

So, my little brother and I were walking around the neighborhood. We were talking about school and who was the nicest teacher and who was the meanest teacher. We went back home because we felt a weird feeling around the area.

As we sat down to eat, our parents reminded us to get good grades or we won't go to the circus that is coming in two weeks. Gorge asked me, "Hey brother, what if I'm not tall enough for the rides?"

And I replied, "You probably will be fine. Just wait. Everyone grows and you grew a lot since the last time we went to the circus."

So then the next morning came. We were all ready for the test of our lives. If we don't pass this test we wouldn't go to the circus and I wouldn't pass the grade. And that night I forgot to study because the only thing in my head was the circus.

The tests were passed out and I had my pencil ready to go. The test began. I was super stressed while my little brother was probably in class learning how to subtract. Lucky for us, the lunch bell rang right after the teacher started the test timer.

Instead of eating, I went to the bathroom to study.

Before I knew it, another bell rang. Well, it's time to go back to class and finish the test. Guess I'm not eating today.

Mr. Noodles says, "Everyone get back in test mode and do your best. You may begin."

It seemed like seconds later when Mr. Noodles announced, "Pencils down. Hands off your computers!"

Everybody puts their hands up. “Schools over everybody. Pack up and go home.”

I’m in a bad mood all the way home. I go straight to my room with my brother following, “What’s wrong?”

“I didn’t practice for the quiz and I’m scared that I didn’t pass.”

“You’ll be fine.”

The next day comes. Both of us are nervous to see if I passed.

We get to school to see the test results back. As I stand in line I’m thinking to myself, *I didn’t pass*.

The teacher says, “Armando, here’s your test.” I look at the test results and start crying. “Nooooooooo, please no!”

Everyone goes silent as I walk back to my seat sobbing.

I get on the bus and start getting really nervous about what to do. It is one week until the circus comes to town and I won’t be able to get on the rides.

Once dinner starts we all sit around the table and my dad says, “Armando, where are your test results.” Nervously, I take the test paper out of my pocket and hand it to my dad. My mom and him start looking at the grade. Their faces turn mad. “How did you get a 20% out of 100?” His dad says.

“Come on Armando, you are smarter than this.” his mom says.

I ran to my room all sad. My little brother runs right after me saying. “Don’t be sad. I’ll make sure to show you the picture of me having fun. I promise.”

I know he is trying to cheer me up so I tell him, "It's fine George. I'll be fine."

Two days later, George and I started walking around our neighborhood. We see the circus. Both of us are surprised why it was here so early. We start walking closer. George says, "Stop Armando. I'm scared."

"Come on, don't be a scaredy cat," says Armando.

They see that the door is wide open, no sign saying closed or saying open. They both just think they forgot to put the sign to open. They walk in and start getting on the rides having some fun and eating cotton candy. The two of us have an awesome time trying out all the rides. No one even asks us while we are there.

Before we know it, it is black outside. George and I decide to look for the exit and head home. I turn and ask my brother, "Don't you think it is odd that nobody is here except us?"

"Well yeah."

We finally got to the exit. The doors are locked. I'm not in the mood to jump over. Then we hear a noise: metal hitting each other.

We get scared and start running. Both of us slow and turn around. Something is catching up to us.

We turn back around and run right into something. It was a clown. My brother and I both scream, "What do you want?"

The clown says, "You came to my circus without asking. How rude don't you think."

"No, there was no sign," I say.

"That doesn't mean you can just walk in."

My brother and I both take off running, knowing we have to get away. We saw the reflection of an exit sign but we both saw the only way to it was through the mirror hall. George says, "I can't, I'm too scared."

"Come on, George it's the only way."