

The Day Everything Went Wrong I should have known the day would be trouble the moment my alarm didn't go off. I woke up twenty-five minutes late, stared at the time in disbelief, and launched myself out of bed like I'd been shot out of a cannon. From that moment on, the day seemed determined to test me. I threw on the first clothes I could find, grabbed my backpack, and sprinted to the bus stop--just in time to watch the bus pull away. I chased it for half a block before giving up, hands on my knees, breathing hard. That meant I had to walk to school, which took twenty minutes on a good day. With the way my morning was going, it took thirty-five.