

Daddy Daughter Dance

By Claire H.

Slumber parties, playdates, going to the mall are all great was to start your weekend, but I started my weekend a lot different. I went to the Daddy Daughter Dance. It was my first time, so I didn't know what to wear or what not to wear. Luckily, my mom was a big help but sometimes hard to ask questions to. She told me, "those shoes are to casual". We thankfully picked out shoes that me and my mom both liked. My mom was very picky when it came to dress shopping. I picked out this really pretty dress and with pink birds on it and at the bottom it had a really pretty ruffle. The top was black and rough. But my mom said it looked like 1930's curtains, which I definitely didn't agree. I got this really lacey and suntan color dress. It's pretty, I guess. At least she wasn't hard headed about my hair. My mom just straightened my hair. Once I was all done with getting ready my mom had to take pictures. My dad was wearing a gray suit with a blue shirt and black shoes. My sister was wearing a pink and gray dress with sparkles on it and pink shoes just like me. After my mom was done taking pictures, we left our house with huge smiles on our faces. So big our lips were probably touching our ears. We didn't go straight to the Daddy Daughter Dance.

We first went to...Christopher's, a really fancy restaurant. We were there for about an hour and then we left for the dance. I was so full of penne pasta I felt like a big, fat horse. We were seventeen minutes late but that's OK because my friend was one hour late. When we first got there a lady with short brown hair greeted us with a warm and happy smile and showed us where everything was. My first thought was the dance floor is so small. We went upstairs to a craft table, and me and my sister were making a card for Dad. Dad was making a card for me and my sister. After that we danced for a really long time, and then we snacked up on sweets like chocolate strawberries and cookies. Then another lady with short brown hair greeted us with a nonfriendly smile and took a picture of me and my Dad and sister, then I got a picture with a friend. Next, we got a self-portrait. It didn't take long. The man doing our self-portrait told my sister she looked like a doll. Once I was done, I looked at the picture. It terrified me. I looked horrible. He gave me huge lips and made my sister so pretty, and my dad

looked OK in the self-portrait. Then we danced a few more times and we were on our way home. "Time went by so fast," I said with an exhausted voice. "Yes, it did," said my dad. We drove home and told my mom all about it, got on our pajamas and laid our heads down and wiped out and fell right to sleep. When I woke up in the morning, I could remember a lot of things, but the one thing I could remember most is one thing my dad said, "I am a super Dad". I was rolling my eyes, but I really know he is the best Superdad in the world.