

My Life as a Backpack

By Valentina Bermudez

Best time of my life is when I got bought. I hope I don't get stepped on or get thrown or dropped. I'm a little scared today my owner keeps telling her parents when she is going to school. The day we got there, she shoved me into a locker. All I could see was darkness, candy, her P.E. shoes, the locker door, and an iPad mini.

I hear locker doors closing, kids talking about the next class. The teachers seem nice they keep asking "Is your homework done in your backpack?" They must like backpacks. I don't really like the taste of wooden pencils or pens. Binders don't taste like anything and I love the taste of books and candy wrappers are the best. My owner's gym shoes are gross! I wish she would put them in the locker, not me. Pencils poke me; they are not my favorite.

The teachers give her a lot of homework. It hurts my straps when I hang from my owners back. Sometimes I'm empty and that's kind of lonely. The best time to be a backpack is when my owner thinks she forgot her homework, and starts freaking out and tearing through me. I usually have the homework and she can relax. I always try to have her back.