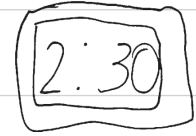


March 28

My Dream



Last night, I dremt about school. I know it's kinda weird, but the dream

was weird. So it all started by the parking lot by the Alamo, the old

(appositives)

Texas shrine. It was about 2:30, and the shining sun was beating down

(appositives)

on my forehead. Then, out of nowhere, Ms. Bernabei, the crazy ELA

teacher, walked out of an ice cream van and started chasing me. I don't

(appositives)

know why, but she was. Then, I suddenly was at school and Ms. Black, a

cool teacher, had some taco eraser that was supposedly mine.

"Ms. Black," I started, "I know you are the one who stole my taco."

"No, this came out of nowhere."

Then she walked down the stairs by the lockers, our storage units.

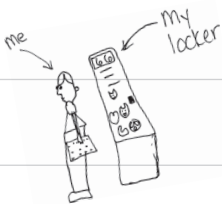
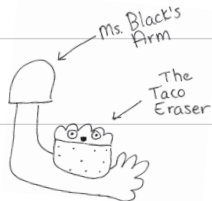
(appositives)

Ms. Bernabei, the ice cream van person, came by my locker which

was 66, not 67, and yelled, "We don't have time to put stickers on our

(appositives)

lockers, young man!" Then Maura, my sister, woke me up.



—Lauren Messer
Grade 6