

The sky is black. The clouds are grey. The grass is green. My face is pale. FYI, my room is a mess. My hair is a mess. It is my last day of school and I don't know what to do because I lost my backpack and my bus will be here soon and I can't find it anywhere.

I get on the bus anyway.

It was supposed to be a fun day, but it was a nightmare. I didn't have any lunch, and I didn't have any lunch money left. At recess I saw a garden snake, and I HATE snakes. They are disgusting! They are scary! They are slimy and most of all, some of them have poison.

I had to take a math test and I hate tests because I barely ever get a good grade on them. So, it was torture. But I persevered and I got a good grade on it. I had to babysit the class turtle because I got a good grade. I really don't like turtles. My teacher gave me a list of things that the turtle would eat over summer vacation.

The other kids were jealous because I got to babysit the turtle. My busdriver made me sit up front because I had the turtle and he didn't want me taunting people with it.

My family was supposed to go to Florida for five weeks to see my grandparents, but because I had to babysit the class turtle, we couldn't go, and we had to call my grandparents and cancel the whole trip.

I ended up making a turtle playground out of cardboard because on the note my teacher gave me it said to make sure that the turtle got exercise so he wouldn't get fat. My sister wanted to take the turtle and dress him up like a pretty pretty princess. She wanted to have tea parties with him and all her stuffed animals. I told her it was a snapping turtle to scare her so she wouldn't do any of that.

Every night I read stories to the turtle. When I read to him he likes to sit on my pillow so I have to change the pillowcase because I don't want to sleep on wet turtle germs. The turtle was pretty cute and pretty cool. It wasn't so bad babysitting the turtle after all.

