

**Katy Mormino**  
**The Weekend**

(3<sup>rd</sup> Place, The Molloy Common Reading Program  
Inspired Works Contest)

I hate Fridays so much that sometimes I get cranky enough to throw things.

I don't know if everyone calls on me because they don't know.

I come to school in the same clothes every day; I just wear them in a different order.

I don't know if everyone calls me dirty because they don't know.

I eat free lunch every day, and I pile the food as high as they'll let me.

I don't know if everyone calls me fatso because they don't know.

I like my time at school most because things are always the same there.

I don't know if everyone calls me smarty-pants because they don't know.

I take my time in the bathroom, so I can wash myself the best I can.

I don't know if everyone calls me smelly because they don't know.

I try to do my homework at school because I don't have a computer to do it on.

I don't know if everyone calls me lazy because they don't know.

I get upset on Friday afternoon when we don't have time to get afternoon snack.

I don't know if everyone calls my whiney because they don't know.

I hope no one sees me sneaking off with the walkers after school.

I don't know if everyone calls me loner because they don't know.

Friday is a difficult day because a lot can happen in a weekend.

Friday, I think about how to arrange my outfit to be different for Monday.

Friday, I dream of my piles of food that I am leaving behind.

Friday, I think about stealing extra books to read even though it means I will have to carry them all weekend

Friday, I dream about restrooms as clean as the schools to wash in.  
Friday, I think about finding the closest public library to dry to do my  
homework online.  
Friday, I dream that it's Monday for school breakfast.  
Friday, I think about where I'm going to spend this weekend.

My teacher stops me as the other kids pass by to go to their  
Parent-filled homes.

I look up at her and she knows.

She thinks I'm a mean, dirty fatso – a whiney, lazy, smelly,  
smarty-pants loner.

I look down at my shoes, old and a little tight, scuffed from walking  
the streets all weekend.

She smiles at me and hugs me.

She knows I am not a mean, dirty fatso or a whiney, lazy, smelly,  
smarty-pants loner.

She knows I am just a kid like every other kid.

I look up at her and I know she knows I'm homeless.