

Non-Fiction

Going Away

Written by Emily Cameron on June 22, 2009 (end of second grade)

One warm day, my dad had to go to the airport and fly to Pennsylvania to have an important meeting there. He said he'd bring me back a toy, but I said I wanted to have a lucky charm, not a toy. My brother Alexander said he wanted a toy tank. My dad would be gone for three days, and he would come back on Wednesday, at 8 PM.

"Are you positive you'll come back?" I asked my father as we drove out of the driveway. "Of course," he replied, and then to my mom he said, "Take a right onto Montague." The car jerked and skidded onto a different road.

My brother, sitting next to me, did not know what was going on. When I had told him before that our dad was going to Pennsylvania to have a meeting there, he didn't understand what was going to happen. I stared at him. He looked puzzled, and strangely he wasn't talking. Soon we arrived at the airport. My dad unbuckled his seat belt and kissed my mom on the lips. "And what do you want?" he asked. "You don't have to give me anything," my mom said, smiling at him. Suddenly Alexander shouted, "Where are you going?" "To Pennsylvania," answered my dad. Alexander's lip started to quiver, and he burst into tears. "Forever!?" he sobbed, tears trickling down his face. My dad held up three fingers. "Until Wednesday." He leaned forward and hugged Alexander. Then he hugged me, and left. "Remember," I shouted through my window, "to bring me back a lucky charm!"

I felt very sad as soon as we were out on the highway. I wanted to go with my father. Before I knew it, I was crying, and then my brother was crying too. My mom said, "It's alright. He'll come back." I kept thinking about that over and over.

At last, Alexander and I both stopped crying. My dad would come back, nothing would happen to him. All of a sudden, my brother screamed with anger. "Daddy! Daddy! I want Daddy!" He shrieked madly. Then he started to kick his chubby legs at the seat in front of him. He squirmed in his seat. I patted his knee, trying to calm him down. It did not work. He was now waving his hands in the air. Suddenly I remembered how to calm him down! Songs! "Twinkle, twinkle little star!" I started singing. "How I wonder what you are! Up above a world so high! Like a diamond

in the sky! Twinkle, twinkle little star! How I wonder what you are. Then I noticed Alexander was sleeping already. I signed with relief. Everything was OK, and my father would surely be back soon. Everything was going to be alright.

Three days later, Dad came home with a little toy dog for me. I named him Douglas, or Douggie for short. He gave Alexander a toy plane. Everyone was glad that he was back.