

A Magical Beginning Of Summer

By Amelia Sharker

“It is the first day of summer”, I said to myself. I can relax without having to worry about projects or assignments. My phone said it was 9 o'clock. Now I can't get back to sleep so I limped out of bed and walked downstairs as the damp aroma of cold eggs and bacon filled my nose. My mom always wakes up early. In fact, every member of my family is an early bird. This means that my breakfast always had to be warmed up. I shoved my plate into the microwave and warmed up my food. My mom came to me and said “happy first day of summer”, then hugged me. I pulled away immediately, not liking how my mom suffocates me each time she hugs me. I'm turning 13 soon. My mom used to tell me how, when you get close to being a teenager, you start to separate from your parents. She made me promise to her and dad that we would never separate. It was a lie. My parents separated a year ago. They didn't get divorced. It's just my dad got a really good job opportunity in Chicago but my mom's job was in Pittsburgh. So now I come to my dad's in the summer and fall and my mom's in winter and spring.

Today is the day I go to my dad's house. Since my little brother didn't go to school, same with my newborn baby sister, they got to go to my dad's house 2 weeks early. I heard the door open and I slurped down my eggs and headed out the back door. The drive to my dad's house took 6 hours and 58 minutes to get there. This meant that I had to stop at my Aunt Earin's house halfway through the drive and she would drive me the rest of the way. Let me tell you about my aunt, she's crazy! She would always think

life was a fairytale and anything could happen, but like I found out when I was 7, there was more to life than just happiness. The main problem in life is money. Money was made so that there wasn't enough for everyone. So that the people who worked hard would get more money than people who worked less. My mom had a big house and lots of money but when my dad moved, he had nothing but a bit of money, enough to buy an apartment. Even though my dad didn't have a lot of money, when he first moved to Chicago, he had saved a lot of money so every time I visited him, we had the best times going to the movies, go karting and many more adventures.

We arrived at my aunt's mansion. My aunt is very rich, mostly because she directed a TV show. I walked into her house and ran up the stairs to the 4th floor where my room was. The rest of the rooms up on the 4th floor were either locked or I never looked inside. My room in my aunt's house is simple. I had it painted teal and I had my full size bed with blue covers and a small drawer with a few different books I could read, while I was waiting to go to my dad's. I fell on my bed and I started reading my favorite book "A Whale Of The Wild", by my favorite author Rosanne Parry. After about 3 chapters, I smelled the mix of whale blubber and rotten jackfruit. Now I knew that my aunt was cooking. It's too late to jump out of a window, so I walked downstairs, hoping that I can feed my food to my aunt's dog "Brian". Aunt Earin told me Brian was at the vet, so I asked politely to go eat on the 4th floor. I raced to the elevator and when I reached the 4th floor, I went into the nearest unlocked door and shut the door behind me. I looked at the scenery of the room. There was a big sign in the room that said

“Grandma’s old stuff”. If I was in my Aunt’s house, that meant this was my great grandma’s stuff.

I started looking through some boxes that were mostly full of old clothes and dead plants. In one of the boxes, I found a news article about my great grandmother and how she died. It said she was accused of being a witch, so she was killed by a guillotine. Her last words were: “Only my descendants can create magic by wishing”. If this was my great grandma, then maybe I could try wishing, since I was her decedent. I looked at my aunt’s food and said, “I wish for lasagna”. Before I could blink, I saw a tasty lasagna on my plate; but before I could scream, I saw my aunt standing there without any shock on her face. “You weren’t supposed to know about our family secret until you were exactly 13”, she said frustrated. I don’t know why my aunt or anyone in my whole family would keep this whole “Me being magic thing” hidden. I snapped at her, “Why would you keep this secret from me and who else knows about this”! My aunt had beads of sweat trickling down her forehead. She said: “I’ll explain. When your great grandmother turned 13, she found out how to make a potion so that when she drank it, she would become magic and could help her poor family. One day she was caught, but her legacy has traveled to every girl in our family. You must keep this hidden from anyone. The only people you can tell are your family. This is your purpose. You must help the world using your magic.” This was a magical way to start the beginning of summer.

The End?