

Ghostly Revenge

I wouldn't have thought I would see anyone in a orange tuxedo, especially Mr. Ron of all people.
He had his beige computer bag, a green book, and a yellow kangaroo on his desk.
He was looking at a paper with a staple holding a drawing of a ghost on it.
I remember we had to write a story about a ghost and draw a picture of it.
I took out my yogurt and looked at my teacher out of the corner of my eye.
What a strange teacher, I thought to myself. Suddenly, *Crunch!*
I whirled around in my chair, and I see that Alex, the bully, has squashed my homework into a ball.
At his desk, Mr. Ron takes a sip of his coffee, unaware of the commotion around him.
I stand up from my chair and yell at him wanting to wrap my hands around his neck.
He just walks away laughing. *The nerve of him!*
Meanwhile the teacher just kept reading the paper with the picture of a ghost on it.
I wish Mr. Ron wasn't so oblivious.
Oh well, I sigh, you can't have everything in the world.
I took my homework and tried to smooth it out as best as I could.
Someday, I will get my revenge on Alex,
And it just might start with my story about the ghost.