

Miss Zoldac's Fifth Grade Class Balloon Launch

by Pat Pujolas

INSTRUCTIONS: To all students, please address your index card: "To the Finder of this Balloon." Beneath that, write something that will encourage the finder to email you back. Then tape the index card to your balloon's string.

Happy Ballooning!

To the Finder of this Balloon:

I am God's gift to sixth grade girls. You know it's true. To find out my awesome secrets, Facebook me, bitches.

t_jones@yahoo.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

This balloon was filled with poison gas. You will die in two days unless you get the secret antidote. For the antidote, please write to me.

kennyrules11@gmail.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

There is a girl in our class who has already gone all the way with a guy. I won't tell you her name, but her initials are G.S. I know because the guy at the skating rink told my friend he totally banged Gina Smith under the grandstands. PS. Banging means going all the way. Duh.

nicole_weidman@roadrunner.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

I hate my school. Every day the kids make fun of me because of my last name. They tease me on the bus, at lunch, and at recess. Please rescue me soon! Sincerely,

tina_lipshitz@gmail.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

Greetings Earthlings, this is your final warning. You are in great danger. We are going to invade your planet. We will abduct your people and put things up their butt. Unless you send us an email. Then all will be cool.

larrykl32@snoops.net

To the Finder of this Balloon:

I just got braces on my teeth and they hurt. I'm not allowed to chew gum or eat corn on the cob. But my mom says I'll get them off before high school. Do you have braces or know anyone that has braces?

lily_saraman@gmail.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

Our teacher Miss Zoldac has a huuuuge rack. It's sweet. Each one of her cans is bigger than this balloon. Anyway, thought you should know. Have a good one.

derrick_davis@comcast.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

My dad says Obama is full of crap. But I like him. His voice reminds me of hot cocoa and he's very handsome. I hope I get to marry someone like Barack Obama. Only not one that is full of crap.

taylor_jarst@gmail.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

Are you the man of my dreams? Are you handsome and rich and smart? Do you like to go out on fun dates? Do you want to get married someday and live on a beach? If this sounds like you, please write back. Your love awaits!

stephanieg@gmail.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:
Suck the snotty end of my fuck-stick.
i'mserious@doit.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:
Help, I am being held kidnapped in a balloon factory! Please help me! This is my last hope. I have to go now, the man is coming again. Ahhh! Please don't hit me!
robjoclark034@webmail.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:
One thing I love is Five Guys hamburgers. I get the double bacon cheeseburger with ketchup and mayo. It is so good. Five Guys has the best hamburgers compared to McDonald's. McDonald's just makes me pooh a lot and that is gross.
kevin89@msnmail.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:
What is a blow-jay? The kids in my class keep using this word, and I have no idea what it means. I'm tired of being the only one who doesn't know.
sarab28@timewarner.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:
My favorite thing is to build model airplanes. I assemble them with my Dad, and we use only the best glue. Then we paint them to make them look real. With battle scars and everything. It's so cool. Best of all, when we're finished, I blow the shit out of them with an M-80. Your friend,
connor212@yahoo.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:
How much do houses cost? I'm guessing that they cost about ten thousand, but I don't know for sure. My mom says it's not polite to

ask. But someday I will buy a ten-thousand dollar house. With a pool and a slide. Oh, and horses.

amelia789love@yahoo.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

Here's something that is funny. My mom used to wipe my butt all the way until I was seven. I pretended like I didn't know how. Because really, if you had a choice, would you want to wipe your own butt?

carl_olson@yahoo.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

This monkey's name is George. I tied this balloon to his wrist and he floated away. No matter what, don't untie the string, because then he will be just another monkey and probably get shot by a hunter. And you don't need that kind of thing hanging over your head.

patrick45@aol.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

My favorite color is yellow. Yellow is the color of the sun, and baby chicks, and flowers like daffodils. Today I wished that water were yellow so I could take a nice warm, yellow shower. That would just be the best.

jayden386@yahoo.com

To the Finder of this Balloon:

I am pretending to write something so Miss Zoldac won't yell at me. Blah blah blah blah blah. This is so stupid. I hope my balloon gets stuck in a plane engine and makes the plane crash, killing all the passengers and destroying an entire city. Your pal, Brian.

briannelson55@gmail.com

TEACHER'S NOTE:

Balloons were launched August 31st, 2012, from Garfield Middle School in Amherst, Ohio. We are eagerly awaiting replies.
-Miss Zoldac

