

I love it here, at Chuck E. Cheese's. Other boys and girls are playing games everywhere. I'm looking at all the games while she talks to the lady behind the tall table. Mommy puts her hand in her purse and then shakes hands with the lady really fast ' I guess they're friends. Through the screaming I hear a click click click from the lady behind the tall table, and then a clink clink clink. Shiny pieces sprinkle into the metal tray above me. I reach up but can't get close. I want those shiny pieces more than anything. I put them in the games and that's the only way I can play them. I can't push other boys and girls out of the way or use their shiny pieces. That's rude. I can only use five before pizza, and the pieces are called tokens. I love tokens. I feel the five tokens cold on my hot hand. The writing and mouse-face on it make the token bumpy and I love feeling it with my thumb while I wait for my games. Tokens are so round and pretty and shiny, no wonder they are the only way to play the games.

I run out of tokens fast, before I want to run out of tokens. That's it. I can't have anymore because we are going home now before it's too late. It's unfair! It's rude! Get more tokens for me! I want tokens and she won't give them! Back home I look all over. Maybe the way to get tokens is in the purse she reached in. I can only find not as shiny tokens and papers. It's boring without tokens so I rip the papers and clink clink the not as shiny tokens. In my room I think about what I did, like the games I played at Chuck E. Cheese's. I love Chuck E. Cheese's and I want to go back.

The movie sounds like it'll be okay. I have to go to it, there's going to be so many people. My friend's dad comes to pick me up with my friend so I ask Mom, 'Okay I'm going to go to the movies now.' She says have fun and I can't believe how forgetful she is. 'Give me ten dollars.' She makes it a big deal but I obviously need the ten dollars to see the movie and my friend's dad is waiting there. The movie is not that good, we all decide, and I want my money back.

This test is a bitch. Let's see, a deposit paid by a buyer to a seller to demonstrate intention to complete the purchase. After this it's work, and after work it's back to this. Too bad there's not enough time to re-think the Business and Finance Major, but I made my choice for now I had to deal with it. Driving to work is an adventure with the needle on E the entire way. I can't believe the gas prices we are being forced to pay. I can't stop for gas since I can't be late for work another day since if I do that, it's

possible I could be fired. I can't be fired since this is the best-paying job I've ever had. Credit card numbers zoom through my brain and I wonder ' how did my parents do it' Did that sign just list gas at two dollars a gallon' After work I have to buy gas, buy groceries ' well, find a sale for groceries. Shit!

I should never plan errands while driving. He is very nice about the accident but I would be too if I was rear-ended and didn't have to worry about my insurance going up yet again, as if the disadvantages of my demographic concerning insurance companies isn't enough. Where does the money come from' That sounds like a test question. This is life at its ugliest and the answer is work. I have to make it to work. The boss will understand. What great lines should I use to up my tips tonight' Ha, they don't teach that in the classroom do they' With all the loans I took out to pay for these classes, you'd think that they would. Who's the dumbass in office responsible for the economical status of today' I have to write a letter to that guy, because that test was a bitch.

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She finally visits with her daughter. My house is far away from everything, but the trees are gorgeous. I always wake up to patchy light on my floor, the leaves making new patterns every morning. Mornings are the best part of the day, and I get up early for the sunrise, to feel that shiny golden orb rise over me. It's small enough in the distance to where I can imagine reaching out my hand to hold it, but I never really want to. My granddaughter has her mother's eyes. I love shiny things.