Melissa Riley

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ENGL 1101

Workshop Writing 1

A Day at the Park

I saw my older sister jump. I wanted to jump off the swing too. I wanted to play with my sister but she didn't want to play with me. My mom watched us romp in the summer sun from a bench under a tree. There are other kids here too but I didn't know them.

Kind of like my first day of kindergarten, when I didn't know anybody. Now I have one friend at kindergarten, his name is Scott. We like to play in the sandbox with trucks. I always come home with sand in my clothes that my mom has to clean up.

For now, I will just play by myself. My sister is having a picnic with her dolls; I'm going to hunt dinosaurs. I climb up the stairs on the playground and run across the bridge, careful not to fall because of the hot lava underneath. I need to get to the highest point on my castle so I can see if any dinosaurs are in sight. There might be one coming up right behind mom!

She'll be okay; she is the strongest person I know, besides Dad of course. He is at work right now but when he comes home I hope we play together; he can teach me wrestling moves. But no matter how many moves he teaches me, he always wins. Or we could play basketball in my driveway. Santa brought me a hoop last Christmas and it was the best gift ever. My dad and I also like to play with my remote control cars. We race them in circles around the house.

Now, all the fun has to come to an end. With hours of sunlight still left in the day, my mom needs to go cook dinner. "C'mon kids, I need to get home. We can come back later" shouted mom. Her dark, wavy hair was blowing in the light breeze and the suns' rays bounced off her olive skin. I am a reflection of her.

"I'm not done yet, Mom!" I called back, temporarily breaking my focus from dinosaur hunting.

In the end, mom won this battle, like she always does. I’m excited to be an adult because then I won’t have to listen to my mom everyday. But I also like being able to play because mom has to cook us food and clean and she works, so she doesn’t get to play a lot.

I jumped down from the play set and started walking to the street that would lead to my house. My sister caught up within a few seconds and I knew mom would be right behind us. We walked by Ms. Paula’s house. Ms. Paula likes to bake cookies and she always brings them to us. I don’t know why she does that but I think it’s very nice and her cookies are really good. She lives two doors down from my house. When we reached our front yard I sprinted across the fresh cut green grass to pick up the basketball I left outside yesterday.

"Mom, while you get dinner ready, can I stay outside and play basketball?"

"Sure, dinner will be ready in 45 minutes" my mom tells me as she walks in the door with my sister on her heels.

I liked practicing shooting. Sometimes I stood right in front of the basket, but sometimes I went to other places. One time I tried to make a basket from across the street, but my arms aren’t strong enough to throw it that far yet. It had only been five minutes when a posse of guys I knew from the upper class at my elementary school came by. They asked me if I wanted to go to the park to play basketball with them. *Of course I did!* I would get to play with the older kids, and they were actually inviting me. In a matter of minutes we arrived at the park, about seven of them plus me.

When I grow up I'm going to play basketball on the Los Angeles Lakers. They are my favorite team because I like the color yellow but I’ve never been to Los Angele, I mean I’ve only been alive for 7 years. My dad and I watch their games together. We sit on the couch and get really excited when they are winning. Sometimes if they are playing during dinnertime, my mom will even let us eat dinner on the couch so we can watch the game. I love those nights.

Someday I'll be playing for the Lakers and my dad can come to every game. And after I win, we will celebrate together. I will go to the practices every day and work really hard so I can be the best one on the team. Lots of people will know my name because I will be so good. Most of the guys on the Lakers started playing basketball when they were little, just like me. That's why I practice a lot, so I can be just like them.

At the park we played HORSE, keep away, and 3v3. Game, after game, after game. I had sweat dripping down my face and I wish I had a glass of water.

"Kellen!! What are you doing? Your mom has been looking for you for 20 minutes now." Everyone stopped and I looked over to see my dad leaning out the window of his black ford. I grabbed my ball and ran to jump in the car. He told me that dinner was ready and when I didn't come inside my mom started looking for me. *Oops*. But my dad saw me playing at the park on his way home from the office; so he came to get me, when my mom didn't know where I was.

My mom wasn't as nice as my dad was about me being late and not knowing where I was. She said I did two things wrong;

1) I was late for dinner

2) I went someplace without telling her

She was very disappointed in me and I feel bad for making her worry. But hey, do you think the point guard on the Lakers is always on time for dinner? No, he probably would have chosen basketball over dinner any day.