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Who is Tom?

As Tom ran up the steps, the tardy bell sounded its familiar chastisement. Its shrill sound reminded him of his mother's morning alert.

"Don't forget your spelling book," Mother had called out as Tom frantically looked for his jacket.

The sudden realization that his spelling book was still on the kitchen table slowed his steps to a deliberate stomp that kept time with the tardy bell.

You did it again. You did it again. His feet seemed to say.

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Who is Tom?

Tom hurried up the steps two at a time as the tardy bell sounded its familiar chastisement. Its shrill sound reminded him of his mother's morning alert.

"Don't forget your spelling book," Mother had called out as Tom frantically looked for his jacket. "It's on the kitchen table."

Mom had been bathing one of the twins that morning instead of waking him up. He couldn't wait until his baby brothers were older. It was bad enough that Dad had to leave for work before anyone woke up. Tom was now expected to act like he was in high school instead of third grade. It wasn't fair.

As the tardy bell continued to sound, the sudden realization that his spelling book was still on the kitchen table slowed his steps to a deliberate stomp that kept time with the bell.

You did it again. You did it again. His feet seemed to say.