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George Washington's Meal

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

“So,” I ask Washington, “you enjoying your meal?”

“Yeah,” he answers, “this chicken with barbecue sauce tastes so delicious.”

Then I ask him, “How’s the American Revolution?”

That’s when he starts feeling low. I can tell he doesn’t like that question. Eating his chicken, he doesn’t look so happy anymore.

“Not so good,” he answers. “Paul Revere got captured right after his midnight ride and was taken to jail. He was wearing the American soldier uniform.”

“I also sent William Knox and his brother to get me some cannons from a small militia group at Fort Ticonderoga, but I haven’t heard anything from them. And I just lost a small army of men in Boston. It was a pretty bad defeat, but hey, I’m still here and that kind of cheers me up! Since you asked me that horrible question, the chicken hasn’t tasted so good,”

he says.

“Sorry,” I responded, surprised. “I didn’t know you had so many worries. I’m just going to let you finish your meal ...”