

It was like any other Tuesday morning - the wind was blowing its cool, autumn breeze, and our front porch was coated with papery, amber leaves. Yet something about me felt wrong, and I couldn't quite place my finger on what it was. As I went downstairs to have breakfast, I just really felt like something was wrong. Really, really wrong. I just didn't know what it was! That's when I noticed something out of the corner of my eye move, just the slightest. Then, I stared at the shelf, suspecting that was what it was. Or maybe I was just going crazy. All that homework surely fuzzes your brain up.

As I turned back to eat my cereal, I couldn't help but think that I wasn't hallucinating. Something was definitely wrong, and I could feel it. I turned back and looked at the shelf, and that's when I watched my shadow start moving (in full daylight mind you!). My spoon clattered to the ground, cutting through the ominous silence. Then, I heard something, like a whisper.

"Don't worry"

Don't worry? Why would I worry? This day is just getting weirder and weirder.

I ran to the bus, just making it in time by the skin of my teeth. That's when I noticed something else. The sun was shining from the East, which means my shadow should be to my left, right? The thing is, it wasn't. I frantically looked around, searching under seats, bags, and even tapping on this one guy because I thought he was my shadow. I flopped down on a chair, giving up on the search for my shadow. What was the point anyways? It wasn't like I needed one...right?

Great. My shadow is still missing and I'm late for school, probably for the hundredth time this year. When I arrived, of course, I was met by the Deputy Principal for a pit-stop for being late (probably because it was for the hundredth time this year, as I said before). My luck. Then I started the walk of shame down the hall to the Principal's office. That was the last thing I needed.

I sat down in an elegant, velvet chair, and looked down, twiddling my thumbs. The Principal began to talk to me about the consequences of being late and he went on and on and on, and my mind began to drift. Suddenly, I saw something move behind him. I wanted to slap my forehead so badly. Obviously, my shadow decides it's the right time to show up and go crazy behind my Principal's back. No surprise there.

"Do you understand?" the principal's booming voice snapped me out of my thoughts.

"Err yes?" I replied, hesitantly.

"Mhmm, so what did I say?" he said passive-aggressively.

Our conversation went on for a long time, and at one point, I seemed to remember when my shadow said "Don't worry", so I didn't, and surprisingly, it didn't turn out as badly as I thought.

Apparently, my parents received an email saying that I had tested positive for a disorder called ADHD, which means I get distracted easily and can't focus well. The principal seemed to understand this, and moved me to a special class where I wouldn't get in trouble for being late and they would cater to my needs.

I was happy from then on, in my special class. A day later, I saw that my shadow was back in place, and I couldn't help wondering whether it was trying to tell me something. It has never gone rogue since then, and I was glad about that. My personal moral of the story, never judge something by the looks of it.