



Horrible Crazy Day

Shayah Pierre



Ms. P was happily pedaling her vibrant blue bicycle down a sun-drenched street, her medium black afro bouncing with each joyful push. She was humming a cheerful tune, looking forward to seeing her friend, when suddenly, with a soft hiss and a wobble, her front tire went completely flat.



With a determined frown, Ms. P was laboriously dragging her now-heavy bike along the sidewalk, past colorful houses and blooming flowers. Her backpack felt heavier than usual, and she was really pushing herself when her arms began to protest with a dull ache, making her sigh dramatically.



Finally reaching her friend's bright yellow front door, Ms. P was leaning against her bike, completely winded and glistening with sweat, feeling utterly exhausted from her journey. Just as she was about to knock, the door swung open, and her friend, with a wide, welcoming grin, appeared.



Inside, Ms. P was sparkling in her beautiful, flowy pink dress, chatting animatedly and holding a plate piled high with a delicious, wobbly slice of cake. She was laughing heartily, enjoying the festive atmosphere, when her hands, perhaps a little too enthusiastically, let the plate slip, sending the cake tumbling.



Rushing to the kitchen sink, Ms. P was trying her very best to scrub the sticky cake stain from her lovely dress, hoping to salvage her outfit. She was vigorously rubbing the fabric under the running water when, with a gurgle and a sputter, the water flow abruptly stopped, leaving her with a foamy, half-rinsed mess.



Ms. P was standing frozen by the sink, her eyes wide with disbelief as she stared at the now-dry faucet, a bubble of frustration rising inside her. She was feeling utterly perplexed and wondering what else could go wrong when a clear thought popped into her head: "This is definitely one of *those* days."



Still a little damp and disheveled from her misadventures, Ms. P was sighing softly, contemplating her series of unfortunate events. She was about to give up on the day when her friend, noticing her slump, skipped over with a playful wink and a giant, fluffy towel, suggesting they just "dance it out" instead.