



# FIELD TRIP!

BY TOMMY

This case file is all about the field trip!

The field trip to Washington, D.C.



The field trip we've been looking forward to all year.

The field trip we lost when Principal Rabbski got obsessed with us taking Standards tests.

MUST... TEST...  
MUST... TEST...



The field trip we fought for and won back!

The field trip that is going to be totally stooky fizz-pop waffles with plastic dinosaurs on top, as Murky would say. (Except that Murky can't go because he's a sixth grader. But





that's okay, because he got to go somewhere else.)

The field trip that just has one little problem.



Rabbski has made a No Origami rule.



(Actually, she made a bunch of rules: No cell phones or digital cameras. No public displays of affection. No sodas. No orange-colored snacks or drinks. No peanuts—due to allergies. No ORIGAMI!)



But it's the No Origami rule that we are freaking out about.

Now, some people might think, "Big deal."

But it IS a big deal.

Some people might think, "I could get through a day without origami, no problem." In fact, some people go days, weeks, months—even long, sad lifetimes—without origami.

But for us, a day without origami is frightening.

What are we going to do if we run into trouble?

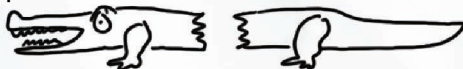


Field trips are dangerous events: a whole bunch of kids crammed into a bus for four hours to get there and then four hours to get back. ANYTHING can happen.

Just ask Quavondo! He got the nickname Cheeto Hog on last year's field trip to the zoo!



On that same trip, Amy and Sara got in an argument about something before we even left the school parking lot and didn't speak to each other the entire day . . . even though they were seat partners and couldn't switch.



And Lance broke something in the zoo gift shop. And me and Kellen got lectured by a zookeeper about ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. (Well, nothing much.)

And Jen lost \$15 AND a boyfriend. And Mike cried about something. And on and on.



ZOO  
HOO  
TEARS

That's the sort of stuff that used to happen to us ALL the time . . . before Origami Yoda came along.

Dwight first brought him to school a little





while after that field trip, and he started giving us all incredible advice. Even though it was too late to help most of us with our field trip problems, his advice did help Quavondo get rid of the nickname.



And he has helped us with a million things since then, from getting me an almost sort-of girlfriend to saving THIS year's field trip.

And when Origami Yoda hasn't been able to help, other origami has, like Sara's Fortune Wookiee and Amy's Art2-D2 and my Foldy-Wan Kenobi and so on.

Over the last year we've gotten used to getting help from our *Star Wars* origami with whatever problems we run into.

And now we have to leave Origami Yoda and everybody else behind?

"WUG!"

"NOOOOOOOOO!"

"I have a bad feeling about this!"

SAD WHISTLE!

"I like nuts!"



We've begged Rabbski to change her mind. She's pretty friendly nowadays and you can actually talk to her about stuff. But talking to her about this does no good at all.

"I'm sorry, but this is my last field trip as a principal and I am just not going to parade you kids through our nation's capital with paper puppets on your fingers, yelling, 'May the Force be with you' at the White House. You're representing this school and . . ."



For some reason, anytime an adult decides you are "representing" something, they decide you should represent it by being as quiet and boring as possible. (I do have to admit, though, that she was right about us yelling, "May the Force be with you" at the White House. I can totally see Lance doing that.)



So this case file is about how and/or if we survive our field trip without any origami . . . not even Origami Yoda.

