

LIAM'S FAMILY PT 2

"Oh no..." Liam shook with fear. It was almost time for the test. "Agghhh..." He whined. This was going to be terrible. Suddenly, a tall boy was standing behind him. "Well, lookie here! It seems Liam didn't study for our little *test*," The boy mocked. Liam turned around and snapped, "Leave me alone, Michel. What do you think you are, some kind of *smart guy*?" Michel took a step back. Suddenly all the girls were looking at Liam. Even the cute ones. "*Whatever*. All of us know that your parents start trashing you when you fail a test, you clown," Michel seethed. Liam smirked, "I know what you are, but what am I?" He turned back in his chair and put his hands behind his back, looking cool and laid back. The girls giggled. Michel turned bright red.

Michel grabbed Liam by the collar of his shirt. It wasn't intimidating really, since Liam was the tallest in the class and his legs still touched the ground when Michel grabbed him. But he was definitely making his mark. "I swear, Liam. I'll make SURE you fail this class. No matter how much it takes!" Michel shouted, and threw him into his chair. Again, not much of a difference. Liam smirked again, sat upright, and said plainly, "I think you're the least of a competition I have ever seen, Michel. Because last time I checked, your grade was lower than your self-esteem." Everyone in the class began to laugh. Michel turned purple, and sat down in his chair. *Let the games begin*, Liam thought to himself, feeling more confident about the test.