

# Update Blog: Worst Day of my Life

Hello fellow bloggers. Today I will tell you about the worst day of my life.

Let's start from the beginning. I was innocently sitting down at my desk. My electronics sit all around me and I'm editing a blog when my mom walks. She turns on my light surprising me so much I fall out of my chair. "Why are none of your chores done?" My mom's face is red with anger. "You see mom I was editing the blog that took me so long to make." I smile hoping her anger will disappear after seeing it. Instead she frantically grabbed all of my electronics almost dropping my iPad. I wince. I try to argue but she just walks out leaving the room silent and without the comfort of electronics.

Hour 1

I open my door the next day and look to make sure that my mom's in her room. I tiptoe downstairs and look frantically for my electronics. Under the couch. On the table. In the fridge. But I came out unsuccessful.

Hour 2

My mom comes out the room and sees me at the table. I turn around and look at the wall. She makes her way to the table and takes a seat. I glance at her and see that she is grinning. Does she think this is funny? I suddenly yell, "How could you?!" This surprises my mom. "Well you see there were chores yesterday that needed to be done and someone didn't do it." She says knowing she is right I leave the table "You're not getting your stuff back," my mother says. "We'll see about that," I say running up the stairs.

Hour 3

Ok right now I'm sitting on the floor staring at a toilet. No it's not a toilet fetish. I stare down at the list of chores. Monday June 13 it says. I look at the calendar hanging above my mirror. It says June 17 Friday. I hadn't procrastinated that long, right? I go back to staring at the toilet and I finally get the courage to clean and let's just say it wasn't the cleanest "duty" ever.

Hour 4

I come out of the bathroom feeling dirty. I hear something downstairs and look over the mantle. And there is my mom worry free like she did not just ruin her daughter's life. Upset I walk into my bedroom and see a horrific scene. How have I never noticed how messy my room is? Clothes scattered across my floor. Tangled wires sit beside my desk and dishes on my nightstand. I go over to my desk and start untangling wires. After the wires are untangled and wrapped neatly in a pile my clothes are next. I pick up shirts and jeans and put them in two piles; clean and dirty. After that I toss my dirty clothes in the hamper and fold the clean ones. I clear my night stand and take the hamper downstairs. As I'm walking I notice something sitting on the coffee table.

Hour 5

I walk over to the table and look down. Lying there is my phones, computer, and iPad. I stare dumbfounded that my mom would just leave them on the table like this. I look around to make sure that my mom isn't there. But as I try to grab my phone the doorknob on my mom's door turns I quickly run to the kitchen. My mom comes out as I'm grabbing a sponge. She looks at the table then at me. Then silently picks of everything of the table and brings it to her room.

Then there is a silent click and a faint memory of my shiny electronics on the table. I look to the sky and say "Why me god?" Then I look at the crowded counters in the kitchen and say once again "Why me god?"

Hour 6

I finish the counters and get ready to leave the kitchen when I notice a giant pile of dishes sitting in the sink. I fall to my knees. Surprised by the monster in the sink. I push myself off the ground and go over to the sink. I pull a dish out. What comes out is the worst thing I ever saw. White goo dropped off the plate and brown stuff stuck to the plate. I try hard not to puke in my mouth and start scrubbing till no dishes are left in the sink.

Hour 7

I run to the bathroom and wash my hands. I can't imagine anyone who would do that on their free will. I check the list. Next is sweeping the stairs. I go to the pantry and take out a dusty broom. I cough as a tornado of dust comes towards me. How long has it been since we've swept? I drag the broom up the stairs. Then take my descending tip down when I reached the bottom stair I slump down the wall tires and sweaty.

Hour 8

I grab the vacuum and quickly rush across the carpet making clean steaks in it. My mom comes out of her room just as I'm finishing. Her eyes go wide and a grin creeps on her face. I turn to her. She looks around the house probably inspecting if it's clean. After she's done she turns back into her room. My face turns into a frown. But soon she comes back with a armful of electronics. She hands them to me "Good job hope you learned your lesson," is all she says before she goes to her room again. I hug and kiss my electronics telling them I would never leave them again.

If you are wondering where I am right. I'm at my desk and it's about 10:00 o'clock. If there is one lesson to be learned from this it is that you should probably listen to you parent if you don't want you precious babies to be taken away.