



# I Was Late

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My heart missed a beat when I heard my father's call, which woke me up from my sweet dream. When I checked my phone, a chill went down my spine. It was a quarter past eight. I was late for school.

In the blink of an eye I jumped out of my bed. Not knowing what to do first, I had to calm myself down. Then I decided that I should not rush things because I was late anyway. I did my morning routine more leisurely than usual and enjoyed my breakfast as if I were savoring a five-course French dinner. When I had finished and my stomach was satisfied, I put on my uniform and took a slow walk to school.

On my way to school I discovered something surprising. Many students from other schools were late, too. Even though I enjoyed the company of the other late fellows, I found this a bit weird. Some of the students were gobbling their breakfast on their way and I pitied them for not knowing how to relax when they were already late for certain. Some of the students were even running and I laughed outright at them, thinking how idiotic they were. I even stopped by the McDonald's for an ice-cream. I felt a bit bewildered to see many students passing by the McDonald's without making any purchase. Some of them glared at me with obvious curiosity. I did not care about all these and continued my walk to school.

When I arrived at school after a long stroll, I pressed the bell. The receptionist told me that I was unlucky since I was only late for five minutes. I was deeply shocked. Suddenly I realized that I had been fooled by my phone, which had told the wrong time. I had done everything slowly and the consequence was that I was late. It was my own fault. Everything I had seen on my way to school made sense now – those running students, their curious expression and the large number of students late for school could have all hinted at the truth that I could have reached school on time if I had hurried a bit. Sitting in the classroom, I could not help giggling at my own folly.