It was a gorgeous morning.



Grand.

Glorious!

I dressed in
my brightest socks,

packed a salty snack,





and read my
favorite book until
the school bus came.



Then I got to school.
That was when something
horrible happened.

Heinous.

Humiliating!



Wendell said, "You're weird."
"What?" I sputtered.

"Your socks never match."
"My feet prefer flowers
and stripes."



Someone giggled behind me. Then two someones.
I ducked under my desk. Sure enough,
all my classmates' socks matched.
Did that make me weird?