

Rain Reign

By Ann M. Martin

I am Rose Howard and my first name has a homonym.

To be accurate, it has a *homophone*, which is a word that's pronounced the same as another word but spelled differently.

My homophone name is Rows.

Most people say *homonym* when they mean *homophone*. My teacher, Mrs. Kushel, says this is a common mistake.

"What's the difference between making a mistake and breaking a rule?" I want to know.

"Making a mistake is accidental. Breaking a rule is deliberate."

"But if ----" I start to say.

Mrs. Kushel rushes on. "It's all right to say 'homonym' when we mean 'homophone.' That's called a colloquialism."

" 'Breaking' has a homonym," I tell her. " 'Braking.'"

I like homonyms a lot. And I like words. Rules and numbers too. Here is the order in which I like things:

1. Words (especially homonyms)
2. Rules
3. Numbers (especially prime numbers)

I'm going to tell you a story. It's a true story, which makes it a piece of nonfiction.

This is how you tell a story: First you introduce the main character. I'm writing a story about me, so I am the main character.

My first name has a homonym, and I gave my dog a homonym name too. Her name is Rain, which is special because it has two homonyms – rein and reign. I will write more about Rain in Chapter Two.

I live with my father, Wesley Howard, and neither of his names has a homonym. I'm in fifth grade at Hatford Elementary. I'm almost twelve because no one is sure what to do with me in school. I've stayed back for two semesters, which is a total of one year. ($1/2 + 1/2 = 1$.)

I will finish up this part of my introduction by tell you that my mother does not live with my father and me. She ran away from our family when I was two. Therefore, the people living in my house are

my father and me. The dog living in our house is Rain. Uncle Weldon lives 3.4 miles away on the other side of Hatford.

Now I will tell you something troubling about fifth grade....