

I Am Helpful  
By Jolie Dillenbeck

“AHHHH!” I hear from the living room. It's nine in the morning on a gloomy December day. “AHHHH!” I hear it again. I wondered to myself “Who is making this noise, and why?” I get up, and sprint to the living room, my pajama pants flowing with movement. I arrive only to see the floors completely covered in buttery, salty, popcorn. Just the smell of this popcorn made me feel sick. I think to myself, “It's too early for this much salt, and even worse for it to be on the floor.” I fall back into reality and see my short, young, loud brother come out of nowhere, although I believe he was in the room the whole time. He was the person screeching.

As I look down at my feet, buried in popcorn, my brother begins to sing, “popcorn, popcorn, everyone loves popcorn!!” My brother runs into me. I immediately fell down. The popcorn scent makes me nauseous. Did I ask to be frightened this early in the morning, to have my stomach covered with butter and salt? No, I did not, thank you. As I get up from my brother pushing me down, I finally see how covered the floor really is. Everything is covered; the floor, the table, and even the leather couches we've had for six years.

I hear my mom ask my brother, “Who did this!?” She asks with a smirk looking at my brother “the Christmas elves!!” my brother says grinning. I begin to breathe harder, and louder. The scent made me nauseous, the screaming hurt my ears.

“I hate to be this person, but please quiet down!!” I shout. My brother gets real quiet, then begins to scream again. I ran back into my room feeling sick. Five minutes go by, and my older sister, who comes running to my room in her oversized black t-shirt, arrives at my room, just to ask for help.

“Can you please come out and help us clean this mess?” she asks with a soft voice. I walk out of my room with my head down seeing half of the mess gone. I finally can see the floors. No more stressing, I thought to myself, maybe just a bit. I began to sweep up the popcorn, with a green dirty broom, and picked it up with a gray dirt collector. I look to the couch only to see my brother finally sleeping, peacefully. I wipe the tables with lemon scented cleaner, along with lemon scented Clorox wipes. My mom is in the kitchen, cooking eggs and cheese. She looks back at my sister and I cleaning the now spotless house. She smiles and says, “Wow, this place is cleaner than it was before!!” Me and my sister look at each other, and smile.

