

The Mess Zone



Tess stood at her bedroom door, afraid to open it. She knew what waited inside. Her mom called it the mess zone. And she was right. Tess had claimed that she had cleaned up last weekend. And the weekend before that. She'd have to confess to her mom that she'd lied. Now her friends were coming over in an hour, and the stress was making her heart race.

She took a deep breath and stepped inside. Distress washed over her like a tsunami.

Jeans, t-shirts, and paper covered every inch of the floor like a thick quilt. Her best blue dress hung out of a chest of drawers. Notes, snacks, and pens had spilled out of her backpack. Books were in tall piles that looked ready to topple.

Time to dig herself out of this mess. She'd need to be quick about it too. Maybe if she could pick through the mess fast enough, her friends would have a place to sit. It seemed almost impossible, but finding space for them meant success. She wanted to impress her friends, and not have them call her "Tess the Queen of Mess." The gossip would spread through school like wildfire.

The real shocker? Tess actually knew where everything was in this chaotic mess. Well, she did possess enough skill to guess where most things were, anyway.