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English 4

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Taking Out the Trash

The street was deserted as deluge poured from the dark cloudy sky. The only indication of human life came from the occasional passing car rolling along the wet gravel. In a row of houses less than ten feet apart sat our tiny yellow home, half hidden behind a bushy cherry tree, flimsy leaves weighed down from the heavy downpour. Inside our cozy home, my older sisters and I were entertained by bright colors flashing across a television screen.

“Yes!” Keeyana’s high pitched voice exclaimed as she threw her arms up in rejoicement, purple Gamecube controller held between her stubby fingers.

“Yes!” Hannah repeated, focused on Keeyana rather than the chunky silver television.

Keeyana must have been playing Mario Kart for hours in our dimly lit living room, while Hannah and I sat on either side of her, nodding our heads to the blaring sound of the familiar upbeat background music of each level. I had been so focussed on the video game that I hadn’t noticed the sound of the wind whipping through the branches of our leafy cherry tree, or the raindrops plopping on our roof, or the water droplets dripping down the windowed sliding door less than five feet away from my spot on the floor. I stared at my reflection in the rain splattered door, revealing a mess of curly brown hair surrounding my tiny face. Right below my tangled bangs, big brown eyes blinked back at me as I sat criss-cross applesauce on one of the many Persian rugs scattered throughout the house. I glanced down at my puny fingers as they traced

the intricate patterns of the soft rug, a baby blue long sleeve shirt patterned with cartoon sheep and clouds wrapped around my skinny arms, and matching pajama pants covered my legs.

“Keeyana-Hannah-Dana! Take out the trash, please!” my mom called from the kitchen. My mom always called us the wrong name--but with four kids, who could blame her--and as a result, she combined all of our names into one mega-name, which she would use even if she was just calling one of us. This of course excluded my younger brother Dalton, who at the time, could not be confused with any of us for being the only boy, and an infant. Keeyana wasn't too fond of my mom's innovation, probably because she didn't like to be confused with Hannah and me who were six and seven years younger than her. Plus, being eleven years old meant that she was practically a full-grown adult.

Keeyana rolled her deep brown eyes, set down the controller, and walked down the hallway into the kitchen. Hannah closely observed, then mimicked, her Rapunzel-length straight brown hair swaying as her bobblehead-like figure scurried after Keeyana. My munchkin legs hurriedly followed them down the dim hallway, waiting for the Big Bad Wolf to pounce out of the ominous shadows.

Luckily, I made it out alive, just in time to pick up one of the three gargantuan black trash bags, slightly damp with garbage juice. Gripping the knot at the end of the bag with both hands, I thrust the sack over my shoulder with all of the strength I could conjure up in my short, scrawny arms. The bag sloshed against my back and the odor of its contents invaded my nostrils: a combination of rancid fruits and vegetables, sour milk, and last night's spicy burritos.

“Yucky icky mucky and sticky,” I whined.

Waddling towards the front door, behind two other malodorous trash bags, my fingers struggled to grasp the slippery plastic knot. The three of us stepped into our tall rubber rain boots that were patiently waiting for us on top of a light brown hay-like welcome mat. My shiny yellow rain boots followed my sisters out the front door, bringing me into a curtain of water gushing down the roof. Giant raindrops poured out of the thick grey clouds as we plodded down the slanted cement driveway in an agreed silence.

Somehow, Keeyana and Hannah were a mile ahead of me, looking like ants at the bottom of our driveway. Urgently, my trudge accelerated to a fast walk, then a full on sprint. However, my boots were not made for racing, and my skinny legs slid in opposite directions. My boots shot up into the air and my body slammed against the hard slippery ground, like a cartoon character slipping on a banana peel. To make matters worse, my already bruised body started tumbling towards my sisters like an avalanche. My hands desperately clung onto the trash bag as I plummeted to my death down the cement slip 'n slide that was my driveway.

“Watch out!” Keeyana screeched as my body and the colossal trash bag rolled straight towards Hannah. But, her warning was too late, and the trash bag and I crashed into Hannah’s tiny frame, knocking her down like bowling pin. The three of us--me, Hannah, and the trash bag--were splattered on the cold wet gravel.

My tail bone ached, my head throbbed, and my hands trembled from gripping the bag so firmly. A portion of the thin plastic trash bag had ripped on my way down the driveway, revealing its contents and releasing its sickening odor. Despite my painful physical state, my biggest worry was the repulsive scent of the open trash bag.

“Yucky icky mucky and sticky!”

Instead of hysterical sobs, as Keeyana had likely expected, light giggles escaped our lips. These small laughs quickly transformed into uncontrollable howls and snorts that Keeyana immediately reciprocated. My cheeks stung from grinning so widely, and my stomach ached from irrepressible laughter. My lungs desperately begged for air as I breathlessly gasped in between each cackle.

Eventually, after a good minute of panting, we collected ourselves and continued our trek to the bottom of our driveway. The piercing cold raindrops, now doubled in size, pelted our faces and pounded against the garbage bags making the monstrous sacks even heavier. For some reason, maybe because I had been inside all day or because I almost died a minute before, the ice cold drops felt replenishing against my bruised skin.

“The rain feels good!” Hannah enthusiastically exclaimed, as if she read my mind.

“I know!” Keeyana agreed, then started splashing about in freshly made puddles, taking large stomps in her bright green rain boots. Hannah and I followed her lead and jumped into shallow puddles, spraying freezing water onto each others’ clothes. Being the dancer that she was, Keeyana gracefully twirled between each puddle with ease, holding one leg in the air as the other spun her in circles. Biting wind blew through my thick tangled hair, whipping it around. The tips of my fingers tingled as I pranced about the street, nose and cheeks rosy from the cold rain.

“I’m singing in the rain!” Keeyana belted out. “Just singing in the rain!”

Hannah and I giggled, then joined in. “We’re singing in the rain! Just singing in the rain!” Our trash bags swung from side to side, the contents wallowing with every movement, as our brightly colored rain boots leapt from puddle to puddle.

“We’re singing in the rain! Just singing in the rain!” we chanted in unison. Those seemed to be the only lyrics we knew.

Prancing to the bulky trash can, we threw away the heavy garbage bags, soaking wet hair sticking to our faces, and sopping wet clothes much heavier than before. Our freezing soggy arms linked together, and we skipped to the front door, giggling all the way up our driveway. We reached the door, still laughing from the unexpected events, took off our rainboots and entered our warm comfy home. Rainy weather suddenly became my favorite weather.