

My Life as a Pencil

By: Breanna Rath

Have you ever felt like dirty hands are all over you? Well that's me all the time. I glide across paper, writing whatever my owner wants me to. Sometimes I get banged on the desk, or thrown on the floor. It hurts when I go flying across the room. I hate going to the pencil sharpener, the grinder hurts really bad! I like to listen to talking. Sometimes I hear "go to page 23," or "go clip down". I also hear banging on the desk, scratching, (that's probably the pencil sharpener) and other pencils writing on paper. My most favorite thing to listen to is ideas. I get to write them down onto the page. If it weren't for me, my owner wouldn't remember anything!

YUCK! I just got stuck up a first grader's NOSE! I hate it when that happens. I don't like to taste hair either. Paper is okay but it's not the best. I wish I tasted something good like, like sticky fingers. Sometimes I taste pencil shavings, and cold metal, AHH! It's the pencil sharpener! Get me out! Ahh. I like the smell of fresh, new lead, oh and wood. Yuck! I hate the smell of sweaty, dirty hands, and the backpack. I want fresh air, not closed in air. The binder is okay though, because I can still smell fresh air. Sometimes going down the hallway I can smell food!

I like to be able to see lightness. It is way better than the darkness. Sometimes I see the pencil sharpener waiting to chomp on me like my owner did the other day. Yes! Really, he tried to eat me! No joke! I like to see all the other people sitting at their desks, and I like to see the words I have written.