**The Nemo Diapers**

Oh man, I loved my Baby Alive doll. It was always a new adventure with my Baby Alive Lola. Some days I would be a hairdresser and create a funky new doo… that is until I cut all her hair off. Other days I was an explorer in the mystical jungle called my backyard. I remember unwrapping a big box on Christmas morning feeling excitement and joy, and then there it was: Lola. I remember light shining from the sky and Angels singing softly and swiftly as I tore the silky paper off the perfectly wrapped box, then again, I was six. She had a rather small body and a ginormous head the size of a watermelon, I could barely hold her in my arms, but I was so happy.

One day I was playing with Lola but I had run out of doll diapers. “Oh no!” I thought it was the end of the world. How can I have a baby with no diapers!” Then it hit me, a brilliant idea, how did I not think of this before? I waddled down the hallway in my loose baggy overalls stumbling over the long rolled up pant legs. I eventually reached the living room where my mom was perched on a chair doing some paperwork.

“Mommy?”

“Yes, Kennedy?”

“Can we go to the store and get some diapers for Lola?”

“Not now Kennedy but maybe when mommy is done we can go, alright?”

“Aw, fine”

I sulked to my room shoulders down and the biggest frown on my face. “What do I do now?” I had never felt so bored in my entire life. In a huff, I got up and tried to find my baby brother. I entered the corridor of his messy bedroom and saw him curled up on the floor playing with his tiny toy cars. He tilted his head at me and spoke some foreign baby language that I barely understood, I think he was asking me to play cars with him so that’s what I did. He handed me a rusty ,small car and I started to move it in a driving motion on the ground. Hmm, this is kind of fun, I thought to myself until suddenly, he rammed his blue Corvette into my red Chevrolet. “Ouch!” I shouted, he smiled and just continued smashing cars together and running into things, but not me, no way, I was getting out of there.

Just as I was about to leave my eyes trailed to the dresser next to the door and perched on the very top shelf there were diapers with little images of Nemo characters on them. Hmm I thought, I need to be sneaky so Mommy doesn’t find out. “Hey Aidan, can I use a diaper for my dolly?” he looked at me and yelled “Blah blah wah” once again in some gibberish language I didn’t understand, so I just assumed it was a yes.

I approached the shiny wooden dresser and stared down the package of diapers, I leaned down getting ready to jump as high as I could and leaped off the ground reaching to outer space. Alas, I was too short. Since plan A wasn’t successful, I decided to give plan B a try. I pulled out the bottom drawer of the dresser and stood on top of it. Still, I couldn’t reach the top shelf. Finally, I pulled out the second drawer and hopped into the unstable dresser drawer. This was it, the moment I was waiting for! I could reach the diapers! Dancing in the moment of a glorious victory I felt the dresser sway back and forth. “Uh oh” I knew what was going to happen, my whole six-year-old life flashed before my eyes. Next thing I know the whole dresser is coming my way and I dramatically dive of the dresser and bounce onto the ground. “No, no, no!” I think to myself in an extreme panic. Then the swaying dresser tumbled to the ground like a ginormous tree being chopped down in a forest. I heard a loud roaring explosion and I stood there blankly staring at the fallen dresser.

I could already tell my fate and was counting down the seconds until my parents come to see the commotion. 3, 2, 1, “KENNEDY!” and there it was. My mom ran in looked at me and my brother, who was still playing with cars and completely oblivious, straight in the eye. My mother spoke to me in her, what did you do, voice that all mothers have.

“Kennedy! What happened?”

“Umm Aidan knocked over the dresser”

I was scared and didn’t know what to say, so yes, I blamed it on my two-year-old brother.

“Really, Aidan did you do this?”

My brother looked blankly at my mother as if his mind was in a different world.

“Fine, I’m sorry I did it!” I couldn’t take the guilt anymore so I blurted out the truth.

After that day, I wasn’t allowed to play with Lola for two whole days! During these two whole days, I had to play cars with my brother. By the time these days were over my hands

were hurting so bad from ramming cars into each other and I learned a life lesson. Never ever blame others for something you did and have patients otherwise you might be stuck playing cars with your two-year-old brother. Well, at least I got my diapers for Lola.

What I did and didn’t well on this assignment: I think on this Essay I did very well dialogue such as including separate lines for separate speakers. i think I could have improved on using grammar devices. Overall I enjoyed this assignment and liked writing a story about a life lesson that is experienced.