

## Me as a Tennis Shoe

"Jeremy, tie your shoe laces!" My arms are getting super wet down here. Even though I am a pair of Black and white Dual fusions, he doesn't take care of me. Oh man, I just heard Jeremy say we're going to IHop!

Oh man, this soft, white carpet is so bumpy. Jeremy could never slip on this frictiony stuff. Man, my owner just spilled sticky syrup on me. That's going to act as a lubricant on something slippery. Wait, we're going to Taco Bell after all those pancakes. Jeremy just ordered 10 tacos. I thought he was on a diet... wo wo wo... ow. I knew that syrup would reduce my friction. No, don't go into the stall beside the man who just ate 20 spicy burritos. Yes, we're going to the Carves Bay game! Maybe I'll see those pretty, hot pink shoes. I see them... "Hey girl!" The pretty shoes

then said, "Here's my phone number, it's 843-900-4567." I said, "Thanks." Then I started walking away, but suddenly, I slipped on this bubble gum and fell to the ground. That slick, slippery metal and that gum took away all my friction.

Wow what a day, That was awesome. I even got those pink shoes phone number!

By,  
Harm Graham