



What a Stressful Day

Phew! I didn't go to jail. What a scary and stressful night.

For those who don't know me, I'm called Ferd, "The Big Lover". I'm 2 years old and I like older girl. Yes! I'm able to write, I'm a prodigy, like Mr. Bean!

My story began last week, just before the evening. I talked with a girl on MSN and told her I was 21 years old. **Oh my gosh!** She believed me. She asked me if I could go to Quebec City, to meet her. I answered that I would be there the day after with my new car, a 69 Corvette, tuned-up, with 540 horse-powers.

I hope you guessed that I don't have a car like that, I'm too young and I can't drive alone.

However, my father had exactly that kind of car. **Yippy!**

Suddenly, my mother came in my bedroom, took me in her arms, and brought me downstairs. Sat in my highchair, I asked my father if he wanted to lend me his Corvette. (There's one thing I didn't tell you. I'm able to write, but I can't talk yet). So, my father didn't understand my request. **Darn it!**

I jumped out of my chair and I crept to his car. I was determined. I wanted to see that girl. I started the Corvette and I left home at 200 km/h. **Ooops!** Mommy screamed like never before.

Like if it wasn't enough, a policeman saw me driving too fast, and decided to follow me. I tried to escape. I took my father's cell phone and e-mailed a "texto" to the girl I was supposed to meet. **Bang!** The policeman hit my father's car...

Just before the Corvette crashed, I teleported myself in my bedroom. (For your information, I'm a prodigy. I can do all I want).

I'm now under my bed since last week. My parents are really sad, because they don't know I came back home.

Please, help me! Could you do something for me? Should I call the police? No... they will arrest me. **\$%&?!/**