



WRITING

My Future Self

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TYPE

Narrative

Drip, drip. I was walking the ten-mile walk to school. “When will I get a car?” I thought. As I was walking, I heard a car. Bozo! I quickly looked to the right. Splat! Some kids from school egged me. I should be used to it by now. Tears went down my cheek.

I could hear all of the ninth-graders yelling. Most of my grade is mean to me. “Hi Will,” my only friend called. “Hello,” I said nervously. Every day of school is scary for me.

“How was your walk?” he asked. Alex is always nice to me. “Good.” I didn’t want to say what happened.

Ringgg!

Everyone scrambled in Thurston High School. Alex and I headed to Homeroom. Our Homeroom teacher is Ms. Morphan. She comes from Mars and has blue skin. She bleeds green. Mrs. Morphan has a thick accent.

“Attention classess.” Ms. Morphan talked for the whole sixty minutes.

The rest of the day was fun. We used high-tech things like a triple-screen TV and a talking robot.

I got a perfect grade for each class. I like school, because it gives me something to do.

On the walk home, nothing bad happened. I like walking. There’s always a new flying car to see.

I meet my mom on Alfred Street.