

'I've had a really great day today'

I've had a really great day today, I woke up at 9:30am on the dot, I put my dressing gown on and went downstairs to make a cup of tea. I added a teabag and poured the boiling water then BAM! I opened the fridge to find there was no milk.

To put a smile back on my face I decided to get ready and take my dog 'princess' for a walk. I jumped in the shower and shampooed my long brown hair. I got out the shower and began to dry my hair, just as I thought everything was going well my hairdryer buzzed and then stopped working! At this point my hair was still half wet. I was so angry I just want to go back to sleep and start the day over. However I was determined not to let this bad start to the day ruin the rest of it.

At around 10:45 I took my dog for a walk around the park, all was well until I stepped in some faeces that some ignorant person had left on the cobbled pathway. To top it all off I was wearing my new ugg boots!

After the stressful walk I decided to go home and make myself something to eat. I made my favourite, a bacon omelette. I sat down at the table and tasted it, instantly I realised that it was missing a pinch of pepper. I reached for the pepper, just when I thought my day was going smooth, the lid came off the pepper and spread all over my brunch. I was not in the mood to start over or scrape it off. I just put it to one side and left it there.

I was in desperate need of a cheer up! I just wanted the earth to eat me up and never throw me back up. I knew what I needed. Some retail therapy. I grabbed my bag keys and credit card, and drove over to Birmingham. I walked straight into French Connection and picked up the best dress in there. The most expensive too. I walked over to the till and quickly rammed my card into the machine, I entered my pin, my face dropped when the

machine read 'Card Rejected.' I wanted a black hole to appear and swallow me up to take me away from all the embarrassment.

I quickly ran out the Shop and got in my car. I got back on the dual carriageway heading home when the engine cut out. I pulled over and looked at the dashboard. I had run out of petrol. I wanted to cry I was having such a 'great day'!

I rang my dad and told him about the situation I was in he said not to worry, and he will be there as soon as possible. Two hours had past when I finally noticed him arrive. After all that had happened I couldn't find the energy to even ask what took him so long. I was just so worn out.

When we arrived home on my drive I felt so relieved that I started to cry. I thanked my dad for everything and walked up to the front door. I reached for my keys which were in my bag. They weren't there, I tipped my bag out and upside down, I was shaking it, thinking in my head I can't lose my keys! My heart sank when I realised I must of left them in French Connection when I ran out so quickly because of the shame.

So as you can see 'I've had a really 'great' day today!'