

The Christmas Catastrophe

By: Emma Langerock BVIS 6th



“Kels, get the oven mitts. They’re in—”

“I know, I know.”

I hurried to the drawer and took out four oven mitts, as my mom opened the oven to take out the turkey.

“MOM! DAD! COME QUICK!” a little voice screamed.

CRASH!

“The turkey!” I screamed, as I saw it crash to the floor.

“Brady! What do you need?” my dad called from in the living room, putting in a new lightbulb.

Woof, Woof!

“Coco, no!”

CRASH! BANG!

“Everyone settle down!” a loud voice boomed from the living room. It was Dad.

My mom was struggling to clean up the turkey, my little brother, Brady came down the stairs, holding my baby sister, Anna Marie, with pee dribbling down her legs, and Coco was running around the house like crazy, making the biggest mess possible, with pudding sprayed on the floor, mashed potatoes spread across the whole dining room table, and everything else, everywhere possible.

We all froze after Dad’s commotion, even Coco. “Brady, give me Anna, Kelsie, take Coco outside, and give her a hard lecture, and as for Mom—”

“Hello, he—Whoa. What’d I miss?”

“Tyler!”

My name is Kelsie Bullgard, I'm twelve years old, and my family and I live in Traverse City, Michigan. My family consists of me, my parents, Brady, who's eight, and then Tyler, who is twenty, and goes to the University of Minnesota. He only comes to some holidays and sometimes throughout the year, so we don't see him much. To top it off, we have a chocolate lab puppy, named Coco, who gets himself into as much trouble as he can.

It was Christmas day, and we were trying to get the meal ready before Grandma, Grandpa, Uncle Joe, Aunt Megan and our cousins, Hadley, Cody and Ellie got here.

But, it hasn't worked out as we planned. The turkey was ruined, the pudding was ruined, everything on the table was ruined except for a jar of olives and a can of relish. Disgusting.

"Ty, how are you! You got here just in time!" Mom wiped the crumbs off her apron and hurried to hug my brother.

Coco went ballistic over Tyler, so I took him outside.

"Well, what can I help with?" he asked after the hugs were over.

"Why don't you take Anna to get changed, and then help me scrub pudding off the walls?" asked Dad, already scrubbing in the dining room.

"Right on it," he said, taking Anna Marie from Brady.

"Mom, why don't you lie down for a minute. I'll clean up the turkey. Brady will help me," I said.

"Thanks Kels. Maybe we just order takeout?"

"That's fine. I'll order for everyone," said Dad, setting down the rag.

So, Brady and I cleaned up the turkey, and then we went out and played with Coco until Grandma and Grandpa pulled into the driveway. Coco went totally crazy again, so we had to take her inside to her kennel.

"So, takeout for Christmas?" laughed Grandpa when he walked inside.

"Anna Marie, let me hold you!" Grandma said as Tyler came down the stairs.

"Brady!"

"Kelsie!"

"Tyler!"

“Ho, ho, ho!”

The front door slammed, and Hadley, only two, came waddling into the kitchen. Cody, Brady’s age, ran through the house trying to locate Brady. After Cody, Ashley and Vander, twin high school seniors, met Tyler in the living room, and then Ellie, my age, walked behind everyone to meet me.

“Hi.”

“Hey. . . uh, it’s kinda a mess in here,” she laughed.

“Coco went a little crazy,” I said.

“Just a little.”

We sat on the stools in the kitchen, munching on gingerbread cookies until Mom had Ashley, Ellie and I help set the table.

Cody and Brady came upstairs a while later to wait for the delivery man, and Tyler settled Anna Marie and Hadley in the play pen, while Uncle Joe, Tyler, Dad and Grandpa watched a football game.

Ding-Dong!

“Yay! The food is here!” The boys rushed to the door, and threw it open, letting a whoosh of cold air inside.

After Dad paid, he set three giant bags of Chinese food on the counter. Everyone hurried over and took out box after box of rice, broccoli, beef, chicken, shrimp, noodles, and carrots.

We began to eat after everyone had sat down. But about halfway through the meal, something didn’t seem right. Everything was peaceful. Too peaceful.

“Where’s Coco?” Tyler, Brady and I asked at the same time.

“He’s just in the living room, isn’t he?” said Mom.

I got up to look, but no one was in the living room.

“No one’s in there.”

“Well, maybe he got in the yard?” asked Ellie.

We looked out the window, but saw just snow and trees.

“How about we split up. Some of us in the house, and some of us to search the street?” suggested Dad, and we agreed.

Ashley, Ellie, Anna Marie and I went out to search around the house. Ashley took Anna Marie on her hip, as Ellie and I ran ahead to look in the backyard.

“Uh, I hear a sound,” Ellie said, looking around.

“Hey, I hear it too! It’s like a rustling sound,” I said.

We hurried to the front of the house where it was coming from.

Crash!

The garbage bin we had set in front of the house tipped over, and out came Coco! She was covered in the turkey from earlier today.

We took him inside by the collar, and everyone was back from searching, but no one even noticed we walked in the door. Their eyes were glued to the TV, where the weather report was on.

A severe blizzard?

Advised to stay inside?

No traveling?

I looked out the window. Sure enough, it was starting to snow. Coco barked and everyone turned around and laughed.

“Well, today sure has been a Christmas Catastrophe,” I laughed.

“It sure has,” Mom said, putting her arm on my shoulder.

