

"The Forgetful Man"  
By Emma Schechtman, 6<sup>th</sup> grade

There was once a forgetful man long ago. He would come to my house every Thanksgiving with it being his turn to make the food. He would always forget the food. He would go to the library to read books to the children. He would forget his glasses (half the time they would be on his head). He took us fishing from time to time. He would forget the bait.

One day our parents got tired of this so they told this forgetful man to stay away until he got his act together. He didn't forget that. Everything was good and pleasant until Thanksgiving came. We had to make the food because the forgetful man wasn't there. That was a lot of food to make. The library wasn't the same without all of those kids looking for the man's glasses. Fishing wasn't even the same. I missed looking in the water to try to find worms and falling in.

I might not have enjoyed all these things then, but I miss them now. That was when my parents realized that we needed this man. My parents decided to go over there to his house and see what he was up to. They looked everywhere, but they just could not find him so my parents came home. They knocked on the door to our house. We were all so excited to see the man we pretty much trampled each other to the door. Seeing that the man was not there made us extremely disappointed so we all started fighting and bickering that lasted for about ten minutes until my mom yelled, "Enough!"

We all took a chill pill and relaxed. Since the forgetful man wasn't answering his phone, my mom grew worried. She went to his house to see if he was ok. She found him outside sitting on the step that led to his door, and he explained. So when she came home that night we were all so excited. She said where she found him, and we asked what he was doing on the step. He said, "I forgot my keys and my phone inside." We all just laughed and laughed.