

## **Online Lessons** *by Alexandra in Year 7*

Click, clack, click, clack!

I carefully worded my polite email to Miss Plank (my friends and I call her Miss Crank):

Dear Miss Plank,

I left the lesson earlier because I was kicked out of the meeting by my classmates. My OneDrive is acting up so I can't complete the homework. Also, next week someone is coming to fix our WiFi so I can't access anything for 24 hours on the day of our lesson.

Apologies,  
Charlie

I leaned back with a content smile plastered on my face; my attention swerved to an echoing yell from downstairs. I tumbled downstairs and entered the room where the noise came from.

"There you are, Charlie!" Mom huffed. "I thought you'd died up there. You haven't been out of your room for over 15 hours!" Mom nagged. She put on some plastic airtight gloves and scrubbed down the mail.

"Mom, my stomach hurts," I whined.

"Well, if you weren't on that damn phone so much..."

The next day was always dreaded, yet it always comes way worse than you'd imagined. I made a hot chocolate and grabbed a pastry to eat in my room. Mom left to stock up supplies from the supermarket even though only two people can fit in our basement now as it's so full.

The penultimate lesson ticked slowly. As soon as the teacher started to explain the homework I hung up on the call. I then hung up on my FaceTime call with my friends and went to get a snack. Dad was cleaning his glasses after getting them fixed. He threw away the anti-bacterial wipe and tried to make some conversation.

"Have you got any homework?" he squeaked.

"Nah, my OneDrive isn't working. By the way can you get a guy to come look at our WiFi?" I added.

"Why, our WiFi's fine. The problem is that your dog sometimes chews the cables. Where is he anyway?" he asked curiously.

"Probably followed the mailman home again. Mom said you have to get a guy," I replied cautiously.

“Ok, if your mother calls tell her I’m in the shower,” he blurted out, mumbling the rest as his voice was out of reach. He tiptoed over to the big TV.

My bagel popped up and, just when I started buttering it, the lightbulb flickered out. After posting it on my Snapchat story and texting all my friends and updating my bio to ‘living in the dark,’ I texted Mom with a picture of the black room. She told me to fix it myself, so I told her, “I’m going on a walk.” It started to rain. Darn. I ended up telling her that lessons start in 5 mins.

I logged into Teams and then joined the Geography meeting that started twenty minutes ago.

“Is everything alright Charlie? You’re late!” Miss ‘Crank’ snapped.

“Did you not get my email Miss Cra- I mean Miss Plank?” I responded rapidly.

The lesson droned on like usual: people played music in their room but had their mics on, someone’s cat attacked them whilst they asked a question, people removed each other from meetings and the usual “My ipad glitched for a second can you please repeat the question?” or “My iPad has been downloading the new update and when I finally got on I thought it was Physics and I waited there for twenty minutes and I was really confused and I have no idea about what we’re doing.”

I heard the front door swing open.

“Charlie Raymond, get down here!” my mother roared.

“I’m in a lesson, Mom!” I shouted down.

“GET DOWN!” she growled, her big paws thudded into the kitchen.

I trudged down the creaky staircase and through the white arc-like doorway. I swayed past the otorhinolaryngologist awards my grandfather received. I plodded into the kitchen, my feet sticking and unsticking from the bare floor. Red faced and puffy, my mom’s fluffy mane stuck out angrily. Veins, jutted out of her head. She looked scarier than when she first gets out of bed. Through gritted teeth she muttered, “I just got an email from the school.”