

Title: El Deafo

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Chapter: 13

## Characters (8):

Narrator  
(Cece setting the story)

Thoughts  
(Inside Cece's head)

Mom

Cece

Ginny

Mrs. Sinklemann

Mike

Mrs. West

**Narrator:** Weeks pass. In late August I get a letter that says who my fifth-grade teacher's gonna be.

**Thoughts:** Sinklemann? Huh. Gee whiz, summer is gonna be over soon...And still not even a peep from Martha. But wait could it be?

\*Phone rings\* \*Mom picks up the phone\*

**Mom:** Well, yes! She'd love that. Yes-yes, it has been a long time...

**Thoughts:** Finally!

**Mom:** It's Ginny! She wants to come over. You're not "busy" right now, so I went ahead and said yes.

**Thoughts:** Ginny?

**Mom:** It will be so nice to see you playing again with-

**Cece:** GINNY?!

**Mom:** Yes, Ginny. She's been calling all summer! I think she wants to make up with you, so I suggest you at least be nice to her, ok?

**Thoughts:** Good grief. Thanks a lot, mom. Real helpful.

**Cece:** Ok.

**Narrator:** One hour later...

**Ginny:** Hi, Cee-Cee!

**Thoughts:** She's the same as ever. Except... when did she -ahem- grow so much?

**Ginny:** I hav-en't seen you for-ev-er! Um... are you still mad at me?

**Cece:** Nah, not really.

**Thoughts:** Urg. I have NO IDEA what to do with her!!

**Cece:** Hey, I know! Wanna jump on a trampoline? The new kid on the street has one, and he's real nice about letting us use it!

**Ginny:** Ok!

**Thoughts:** Mike Miller \*hearts\*

**Narrator:** At Mike Miller's house...

**Mike:** Yeah, you can us the tramp. Hey, um, who's gonna be your teacher next year? I got Sinklemann.

**Thoughts:** Sinklemann?

**Cece:** ME TOO! I mean -ahem- me, too.

**Mike:** Uh... cool. Well, bye.

**Ginny:** Ahm enn meh sinn-a-mann hass ooo!

**Thoughts:** Sigh... that Mike Miller is ADORABLE!

**Ginny:** Ahm enn meh sinn-a-mann hass ooo!

**Thoughts:** And he's gonna be in my class! My class!

**Ginny:** A-HEM! I SAID, I'll be in Mis-sus Sink-le-mann's class, too!

**Cece:** Huh? Oh, sorry! I mean, that's great!

**Ginny:** REAL-LY? I was-n't sure you'd even CARE!

**Cece:** Oh, I do! Really!

**Thoughts:** Mike Miller... \*hearts\*

**Narrator:** A week later, I wake up on the first day of school, and I am excited!

**Thoughts:** A new teacher!

\*Cece thinking of what Mrs. Sinklemann would say in her head/thoughts\*>>

>> **Mrs. Sinklemann:** Wonderful job, Cece!

**Thoughts:** Cool new school supplies!

**Thoughts:** Cute new boyfriend?

\*Conversation between Mike and Cece in her head/thoughts\*>>

>> **Mike:** Cece, can you help me with my math?

>> **Cece:** You plus me equals us, baby!

**Thoughts:** But wait a minute! I only wear this giant thing at school which means that Mike Miller has never seen the phonic ear before! No way is he ever gonna like me now!

\*Conversation between Mike and Cece in her head/thoughts\*>>

>> **Mike:** You look weird! I'll ask some other girl about the math...

>> **Cece:** What!?

**Narrator:** The first day back at school is always difficult: I have to walk past everyone's desk to give my new teacher the microphone. If there's one thing I hate, it's showing the microphone to a teacher for the first time... mostly because everyone stares at me as I go up to the teacher's desk. And today, Mike Miller is staring at me, too!

**Thoughts:** I wish he couldn't see my cords! He must think I'm a total weirdo!

**Cece:** Mrs. Sinklemann, this is the microphone. And here's what you do.

**Narrator:** Actually it's totally worth giving Mrs. Sinklemann the microphone each day. Otherwise, I would miss out on all the fun. She's an awesome teacher...

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** \*singing\* I've got a girl named Boney Maloney...

**Ginny/Cece/Mike:** \*singing\* She's as skinny as a piece of macaroni!

**Narrator:** And her classroom is the place to be.

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** I'm so thrilled I get to share my butterflies with all of you!

**Narrator:** But one day during story time, I realize that Mrs. Sinklemann is looking kinda fuzzy.

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** ...His flesh is rotting off those mean bones, and maggots are creeping in his eye sockets and crawling out of his nose holes...

**Narrator:** And the kids look kinda fuzzy, too. Could it be love that's making my eyes all blurry?

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** "That's a lie, that's a disgusting lie," Turtle shouted.

**Narrator:** The blurriness gets worse. And now I have a serious problem! We're taking a vocabulary test today, and I can't read the words that we're supposed to define!

**Thoughts:** Are those even words?!

**Narrator:** I want to ask Mrs. Sinklemann for help, but where is she? Oh!- I can hear her! And it sounds like she's talking to another teacher:

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** \*through the phonic ear\* Bad day, Mrs. West?

**Mrs. West:** \*through the phonic ear\* Oh, those brats! They're gonna send me to an early grave!

**Thoughts:** Hmm. That means she's not even in the room! I bet she's in the teacher's lounge!

**Cece:** Hey, Ginny! What's the first word on the board? I can't see it! Everything's so blurry!

**Ginny:** SHHHH!

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** Miss Bell! Just what do you think you're doing? This is a test! Come up to my desk this instant!

**Thoughts:** Where did she come from? I thought I was safe!

**Narrator:** Everyone's staring at me-again!-and for once I wish it was hearing-aid related!

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** Cece, I'm going to have to give you a zero...

**Cece:** A what?! But I studied so hard for that!

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** Did you, dear?

**Cece:** I did!-\*sniff\*-Honest!

**Thoughts:** I'm not gonna cry... I can't cry! Not with everyone looking at me!

**Cece:** HIC!

**Thoughts:** Stop crying! STOP!

**Cece:** WAH! \*crying\*

**Mrs. Sinklemann:** There, there. Go get a drink of water, and try to settle down.

**Thoughts:** Did Mike Miller actually see me crying? I bet he thinks I'm a big baby! Why didn't Mrs. Sinklemann give me a chance to explain? And now she's treating me like a cheater! And oh no! Mom and Dad! What will I tell them? And will they believe me?

**Narrator:** I return to my classroom, but before I open the door, I listen.

**Thoughts:** It sounds like Mrs. Sinklemann is doing math now. I guess it's safe to go back in... I hope no one's looking at me! I can't see if anyone's looking at me!

**Narrator:** Somehow, I make it back to my desk. It's a long, long day after that.

**Thoughts:** Oh no! Is it time to go home already?

**Narrator:** I get home before Mom does. And when she arrives, I am ready...

**Cece:** Uh... Mom?

**Mom:** Oh, hi! Um, I saw Mrs. Sinklemann just ten minutes ago at the green market. She told me what happened. I knew you'd be upset, so I bought you something... Here ya go.

**Cece:** Oh, Mama! A hostess pie! And cherry, even!

**Mom:** Want to tell me what happened?



**Cece:** I couldn't see the board and I asked Ginny for help and Mrs. Sinklemann thought I was cheating and I got a zero! That's what happened! Honest!

**Mom:** Sounds to me like you better get your eyes checked. You might need glasses!

**Cece:** You mean, you believe me?

**Mom:** Of course I do, Cece. Now, let me put the groceries away...

**Thoughts:** Glasses? Hmm. But, oh! This is so good!

**Cece:** Thanks, Mama!