

"A Lesson Learned"
By Mackenzie King, 7th grade

I jumped off the school bus and bounded to my front door. My phone was against my ear, and I was talking to my mom. "Yes, the test was fine. I got a seventy-two," I said, rumbling in my backpack for the house key. I finally found it and unlocked the door. "Okay, Mom, I got to go. Bye," I said with sarcasm in my voice. I walked in the house and tossed my stuff across the floor. I ended the call and threw myself across the couch. "Ugh! What a long day!" I said to myself, opening up Instagram on my phone.

My mom walked in the door with a stern look on her face. "Have you done your homework yet?"

"Mom, I just got home," I replied, finishing up my text.

"If you call being home for two hours just getting home, then okay," she said sarcastically.

"What?" I gasped.

"It's 5:30, honey."

I just laid there open-mouthed. My mom sighed and began murmuring to herself like she usually does when she's stressed. After a minute or two she finally said, "Okay, just get started, and I'll make dinner."

"Okay," I said quietly, trying not to stress her out more than she already was. Mom walked into the kitchen and started again with her murmuring. I grabbed my science book out of my book bag and began studying. After about three minutes I heard a ding from my phone. "That's probably Jenna," I thought to myself. "I'll go check it quickly. Mom won't care."

"Dinner's ready!" called Mom from the kitchen.

"Already?" I thought, dropping my phone on the couch. I walked into the kitchen and sat at the table.

"So, how's studying going?" asked Mom, slapping a few pancakes on my plate.

"Good," I lied. "Have I really been on my phone that long?" I asked in my head, reading the clock. I quickly stuffed my face with pancakes and hurried back to the living room to study, but shortly after I found myself on my phone again.

The next day, in science class, I felt my phone buzz against my leg. My immediate response was to check it. I pulled my phone out and hid it under my desk. I saw a message from Jenna and immediately opened it up.

"Hey, just won two week-long passes to the fair. Are you in?"

"Yes!" I yelled in the middle of class.

"Anything you would like to share with us?" asked the teacher, walking over to me. I tried to shove my phone in my pocket, but it was too late. My phone was snatched out of my hands. "Great!" I thought, "Now I can't go to the fair!"

After a weekend of moping, I walked into school and saw Jenna waiting for me. "Why didn't you respond?" she asked.

"I got my phone taken away," I replied, hanging my head low.

"Well, you missed a lot of fun," she said. I just turned and walked to my first class.

It's been almost a month since I missed out on the fair, and I definitely do not use my phone in class anymore. In fact, I hardly use it at all anymore and now my grades are going up. I might have missed out on the fair, but I definitely have a lesson learned.