

99 WRITING

My Father's Surprise

by Emmanuel, 826DC

TYPE
NARRATIVE

One morning, I heard a motorcycle turn on and a rooster singing so that everybody could wake up. I jumped out of my bed because I'm a light sleeper, and I did my morning routine. My room was so clean that I didn't need to worry about it. So I brushed my teeth, took a shower, and changed my clothes.

When I went outside, it was so hot that an ice cream would melt in ten seconds. I overheard my parents and aunt whispering. I felt left out because they always tell me where they are going, or what they are planning. At the same time, I thought it wasn't important, so I went to feed the chicken and rooster to entertain myself.

Two hours later, my dad and my aunt's husband left and didn't say where they were going. I started to get worried like a parent looking for his lost child. I couldn't stop thinking about where they were. I ate to distract myself. I was in the middle of the stairs when I thought, "What if something happened to them?"

What if they got lost?” I blinked twice, and the bad thinking went away.

I saw my mom and aunt cooking, and I asked, “Can I eat some?”

“Sure,” said my mom.

While I was eating, my mom and aunt went downstairs. At first it was silent but, five minutes later, I heard people laughing. My older brother came running and told me, “Come downstairs fast as a jaguar.”

As I was going downstairs, I saw that my dad’s eyes were watery, and I asked him, “What happened?”

“Nothing, I’m just happy,” he told me and pointed to a young man.

I looked at the young man’s face. When I saw his face clearly, I remembered something. Two weeks before I went to El Salvador, my parents showed me a picture of him and told me he was my older stepbrother. I was so happy that I wanted to cry for joy, but I was strong. It was my first time meeting him. I hugged him. I told him a lot of things, but the best thing I told him was, “We finally see each other, brother.”