

99 WRITING

The Worst Day Ever!

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

Once upon a time, I was at my school waiting for my mom to come pick me up. My mom came, and she took me and my brother, Zayn, to our house.

When we opened the door, I told Zayn, “Why don’t we do a race from the door up to the refrigerator?”

Zayn won and, when he opened the fridge, Zayn and I were upset because there was no food in the refrigerator.

When my mom saw the fridge, she said, “Okay, there’s no food. Let’s go to Olive Garden. But first fix your room because your room is dirty.”

We cleaned our room and, when we were done, my mom said, “Okay, if you’re done, go change so we can go to Olive Garden.”

We changed. My mom said, “Come on. Let’s go, because Olive Garden is almost an hour from here. Come on, hurry up.”

We went outside, got in the car, and left. When we

left, we were starving.

My mom said, “OMG,” because the car was throwing smoke, then it stopped. We were stuck for almost an hour. My mom got out of the car.

She said, “So now how are we going to get to Olive Garden? All of us are starving right now.” The reason that the car was throwing smoke was because a wire ripped.

She said, “Ooh, I have a wonderful idea! Come on, guys, look for something to fix the wire that ripped.”

Zayn and I went to find a thing to cover the rip. My mom asked us, “Did you find anything yet?”

Zayn said, “Yes, I did.”

My mom told him to give it to her so she could cover the wire and we could go to the mechanic. She put it on and it worked, so we went.

When we got there, my mom gave our car to the mechanic. Twenty minutes later, he gave our car back, and we gave him the money.

Mom started driving and my brother started to sing. I told him to stop singing, and he didn't, so he started fighting with me.

My mom said, “Stop fighting.”

Zayn was like, “It was Ruthie that started it.”

But I was like, “Mom, he is lying. Of course it wasn’t me.”

She said, “Stop it, or you guys are going to get bad consequences. Now, can you be quiet. Please, be quiet, guys.” Then she said, “We are going to pick up your cousin, okay?”

A big storm came up, and it was raining hard. My mom said, “Did you bring an umbrella so we can get out and get your cousin?”

When we got to my cousin’s house, we called him to come outside so we could go to Olive Garden. When he came out, I was like, “Thank god my cousin is here because now my brother can stop bothering me. He never stops bothering me.”

We got to Olive Garden and parked the car, then we went inside. We waited until they gave us a table; we waited a long time. Then they called us, so we went to the table. When a server asked us what we wanted to order, we told him.

He said, “The food is coming up in just twenty minutes.”

We waited, and I was playing on my phone for those twenty minutes until the food

came. It was fun until my phone died, and I was so angry.

The food came, and I was happy because I was starving. We ate. When we were done, we paid for our food. We left our cousin at his house, then we went home.

Mom told us, “When we get home you have to brush your teeth and then go to bed, because it is already midnight. Tomorrow is a school day.”

When it was seven-thirty we woke up and got dressed, and then we went to school.

When I went inside, we did morning meeting, and Ms. T asked me what we did on Sunday. I told her what happened when we went to Olive Garden, and she was so surprised. I was nervous to say it because it was a long way to Olive Garden.

Ms. T said, “How did you feel?”

When we were going to specials I was running, and I broke the rules of the school. I told the teacher, “I’m sorry, Ms. T.”

I felt ashamed of myself, so I told Ms. T, “I will never do it again.”

It’s just that I still can’t forget the bad day I had yesterday. I’m having a lot of trouble listening to the rules, and I just realized that I have to take a deep breath in to calm myself down.

The End!