

LOSS

FOR

LESS

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I didn't want this day to be born, but god gave birth to this day anyway. Sweat trickles down my neck like a snake slithering across your body. Looking through my test papers I knew I was done and going to heaven today.

Let me start from the beginning. My name's James Grimm and I live in Sugarland, Texas. When it comes to math, I am a brainiac. $16 + 223 = 239$. I am not kidding. I did this in 1 second.

Now let's get to R-REAL business. I am actually really scared. It's like a cheetah was chasing me like crazy because he hasn't eaten for day and he is at full speed. Okay, I admit I am scared because I (gulp) got an 89.

Now you might say I am not a smart in math, but that's because there were many, many, many questions in the test. Still I scored 1st place in the whole class. Should not my parents be proud of me? Oh, now that I mentioned it, they are my biggest problem.

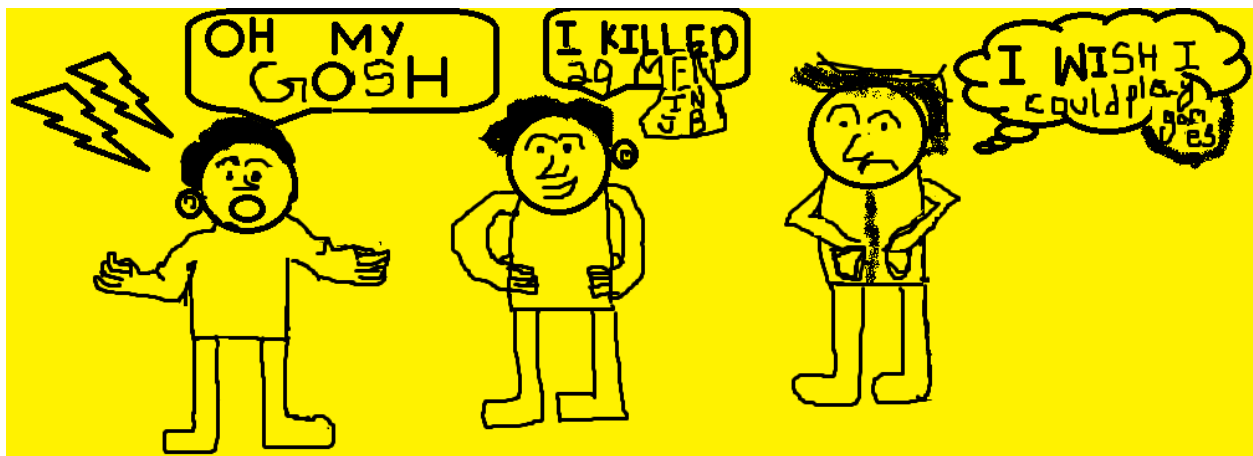
My parents always want a 100 in all my tests. They always want me to behave well in class and always give my hundred percent. As soon as I got home, I tried to hide my 89 marks test sheet, but mom caught me. She asked me to show me the test paper and I did as I was told. I have a great fear of my mom so I obey her every command. "James," my mom says angrily "You will not get any laptop time this week as your

punishment for getting an 89 on your test sheet.” My jaw drops at “not get any laptop time”. I barely get 10 minutes per week.

Okay, let’s get deep into the laptop thing. Last year, me and my brother (oh yeah, I forgot to mention my small, naughty brother) fought last year and lost tab (well, also laptop). Then me and my brother behaved well and we got 10 minutes per week.

My heart shatters into a million pieces like a person breaking a bunch of branches whenever I get invited to somebody’s house and watching them play or my friends talking about how they succeeded in a game in the community park. I mean, I barely have time to open the computer, enter the password, open the (a) game, and for the game to load.





I do not mean to brag, but I sometimes think it's better if I do not play video games. I am saying that because I have more time to study for quizzes and STAAR tests.

After my dad came home, he kept on scolding, kept on scolding about getting low grades in math. Then I tried to tell dad that everyone makes mistakes. After all, who does not make mistakes? After 2 hours (no kidding), I finally got some rest.

After few weeks, I started getting high grades back again like 98 and 100. My parents started praising me and I got laptop more time. I never knew what hard work pays off mean until right now