

Personal Memoir

Have you ever got hit by a 5-pound dumbbell by your 5-year old sister when you were 10 years old? Have you ever punt your baby in to the pool? Well, that's what happened to me. I'll tell you why I got punt in the pool when I was 10 year old, and I will also tell you how I got hit by a 5-pound dumbbell by a 5-year old.

On one gloomy Sunday, when I was playing video games peacefully, my dad came in to my room and said, "your sister is born!" well, I was pretty exited about it first, but when she came in the house, I thought, *why is he so ugly?* And, *why does she smell like an rotten egg?* But here's another thing I noticed about her odor; I smell dirty diapers. I smell mischief. I smell... terror.

Well, I'm not exactly smelling terror and mischief and all that, and not that I can predict the future, or own a time machine, but I can see mischief in her eyes. So I told my parents that this useless baby is evil. And of course they didn't listen to me. Instead they said "you never saw her do anything, how do you know this sweeth*art is evil?" sweetheart. She's more like an SWEATheart, right me, wrong mom.

On one day that's not ordinary, I was playing games and suddenly I got an idea. Let's give her a strength test. I put a 5- pound dumbbell in front of her. She picked it up with no problem then dropped it on my foot. And when I told my mom the horrifying story, of course she said, "no way silly!" and that was the day I started calling her "a king-size zit on the forehead of life".

And then later that week I found out that my sister told my mom that "he pat a hevee circle on me foot!". And then that's how I got put in the pool in my jammies. But then I put a camera in a corner of her room. Then I did the test AGAIN. I made sure the camera was on, then sure enough, she dropped it on my foot then I told mom. of course she didn't believe me. Then I said: "then watch this video!" then I showed her it. Now she believed me. Then she put my deserving sister in to the pool. And she continued to bug me for the rest of my life. And my mom never believes me.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

THE LANDON BIO WAS SUPPOSED TO GO IN HERE, BUT WHEN WE GOT TO THE INTERVIEW PLACE, INSTEAD HIM SITTING IN A CHAIR, WHAT WE SAW WAS A BEANBAG WITH HIS FACE DRAWN ON IT. SO WHEN WE AENT TO HIS HOUSE AN LET OURSELF IN, WE HAD TO GO THROUGH A SERIES OF STUPID BOOBY TRAPS THAT WAS MOSTLY PIE-FLINGING CATUPLTS. IT WAS A REALLY BIG WATE OF A DAY. AND PIE.