**Udder Disappointment**

*“Only one more day!*” I quietly exclaimed to myself as I emerged from my burrow of soft blankets. I excitedly sprung out of my bed and skipped over to my white desk covered in a mess of colored pencils. Delicately, I placed my elbows down on the desk and peeked out of my cracked frosty window to watch the fresh snow fall onto the ground. The morning felt like Christmas eve since there was only one more day until I could get my dream pet. I endearingly watched my soon-to-be pet goat’s house with a little red door glisten under the colorful rays of light. I was so excited, but there was one thing on my mind; I still hadn’t received my confirmation email that would ensure that I could bring my new pet home. Impatiently, I opened my computer to scroll through the short list of new emails, yet none of them were what I was looking for. I glanced at my graphite black alarm clock that unpleasantly showed me I had just ten minutes to get ready for school. I dashed all around my room in order to get to ready on time.

Both of my feet sunk into the deep snow with each long stride and coming in my sight was the illuminated Mountain Middle School. I could hear a teacher's obstructed voice starting to take role, warning me I had just seconds before I’d be marked late. Trudging up the four stairs and bursting through the heavy glass door, I was welcomed with the aroma of fresh paint that lingered amongst the building. With only seconds to spare, I stealthily ran down the short hallway and sat in my chilled seat at the back on the cramped classroom. Although I loved my morning classes, all I could do was daydream about my sweet baby goat I was going to get in only a day. The image of me running my fingers through her plush chestnut brown coat constantly danced around my head. I could feel her warm presence in my arms; It was like she was there with me. Unfortunately, my imagination got the best of me and before I knew it, lunch had already arrived. Sitting down at the dark brown table I swung out my netbook and briskly checked my email, but I still hadn’t received my confirmation email. I disappointedly shut my computer and stomped over to my next class, Digital Media.

Arriving at the shaggy carpeted stage where the Digital Media class took place, I plopped into a cold backless seat and cleared a space for my netbook next to a large mac. The teacher promptly sat in the front of the class with his glasses and monotone voice and bluntly directed us to follow along with his presentation on our microscopic screens. After 5 minutes, I was bored with looking at the gray flat slides, but I had a plan. Sneakily, I opened my personal email and position myself so nobody could see my screen and an abrupt flood of excitement came in me; I finally received my email. Eagerly, I read the first line ,“I am sorry, but your goat has died.” Over and over I read this sentence, refusing to believe it was true. After the sixth time reading those dreadful words, my eyes swelled with tears. Trying to conceal my emotions, I gradually slumped over to the bathroom. It was at that moment I experienced disappointment to such an extreme I didn’t know how to feel. I sat onto the cool tile floor and absentmindedly stared at the bare white bathroom wall across from me until school let out.

         When I finally got home, I immediately ran to my room, slammed the door, and flopped at my desk, landing on the heap of colored pencils. I spent hours fixed on the shadowed little house that was going to be my goat’s home, but now it was just a building with a little red door. Then a whirlwind of emotions suddenly came through me; Reality finally set in. An uncontrollable stream of tears rolled down my rosy cheeks, drenching my desk. My world crumbled around me; my heart was broken. All I wanted was my goat. One day seemed so long just hours before, but that day turned into never. Slowly, the pain, despair, and anger faded away and all I was left with was utter disappointment. After hours of contemplation, I became accepting of the situation since no matter how long I cried I would never get my beautiful baby goat.