

The world of cars and motorcycles

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I woke up one morning. It was a very stormy morning. I looked outside because the rain did not look like normal rain. The rain was car oil. It was tarry and black, and the sky was yellow. The storm was strong, and the wind was howling. The lightning was shooting gasoline. The thunder sounded like car motors starting. I got so scared and I wondered what in the world was going on.

I ran into my mom's room and to my surprise she was a car. I asked her to take me to school and she said, "hop on my back." So off to school I went. When I pulled up to the school the teachers and the students looked funny to me. The teachers and all the adults were cars, and the kids were motorcycles. When I entered the school, the floors were asphalt pavement. There was a highway in the middle of the hallway. The stairs were mechanical lifts in a repair shop.

I headed to the cafeteria. The entrance to the cafeteria was a four way stop sign intersection. The police officer was a police car and he was standing there to make sure that all the motorcycles stopped. As I was waiting in line there was a big loud crash behind me. A motorcycle and car collided. The school nurse came, and she was an ambulance. Her siren was so loud everyone's head lights were flashing. The janitors were firetrucks and they had to use their hoses to clean up the oil spills.

I made my way into the cafeteria when I got inside there were lines of motorcycles in the food drive through. The food offered was tires, headlights, motorcycle seats, and handlebars. The milk was motor oil and water was gasoline. I got so grossed out that I felt like I was going to

throw up, so I headed to the bathroom. To my surprise the bathroom was a gas station and the toilets were gas pumps. The sinks were streetlights. I also noticed that the water fountains outside were streetlights as well.

The bell for first period rang, it was not any normal bell it was a loud car horn. I ran to 1st period which was gym class. We went outside to the football field and it was a race car track. The funny thing was that the PE teachers were 18 wheelers. They told us they wanted us to drive the track. I told them "I can't I am not a car or a motorcycle." They escorted me to the nurse. When I got there the nurse got scared, she started to take my temperature with a mechanical wrench. I began to run away wanting to call my mom. The nurse turned me around to the mirror on the wall. When I looked at myself, I was a motorcycle.

And then I woke up realizing that I was in a dream the whole time. I hope that the world never turns into cars and motorcycles.