GRACE FOR PRESIDENT

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Realistic Fiction tells about made-up events that could happen in real life. Now read about a pretend election at a school.

Question of the Week

How are different traditions celebrated and shared?
One morning in September, Mrs. Barrington rolled out a big poster with all of the Presidents’ pictures on it. Grace Campbell could not believe her eyes.

“Where are the GIRLS?”

“That is a very good question!” said Mrs. Barrington.

“The truth is, our country has never had a woman President.”

“NO girl President? EVER?” Grace asked.

“No, I’m afraid not,” said Mrs. Barrington.

Grace sat at her desk and stewed. No girls? Who’d ever heard of such a crazy thing?

Finally, she raised her hand.

“Yes, Grace?”

“I’ve been thinking it over, and I’d like to be PRESIDENT!”

Several students in the class laughed.

“Well, I think that’s a star-spangled idea, Grace!” said Mrs. Barrington.

“In fact, we can have our own election right here at Woodrow Wilson Elementary!”
The snickering in the room stopped. Grace smiled.

“Would anyone else like to run for President?” Mrs. Barrington asked the class.

Nobody raised their hand.

Becoming President was going to be easy! Grace thought.

The next day, Mrs. Barrington made an announcement.

“In the name of DEMOCRACY, I have invited Mr. Waller’s class to join our election.

Their class has nominated THOMAS COBB to be their presidential candidate!”

Grace’s heart sank.

Thomas was the school spelling bee champion. His experiments always took a blue ribbon at the science fair. And he was captain of the soccer team.

Becoming President wasn’t going to be so easy, after all, Grace thought.

The teachers put the names of all fifty states and the District of Columbia into a hat. Everyone except for Grace and Thomas got to choose a state.

“I’m Texas!” said Anthony.

“I’m New Hampshire!” said Rose.

“I’m Michigan,” said Robbie. “What does the number 17 mean?”

“Each state is assigned a number of electoral votes. That number is determined by how many people live in that state,” said Mrs. Barrington. “Each of you will be a representative for your state.”
“Altogether, our country has 538 electoral votes,” Mr. Waller explained. “On Election Day, the candidate who receives 270 electoral votes or more wins the election!”

“Why 270?” asked Rose.

“That's more than half of all the electoral votes,” Mr. Waller said.

Becoming president REALLY wasn't going to be so easy, Grace thought.

Grace came up with a campaign slogan:

Thomas came up with his own campaign slogan:

Grace listened to what issues were important to the students, and she made a list of campaign promises:

Thomas made up his own list of promises:
Grace made campaign posters and buttons.

Thomas made posters and buttons too.

Each week, the teachers set aside time for the candidates to meet with their constituents.

Polls were taken. Voters were making their choices.

Grace continued to campaign.

At recess, she gave **SPEECHES**.

During lunch, she handed out free **CUPCAKES**.

After school, she held **RALLIES**.

**MEANWHILE**, Thomas wasn’t worried.

He had cleverly calculated that the **BOYS** held slightly more electoral votes than the **GIRLS**.

At recess, Thomas studied his spelling words.

During lunch, he worked on his latest science experiment.

After school, he played soccer.
Even before the election, Grace made good on her promises. She joined the safety squad. She organized a school beautification committee, and she volunteered her time in the school cafeteria.

In early November, Woodrow Wilson Elementary hosted a special Election Day assembly. Grace and Thomas took their places onstage as the school band began to play.

Henry was the first representative to approach the microphone.

And so it went. State after state after state cast their electoral votes. The scoreboard in the gymnasium kept track of the totals.
The voting demonstration was quickly coming to an end.

Clara approached the podium.

“The Badger State of Wisconsin casts its 10 votes for my best friend, Grace Campbell!”

Grace looked at the scoreboard.

Thomas had 268 electoral votes. She had 267.

There was only one state still unaccounted for:

**WYOMING.**

Thomas grinned.

Grace felt sick.

Sam walked up to the microphone.

He looked at Thomas.
He looked at Grace.
He looked down at Grace’s handmade flag.

Sam didn’t say a word.

“What are you waiting for?” Thomas whispered.

The band stopped playing.

All eyes were on Wyoming.

Finally, Sam cleared his throat.


**GRACE CAMPBELL!!!”**
The gymnasium erupted in loud cheers (and a few boos).

Mrs. Barrington approached the podium.

“With 270 electoral votes, the winner is Grace Campbell!”

Thomas looked stunned. Grace hugged Sam.

“Why did you do it?” she asked.

Sam handed Grace his flag.

“Because,” he said, “I thought you were the best person for the job.”

The following week, the students in Mrs. Barrington’s class were preparing for their Career Day presentations.

Grace volunteered to go first. She stood at the front of the room and glanced at the poster still hanging on the wall.

“My name is Grace Campbell, and when I grow up, I’m going to be President of the United States.”

This time, everyone believed that she would.