

My crazy daydream

Every-day when I get a ride on the bus I walk down the aisles and there sitting at the back of the bus is Jared Knocker, the school bully and his mean mates. Every time I walk down that aisle, this is what happens, "Hey Lucas, cop this!" and he sticks his beefy middle finger up at me.

His mates laugh at me hysterically and bang their fists on the carpet floor while Jared just sits there watching me with a smug look on his fat face.

I wish that i could stick one of my fingers up at him in retort but i can't for the following reasons,

1. He has really mean mates that would make my life even more miserable than it is now.
2. I'm scared to do it
3. I have no fingers to put up at him.

The last reason is the main reason that I don't do it.

Apparently, I was really curious about what was under a lawn mower so I put my fingers under and they got chopped off. And I was only about 4 years old when it happened so I didn't know what I was dealing with.

I have 2 pets, one of them is a drop tail lizard named droplet and the other one is a ginger cat named Sally. I love droplet because of their special ability to drop their tails. When drop-tail lizards feel scared or threatened they drop off their

tails and scamper into the darkness hoping that the thing that scared them had eaten the tail instead of the actual lizard itself. Anyways, I had an idea about my fingers growing back. I thought that if I ate droplets' tails something might happen.

It might be dangerous.

What if I never got my fingers back?

What would the after effects be?

Would I get hurt?

I don't know, I will leave these questions to my future self.

Later that day sally came into the room while I was doing my homework (With a special device because I have no fingers) and she bolted at droplets cage (which I had stupidly left open) and I know what you readers must be thinking, that i

should have protected droplet, but this was the opportunity i had been waiting for. As I watched droplet drop his tail on the bedroom floor I dived at the tail and it fell smoothly into my grasp. Then I went downstairs.

I got a plate.

I got droplet's tail.

I got tomato sauce (and lots of it).

I put droplet's tail onto the plate.

I drowned his tail in tomato sauce.

And I swallowed.

That night I had a terrible dream about an octopus squirming inside my stomach begging for releasement. In the morning I woke up and instantly looked at my hands.....

I. Had. Fingers. From the palm to the top of my hand there was beautiful flesh upon me. I was so happy to finally have my fingers back for these reasons:

1. Because now I don't have to be fed like a baby anymore because I can do it myself,
2. I have been dreaming for this for most of my life

Number 3 will be revealed later on in the book, but try and guess meanwhile.

On my way to school this morning I was looking forward to the end of the day because I was going to give Jared a taste of his own medicine. Oh yes..... I was going to give him the One-Fingered-Salute with my brand new fingers. It will be slow and painful. He won't

believe it. He will think that they are fake fingers, made from clay or something.

Finally, it's the end of the day. My friends were surprised that I had new fingers but they didn't ask questions thank goodness because I will never tell anyone that I ate droplet's tail.

I tried to hide my fingers as much as possible on the trip to the bus station and when we got on the bus I walked down the aisle and saw Jared and his mean mates. As usual Jared stuck his fat, beefy middle finger up at me and as his friends just started cracking up, yes.. yes... oh yes! I stuck my finger back up at him.

He was so shocked to see me with the normal 10 fingers that he fell off his chair and choked on the piece of bubblegum he was

chewing, then he managed to choke up just
three words:

A-am

I-i-i

M-m-ad?

No. No you are not.

The end