

Friendship

“Wake up,” my mom called. “Today is the first day back to school from winter break. Breakfast is on the table.” Slowly I sat up. Then I remembered today I would see Taylor. I tore off the covers and put my feet on the floor.

“Oh, that’s cold!” I shrieked. I walked over to my closet and shuffled through some clothes. I ended up picking a grey sweater that said LOVE and a pair of jeans. I headed downstairs and took my seat at the table. I quickly ate my fried egg and three sausages and hurried to the hall closet. I zipped my coat, tied my shoes, and slung my bag over my shoulder. In a few minutes I heard the bus pull up.

“Bye Mom, bye Sis,” I called from the front door and stepped outside. It was freezing! I am really cold I thought to myself as I got on the bus and slid into my seat.

“I missed you so much!” I said to my friend.

“I missed you, too, Sammy!” she replied as she gave me a bear hug. Finally Taylor and I made it through the halls and into our first class. The rest of school went pretty well. As I went back into the hall after my last class, Taylor asked me if I wanted to go to her house for a sleepover. I answered with a definite yes.

“Great! Come over at 6:00 and we’ll have dinner.”

“See you then!” I said as I waved.

“Hey, Mom,” I called when I got home. “Can I go over to Taylor’s for a sleepover tonight?”

“Okay. When will you need to be there?” Mom asked.

“She said dinner is at 6:00,” I replied. “Thanks Mom!”

“Go get a bag ready. And make sure all of your homework is done.”

“Okay,” I agreed and ran upstairs. I plopped down on my bed and unzipped my book bag. By 5:30 I was finally done with my homework. Just then I heard a knock on my door. “Come in,” I called. My seven year old sister came in and sat on my floor.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I am packing for my sleepover,” I answered. “You should see if Mom needs help with dinner.”

“Okay,” she replied and headed to the kitchen. In minutes I was packed and down by the front door. In five minutes my dad was home.

“It’s cold out there!” he remarked.

“Dad, I love you,” I said as I gave him a hug.

“Honey, will you take Sammy to Taylor’s for a sleepover?” Mom asked him.

“Sure,” Dad answered. I grabbed my bag, hugged Mom and Sis, and headed towards the car. Soon we stopped in front of Taylor’s house. I grabbed my things and said goodbye to Dad.

When I got to the front door, Taylor was there waiting for me so I didn’t have to knock. We put my things in her room and went to dinner. We quickly ate our hot dogs and headed back to her room.

“We have a lot of games you can pick from,” she informed me.

“How about Uno?” I decided. After playing for a while, Taylor said,

“Sammy, I have something to show you!”

“Okay, great,” I replied. She brought me to their back room and there sat a cage, an empty cage. To Taylor’s dismay, whatever was supposed to be in there was not.

“Oh no!” Taylor squealed. “My hamster got out! Let’s go tell Dad.” Taylor explained to her

father what happened. He asked her a few questions and we decided to look in the back room for the hamster. We looked for a while and then suddenly heard a high pitched scream. Then everything went black.

“What happened?” Taylor asked her father.

“The pow-“ he began but was stopped because the box he was looking in fell with him in it.

“Are you okay?” Taylor asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “As I started to say, the power went out probably because of the storm.”

Finally we were all in the living room and sitting in front of the fire. We covered in warm blankets as we drank our hot chocolate.

“Mom,” Taylor began, “why did you scream?”

“Because some furry thing ran in front of me!”

“Oh, my hamster!” exclaimed Taylor. This was one of the best days of my life I thought to myself. Taylor’s family is just like my own family. That is how all of our friendships should be. We shouldn’t just be friends when it is convenient. We should go out of our way to make others feel special, because people are what matter the most.