Word bank

Welcomed

Couch

Kitchen

Johnny

Oven

Pretty

Caves

Parties

Phone

Rang

Mozart

Thank you

Bedstand

Living room

Steve

Teapot

Beautiful

Beach

Taxi

Guitar

Sang

Garage

Short story

Continued

“Hello? This is Margaret.” Said the lady.

“Hi. This is a friend of your son, he goes to the party I went to

the other day but I didn’t see him at the last one, is he home?” Said the man.

She covered the phone with her hand and called to her son in the kitchen,

“There’s somebody on the phone and he thinks he knows you from a party!

Can you come pick this up, it hurts my arms to hold this phone for this long!”

She bitched at the guy in the kitchen until Johnny was not sure it wasn’t true what she

saying.

Johnny sat himself on the couch because she wasn’t offering much herself. He looked

to the walls and noticed the pictures but didn’t think much of them because they were very

mild. He thought to himself all the things he could do with pictures like this but there wasn’t

much to do about this. Maybe he could pick up some of the sculptures and things on the fireplace

counter but there wasn’t much use. So he sat quietly instead.

…

After a while of this, Johnny turned on the TV because he realized they weren’t of any good to him

more than this.

She came downstairs again and started talking of things that were from last week. “There were these people at the store that I thought were just plain helpful Johnny. I’m not sure how they were called but

one of them were named Phil and he was very nice. Maybe you should find somebody like Phil at the

University and maybe you could buy nice things with him.” She said.

Page 7

Short story

Continued

The friend of Johnny was playing video games and Johnny was watching TV. The lady was folding

clothes and humming things.

Across the room was a window with bright sunshine. Far from the house was a man playing

with an umbrella dance and play in the distance.

“How was your day today Johnny. I haven’t talked to you a while. And this game is pretty fun by

the way.” Said the friend.

“It was pretty good. How was yours? I’m not sure I’ve seen this show too.” Said Johnny.

They spoke of these types of things for maybe twenty minutes and watched TV.

The lady went upstairs.

…

There was singing and bad music playing for a little while before Johnny awoke with his friend

in a hazy and tired pile of blankets. The lady must have been practicing music sheets again.

Johnny and his friend decided to go to the mall to play more outside.

Page 8