My Least Favorite Day

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In this essay I will be writing about one of my least favorite days. My least favorite day is when my dad was trying to teach me about time. In school my “time” grades were not going so well. I was six years old at the time. At the time I didn't have the things most kids had.

My first reason it was my least favorite day was because my dad was screaming at me. When my dad screams at me he sounds so mean. It makes me feel bad. Then I would get mad at him. Finally, it would make me feel really guilty.

My second reason it was my least favorite day was after a while I started to cry. When I cry, past happy things start coming to my mind. This makes me feel even more sad. Why this happens is because I start to think about fun things I’ve done with him. Then this makes me even more guilty. Wow, double the guilt.

My final reason it was my least favorite day was because we were in my dads office. My dad’s office was one of the most serious places in the house. Whenever we went in there it was usually a bad thing was going on. Sometimes my mom would get in trouble for something I did. My dad was standing up and I was on a chair.

In conclusion, that was my least favorite days ever. From screaming to crying and my dads office. To you this might not seem so bad, but at the moment I felt really bad. Thank you for taking the time to read this essay. I hope you learned something by reading this.