

Hey everyone.

My name is Braden and I'm in the third grade.

How many of you out there just hate it when someone

ruins your day

and then acts like **YOU'RE**
the one who's wrong?

It happened to me again,
just the other day.





My teacher, Mrs. Vickerman, acted like it was my problem for getting upset because the principal ruined my day AGAIN - by having a fire drill in the middle of free reading time. (And I was ALMOST finished with my book!) She said she was going to call my mom and discuss some ways to help me use more *“flexible thinking.”*



Mrs. Vickerman kept going on and on about flexible thinking this and flexible thinking that, but all I heard was

“BLAH BLAH BLAH.”

The good news is that two whole days went by and I didn't hear anything about flexible thinking from my teacher or my mom. **Cha ching!** They finally must have decided to **LEAVE ME ALONE!** Now I could focus on the championship baseball game I'm playing in tomorrow.

I had waited all eight years of my life for this day! And I just knew we were going to win because we had already beaten the team we were going to play earlier in the season! So when I woke up the morning of game day, I looked around my room to figure out where I was going to put my championship trophy. Then I quickly threw on my uniform and went downstairs to eat breakfast.

As I walked around the corner to the kitchen,

I immediately froze.

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

I could feel tears welling in my eyes as I saw the rain pouring down outside.

“Why do things like this always happen to me?”

**My day is
ruined!”**

I plopped down on the couch and covered myself with a blanket.

