

The Kid and the Sparkler

By Claire D.

On one dreary day in the state of Texas, four kids sat on the couch. One teenage boy. One seven-year-old girl. One seven-year-old boy and his eight-year-old sister. Their parents had just gone to the store to make lunch for the hungry children. So, that left the teenager alone with three kids. The older boy was responsible and wise. As for the other three, they were quite troublesome, to say the least.

"I'm bored! Can we watch TV?" asked the seven-year-old girl.

"Uh, sure. What do you wanna watch, Layla?" asked Alec, the teenager.

"A baking show," said Layla, stuffing her face in a pillow.

Just as Alec grabbed the remote to turn on the TV, the gray clouds parted, and it started to rain cats and dogs outside.

"Aw, man! I was hoping to go play outside today," said the eight-year-old girl, Clara.

She pressed her face to the window. Longing to go outside.

"Get over it!" said her brother, Nathan. Clara rolled her eyes and sat back down on the couch. Alec went to the baking show of Layla's choice, and they all quieted down for just as long as the show lasted.

35 minutes later...

After the show ended, Clara spotted a box of sparklers on the dinner table and said, "Wow! A whole box of sparklers! Alec, can I light one? I can do it outside."

"Clara, I don't think that's a really good idea. It's raining," he said.

Even though Alec didn't agree, all of the others did. They grabbed the box and headed out the back door. They stepped into the yard and opened the box containing the flammable objects.

"I've seen people do this before... I think you light it like a match," Clara said, attempting to light the sparkler just like she saw on TV. She held the sparkler tight and aggressively slid the top of the match like object across the top of the box.

BOOM! Sparks emerged from the tip of the sparkler and flew out of Clara's hand.

"Are you alright?" they asked.

"I *knew* that this wasn't a good idea," Alec said, picking up the worn-out sparkler and putting it in the trash.

"I know. I'm sorry," Clara said.

"Okay, no more lighting those things until our parents get home."

Layla and Nathan had their eyes wide but soon came back to normal. They all went back inside, and a couple of minutes later, their parents came home.

Later that night, when all the rain went away, and they had just finished their dinner, they all went outside to light sparklers *right* way and watch the fireworks.

As all four kids and their parents sat outside to watch the fireworks, they filled them in on everything that had happened that day. Of course, they were angry, but they laughed and thought it was quite foolish of Clara. However, it was alright in the end, and they forgave the poor guilty children.

The End.

About The Author

Claire M. Deiparine has written many stories in her 11 years of existence. Her favorite book she has written is *The Adventures of Annabelle Marie Carmack*, a fiction story about the Gold Rush. Claire is a 5th grader. She is 11 years old. Claire lives in California with her mom, dad, and younger brother.