

Books or hooks

It was Friday morning. I woke up and went to school by bus. When I arrived I saw my bestfriend Emily. She was really smart and had brown eyes. Emily and her brother were into fishing. Every time she saw a fish she knew what kind it was. Together they were the fishing duo! I came to her and we did our secret handshake!

We were talking about our presentation we're working on. It's about „Guess what?'' Everything you need to know about fishing. Emily and I spoke about what fishing tools we can bring. I said I could bring fishing books and she said she could bring fishing hooks.

It was Covid-19 pandemic so every one had to wear masks. We barely understood each other. I heard that I have to bring fishing hooks, but that was wrong. I thought it was weird for the first time, but I didn't stress about it anymore.

After our lessons we went to our school canteen to buy lunch. The canteen was full of students and teachers, that we couldn't find a place to sit. Fortunately Emily's brother kept us two chairs. Afterwards we went to my place and started our presentation. We finished it about 9 pm. Emily went home so I had to tell my mom that I need fishing hooks. At first she thought I was crazy but then, I told her about our presentation to school.

On the Saturday morning we went to fishing shop to buy the materials.

The salesman sold us the cheapest hooks that they had. The weekend past by and it was again Monday. The day everyone hates, but for us it was our presenting day.

Emily and I met in front of school. We went together to our classroom and started to taking out the things we need. Emily noticed that I brought hooks. She started looking at me like I was a psychopath. She asked why did I brought hooks instead of books. I told her that I had to brought them, because she told me to. Everything was wrong our teacher Ms. Parker came to our classroom and the class started. We kinda improvised, but Ms. Parker very liked it. She gave us an A. I told Emily to never choose a presentation about fishing.

And this is where the story ends.