

OLI: To write about a day of the week as a person.

Monday's Misery

Bring Bring!!

The alarm went off like a peircing scream, almost deafening Monday. He dragged himself^{es} out of his bed, tripping over an old shoe of his and then Kicking it away before him. He went to the Kitchen to make his morning coffee. Monday waddled over to the coffee machine and pressed the green button. Suddenly he realize that he was Out of Coffee!!! To top everything off he was late for work. As he made his way for the exit he forgot to turn off his alarm but didn't bother to switch it off. He went into his car still with his night gown, his pyjama's and his fluffy slippers, he turned the engine on and set off to work. When he got to work but it was deserted. Just then he realized it was his day off. All of that for nothing.

Tiring Tuesday

It was only 6:30am and Tuesday had already been up for an hour and a half. because the baby had woken up to the sound of loud sirens from nearby and had screamed her head off since 5 O'clock. After an hour of calming the baby, Tuesday packed lunches for lunch for her children and made breakfast. Meanwhile in the bedroom where Brady & and scecilia was in was chaos. Brady was throwing toys and pyjamas at Scecia even though he was in yr10 preparing for GCSE's. Tuesday was preparing for her busy day ahead of her!

Wet Wednesday

Wednesday was a wet blanket. She had no enthusiasm or energy within her. Her job was to ~~teach~~ be a teacher but she hated the job and wanted to change for she was fed up with her class. That morning she was preparing to take another day with ridiculous students. With sloth-like movements she dragged her feet across the classroom floor, and slouched in her seat ready to take the register. Wednesday so wished that her sister, Friday, could do this job so she could go back in her bed, sleeping. Wednesday's students prepared themselves for another monotonous day.

Tough Thursday

Thursday's motto was 'always show self discipline, strength and determination.' He had high expectations of all his students. Accepting nothing less than full dedication in all their movements, he was meticulous in his demonstrations. He was very independant and would correct any mistake, no matter how small it was. Thursday was more strict than any Karate sensei. He always wanted everything to be perfect and would punish anyone who had got the movements wrong. Thursday was always going to be tough.

Fun Friday

Friday was a social butterfly. Everyday she awoke calmly to her rainforest sounds, after a good nights rest. Like a butterfly coming out of its cocoon she stretches her delicate wings and prepared herself to fly off to

meet new friends. She threw some cool clothes on^{and} goes to work. First, in the morning she works with children for a workshop called Monster adventures, nine o'clock to ~~at~~ eleven o'clock. Then she works for a company called Mushy monsters, eleven thirty to twelve thirty, then she has her lunch and then all afternoon she party's in a hotel called Homecallers. Friday raps, taps and eats chicken wraps. It all happens all over again. Friday loves fun.