

I opened the cereal box, then, I poured the cereal into the bowl. I went to the fridge and reached for the milk, I started pouring in the milk drop by drop into my bowl. My mom yelled for me to come up stairs so I went. When I returned there, there, was my cereal. I was terrified, so terrified, in my head I thought: No, NO, NOOOO! I realized that it was too late to get another bowl of cereal. Then I thought: soggy, soggy had me in a mess. I screamed: No, NO, NO. This was horrible.

My dad's car drove up, it was time to go to school. So I walked outside and the weather was like I was in a jungle. I was just standing there but then at that moment, I saw a white dot on the

shoulder of my brand new shirt. It was, was bird poop! Bird poop, on my new, brand new shirt! I was speechless in the car and when my dad stopped the car, BOOM, CRASH, BOOM! There. BOOM. Right there. There was my binder but it was empty. Empty. Pages flew everywhere. Everywhere. My binder was empty, pages gone, was all I could think about.

There, on the ground was my science paper, due today. My science paper was soaked through and through, and there was no time to clean it up with my sleeve. I had to hand it in wet, sloppy, and soggy. Soggy. Wet. Sloppy! I rushed to grab it before any one could see but only just before there

was a big boom of thunder. It was pouring all around me, drip, drop, drip, drop. I felt like crying but there was no time, I had to hand it in before the bell rang. I walked into the classroom, to find on the chalkboard, a word making me want to die. Die. Die. It started with a T, and ended with a T. T. T. T! No!!! Test. I nearly fainted in despair. Nothing else mattered. IN the whole universe nothing mattered. I heard the teacher call me to my seat, but I tripped going there.

“My bones broke,” I told the nurse. She smiled sympathetically at me but I could tell that she new what was really going on. I had lied to my teacher to get out of our test. A math test. Math test. I

hated those kinds of tests. But the nurse new, she knew my secret. My deadly secret. The nurse told me,

“Go back in 25 minutes.” I nodded but was so scared deep inside. She new, yet she had also kept my secret. My toxic secret. I waited until the time was four minutes left and crept out the door to my locker. My stinky, nasty and gruesome locker.

Then the bell rang it was time to go home. I was so thrilled that the day was over. This day was the worst day of my life.