The Harsh, Hurting, Mean Battle

One December, Reagan woke up ready for the day. In her living room there were screaming sisters, a barking dog, and even a blaring TV. It felt like the noise was coming from every single angle of her. On the other hand, the outside was as quiet as a mouse. There was no noise or anything, just snow. It was the day before Christmas though so it made sense with all the noise. She could smell the burning pancakes in the kitchen. It was burning her nose so bad she almost felt sick. She and her family had one goal, to set the Christmas tree up in time before Christmas day.

Reagan couldn't stand to stand in the living room for one more second. The loud noise was making her head hurt more than ever. Just as she was going to walk out the door to get some fresh air her mom called "Reagan will you set up the christmas tree for me, I don't have time and it has to be up by tomorrow!" She can't set the tree up with her luck today, it won't even cooperate with her. She turned around and kicked her shoes off into the shoe basket. Reagan said "As long as you guys get out of the living room it is too loud in there!" She didn't want to set the tree up; she felt that it would be too much of a rush for her to try to get it done before tomorrow.

Reagan started to set the tree up, but it was not going as planned. It was already bad enough that she had to do it but even worse, the green tree would not stay up. It just kept falling down on her, knocking her to the floor, the tree poked her in the right eye, then the left, and the smell of the pine was making her feel so dizzy and sick she thought that she would pass out cold. The things the Christmas tree was doing was so bad she could barely take it, but she knew that if she didn't get the tree set up it would never be for Christmas Day tomorrow. She can't give up even though it is hurting her, she can't stop. She grabbed out the new glass ornaments from her grandmother. They were beaming in light; they were gorgeous. As she was putting the first one on the tree... "smash" the glass shatters into a million pieces onto the floor. She started to cry. Her mom comes over to check on her and sees her crying. She told her it will be okay and nothing bad is going to happen anymore.

In the end her family stepped in to help her set up the Christmas tree. She learned that if she can't do something by herself, then she can always ask for some help. Now she always asks for help if she can't do something or something bad could happen like falling off the ladder, hitting her head, or getting poked in the eye. After that, they got the tree set up in no time because of all the help that her family did, and after the tree was finished, it looked like the beautiful colors that they hoped it would look like, with all the white, green, and red colors on the tree it looked magical. After that they all worked together to clean the living room, dining room, and even the kitchen so Christmas the next day would be awesome.

By, Reagan Merkley