

Strawberry Shortcake

I sat on my bed, sulking. "My parents are so mean," I thought. "How could they do this to me?" Just because I had gotten an F in every class on my report card, I was pulled out of gymnastics lessons and marching band, and I had no social life. It wasn't fair! I was grounded to my room until I got it clean. I couldn't even come out to have dinner. It looked like a tornado had struck at a first glance at my room. That didn't bother me, though. Normally I liked a clean room, but when my mom told me she wanted it clean, I immediately messed it up, just to make her mad. It hadn't really worked though, because she didn't seem mad, and I had only gotten myself in more trouble. I had decided that during the two months I was grounded, I would teach my parents a lesson. "They can't treat me like this and expect me to be a sweet, docile daughter," I thought.

Then somewhere in my mind, a spark exploded. I had a plan.

The next morning, I was still allowed to have breakfast, even with my room messy, so I hurried downstairs and ate. When I 'accidentally' back talked to my mom, I was left to do all the breakfast dishes. I zoomed through all the rest of my chores so my plan would not be further delayed. Before going back to the endless mess of my bedroom, I quickly emptied out the pantry of anything I thought looked yummy. I didn't know how long it would be until I succumbed to mom pressure. Then I made a detour to the bathroom for some shaving cream. "This will come in very handy for tonight," I thought. "Because tonight, dad's boss is coming for dinner and we're having strawberry shortcake."

The next twenty minutes I spent stuffing all my junk into the closet or under my bed. Then I went to my mom and told her I was sorry for my grades. "I promise I'll try harder," I said tearfully (I had actually rubbed raw onions in my eyes). "Next quarter I'll have straight A's again," I sniffed. "I'm sure you will, honey," she said and patted me on the cheek. "Mom," I said quickly, "To show you how sorry I am for disrespecting you, can I make the strawberry shortcake for tonight?" I asked. My mom looked at me lovingly, "That would be great, sweetie," she replied, hugging me. "Just remember to follow the recipe!" she added. Crossing my fingers behind my back, and looking squarely at my mom's eyes I answered in a voice like honey, "I sure will, mom. I will follow that recipe."

It turned out that I didn't need all the loot I had stolen from the pantry earlier that morning, because I wasn't grounded anymore. When my dad came home from work, he poked his head in my room. When he saw the floor clean,

he set me free, and told me he had always known I would eventually return to my happy self. I felt so guilty that I almost decided to call off my plan. But then I thought of the gymnastics meet in two days that I would be missing, and my rebellious spirit fired up in me.

I hurried to the kitchen and pulled out the recipe book and found the page I was looking for. It said: "The little delicious strawberry shortcake for young and old."

"What a long title," I thought. I began to cook. But I substituted a lot of ingredients to make my own special version. I substituted shaving cream for whipped cream, salt for sugar, benecol for butter, curdled milk instead of buttermilk, the eggs were rotten, and I dumped in laundry soap in lieu of baking soda and baking powder. Basically the only thing I left according to the recipe were the strawberries. I really enjoyed myself baking the cake. Pretty soon, dessert was served.

The whole entire evening was a complete fiasco. No, worse. My whole family was mad at me for ruining the dessert that they had been looking forward to, my mom was horrified at what people might think of her cooking now, and my dad's face had actually turned purple with humiliation and shame. Worst of all, dad's boss had gone off in a huff.

I felt really bad about what I had done and I apologized immediately, this time for real. I was grounded for an additional five months, and I realized that it wasn't really worth it having bad grades, so I tried really hard in school and brought up my grades. I did keep the recipe in the back of my head, though, because April fool's day was coming up.

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