

What really happened, so far.

by James Barnett

"Hat, Hat, Huk!" said Chris loudly.

The day had gone good, so far. Some of the guys were playing foot ball, while others were on the monkey bars. The girls were having a gymnastics contest while the teacher was half way asleep. I was over trying to get to the swings. They were puddled. The recess was good, so far.

Me and my friend had nothing to do so we saw a mud puddle and threw rocks in it. The teacher shocked on her whistle. She said, "No throwing rocks." She told us to go to her and then she said, "You deserve something punishing like detention." Then I thought she pulled her brain out when she pulled her whistle out.

Me and him were done, then I wished I could do it all over again.

For the rest of the day it was horrible, I mean I couldn't talk without mumbling. I could not play my honorable trumpet without blasting

the ears out of some people. I heard that some of other people got detention for throwing rocks in the same pit and almost filled it full of rocks. Those two people had detention on the same day as we have it.

On the bus I really ~~didn't think about~~ it until I got home, the house of doom.

My brother Brad had detention before but his was 30 minutes longer than, ~~the ones here~~. He looked at me like I hope my brother has something bad happen to him today.

We talked on the way up the driveway. I said "Guess what my day was like?" He looked at me and said "Is it something bad?" Then I did not want to answer. I kept quiet till we got to the house.

We got something to eat. Andy said "Call dad, we need bread." I called dad and told him we need bread. Then I said "I have detention."