

TOASTER

"I'm hungry," my brother yelled.

"Get something to eat... You're so stupid, Nick," I gave him ~~advise~~ advise.

"I know, I haven't eaten ~~breakfast~~ breakfast yet. I guess I'll have some toast," Nick babbled to me, as he pulled the refrigerator open, and took out the bread. I was sitting in the kitchen, on Instant Messenger, on the computer.

Nick shoved 2 slices of bread into the old toaster. I guess he thought I was watching it, so he ran upstairs. The toast began to warm up, little by little.

I heard Nick coming down the stairs, hustling. He made his way into the kitchen, and then was taken aback by the sight.

"EMI!" He screamed in my ear.

"What?" I was confused, "What did I do?"

My question was answered, as I turned to look at where Nick was pointing - the toaster. It was up in great, blazing flames. I felt the heat.

"What should I do, Nick?"

He shrugged, and ran upstairs, leaving me biting my lip.

I filled a cup with tap water, and from a distance, I threw it on

the toaster. Just as the water hit the toaster, I remembered THE TOASTER WASNT UNPLUGGED! I shuddered as glass was shattering everywhere in the kitchen. But, there was still fire. I threw some water on again. This time I moved. The toaster basically exploded. I was safe, but we had a broken toaster, and no breakfast for Nick, unless he liked black toast. The fire died down, a couple seconds after.

I scrambled up the stairs to my parents' room.

"Nick why'd you leave me?" I kicked him. There was no comment from him.

My mom ~~she~~ looked at me curiously. I recited the whole story. She just stared at me.

"You could've been electricuted!" She placed her hands on her hips.

"Our house could've been burned down!" I placed my hands on my hips. She hugged me.

~~Downstairs~~ Downstairs, my dad had picked up all the pieces of the toaster, and looked up at me.

"I could fix this toaster up!" He told me, excitedly.

I rolled my eyes and said, "no!"

Goosebumps

I had up my knee length nightgown.
My mom held up my fleece ankle length PJ's.
"Why should I wear those?" I said.
I wondered why she wanted me to wear fleece on a warm summer night in Montana.
"It gets very cold in the night!" my mom said with a serious look on her face. She looked right back at me for a moment there was silence.
Then she let out a long sigh. I could tell I had won because she was putting away the PJ's.
"A" I said on my nightgown. I could feel my mom herding me to my bed. I stopped and climbed in. I pulled up my light sheets. My mom opened her mouth and said "Put your wool cover over you, I'm serious!" I gave her a look. She let out a sigh. She hugged me and whispered in my ear, "Good night."
I woke up with a tingle. I sat up in my bed. I looked at the clock, only ten minutes went by. I looked at my arms they were covered in goosebumps, so were my legs. It felt like it had dropped thirty degrees. I bent down and grabbed the wool blanket and pulled it over me with a sigh of relief.

As I got comfy my mind
sawed. I thought about all the times
my mom had been right, like the
time my mom told me pack extra
snack, I didn't and got hungry. Or
the time I didn't wear rain boots
when my mom told me and got
cold. Then the time my mom told
me to put on sunblock, I didn't
and got a really bad sunburn.
But out of all my thoughts I wondered
why I acted like that? Was I cranky
or mad? But before I could think
my eyes got heavy and started
to close, before I knew it everything
was black and then gone.