

# **Student Essay on Dinnertime**

## **Dinnertime**

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## Essay

I am reading in my room, math book before me, when Sam runs up the stairs and screams, "Come and get it!" I wait for a second to avoid being trampled as an avalanche of children thunder downstairs. It is dinnertime in the Horak home, and no one wants to be late.

"Danyelle!" Olivia and Ryan cry in unison.

"I'm coming!" I yell back impatiently as I set down my pencil and hurry downstairs to join them.

"Finally! Why are you always late"" Ben begins to question me, but a kick from Luke silences him. My father stands.

"Who wants to pray"" he asks calmly. This prompts my youngest siblings, Ben, Sam, and Olivia to excitedly raise their hands and plead in various ways. "Let's see, Olivia went last time...Ben, it's your turn." Immediately the room grows still and quiet.

"Dear Lord," he begins, "thank You for this day. Thank You for this food and whoever made it. Please heal everyone in the world. That's all. Amen." He ends by stabbing a piece of chicken with his fork. No one speaks, but the sound of clanking silverware is enough for my stepmother, Jen, to know that all approve of her meal. Who wouldn't? Warm, creamy mashed potatoes, fresh butter beans, and chicken smothered with gravy disappear bite by bite. Ryan and Luke quickly ask for seconds, so I reluctantly take their plates and dish out the last of the chicken. Olivia requests permission to leave to table, but to her disappointment, she must finish the mashed potatoes that remain on her plate.

The meal slowly ends, and the pleasing aroma goes with it. All of the plates, including Olivia's potato-coated one, are accounted for, washed, dried, and put away by Jen, Dad, and myself. Sam volunteers to clean off the table, and with Luke's help to reach the middle, they are both proud of their shining results. Another meal has been successfully prepared, eaten, and cleaned up after. Relieved, I retreat to my room to finish my math. Soon, I must help get the others ready for bed, but now all I have to worry about is problem fifteen.