
The Nightmare of Picture Day

by Isaiah, fifth grade writer

The morning of picture day, I went downstairs for breakfast. My mom poured the orange juice into the glass. Then it happened. My big sister slipped on a piece of dog food and slid into the table, and my orange juice exploded on my favorite shirt. My mom screamed, "Are you okay?"

I answered, "No."

Mom said, "Not you, your big sister."

While I was walking to the bus stop, I stepped on chewed gum in my best shoes. I said, "What else can go wrong?" The bus came to a screechy stop. I stomped up the stairs then *riiip!* My kind of favorite shirt ripped from the sharp piece of metal on the seat. If only I could move to Tokyo.

It was time for lunch and as soon as I opened my G2, a kid shouted, "Food fight!" *Bam!* A sandwich bombed my kind of favorite shirt. The people who started the fight were in a bomb of trouble. At recess, I tripped into a mud puddle. "Dang!"

When we came inside, I got a drink of water, and it spilled on my pants. I felt mad at myself. "What can go wrong now?" If only I could move to Tokyo.

While I was walking into the bathroom, I didn't notice the wet floor sign and slipped and banged my head. *Ouch!* I got up and banged into the wall. If only I could move to Tokyo.

It was time for pictures. We entered the room, and I was shaking with fear. I looked like a fool for a kid. It turned out that the picture wascrazy. I looked like a ghoul. I came home and told my mom about the nightmare of a day I had and that I was moving to Tokyo.

My mom said that even in Tokyo people would have bad days too. I told her I'm still moving there.



The Worst Day Ever

by Noah, fifth grade writer

As I got out of bed, I got my hat for Crazy Hat Day and my "I hate teachers" shirt. As I went to the kitchen, my sister moaned, "Glue your hat on your head! Then you will be more crazy." So I did. When I went downstairs, I tripped down the stairs and landed in a dog present.

My mom came to me and said, "I can't believe that you have a black eye and...is that what I think it is? On picture day?"

"What?" I screamed in terror, "Today isn't picture day."

When I went outside, I slipped in mud. I sat there and thought to myself, "I should just dig a hole to Tokyo."

On the bus, a pizza met my muddy face with a SPLAT! When I got to school, the janitor had a bucket of water and SLIP! Water spilled on me and it looked like I peed in my pants. All of the kids laughed at me. In class, I accidentally stapled my shirt while I was stapling my essay. I should just dig a hole to Tokyo.

We all went to the picture taker. I was next to go as I saw Billy Doof, the doof who doofed me with his doofin' pizza. He blinked during his picture, but he got a second picture taken.

It was my turn. The picture man looked at me and said, "Ready, 3,2..." as I picked my nose and sat on a tack. "1", he finished. FLASH!

The next day, I saw the yearbook and myself. The lighting was bad and everyone laughed at me, especially Bily Doof. Then I boomed, "So what!? Your last name is Doof!" and all of the kids called, "But you said your last name is Dean!"

I never said I should dig a hole to Tokyo again, and I lived happily every after. But I can't say the same for Billy Doof.

