

My favorite place is my mom and dad's closet. The closet has both of my parents' smelly shoes and both of their pieces of clothing. It smells like a bunch of stinky feet because of all the shoes! All I could hear was the sound of the dishes clashing together for dinner.

The first thing I did was look at all my parents' clothing. Dresses, shirts, skirts, pants, belts. So much stuff! All of their clothing was black or grey. Why are my parents like that? Yellow, green, blue—now that is the kind of clothing I appeal to. That is the right color for clothes.

The next thing I did was look in the drawers and on shelves. Coins, pictures, a trophy, lipstick, nail polish, blush. They have such boring stuff. I scampered through the back of the closet and found...Christmas presents. "Uh, oh." I hid the presents behind the clothes and hit myself, trying to forget what I saw. Oops!

The last thing I did was put things back. "This goes here, that goes there." I placed the shoes the way they were and dusted off the clothing. I sat up the makeup and cleaned off the door. Standing back at the door, I realized how much fun I had all alone.

I knew that even though I was alone, I still had a lot of fun. Who knew how much fun your parents' closet could be!

~Avery