

Blake and a Beauty Pageant

By Julia C.

“What?” asked Mother, “There is no way you are going to go to a beauty pageant with the little girls, Anna, next door!”

We live in this microscopic trailer in this neighborhood called “Beverly Heights.” There are only apartments and trailers here. We live in a trailer. I was disappointed when my mom told me that I couldn’t go to the beauty pageant. We don’t have a lot of money which makes it hard to get food sometimes. My mom sells newspapers on the side of the San Francisco Road, and my dad doesn’t make much money either. He works at the front counter at McDonalds, a job that doesn’t make a lot of money.

Then an idea popped in my head like when a light bulb flashes in your face. I’m 16, I could get a job at some place like the hotel next to Dennys. I could work there after school. After a while, I will have enough money to go to the beauty pageant. I could make over a thousand dollars in two months.

“Bring, Bring” rang the front desk phone at the Royal Bee Hotel. I was waiting at the front desk for my job interview. “Hold on,” said the Lady behind the desk. “OK,” I said quietly. After a few minutes, she was done.

“Hi! How can I help you?” she asked.

“Ummmm, I would like a job,” I replied.

“Sure thing, just, I’m going to have to test you,” she said.

She asked me a zillion questions, some I felt uncomfortable answering. The last thing I told her was my age. She said that it didn’t matter what my age was, it only matters how mature I am. I was really nervous, but.....

I GOT THE JOB!!!! I even got the uniform that says “Royal Bee Hotel.”

On my way home, I ran into Anna rollerblading. She’s in first grade and her mom has the same job as my dad, and her dad is a teacher. They live in an apartment. They could live in a house, but they wanted something small.

“Hey girlie!” I called.

“What’s up?” She asked.

“Nothing much. I just got a job at the hotel,” I told her.

“Cool!” she said as she rolled off.

“Bye!” I replied.

My dog, Gigi, greeted me when I got home. After feeding and taking care of Gigi, my parents came home. I told my parents about my new job. Then I had to go to bed because it was already 10:00 and I had to work the next day.

Working at the hotel was hard work, but I finally earned enough money to go to the beauty pageant. My mom took me to sign up for the beauty pageant, just in time. I had to rush to get my dress because the beauty pageant would start in 3 hours. A limo picked me and my mom up. Can you believe it, I won!! I'm Ms. San Fransisco!!! I learned that with hard work, you can do anything you want no matter how much money you have.