

# THE DAY..... THE RECORD BOOK.... DIED!!

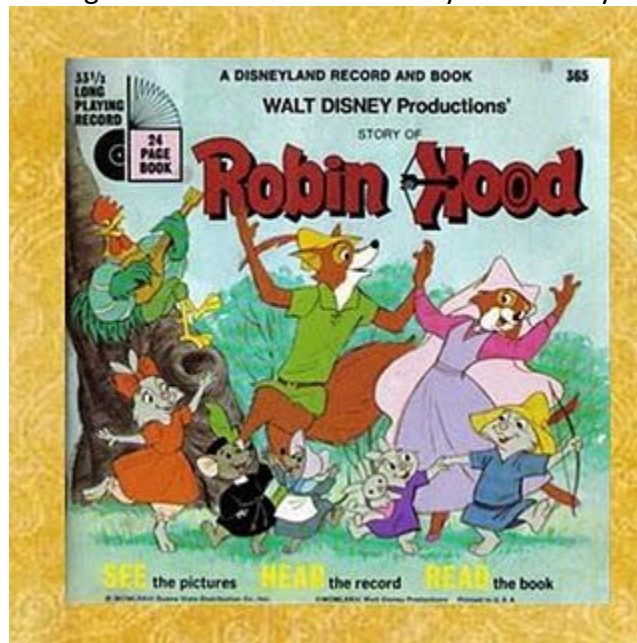
By: Christopher Mackenzie Glover

The year was 1977. Star Wars was the big hit at the movies. The Toronto Maple Leafs hadn't won the Stanley Cup in 10 years but were sure to win it again soon. The Six Million Dollar Man was the best show on television and read-along record books were all the rage in Miss Trull's kindergarten class.

"Christopherrr, .....don't forget to bring down your record book for school today," yelled Chris' Mom from downstairs.

Chris heard his mother and grabbed his record book from beside the player in his room. Once a week a person from the Sunset Heights kindergarten class sat at the front of the reading circle and turned the pages to their record book while the story played in the background. For 5 year-olds this was a big deal before fancy devices like colour TVs, VCRs, home computers and CD players were around.

Chris' book was Disney's Robin Hood and next to his Six Million Dollar Man doll with the magnifying bionic eye, it was his most prized possession. Chris had played it so many times his mother had bought him a big pair of white headphones. She no longer had to hear about Robin Hood and Little John frolicking in Sherwood Forest twenty times a day.



To make matters even more exciting, the first snow of the season had fallen over night and all the puddles from yesterday's rain had frozen over.

“Have a good day at school dear,” said Chris’ mom as he raced out the door. Chris had his handcrafted bright orange plastic Star Wars lunch pail in one hand and his record book in a plastic bag in the other.

All the way to school he slid over the frozen puddles nearly losing his balance many times. The final stretch to school was a small hill leading down to the crossing guard.

Chris was running so fast he was nearly airborne as he hit the top of the hill. When his feet hit the ground on the other side they touched nothing but slippery ice and snow.



Chris fell forward and the plastic bag slapped hard against the ground. His lunch pail came open and his snacks and thermos full of Tang slid and rested to a stop at the feet of Mr. Joe, the school’s gigantic crossing guard.



Mr. Joe helped Chris to his feet and said, "You need to slow down there young fella or you'll get hurt."

Chris just stared at Mr. Joe too scared to talk. He gathered up his stuff and headed the rest of the way to school. Once inside the class he ran right up to Miss Trull and handed her the purplish bag with the precious cargo on board.

"Here's my record book for story time Miss Trull," said an overly excited Chris.

"Oh, yes thank-you Christopher," said the teacher. "Unfortunately we have a special assembly today at story time so you can read your book tomorrow."

Chris was sad but he understood.

The next day as the clock reached the magical hour of story time, Chris was super-duper excited once again. However, instead of calling him up, Miss Trull began to read a boring book about cats to the class.

He didn't know what was happening. When Miss Trull finished, the bell rang. Chris was the last one sitting in the circle with his faced buried in hands. It was the first taste of bitter disappointment in his young life. It tasted yucky.

Seeing Chris, Miss Trull approached him and said, "I'm sorry Chris, I can see you're upset."

"It was supposed to be my turn to do my record book today."

"I know it was, but when I went to put on your record it was smashed to pieces. Did you fall on the way to school yesterday?" asked Miss Trull.

Christopher was crushed as he stared at the smashed pieces of cool black plastic. Suddenly he remembered the great fall just before the crosswalk. As far as things happening to 5 year-olds, this was almost as bad as the Sunday Night Bugs Bunny Cartoon Hour being cancelled for some stupid news thingy.

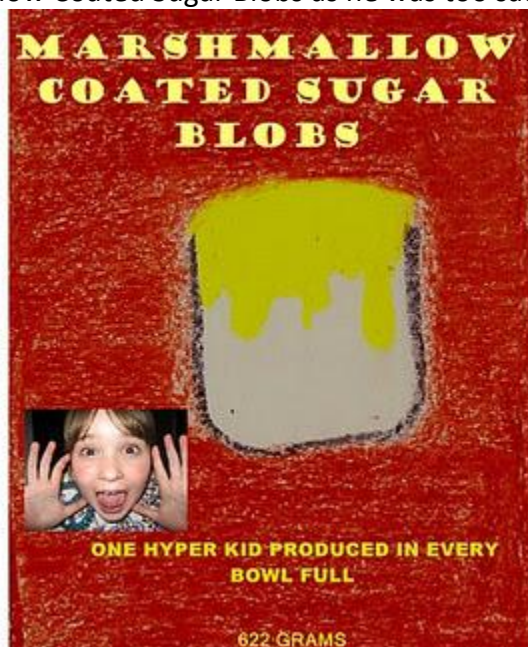
When Chris got home he threw the plastic bag with the record book into the garbage. He was about to say something to his mother when the phone rang.

"Christopher can you go upstairs while I talk on the phone," asked his mother.

Chris ran upstairs and flung himself on the bed where he began to cry a river of tears.



The next day Chris got up for school and dressed slowly. He thumped downstairs. He only played with his Marshmallow Coated Sugar Blobs as he was too sad to eat.



Just as he was about to walk out the door his mom handed him a brown envelope all sealed up. "Take this to school and give it to Miss Trull as soon as you get there," instructed his mother. Chris was sad all day. During play time he watched ants gather up all the dead bugs from yesterday's snow storm for their winter food. It was pretty cool as they tried to jam them down the ant hill, but that didn't take away his pain.



It was nearing the end of the day and getting close to story time. All the kids gathered in the reading circle.

“Today children we have a very exciting record book,” began Miss. Trull. “It’s Disney’s Robin Hood.”

Chris head sunk into his hands. This was just terrible. A terrible, terrible thing was happening. Not only could he not share the wonderful adventures of a cartoon Robin Hood with his class, somebody else was going to do it instead.

“Christopher, can you come up and read your book,” asked Miss Trull.

Chris looked around, there were four other Christopher’s in the class, as it was the most popular boy’s name of the early 1970’s. Chris Smith and Chris Mitchell were away sick. Chris Quinn was in the corner as usual with his nose to the wall and Chris Lyons was asleep on the floor.

He lifted his head and his eyes met Miss Trull’s who was pointing right at him. It’s me, 'but how he thought to himself,' as he got up slowly and walked toward the big chair.

“But my record was smash…….”

“Make sure you give your Mommy a big kiss when you get home tonight,” said Miss Trull as she handed over the brand new Robin Hood Record Book.

Chris took his seat on the big teacher’s chair. He carefully and with precision turned each page as Tinkerbelle’s little bell rang on the record. If only heaven were as good as this.

**THE END**