

## Not an excuse but a reason

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Now, before you put this paper down and read another title, let me tell you this... this is not an excuse but a reason. So what? Ok, that's maybe not the best way to put it. Here's the brief...

It all started this morning. I woke up with the sun attacking my eyes. The alarm vigorously ringing in my ears and my school work scattered everywhere.

I felt so happy, relaxed and calm. Maybe a bit too relaxed. Well, I mean... I spent just a bit too long getting out of bed. It was just 15 minutes extra. What harm could it do?

Before I continue, let me tell you this, being late by 15 minutes can ruin your life, literally. I was lucky to get away so easily.

With the red numbers of our analogue clock threatening me with every extra Sgaze, I dashed off to get my stuff. 5 minutes later I stared at the clock which stroke back with 8:25, 10 minutes before my bus left.

I quickly snuck both my shoes on, leaving one with only a double knot and the other with the usual triple. Little did I know that not tying one shoelace with a triple knot was a death wish.

Later that day came lunchtime and as always, I was playing soccer on the oval and as always, I was on the losing team. However, today felt different. I had the ball!

As I was approaching my moment of glory, a weird feeling arose on my right foot. As if... my shoelace was slowly coming undone.

'Meh, I will retie it later.' I thought.

My heartbeat was racing off in a chariot, running on the edge of my chest. I felt the world slow down before my eyes as my right foot prepared for the final shot... BAAM! The sound of what I thought was the ball hitting the goal net, ringed in my ears. I closed my eyes savouring the moment as I received friendly, passive pats.

We won! I could barely believe it, of course, I always knew I would make the final score. That much was obvious. Nevertheless, it was a miracle!

As my eyes opened, a new world lay before me. In the opposing team's goal lay MY SHOE! I looked at my renounced, fallen team only to find we lost.

Ding, Ding, Ding! The lunch bell filled the depressing atmosphere with its dull sound. I dawdled over to my shoe, not having much energy left in me, so I did not bother about tying a double knot.

After that, my day could have been fine, but my luck thought otherwise, as always.

Because of my lack of energy, I was last to leave class, no surprise. Guess what that meant? Yep, I was gonna miss my bus... again.

So while I was fast-walking my way over to the bus stop, this weird feeling came to my attention. I felt the pressure around my foot diminish and as I looked down I realised that my shoelace was coming undone... again!

"I'll tie it up properly at the bust stop." I said under my scattered breath.

As I hurried off, a big, long, yellow car drove up along my bus stop. Red symbols on the back read BUS564.

Evidently, I hustled my way onto the bus mouthing, "I'll do it on the bus. I'll have plenty of time."

To my despair my best friend lay in an empty row. My mind spun with what I should do next,

'Wouldn't tying my shoelace in front of him be seen as rude? Should I try turning invisible and then do my shoelace or should I throw my water bottle out the window to distract everyone. OR... I could just do it now at the place of going up to him and being polite.'

Finally, after several attempts of trying to become invisible, I decided to throw the wild card and sit beside my friend.

"There's no hurry, I just have to do it before I get off."

Before I knew it, the bus came to a halt on my street. After being polite the *whole* way, I jumped off and started running home. I was running towards a hot, tasty meal.

That is when this weird feeling stroke me again. My shoelace, that damn shoelace was sending sparks of anger up my spine. So, I did what I should have done hours ago. I stopped and knelt down.

I firstly felt a drop on my hand, nothing big. But as I stared into the dark clouds above, an escape plan was futile.

"I will have to tie my shoelace when I get home, but not now or all my books will get wet."

So with that, I raced against the rain. My legs were pumping against the wet ground as my body sliced through the cool wind. I was so close, just a few more steps. BAAM! I slipped on the wet ground and went flying on the path.

All my hard work of keeping my books dry... vanished. I lay there gawking at the site for just a few more seconds... until I saw it.

Just as a sign of my good luck, my shoe was flying in the air to visit Mars. With my head up, I ran and ran, tracking my venturesome shoe. I knew I could catch it, or at least pick it up from the floor. I believed in myself; which if you ask me now I think I should not have.

BAAM! I hit a pole straight on. The pain hit me by surprise as I lay on the floor moaning. My eyes stared up, straight up as a small black dot grew larger.

"Goodbye good world. I am dying. My world is going black. Goodbye."

BAAM! The black dot hit me? I never knew losing your eyesight would hurt, but it did. It hit me right where I bumped into the pole. I lay in the path with rain collapsing on my near-dead body, wishing this was all just a dream.

Beep-Beep-Beep, Beep-Beep-Beep, Beep-Beep-Beep. My clock threw away such valiant hopes and replaced it with the current, painful wet day. Why did I ever even put an alarm on?

A black piece of leather and string squashed into a bundle of stuff rested beside me as I got up. If it was not for the daring look it gave me, I would have thought of it as a piece of trash.

So with my shoe in one hand, I reluctantly walked ahead, stumbling and slipping every few meters. Finally, I smashed into my front door and lay on the floor, too exhausted to enter.

When the rain stopped, I lifted my heavy body off the front of the door and crawled into my once dry room. I collapsed on my bed and everything went black.

With an aching head and hungry stomach, I woke the next morning and went shopping for new shoes.

“And this is why I did not do my homework Miss.”

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Word Count: 1,182