



# Leo's Lively Morning

Blessing Haruna



The alarm clock on Leo's cluttered nightstand screams "7:00 AM," its red digits also declaring "TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH." Pale sunlight peeks through crooked blinds, painting stripes across his cozy, slightly chaotic bedroom. Leo, a young man with a perpetually rumpled hoodie, rolls onto his back, his eyes fixed on the ceiling as a talk radio host begins a familiar joke. He silently mouths each word a beat before it's spoken, a tiny, amused smile playing on his lips.



With a soft groan, Leo swings his long legs over the side of the bed, his bare feet expertly landing on the scuffed wooden floor. Without even glancing down, he automatically sidesteps a particular squeaky floorboard, a well-practiced move in his morning dance. He stretches his arms high above his head, fingers wiggling like playful octopus tentacles, ready to face the day.



Leo embarks on his journey to the kitchen, a path that requires nimble footwork through a colorful landscape of forgotten books, discarded socks, and a half-built puzzle. He steps over a pile of comics, ducks under a dangling scarf, and carefully navigates around a leaning tower of board games. Each step is a mini-adventure, filled with exaggerated tiptoes and comical swerves.



In the kitchen, Leo performs a spectacular, multi-tasking breakfast ballet. He balances a teetering stack of cereal boxes on one arm while pouring milk with the other, his tongue poking out in concentration. A piece of toast pops up with a cheerful "BOING!", nearly hitting the ceiling, as he expertly catches it mid-air with a flourish.



Next up is the bathroom, a quest that involves a dramatic leap over a laundry basket overflowing with brightly colored clothes. Leo makes a heroic dive, landing perfectly on the bathmat, his arms spread wide like a superhero. He grins at his reflection, ready to conquer the next challenge of the morning.



Standing before the mirror, Leo vigorously brushes his teeth, his reflection mimicking his exaggerated scrubbing motions. He makes a series of funny faces – a puffed-out cheek monster, a wide-eyed surprised owl – giggling at himself in the steamy glass. His toothbrush becomes a tiny, bubbly sword in his mouth.



Back in his bedroom, Leo faces the ultimate morning puzzle: choosing an outfit from his "clean-ish" pile. He pulls out a bright orange sock, then a striped purple one, holding them up with a puzzled expression. Finally, he settles on his favorite rumpled hoodie and a pair of comfy blue jeans, celebrating his choice with a little victory dance.



He gathers his essentials for the day, stuffing a sketchbook, a half-eaten granola bar, and a very bent umbrella into his trusty backpack. As he zips it up, a colorful feather from an unknown source playfully pokes out, making him chuckle. His bag bulges with the delightful chaos of his creative life.



Before heading out, Leo pauses at his apartment door, taking one last look at his wonderfully messy domain. A ray of sunshine illuminates a dust bunny shaped like a tiny cloud, and he smiles a knowing, affectionate smile. This chaotic space is uniquely his, a canvas of his vibrant life.



With a cheerful bounce in his step, Leo bursts out of his apartment door, his backpack swaying playfully behind him. He gives a quick, imaginary salute to his colorful, cluttered home, ready to greet the day with a refreshed spirit and a big, happy grin. The world outside awaits his lively energy.