

THE MISSING HOMEWORK

I did my homework. I really did! I put it right here in my backpack last night. I even checked twice because Mom said, "Don't forget your homework again." And I said, "I won't!" So technically, this is very strange.

Maybe it fell out in the car. Or maybe my little brother took it. He likes paper. Last week he made a hat out of my spelling test.

Wait...you don't think my dog ate it, do you? I know everyone says that, but Baxter actually eats everything. Socks. Crayons. Half a sandwich.

Okay, okay. I'll tell you the truth.

I left it on the kitchen table.

But I did it!

Can I get half credit for remembering where it is?