

# AMANDA911 by Mark Schreiber

## EXCERPT

I can't believe you guys! exclaimed Nicole. You never heard of MakeItRain? It's crowdfunding for personal tragedy.

But I only fractured one ankle, said Amanda. The doctor said I can probably go home tomorrow.

But nobody knew that when the story broke, did they?

What is this figure? asked Amanda's mom. \$305,050? Is that the goal?

The goal is ten thousand dollars! Nicole shouted above the music.

\$305,050 is the amount pledged. So you can easily afford to buy me a Jaguar. I just want a basic one. And you'll have money left over to buy a car painted rainbow colors for yourself, and probably a house with a life-size stuffed unicorn.

A life-size stuffed unicorn?

This can't be legitimate, whispered Amanda's mother.

Amanda's mom grabbed her daughter's arm. Can you please give us a minute, Nicole?

She helped her daughter into a wheelchair and wheeled her into the corridor, where it was quiet enough to talk in normal voices, and bright enough to see each other clearly.

She knelt down so that their gaze was level. Are you OK, darling?

Are you kidding? This is the best day of my life!

You suffered a traumatic experience.

The well? I should have fallen down that thing a long time ago!

Listen, this is all nice and fun, and I'm glad all your classmates have finally taken an interest in you, even if they have ulterior motives...

Mom, cut to the chase.

But none of this is real. It's just entertainment. The RainMan account, the six million friends...

It's seven million now!