

Home Alone

Tock, tick-tick-tick, Ffwoom! The stove burner was ignited. Day one of running the house while my parents were at my brother's soccer tournament. All I had to do after a long day of chores was just make pasta for dinner. Once finished, my younger sister (who was on her ipad all day) had to clean up, and I could play video games with my friends. After waiting, waiting, waiting, and doing some more waiting, the water was finally boiling. Fat bubbles raced to the top of the pot, and menacingly shot hazardous water across the kitchen. Scalding steam squiggled up to the ceiling. I slit open the pasta box and began pouring. Bowties sank to the bottom of the pot, spewing out lava. Meanwhile, blazing steam seared my shaking hand. I yelped, and accidentally dumped too much pasta into the small pot. I wearily carried the pot to the sink so I could add more water.

The pot, now filled to the brim, was then covered, and returned to the fire. Not a minute later, when I thought my troubles were over, about a quart of starchy water was pouring out of the pot, and pooling onto the fire. I relit the stove to revive but a measly flame. This time, I left the pot uncovered, and the pasta cooked smoothly. As I strained the pasta over the sink excitedly, I was ecstatic to realize my troubles were over.

Or so I thought.

I hastily added back the pasta to the pot, excited to be finished, but to my horror, about half of it fell onto the stove. On top of that oven stood a polluted lake. Murky, hot water, charred bits, food scraps, and dirt drifted along as bowties swam along. I lifted the stove rack and tried to dry up this abomination of a lake. Instead, the water burned me, I gasped, and dropped the red-hot metal stove rack onto my forearm, leaving red sears on my skin. I sighed, mixed the pasta with the sauce, and called it a day.

"My sister can clean this. I've done enough chores for the day," I groaned as I slumped wearily on the couch.

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