

Hey everybody! Thanks for participating in the Sentence Story! The only rules are that you must only do **one sentence**. Also, make sure that you choose a color and use that color for your sentence. Make sure you do what I did (below) and put your name in the color you picked so we know who wrote what. Your name is important so that you can get credit at the end when I post this on my blog. **Do not mess with other people's sentences as that is a violation of their work.** Please do not take this story for your own use because that would be stealing from all of us who took the time to write and read this. Also, please no profanity or anything inappropriate. Enjoy!

Light Blue- July ;D

Red- Kate

Orange-Sindella (:

Pink- Hilda

Purple- Seana =^o^=

Black-Christine

Gold- AbaGayle<3

Teal-Emma

Lime green-Hermione

Maroon- Destiny Skye

The moldy wooden floor creaked as Aria tiptoed toward the kitchen where the meager, but beneficial food was stored. Aria was really craving a piece of strawberry cheesecake. But the sad thing was, Aria was allergic to strawberry cheesecake, so how on earth would she be able to eat the delicacy that she so deeply desired? That explains why she was sneaking to the kitchen, undetected, as far as she knew, to cut herself a slice of her mother's famous cake. Aria didn't want to get caught though because then she would get punished so she was *really careful*. She smiled as she opened the knife drawer, she chose her mom's cake knife and placed it on the counter.

"CRRRREEEAK."

*What was that*, Aria thought.

"CRREEAK." Aria grabbed the knife and got on her hands and knees.

She crawled toward the table and hid under it.

She held her breath.

A stench was growing stronger.

She tilted her head around, OH GREAT, it's probably a dead mouse. She cringed, holding her breath.

She poked her head from under the table and looked out at her kitchen, which was falling apart. No one.

She crawled across the floor, knife gripped in her hand. She got to her feet then suddenly...

Her little sister, Gracie, entered through the doorway, hand on hip, a mischievous expression on her face.

"Gee, thanks for scaring me," she mumbled "I thought you were a dead mouse."

Gracie didn't say anything, but her tell-tale violet eyes were twinkling; she definitely had been up to something, the question was, what had Gracie done? A thought crossed her mind, but no, that couldn't have been! Exasperated, Aria crossed her arms and simply stared at her little sister for a while before saying, "Gracie, if you stole Mom's emerald necklace again, you know she's gonna be mad at you."

Gracie stood there and rocked on her heels nervously, "Well.... It was sitting on her dresser and I just put it on to see how it looked and then the clasp got stuck," and to finish the speech, she pulled the long necklace from under her baggy shirt to reveal a clasp that was completely broken. Aria didn't know what to say, that necklace was in place of Mom's engagement ring that had been stolen a few years earlier in a Chicago heist.

But something about Gracie's face told her something was wrong, and it's not the usual "I took mom's necklace again" kind of thing. After a moment, Gracie whimpered and said, "Aria, I didn't just take Mom's necklace, I also stole her diamond earrings and sold them to buy a signed baseball glove for my crush, Erik."

Aria was blown away!

"Gracie! How could you do this! Mom told you *never* to touch her jewelry box let alone her actual jewels!" she exploded.

"But I want to! They are pretty!" protested Gracie.

Neither girl spoke for a moment, but finally Aria spoke up, "Gracie, you know that was wrong, even if you really like Erik, those jewels were not for you to take, and you need to find some way to make it up to Mom."

Gracie knew that she had lost. "I know, but Ar, Erik really means a lot to me and I think he likes me back!"

Aria's fiery glare caught Gracie by surprise as she exclaimed, "Gracie, that's the most selfish thing I've ever heard in my entire life!" before storming out of the room, leaving Gracie feeling like she was the most horrible person in the world.

Aria then remembered why she had been in the kitchen in the first place, for the cheesecake of course, turned on her heel, and made a dramatic "shun her sister" entrance back into the small room. Aria meticulously cut the tiniest sliver of cheesecake and slid it onto a plate, knowing that she was allergic made her feel the slightest bit guilty.

As she was walking out cake in hand, Gracie whimpered, "Aria, please, the clasp! What should I do?"

Aria turned and glared at her sister before saying, "It's your problem."

Tears formed in Gracie's eyes. "Please help me, Aria! Please!" she followed Aria, thinking of something, anything, to get her sister to agree to help her. All of a sudden, they heard their mom's footsteps coming down the stairs and both girls froze.

"Aria? What's all that noise down there should I come downsta--wait, where is my diamond earring set?! I left it on my dresser just this morning next to that raffle ticket for the neon hippo figurine collection!"

Aria glanced at her sister and whispered, "Your problem" again before sliding back upstairs past her mother.

Gracie's violet eyes brimmed with tears as she climbed up the stairs to her mother and in a soft voice murmured, "I took your earrings Mom, and, and, I sold them to buy a present for Erik..."

Her mother's face turned bright red. "What?!"

"I'm so sorry Mom, but I had to! Otherwise he would've asked Emily to the dance instead."

"Well, where is the extra money?" Aria's mother asked. "At least I'll get something out of this," she muttered angrily.

"I don't have it," Gracie admitted embarrassedly, scuffing the toe of her fur-trimmed boot on the lowest step.

Gracie's face was downcast and looked extremely forlorn when Aria came back down from upstairs with the empty plate in her hand.

"And what have you been eating, Aria?" asked her mother suspiciously.

"Just some cheesecake," Aria replied, suddenly feeling her skin swell up around her face, and she panicked, remembering her allergy.

"Oh dear," cried her mother. "Gracie, go to your room. We'll talk later. Aria, let's get you some of that allergy medicine on you."

Aria then freaked out, her skin was red with itchy hives all over and she regretted every bite of that cake.

"Why, why do I have to be allergic to strawberries!" cried Aria.

Aria wanted to itch the hives so badly, and she did so until her arms were starting to bleed and her mom had to shoo away her hands.

"No, no! Don't scratch or you'll make it worse," said her mom.

She applied the medicine and then added, "Next time, I'll make a different type of cheesecake so you can enjoy it without all this mess."

Aria nodded and her mother shook her head in the direction Gracie had slunk off to once Aria's allergy attack had begun. "Now, I'm going to have to have a talk with that girl..."

Gracie went into her bedroom and waited with anxiety, expecting another lecture from her mother.

Aria came in instead, holding Gracie's cat, Mittens, and gave Gracie a long look that said: "I don't know what you thought you could do in selling Mom's jewels, but I forgive you."

"Aria, can you leave us alone for a moment?" said their mother.

Aria nodded knowingly before exiting the room, leaving Mittens to keep Gracie company during her "big talk".

Their mother turned back to Gracie and asked, "Why on earth did you do such a thing? I didn't teach my kids to be thieves."

Gracie swallowed nervously and choked out the words, "But--but Mom, I--I didn't mean to steal it, I just needed something, anything, to come up with so that Erik wouldn't ask Emily to the

dance, but so that he would ask me!”

“Mom,” Aria stuck her head in the door, “Don’t you remember you and Dad’s love? How that felt?”

“What?” Gracie asked, “What happened with you and Dad, and how come you never told me about this?”

“Aria, please, I’m trying to give a speech here and you’re not exactly helping my case; I’ll tell you about that little ‘love story’ some other time, now *shoo*, you!” Her mother commanded, giving her “the look”.

Aria walked back into her room and her mom continued her lecture at Gracie with a disappointed look on her face.

What surprised Gracie the most about her dreaded speech was that when her mother started to speak to her, her mother just cracked up laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Gracie asked, a puzzled expression on her face.

“Oh, Gracie, my mother gave me the exact same speech when I was just a little older than you!” Mother remembered.

“Why? Tell me, Mom!” Gracie nearly yelled.

Gracie was starting to think her mom was crazy.

“Well your father and I, he was the most popular boy in school and I, well I, was a nothing.”

“Mom, don’t say that! You’re the best mom I’ve ever had! I mean you can’t have been that much of a nobody! Dad still married you anyway,” Gracie exclaimed.

“Okay, honey. The point is, don’t go bribing a guy to choose you. I tried that once with my first crush and I ended up losing him anyway.”

“But Erik would’ve--”

“I know, you’re going to say that Erik wouldn’t think of it as bribing, but rather as a gift, but do you really think that if you gave him a present he’d choose you over Emily for that reason alone? If so, then he’s really just a very materialistic person and I wouldn’t waste my time on him,” Mom said wisely.

Gracie didn’t know what else to say.

“Gracie, I know Erik’s special to you, but you can’t buy love. That’s just the way it works. I’m sorry,” said Gracie’s mom after a long pause.

In that instant, they heard Aria fart in her room.

And Aria heard Gracie shout. “EWWW!”

“Here goes another one,” said Aria proudly, as though farting was her true talent and now she was able to show it off to the world.

“Way to kill the ‘Mom-Daughter bonding moment, Ar,” Gracie hollered to her sister, giggling as Aria let another onslaught of farts echo throughout the house.

“Yes, and I’m in the middle of a speech here, Aria!” cried their mother.

“Sorry!” Aria called back, “I can’t hold it in! It’s too much!”

“Well, then, go outside and do it!”

Aria exited the area, leaving Gracie and their mother vacate the premises just as the smell wafted into the room.

Just then the phone rang and the caller ID said.... Erik?

Before her mom answered the phone in Gracie's room, Gracie heard Aria outside say, "I can't stop! Thanks for those mixed beans, mom!"

Gracie started giggling again, uncontrollably this time, and she was still laughing when she heard her mom say, "Hello? Who is this?"

A muffled voice on the other side told her it was Erik and he was calling for Gracie.

Gracie's mother mouthed the word Erik and Gracie gasped and then squealed, very quietly, as the phone was handed over, "Hello, this is Gracie! As in *the* Gracie!"

"Uh, hi, Gracie, this is Erik. You know that baseball mitt you got me? Well, Emily got me a signed baseball, so I'm still not really sure about who I'm going to the dance with...but I think you should know, I like basketball, and if someone was to get my ball signed, I might be willing to ask that someone to the dance..."

Gracie hesitated, and, remembering what her mother had told her, said, "You know what Erik, you know I like you but I don't want someone to like me because of materialistic things. Go ahead and take Emily. I'm sure Emily can buy you better things than I can anyway since her dad's the richest guy on the planet. Goodbye, Erik."

"Wait, Gracie, to tell you the truth, I didn't know who to ask, but now I know who. This was just my test, to see who was a "materialistic" lover and who would stand up to me and you passed! Gracie, will you come to the dance with me?"

Gracie was speechless! She stood there in shocked silence for so long that Erik finally spoke up and said, "Gracie? Are you still there? Hello? *Gracie?*"

"Um, yeah, sorry Erik. I would love to go to the dance with you!"

"Thanks, Gracie. I was really nervous to ask you, but I'm feeling fine now. Do you want to come to my house afterwards to celebrate with our families?"

"Okay! I'd really like to meet your parents." There was a long pause.

"My parents?" asked Erik. "I mean, yeah, that sounds great. Got to go. Bye." Something in Erik's voice told Gracie he was hiding something. But what?

Little did Gracie know was that Erik's dad was in a wheelchair and his mom was nearly blind in both of her eyes and he was very sensitive toward that.

"EEEEH!" Gracie squealed even though something seemed a little fishy.

"So...did he ask you to the dance?" Gracie's mom asked--her voice did not sound happy.

"Because, Gracie, if he did, I don't think you should go with him, because it probably means he only likes you for your things..."

"No, Mom," Gracie said, "that was a test! Oh, and also, he invited us over for a 'celebration' afterwards."

Gracie's mom looked at her with suspicion then smiled, "Ok, I guess you may go! I'll bake a cheesecake to bring along for the 'celebration!'"

"Mom, you don't *bake* cheesecake," Aria pointed out loudly from her room where some farts were still going on.

In that moment, Aria leaned against the wall, outside of Gracie's room, and farted *again*, sending a powerful vibration and scared her mom, thinking it was an earthquake or a tornado.

“Aria!” Her mother playfully yelled, “If I hear that one more time--” and Aria came out from behind the bathroom door with a whoopie cushion, laughing her face off.

“Aw, come on mom. You know it’s funny. When it smells, then that is when it is not fun.”

“Ar,” Gracie whined, “We were just celebrating my success--”

“HE ASKED YOU?” Aria nearly yelled, a huge grin on her face.

Gracie nodded smugly. “Yep,”

“So are you going to go?”

“I don’t know. What do you think?”

“Are you kidding? Go!”

“Yes, I *am* kidding. I said I’d love to go with him.”

Gracie continued, “And, we’re having a potluck afterwards to celebrate and Brad will be there!”

Aria blushed because Brad was Erik’s older brother and she was in love. “What?”

“I said, Brad will be there. “

“I know, I know. But what does Brad have to do with me?”

“Oh for crying out loud Aria!” their mother said. “We all know you like him!”

“Well still, I’m not going to the dance with him. Because Troy already asked me and guess what I said?”

“Did you say yes?”

“No of course not. He had already asked Ashlyn, Brad and Erik’s sister.”

Gracie groaned. “Come on, Ar. You’re single, lonely, pathetic, solo...must I go on?” she teased.

“Nah, you don’t have to. Mom? Can we go out for dinner tonight? To celebrate *my* success? I’ll tell you the reason that I’m not single and lonely like Gracie thinks.”

Gracie raised her eyebrows teasingly and said, “Ooh la la! Ar’s got a whole batch of secret boyfriends for us to discuss! How lovely!”

“Yeah, except you’re not going.”

“What?” Gracie protested giving her mother an incredulous look. “Mom!”

“I said no,” repeated her mom, giving her another look.

“Okay, okay, I guess I’ll just have to stay home...all alone...no one here but me...”

“Oh stop being such a drama queen!” Aria said rolling her eyes.

“It won’t be so bad actually,” Gracie noted, wiggling her eyebrows. “I’ll be able to invade your room, Aria, and snoop through all of your stuff which probably includes notes from your secret boyfriends professing their undying love for you!”

“Yeah right. I don’t have any secret boyfriends I’m just one of the most popular girls at school. And we’ll hire a babysitter. Right Mom?”

Yes. And we’ll also...” She was interrupted by the phone ringing.

“I don’t need a babysitter since I’m *not* a baby,” Gracie growled while her mother said hello to whoever it was on the other end of the telephone.

“Girls, enough!” cried their mother.

The girls stopped fighting just in time to hear the person on the other end of the phone say that their mother had won the raffle for the neon hippo figurine collection.

What they didn’t know was that collection would change their lives forever.

Aria and their mother went out to dinner that night and Aria told her mother that someone

*special* had asked her out instead and had a wonderful time together.

But when the neon hippo's arrived later that night, the delivery man was none other than the father that they haven't seen in six years because their parents were divorced.

Gracie and Aria's mother and father stood shocked in the doorway. Finally, the girl's mother was able to utter "B-B-Brian?"

"Daddy?" Gracie squealed, "You're home!?"

Gracie and Aria's father looked just as shocked to see them as they were to see him, "No, Gracie. No, I'm not. Here's your package." He said and he rushed out of the door.

"Dad? Dad, wait! Stop!" Aria cried, dropping her patchwork purse on the muddy driveway and bolting after her father's UPS truck, just as it was starting to pull away from their house as fast as a UPS truck can possibly go.

"Dad!" Aria cried one last time. Her father drove off and didn't look back.

"Daddy?" Gracie's voice was a mix of both hurt and relief; she didn't know what to think when she saw her father get out of the UPS truck, and she still didn't know what she thought.

Meanwhile their mother had opened the box and taken out the contents. Her face went pale as she pulled out the first small hippo. A strange feeling overcame her. "I can't believe it," she whispered, staring at the small blue figurine. "It's identical to the one he gave me on...on..." *Our first date*, she finished in her head.

The girls heard a clunk as their mother fainted.

"Mum?" Aria and Gracie said.

"What's going on Ar?" Gracie asked.

"I don't know, hold on," she said, walking to the kitchen and returning with a cup of ice cold water splashing it on their mom's face.

"Gracie, go call 9-1-1. I'll see if I need to do CPR."

"Wait, Gracie?" Aria said, "Never mind, she's waking up."

Their mom's eyes fluttered a few times getting used to the light, and then she sat up revealing a note that had fallen out of the box before she had fainted.

"What's that Mom?" Gracie asked.

"I don't know, Gracie, but I'd assume that it's from your dad, I don't know if I want to open this, but maybe there's an explanation of why he left us in the first place. I guess we'll find out!" and she tore open the envelope. Her face went white.

"Mom? Mom, what is it? MOM!" Aria's voice cut through to their mother's ears, snapping her out of her daydream.

"How dare he give me these!" cried their mother. "This is very dangerous!"

"What is it, Mom? Tell us!" Gracie pleaded.

"It says, 'Enclosed in the box is--'"

Their mom was interrupted as they heard pounding on the door and a whole bunch of voices yelling, "Open up, this is the FBI and we have a warrant to arrest anyone who is in this house!"

"Mom? Gracie worried. "What is it?"

"Enclosed in this box are all your father's fake ID's. Girls, he says that he left us because he got

caught up in the wrong group and made a mistake by having you two. He couldn't stay because for one, he never loved any of us--" their mother covered her mouth with her hand, "and he was in danger being in one place for so long." Their mother let a sob escape her lips.

"Mom?" Gracie and Aria asked together.

"He also says that he couldn't have one more thing against him so he gave the ID's to us... he knew the police were coming after him and we were the nearest place. He had no idea we lived here." They were all was crying openly now.

"Why did he have to hurt us yet another time?" Aria asked as the FBI burst in.

Gracie and Aria screamed as FBI agents grabbed them and pulled them to opposite sides of the room.

The FBI agents glared at each of them in turn, two of them with their arms locked around Aria's and Gracie's necks, and then quoting a particular book, said in unison, "We don't want to hurt you, but we will if we have to." And that's when Aria started kicking furiously at the nearest agent screaming all sorts of particularly nasty words.

"Stop Aria!" their mother yelled from across the room, "Please, officers, we didn't do anything. Can we talk about this over a hot cup of coffee?"

"I promise, you, nothing is our fault. It's our father's fault. Just let us explain!" Gracie reasoned.

"Fine, but don't I don't want any funny business," the officers let go of them.

"Okay, I'll explain," said their mother. "The girl's father and my divorced husband cam and left us this box of fake ID's. He didn't know we lived here. His name is Brian Michaels. My name is Nicole Dean and these are my daughters, Aria and Grace Dean."

"And where is the proof that you are telling the truth?"

She pulled out the box and the letter from Brian.

He read the paper and said, "Ma'am, do you have any idea where Brian Michaels is now, or where he was heading?"

"All I know is that he went north, towards Canada, but I don't know exactly where he was going."

"We'll have to do a background check on you and your daughters before we let you off the hook completely, but if what you say is true, we won't bother you again."

He turned to the other officer and added, "Let's track him down boys."

"What?" cried the mom. "He couldn't have possibly done anything illegal. This used to be my wedding ring."

A ring! That's what's inside the box, thought Aria. "You can't take my dad! He ...."

"I'm sorry, miss," said one of the officers. "But the owner of this ring called us. It has been reported as stolen."

"What owner?" said the mom. "This is mine. He gave it to me when we got married. But then it went missing."

"The owner works at a pawn shop, and according to her, your husband had sold it there."

"Officer," said Aria, "There has to be a mistake."

Suddenly the other officer's walkie talkie rang. He then looked at his partner and said, "They captured him and they are heading to the station."

"I want to go see him!" cried Gracie. Gracie, Aria and their mom were taken to the police station and there, they found him in a cell. Aria and Gracie wept and ran up to the bars to touch

their father's arms.

"I'm so sorry kids," he said to them. "All I wanted was to give your mother her ring back."

"But why didn't you buy it back?" asked Gracie.

"Because I was afraid someone else might buy it and I couldn't afford to buy it back yet."

"I can't believe this!" cried Aria.

Unexpectedly, an officer opened the door to the cell and announced, "You're free. The debt has been paid."

Aria, Gracie, and their dad were stunned. "By whom?" asked the dad.

"Your wife."

Everyone looked at her with tears in her eyes and a great big smile on her face. She had paid the bill! Gracie and Aria watched their parents hug each other and kiss. Gracie then hugged her sister with joy, seeing that their dad was going to be okay now.

Please do not moderate or delete other's sentences! I have been notified that this has been happening, so I ask that you would stick to your own sentences and see what twists we will take! Thanks.