

Ryleigh H.

Birthday Surprise

Dear Diary, I live in the city of New York. My friends call me Becky, but my real name is Rebecca. My favorite food is seafood and... "Becky!" mom called. "Hold on!" I shouted back. I closed my diary and ran down the stairs. It's 7:00am. I usually get up at around 6:30am. I turned the corner and saw my five year old brother. He has dirty blonde hair like me and emerald eyes. My big sister has blonde hair like my mom. She was there wearing her PJs. My stepdad had a smile on his face, holding my mom close while mom's blonde hair dangled by her shoulder and her blue eyes stared at me. My seven month old baby sister sat in a crib nearby. All of a sudden they shouted, "Happy Birthday!!"

I jumped. I hardly remembered it was my birthday. A poster said: HAPPY 13th BIRTHDAY. On a table there was a double chocolate cake. My favorite!! I turned around to say thanks, but my mom started to say something so I waited. She said, "Sweetie, I know it's your birthday, but we are moving."

"WHAT?" I said, "Where??"

"Out in the country," she replied. I gasped. "Are we moving states?" I asked nervously.

"Um...well, yes," she answered. My eyes opened widely, "WHY?" I demanded. "Well, I got promoted and we are moving to Texas. It's a beautiful place. You'll love it there!"

Mom explained.

I fought back, "I have a life here, I WILL NOT go, not on my birthday." "Well, lucky for you we are not going on your birthday, we are going in two days," Mom explained.

"WHY?" my brother whined as he started to cry. My brother's name is Jake. SO

annoying. He always comes into my room and bothers me. My sister on the other hand is always at a party or at a friend's house. She's 16. Always telling me to do everything for her. Get her a soda. Get her phone. But today she seemed especially happy. I bet she was excited about moving! She never was very popular and no one liked her which drove her LCLRAZY, so I can kind of understand. "Mom, I have friends here. Please, I don't want to go!" I realize that I'm begging now. "NO, we are moving," said Mom, her voice getting stern. "You never listen to me. Ever since you married Matt everything changed and I hate it! I am going to Dad's!" "No you are not, don't walk out that door!" Mom warned. "Who's doing to stop me?"

I opened the door and ran four blocks to my dad's. He is always nice, at least to me. I ran in and saw him standing there. He has a beard, blue eyes like me, and has dirty blonde hair. "Dad, I need your help," I said, out of breath. "With what, honey?" he asked. "Mom wants to...to move." "What?!" Dad said, both angry and shocked. "She never told me. Tell you what, we'll go down there right now. Hop in the car." When I saw the car I thought OMG Goodness it's a Lamborghini! We drove to mom's house and dad walked in and said, "Why are you moving away, we already talked about this." Mom replied, "I signed the paper. All I need is your signature. Please, the kids need this move."

Dad shouted, "No, I will NEVER sign the paper. I love my kids. You are NOT moving!" "OK," Mom said as she hung her head.

"Thank you, Dad, we love you, too!" my brother and I said. Then, Jake, Dad, and I had a nice group hug. "I will get you to sign that paper," Mom grumbled. "Never," he said calmly. Then he grabbed the paper, tore it up, and walked out.

5 Years Later

“Bye, Dad!” I said, crying. “Can I visit Mom before I go to college?” “Sure,” says Dad. We drove over in the same Lamborghini. We went to Mom’s. I burst in crying, “I’ll miss you!” “Me, too,” said Mom, “I thought you wouldn’t come.” We hugged for a while, then my mom said, “Where is your father?”

“In the car,” I said. She told me to stay there. I looked out the window while Matt came down to make a cup of coffee. She hopped in the passenger seat of Dad’s car and they talked for what seemed like an hour. They came back in holding hands. My mom told Matt that he was a GREAT man, but she had fallen back in love with Dad. It was a happy ending after all. (Except for Matt)

The End