. I know,” Key said. Key looked over to where Cory talking to some other students.

“Has Cory made up his mind yet? Does he plan to run for class president?” Key asked.

Jazz said, “Yeah. He plans to run. He asked me to vote for him. And he asked me to ask other people to vote for him.”

“What did you tell him?” Key asked.

“I told him I would do both. What about you? Will you vote for him?” Jazz asked.