Alexandra Probst

English 111

Navid Ebrahimzadeh

Short Assignment 1

1. Guilty child to his parents.

Hey Mom!

Just wanted to let you know how much I’m looking forward to dinner!

I love your casserole.

What’s that you say? I normally complain about it?

Well hey, maybe I’ve changed!

I might not be very hungry though.

I’m feeling a little sick.

What do you mean? You think maybe I’ve ate?

Well now, that’s ridiculous!

I’d never fill up before dinner.

You’ve taught me well.

Huh? I have purple stains on my hands?

Well oh, would you look at that!

I have no idea where those came from.

It certainly wasn’t from the plums you were saving for breakfast tomorrow.

No sir, no way.

If it was the plums though, I’m sure they would have been delicious and cold.

But it wasn’t the plums.

I love your casserole.

2. Seventh grade girl to her diary.

Dear diary,

Today, in second period, I sat behind Tom Watson. I had been trying to sit behind him all year, but Amelia always got into class before me and got there before I could! But today, Mrs. Rogers let us out of English early and I finally made it before Amelia. You should’ve seen the look on her face! LOL. So when Tom turned around to pass me my worksheet, I opened my mouth to talk to him. I mean like, this was my big chance. And oh my GOD, you won’t even believe what happened. I almost don’t even want to write it down it’s so humiliating. Right as I opened my mouth, right when he was turned around and his face was soooo close to mine… I BURPED!!!!

Oh my god. Even thinking about it now this is like the most embarrassing thing in my entire life. At least my breath didn’t smell too bad, because the only thing I’d eaten all day was those plums. Maybe it was karma seeing as I totally wasn’t supposed to eat the plums. Mom was saving them in the fridge to mash up for the baby’s breakfast, but whatever. I was SO hungry, and the bus was about to leave!! I basically had no choice. And like, they were so yummy. They were all cold from the fridge, and way sweeter than those weird organic ones Kathy’s mom gets. They were almost as sweet as Tom Watson… Sigh.

XOXO

Plum girl

3. Plum farmer’s prayer to his congregation.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hollowed be thy plums

Thy pits removed,

Thy fruit so sweet,

On earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day,

Our daily plum,

And forgive us our trespasses

As we forgive those heathens who say they like peaches better.

And lead us not into the temptation of canned goods,

But deliver us from mealy fruit and unripened plums.

Amen.