

Detention

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp and hadn't brought the monster to school, then maybe it would still be in its cage, out of harm's way.

Perhaps then maybe the teacher's lounge wouldn't have turned against me like the sunlight suddenly disappearing behind a cloud. Perhaps fate wouldn't have chosen me to venture to the zoo, unlock the cage and unleash the beast within the dreary walls. Its scaly complexion must have scared Scruttlescromp and forced her (because detention saves everything) to deliver me to the principal's office.

"Time to whisper your farewells, you nasty child," she hissed. I had no idea she knew what lurked behind the door. I was frightened, even though I tried not to show it, reluctant to give her any more ammunition. The slimy door swung open and I don't dare to look up until Scruttlescromp pushes me through the door. "Don't forget your detention," evilly grinned Scruttlescromp.