

My Absolutely Horrible Day

Thursday 4/7

So let me set the scene, I am sitting at my desk absolutely loving school. My homework is easy, my teacher is so nice right now, and my hand doesn't hurt from writing. Just kidding! I hate school! My homework is **NOT** easy, my teacher is **NOT** nice right now, and my hand **DOES** hurt from writing! Oh, by the way I'm Laurie Celby, I'm ten years old and I hate hot dogs and chicken. Before you disagree with me, look up how hot dogs are made and then tell me if you still disagree.

Anyway, I started to zone out. My teacher, Mr. Stork must have seen me because he yelled my name loud and clear. All heads turned toward the center of attention, me. I snapped back to life.

"Ms. Belby," he frowned, "Please pay attention in my class."

"Sorry," I said.

"Now class, let's get back to..."

I didn't hear the end, I zoned out again.

Rainbows and ponies

Rainbows and ponies

Candy and flowers

Candy and flowers

Unicorns and bows

Unicorns and bows

No, that was not my dream, it was more like...

Brains and veins

Brains and veins

Fish heads and eyeballs

Fish heads and eyeballs

Bones and guts

Bones and guts

Life is so unfair!!!!!!!

I may have gotten in trouble and I may have gone to the Principal's. Actually, that definitely happened.

Sooooooo, that incident landed me in the Room of Doom (A.K.A. the principal's office.) Ms. Festeroff, our principal, is the **WORST!** She is so, so, so mean!!! I would put more so's, but then I wouldn't have space and/or time, to tell you the story.

My parents are in this part you know, so get ready for some yelling.

"What is going on Laurie?" My mother demanded.

"Maybe it's good news," I suggested.

"It is never good news." My father cut in.

"Mr. and Ms. Celby," Ms. Festeroff came in and nodded to my parents.

"Ms. Festeroff, what is this-" My mother started.

"I will ask the questions here." Ms. Festeroff interrupted. "Laurie, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"What is wrong with you, hiring a teacher named after an animal?" I snapped right back without a moment of hesitation.

"What did I say about questions?" Ms. Festeroff turns to my parents, "Your daughter does not pay attention in class."

"Is this true?" My mother snaps at me. I shrug, "I guess I'm not very good at paying attention."

"That is no excuse!"

"Hey, why are you getting mad at me?" I ask like I have no idea.

"You know why Laurie Farper Celby!" My father yells. Full name? Yeesh! Anyway, I am going to tell you something, this has happened before. Okay back to the story.

"Suspension for five days, and when she gets back, ten detentions." Ms. Festeroff decides.

"Don't you think that is too much for zoning out, once?" My mother asks.

"Twice," Ms. Festeroff corrects, "And she has 'BAD' written right on her forehead."

If you want a picture of that, then you've come to the right place. Actually, you didn't. I don't have a picture of that because this is what I look like while sitting at my desk.

Exactly, I look like nothing. I sit in the very back. The place with all the bad kids like a kid named Lincoln and a kid named Faith. My desk has a million things on it, but somehow, it's organized. On my desk I have my water bottle, my sketch book, pens and pencils, writing notebook, and Legos. Yes, I know the last one sounds weird, but it is cool to have Legos on your desk. It really is. Usually, Mr. Stork won't let me play with them. Lincoln and Faith sometimes take the Legos to entertain themselves. At our school we have something called specials. I love art! But, as you might remember, two pages ago I was getting expelled. That means I have to skip it. When I got home, I went up to my room and slammed the door.

I thought about things like my parents, my friends, and books. By the time I looked at my clock, it was 6:27pm. (About three hours from when I got suspended.)

"Let me in!" My brother, Flay pounded at the door.

"Stay out!" I yelled.

I decided to think of my next prank, graffiti on Euchn. (You-ch-n) He is a boy from... somewhere. I would put sleeping gas in his hockey helmet. Then I would spray paint his arms, legs, and face.

I then thought about the punishment. My brain started to question the idea of getting into more trouble and how he would feel. I tried to fall asleep, but my mind kept me awake.

Monday 4/12

Back to school today and I hadn't decided if I should do the prank or not. When I got to school people looked scared of me. It felt awful. I decided to try something new. Instead of sitting in the back, I sat in the front row. Instead of zoning out, I paid attention. Instead of putting sleeping gas in Euchn's helmet, I put a lollipop in there. It felt good to turn over a new leaf. Literally, cause I found a lady bug under one.