

My First Kiss

As I remember, it was a warm afternoon in September, the eleventh to be exact. I was at school in class writing a paper called "My First Kiss". The school day was over, I rode home on my bus, as usual, and so far the day was going pretty good. I got home and sat down in the living room to work on my paper. It was around three o'clock and I started to get a little hungry, so I went into the kitchen to get a sandwich and some chips.

I put my paper down on the kitchen counter, and walked over to the pantry. What luck! There was no bread. I remembered that I had a couple of dollars behind my fish tank. I got the money and ran downstairs and out the door to 7-11 to buy some bread, forgetting about the UNFINISHED paper sitting on the counter. Little did I know that my mom was on her way home.

Slowly the doorknob turned. "Jeeesssiiccaa!" she called. "Come unload the groceries out of the car." She paused. There was no answer. "Hmmm... Must not be home yet."

She walked into the kitchen with two grocery bags and set them on one of the stools. As she glanced down at the counter she noticed my paper. "My First Kiss." she read aloud. "My First Kiss was the most delicious thing that I have ever tasted. It was so palatable and it felt so smooth against my tongue that I just wanted to savor that moment forever."

"Oh... How nice." She said placing the paper back on the table. Then her smile dropped and a dazed look came across her face. "Smooth against my tongue. Savor that moment forever?" "What!"

She picked up the paper and read the paragraph over and over trying to make sense of the whole thing. "Oh my God. What have I done? I've raised my daughter to be being a wanton." Now a mean glow was in her eyes. She banged her fist so hard on the counter that you could hear the dishes on the breakfront clinging together.

"Well it stops right here!" she shouted. "I will wait patiently for my loving daughter to arrive." She said in a childish tone.

Not even ten seconds later I walked through the door. I saw how upset my mother was and I calmly but carefully asked her what was wrong.

“I read your paper.” She whispered.

“So?” I said. “What’s wrong with my paper?”

“Well young lady, this is hardly school work. It is far too inappropriate.” “I will not let you turn this in. Not until you make some changes. Like all of it maybe.” she exclaimed.

“Mother! Maybe you just don’t understand what this is.” I said.

“No little miss. I understand perfectly. I understand that you’re nasty and grounded for writing something like that.”

“But...” I interrupted.

“No buts. Now listen to me. You are to fix that paper and go to your room. Understood?”

“Yes.” I replied. “It’s just this whole thing is a silly misunderstanding.” I said.

“Oh it is? Really. Well I would like for you to tell me about this silly little misunderstanding.” my mother said with her arms folded.

“We were supposed to write about a Hershey’s kiss piece of candy, but I got hungry and didn’t finish it. We were supposed to describe how it tastes and feels and stuff.”

“Oh.” she said. “Well you did an awfully good job doing that. But that does explain it, and I guess I’m sorry.”

“I already did re-write it. On the way back from 7-11, I stopped at the park and I finished it.” I told her. My mother took my paper and read it:

My First Kiss

My first kiss was the most delicious thing that I have ever tasted. The crinkly sound of the silver wrapper when you’re opening it and the sweet candy smell urges you and makes you become more anxious to eat it. Even the round triangular brown bell shape of it makes eating the kiss instantly hard to overcome. A kiss is so smooth and

delicious that right when you put it in your mouth it starts to melt and the flavor pours out into your taste buds. A Hershey's kiss is the most mouth-watering piece of candy you will ever eat. The taste is so rare that it lasts forever.

Well, that's what happened that day, and I'll never forget how much trouble that paper got me in. I'm just lucky that when I straightened everything out my mom ungrounded me. But one thing is for sure, if I ever get another assignment like that again, I'll remember to finish it faster and not take a break, or I'll at least not leave it where my mother can see it.

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