

Four people met randomly one day and started talking about how difficult their lives were with each other. Here is what they said during the conversation.

Bill: My life has been really tough growing up.

Everyone: Yup, I've had it tough too.

Bill: Really? Well, we used to have to get up out of the shoebox at 12 o'clock at night, and lick the road clean with our tongues. We had half a handful of freezing cold gravel, worked 24 hours a day at the mill for four pennies every six years, and when we got home, our Dad would slice us in two with a shout to go to bed.

Jada: Oh yeah, well you were lucky. We lived for three months in a brown paper bag in a septic tank. We used to have to get up at six o'clock in the morning, clean the bag, eat a crust of stale bread, go to work down the river for 14 hours a day week in, an week out. When we got home, our Dad would literally golf us to sleep!

Eric - That's nothing! I had to get up in the morning at 10 o'clock at night, half an hour before I went to bed, eat a lump of cold poison, work 29 hours a day down in the mill, and pay the mill owner for permission to come to work, and when we got home, our Dad would keep the house so cold that our words froze solid in the air as soon as we spoke them out of our mouths!

Beth - Man, you guys whine more than a new born baby that hasn't had a meal in over a month.

Rachel likes talking with everybody she sees. When she goes to the store she'll talk with the cashier, the owner, and anyone that walks down the aisle. Rachel's mother is concerned about this and expresses how she feels to Rachel's father. Rachel's dad has a talk with her about why young kids should never talk to strangers. He paints a terrible picture to her. Rachel begins to view all strangers as evil until her mother brings some common sense to the problem.

Write a story, using hyperbole, using the information you've been given.