

## **“I’d Rather Be at School”**

There is one reason to appreciate the days set aside throughout the school year for teachers and parents to spend an hour discussing all the ways I can improve: On parent/teacher conference days, I’m granted a day free all to myself. I slept only past noon because I didn’t want to waste the whole day. Nothing about eating a cold bowl of cereal sounded appetizing to me so I took my favorite pair of sweats out of my laundry basket that I had worn two days before. On my way out the door, I grabbed my keys and headed to the nearest McDonald’s to enjoy two hash browns that I’m sure would be prepared for me freshly. It seemed to me that just screaming children were vacating the restaurant. When it was my turn to finally order I stated my order only to the cashier:

“I need just two hash browns” I said.

The cashier shook only her head. “Breakfast stopped two hours ago” she replied dully.

Feeling entirely embarrassed by my negligence of the hours of breakfast food production, I ordered a double cheeseburger unhappily. When I turned to walk out to my car, I noticed that during the time that I was attempting to order hash browns, my car was covered entirely with snow other than the U-High gold antenna ball poking out of the drift. A semi truck could have driven through the gaping hole between my upper and lower jaws. Why had I thought it was a good decision to wear flip flops in November? After kicking and pushing the snow off of my car and becoming borderline hypothermic, my ten blue toes and I finally climbed into my car ready to head back home to eat my double cheeseburger frozen.

As I pulled onto Main Street to head back home I see that traffic ahead seemed backed up . Thinking that the snowy side streets would not be plowed, I decided to wait with the other snowy driver’s cars. After a few moments I finally see why I am stuck in traffic was stopped: A firefighter was trying to reach a cat sitting atop the stop light wearing his full gear. I hated cats before now and this cat

was not helping the case at all. Turing around was out of the question since a blue man's car was sitting on top of my back bumper. Three hours later I finally made it back to my house to realize that my disappointment over lack of hash browns and a leaving to "shovel" the snow hastily, I left my wallet at the restaurant. When my mother started to hound me about learning from her parent/teacher conference that I have a careless problem with assignments, she was not happy to learn about my negligence at McDonald's. All in all I feel I would have rather gone to school.