

Lemonade

You know the phrase “when life gives you lemons you make lemonade.” School is one place where this phrase is not true. For me at the end of a hardworking day there’s nothing as sweet as lemonade at the end of it; Or is there?

“ Ugh, its 7:37 im going to be late! ” I run to my closet looking for the perfect popping outfit for school. I look in my dull closet and there it was it was hanging on a plastic pink hanger, it was practically yelling to me the whole time. I dart through the hallway to the bathroom to get my hairbrush and put it in a ponytail. Then I bolt down the stairs to my mom’s room . “Mom we got to go.” “ok, be there in a minute.” I slide on my white shoes and now I’m ready.

We head to school and she dropped me off “Good thing I’m not late today” but then suddenly someone steps in front of me “Where do you think your going young lady?” “To school Mr. Adams.” “Go get your tardy slip from the office first.” I wanted pop off his head like a bottle cap. After math, science, and reading I was on my way to lunch and I accidently tripped Bethany and thought nothing of it. When I sat down with Ally at lunch she told me “I love your dress” “thank you ” .”why is Bethany coming over her?”

Then Bethany the meanest and most bad person in the whole school came to our table and flipped all my lunch all over my yellow dress. “Have fun picking up your mess.” ”I said sorry in the hallway” “Sorry is not enough.” My head was ready to pop off and burn into flames. People laugh at me as I run to the bathroom crying. It felt like people were shooting down my ship and everything was falling apart. When Ally finally got there I felt so much better with her comfort and effort to make me feel better it was like a nice relaxing cold glass of lemonade.