

# Mtn. Saint Lies.

“Jayden, we need to talk. See you at dinner,” my father texted to me.

“Ok. See you then.” I replied. *I knew it. No, it cant be. How did he find out? I’m screwed. Stop Jayden, its fine.*

Five o’clock on my least favourite day. Thursday. This meant no soccer, no hockey, no football, but a forced family dinner. Mom, Dad, Susan, Steven and I, David. *Creative names hey? Way to think outside the box mom and dad.*

We rotated who got to clean the dishes; today was Steve’s turn. After a meal that consisted of vegetables, chicken and what seemed like more vegetables, dinner, and a slice of mom’s chocolate cake was done. *Hah! Time to wash dishes loser.*

Steven was just cleaning the last plate, “What are your plans for this weekend?” Mother asks. “Nothing,” answered Susan. *The usual for her.*

“Football tournament,” I responded.

“Umm..” mumbled Steve. *I knew what was coming. Mom can I have money? Dad can I stay out past curfew? Mom can I take you car?*

How did I know? Moms car was his for the whole long weekend. Taking it up to Mtn.

Saint Anne, Quebec; it would host him and his friends for nine hours. *I wish it was me going with friends.*

Jayden Bawden

Narrative Essay

English 10

The next morning I woke up to the lovely sound of all Steve's friends yelling and

laughing out the front. Followed by the car starting, tires moving and... *Yes! He's gone.*

*One less dish to clean.*

I walk through the door, two football games later, a heavy coat of mud covering my body, and muscles that ache; the phone rings. It was Steven. I answered before dad got

in the house (thank God I did). There was no room at the hotel. *Dummy, who doesn't call to see how many rooms there are ON A LONG WEEKEND?*

They decided on a new journey from the mountain to Florida. Anna Maria Island was our go to spot as a family; twenty- four hour drive and an owner we know, that had his own housing community we rented. I hung up as dad walks thought the front door: "Who

was on the phone?" *Uh oh.* "Oh. No one. Just the stupid survey guys." *And here it comes he's going to know I'm lying in 3... 2...*

"I hate those guys!" *Oh my I just got through it. Does he know? He can't. He would have said something. Relax Dave.*

Now it's Saturday morning and Susan goes running. *To the doughnut shop,*

She'd be gone for an hour and mom and dad went grocery shopping. Time to eat all the cookies and listen to the Tragically Hip. Max volume. *You have to keep in shape for football. Well, a few cookies won't hurt.*

Susan gets home first. *Ugh. I have to listen to her talk about whatever guy she saw today. Hoping its not one of my friends again!*

"Dave. You wont believe it! I saw Greg Wilson while I was running," *you mean at the doughnut shop?*

Jayden Bawden

Narrative Essay

English 10

“Wow, great job Susan! You know who our neighbour is.” After listening to her for ten minutes, at the end of her rant I heard Steven. *Does she know?... DAVE! Of course she knows! Greg Wilson was supposed to be in Quebec with Steve but his parent said no to Florida. Shoot!*

“What did you say? Steve?” I replied holding it in. “Greg said Steve’s in Florida!” Her voice like a concerned mother. “I know. He told me. Just don't tell dad. Its fine. Calm down.”

It was time for another family dinner. “How was everyone’s day?” Mom asks. There was responses from my dad and I that were the same, ‘good’. Plain, yet average. Then ‘little Ms. Daddies Princess’ pipes up. She exploded like a volcano, all about Steve. *She has to be perfect. Mommy’s helper. She’s too much. Ugh.*

Dad instantaneously had his hand on the phone calling the house in Florida. Steven picked up. “The weather is nice ‘eh? 80 degrees. Get home now.” Dad stated then hung up. *Holy.*

Twenty- four hours went by and there came Steve walking in just in time for dinner. “Hi Steven. How was the trip? You're grounded for two weeks” *Hah!*

“David you're grounded for a week. Don't keep things from your parents, son.” *Oh shoot.*

After My father explained this story to me he said: “Long story short Jade, I know you stained the carpet. You cant hide an ink spill by putting a garbage can over it. Nice try. Next time just tell us right away.” My father spoke in a ‘you're lucky your cute’ kind of

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voice. "Ok. Sorry dad. I get it." This story helped me see why I shouldn't lie and how it can cause consequences.

*I will never lie again... maybe.*