

Dear Enemy,

Each day is depressing now that you have come,

With fall and the bitter breeze

How I despise you.

You are impossible to figure out and get along with each and every time,

Not only to me but to the rest of the people you interact with.

My hatred grows each time we meet,

The time crawls by when we are together.

It's like being I'm being stabbed to death while in your presence.

I wish for you to soon be extinct

For even Mr. Moloughney said, you are useless.

Failing gets old after a while.

Hopefully we will get along some time.

Farewell Geometry, until we meet again (last period).

— Kathleen C., 9<sup>th</sup> Grade