

The Hotel
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Plop! A drop of water splashed onto my book, leaving a stain. I looked up, exasperated. Stupid plumbing, I thought, getting off my bed. If you keep acting up, I'm gonna need more duct tape. I trudged down the stairs, imagining what Mom would say about my complaints about the plumbing.

Katie, you've lived in this hotel for your entire life. Haven't you gotten used to the leaky pipes yet?

Or better yet, Dad.

Sure sugarcakes, I'll be right up with the duct tape.

And he never shows up.

I've gotten used to taping up my room so it won't leak, but water can be very clever. It always finds a way to get through my barriers and onto my books. So this time, I was just planning on taping a bucket to the ceiling. Hopefully that would hold.

I was on the last step when I heard Dad and Henry, our best customer, arguing. Backing up to a spot where I can eavesdrop effectively, I listened to them.

"But Henry, the hotel's always been leaky! You can't really blame it for dropping water on your head!"

"I know David, but that was one drop too many! I'm leaving! Good-bye!"

"Henry. Henry!"

I peeked around the corner, but Henry was long gone. Mom was coming toward Dad. I pressed up against the wall again, listening.

"Georgia, what should we do? If we lose anymore customers, we'll lose the hotel! Then where would we live?"

Mom sighed. She stayed silent. I guess she had no answer. I started stomping loudly on the stairs, alerting my parents that I was coming down. I turned around the corner and smiled at my parents. Whereas before they looked exhausted and stressed, now they were the image of happiness. They probably didn't want me to know about the hotel. "Hey mom, hey dad, can I have some duct tape? The ceiling's leaking again, and I wanna fix it before my bed gets soaked."

"Sure," Dad said, digging into the drawers. "And here you go!" He handed me the duct tape with flourish. "Thanks dad," I laughed, and ran up to my room.

My room was on the top floor. It was actually just a hotel room. I got it because it was the leakiest room in the hotel. In my parents perspective, a room that leaky can't be given to a customer, but giving it to their daughter is completely acceptable. I swiped my card to open the door, then grabbed the metal bucket that I used for catching water and taped it onto the ceiling. Then, I changed the wet blanket and fell asleep.

The next day, I had school. School was pretty normal, just learning and reading and homework. At lunch, I sat down near my friends and tried to tune in to what they were talking about, but I realized I couldn't. I was way too worried about the hotel's plumbing problem. I didn't know any plumbers, so I couldn't ask them. An idea popped into my head. Robert, the plumber's kid! He could ask his dad to fix the hotel! It was

worth a shot. Leaving my lunch, I hurried over to him. I saw him smile hopefully as I approached him. "Hey Robert, I know we aren't friends, but would you be willing to do me a favor?" I asked. I saw his face fall. "So, you aren't here to make a new friend?" I hesitantly shook my head, feeling guilty. He sighed. "Well, whether or not I do your favor depends on what the favor is."

"Okay, you know Hotel Untitled, right?" He nodded. "It has plumbing problems. Since your dad is a plumber, I was hoping you could fix it?"

"Hmm. I'll ask Dad." He pulled out his phone and called his dad. After a few minutes of talking, he looked up. "Dad said sure. But the thing is, the hotel has to be completely empty, since we're going to tear down the walls to get to the pipes."

"No problem. All of the customers are gone, since school is still running. I can send my parents on that vacation they've been meaning to go on. Can you come tomorrow after breakfast?"

"Sure. See you tomorrow."

"See you."

Well, we had a plan. But to get it to work, I had to convince my parents to go on vacation. Shouldn't be too hard. When I got home that day, I confronted them. "Hey Mom, hey Dad, wanna go on vacation? You guys have been working too hard and putting off that vacation for too long. You go and have fun. I'll be fine at home." They looked surprised that I brought up the subject. Then they thought about it. Dad rubbed a hand over his face. "You're right sugarcakes. With the customers gone, we won't be missed. I guess we could go."

"Great! I'll help you guys pack."

"No, it's fine." They went into their room and emerged a few minutes later, carrying two suitcases. "Be careful sugarcakes. We love you." They both pecked me on the forehead and left.

The next day, Robert and his dad came over. We quickly set to work, tearing down the walls and replacing the old pipes with new ones. It was fun, actually, fixing the pipes and working with Robert. By the end of the day, we finished about half the hotel, stopping only for meals. The next day, we finished the whole thing. This may seem a bit far-fetched, but to be fair, the hotel only had three floors. We stood outside, surveying our work. "Thanks Robert. I'm surprised you don't have friends. You're an awesome person"

"Thanks" he replied. I sighed. The hotel was fixed. We wouldn't lose our home. I couldn't wait to tell Mom and Dad, but they're still on vacation. Oh well. Imagining how happy they would be filled me with content. For now, all was right in the world.