

Upside down

By Sonaly P.

“Samantha Collins?” I snap back to planet Earth. “Yes ma’am?” I answer wondering what was going on. My teacher, Mrs. Gilbert tells me to pay attention in class. Is it my fault that she is 46 years old and so boring? Geez. I’m sitting in class worrying about my math test that I’m too busy to listen in Texas history. Right then someone comes in through the door and hands Mrs. Gilbert a pass. Its purple. That means that whoever that’s for is going down to the principal’s office. I feel bad for them. “Miss Collins?” I walk up to her and she hands me the pass. This dumb kid named Noah says “Hey look guys, Sam’s going to see the principal!” Man, I really wish that I could choke that kid.

As I walk down to the office I think about my math test and how hard it was. Even the smartest kid, who gets like hundreds on every, single test said it was really hard. Our math teacher told us that we were smart and he entered us the state math competition. Whichever class get the highest grade, they will each get a gift card for 100 bucks and the teacher and the student with the highest grade will get a gift card for free meals at chick-fila for a year. I doubt that we are going to win. When I got to the principal’s, Mr. Glass, my math teacher was there too. Now I really got worried. What if I failed the math test? I mean, it was really complicated after all. “Samantha, you just won me free chick-fila.”, said Mr. G. “Pardon?” I said not exactly processing what he just said. *I won him chick-fila?* I totally forgot that the principal was here, and she got up and said, her voice getting louder as she talked “Miss Collins you got a hundred on the state math competition test!” Then I did what any other person would have done. I fainted. I think Mr. Glass caught me when I fell because my head didn’t hurt when I got up. They gave me a trophy of accomplishment, a medal, and a free chick-fila for a year card. I carried those two things around with me for the last few class periods. Everybody stared, their eyes bulging out of their sockets. For once I had a reason to smirk. Right then Noah came by, and I yelled “Hey Noah when I go to the principal’s office it doesn’t always mean I’m in trouble.” He saw my trophy and he just stood there, with his mouth wide open.

As I ran home ready to show off my trophy, there was a smoky smell in the air. *It’s probably those teenage boys smoking like they always do*, I thought. When I got really close to home that smell got really worse. Since I was trying to stay happy, I took that off of my mind. “Mom!!! Look what I brought home!! Daddy!!!”, but when I got to my house, my house wasn’t there. Instead my two story, beautiful house was just a pile of burnt wood. I totally freaked out. “Mom? Daddy?”, I said about to be in tears if something happened to them. And there they were. My mom and dad, standing there and sobbing. “ Mom what happened? Where is our house? Someone tell me something!!! What the heck is going on!!!” Daddy made me sit down and he told me everything from his side of the story. He softly said, “I was sitting in the living room watching T.V when your mom called me. So I got up and asked what was wrong. She said that the stove wasn’t working. You know how we always order take out?” I nod. “Well your mom wanted to jazz it up a bit and make some food of her own. Well I tried to turn the stove on but all

I heard was the sound and the smell of gas. So I turned the knob even more. Then the fire just threw its self out and onto the walls. When the house started to burn, I called 9-1-1, but by the time they came it was too late. The house completely burned down and me and mom were severely burned. And now we are low on money too because all we had, we spent on this house, and we don't think that we have enough to buy stuff a second time. I'm sorry honey that this had to affect you."

"Where will we live daddy?" "We will be renting a place until we have enough money to buy another house" my dad said. So I cried into daddy's shoulder and then mom came and said, "oh sweetie!" and we all sat there crying into each other's shoulder.

That night, we went to the rental place. An old lady lived there and half of her home wasn't being used, so she said that we could stay there until we found a new house.

When I lay in bed I think about when we are going to buy a new house and when we will be happy like we used to be. That's when I remembered about the trophy and the prize that I got. "Mom? Daddy? Are you asleep?" "No honey we're not asleep." "What's wrong?", my dad said. "I have to tell you something" "Go ahead. Tell us anything." said mom. "Mr. Glass had entered us in the state math competition and I got a hundred for the test, so I got a trophy, medal, and a hundred dollars" "I'm so proud of you honey." My mom and dad say, like they really mean it. "And we get to go to chick-fila for free for a year." "you saved us honey." said my dad. For once that day I felt really happy. I can't wait for life to get back to normal.

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