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What A Bad Day (lol?)

1. First Name _____
2. Adjective _____
3. Animal _____

What A Bad Day (lol?)

The name's _____First name_____ but people just call me Matt. I'd like to share with you some info on a bad day of mine; It's a really important day for me, but turns out to take a turn on me. Drastically.

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It was a Friday morning right? Just like any other day I woke up _____Adjective_____. I got out of bed and stepped in some unexpected 'droppings'; laid down by my _____Animal_____ Charlie. I washed off my foot, and got dressed. I got my cereal out, and poured it in my small ebony bowl. I finished shortly, and went upstairs to my bathroom, where I took my shower. I figured out in my shower I had ran out of all of my regular shampoo. I looked for my conditioner. I saw it on the floor, and knew Charlie ate it. I just washed my hair, and got out. I stopped at my sink, and looked for my toothbrush. It was to my right, usually. It was in the toilet to my left. I picked the toothpaste up, and swooshed some in my mouth. I breezed downstairs, and ran outside into my SUV. It twisted the keys in the socket. The engine purred, and slowly let go of it's halfhearted growl. "Dang it!"; I said, as well as well as another cuss word I would not like to mention. I got out my bike after a few more tries. I hadn't taken my bike out for a spin for a while. Halfway to work, my front tire went flat. I carried my bike to my work. the reason I did this is because that was an expensive bike. I ran to my work with one thought, I need to work out more. I made it to my little cubicle in the office with a red face. Two people asked me if I had been drinking. Many more probably thought it. I started to log in when my computer had warned me of a virus warning. I logged

in very quickly, and put up my software again. But it was too late. The virus had eaten my computer. I cussed again silently to myself. I had backed up my computer a day before luckily. It was on a disc on my desk. I looked for it, and could not find it to save my life. I looked up frantically. Bob, from across the office had my disc in his hand. He held it up, and gave me a maniacal smile. I walked over to him in an adult-like manner. I tried to take it from him. He moved his hand from mine's reach. I kneed him in a very sensitive place. I asked him if he liked round things such as discs. He knew what I meant, so he agreed to not bother me anymore. Three hours later, my boss had called me into his office. I went in and guess who I saw? Bob. He had snitched on me. My boss has fired me that day. Before I left, I had punched Bob in the office, and made him feel like a jerk. I went to a bar, and vented to random people for an hour. I started chuckling for no reason every five minutes. I had ordered nine shots of whiskey, and fell over in my seat, nearly close to death from laughing, and the whiskey . The bartender called 911, and they came in a very loud sounding ambulance. I woke up in the hospital stretcher in the ambulance. I heard the loud noise again. I heard the loud noise again, and I covered my ears. I was woozy, drunk, and very sick. I fell asleep again. I woke up in the hospital. I saw many white curtains. I fell asleep shortly after a needle punctured my skin. I woke up again. This time I woke up at home. It was like 8:00. I went around my house. I saw Charlie eating something. I picked him up. I carried him over to my window. I chucked him out of the window, and he ran off after impact on the ground. I ran to Fort (something), I don't remember. I ran straight into the camp. I ran into a soldier. He dropped his gun, and I picked it up. I aimed it at my head. I moved my leg forward and tripped. The gun tilted forward. I pressed the trigger, and the gun recoiled. It hit my head. Turns out it was a Spas-12 combat shotgun. I woke up in another place. It was 9:30 at night. I woke up, and

saw bars. I was in jail. "Why am I in here?!?"; I yelled hoping for an answer. "You shot a soldier,"; an officer said. "I didn't mean to! I was trying to commit suicide!"; "Oh, that's different,"; He said. He said something in his radio. I remember many people coming and taking me in another car. I hit my head AGAIN, and hit my head. I was knocked out again. I woke up in a Psychiatric hospital. I was in a very boring room. It had nothing except food(terrible BTW). It turns out I said this story to my food. I am still drunk ;P. HOPE YOU LIKE THE STORY *WISDUMB* (No animals were hurt in the making of this story. This story if fiction. NOT-REAL.)

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