

Worst Game Night Ever!

By Ethan Clark

Man, I sure hated that one time we went to my cousins who live an hour away for a game night. It was cold outside, and it was snowing...no, it was a downright blizzard!

Once we opened that front door with the murky arched window on it, I was hit by the familiar smell of my cousins' house. It smelled like well...I can't really describe it! Their house just always smelled like a food I'd rather not eat.

We all had to gather around the dining room table to play board games...well only after we ate our dinner, which was made by The Aunt From Albuquerque.

It was a French onion soup that she proclaimed was "fine dining for the kiddos."
I hated it, and ate very little of it.

The only thing I liked from it was the bowl which had a lattice print on it. The only food I was looking forward to was Uncle Barney's fudge.

But that was a trap. The Aunt from Albuquerque's partner-in-crime, Aunt Marcie suddenly piped up and said that Uncle Barney's fudge was actually a prize for whoever can win her "trivia quiz".

She made it impossible to win! All the questions were about like...soap operas? And of course Aunt Marcie won because she just wanted that fudge all to herself.

After that, I just went to the pantry and grabbed those store brand cheese balls, and sat down on that itchy, rough carpet of the living room that smelled like lemon cleaner.

My cousins Danny and Jake soon joined me. There was this game show on the TV. I don't remember the name but it had people like, opening up suitcases or something.

We couldn't wrap our heads around the rules but we started betting those cheese balls in a pile and whoever's favorite contestant won got the cheese balls.

My favorite contestant ended up losing. But I swiped the jar containing the remaining cheese balls while Jake was turning his face orange with the ones from the betting pile.

Those cheese balls were stale, had a slight chemical taste to them, but boy that salty cheese flavor was a BIG relief at such a boring function.

Then, Aunt Marcie came lumbering into the room and dropped an envelope onto my lap. I still can recall that the seal was sloppily taped shut.

That envelope had a used Target gift card in it! It only had 8 dollars on it! The gift card was apparently my “late birthday present”.

Once that happened, I just wanted to leave! But I had to endure another hour of Aunt Marcie’s nonsense.

We were dragged back into the kitchen for another round of trivia. Luckily, it wasn’t about Aunt Marcie’s soap operas or whether.

But then came when she pulled out the question for “what is the capital of New York?”

Uncle Barney seemed to know this one with all of his heart as he BOOMED “ALBANY!” just before Aunt Marcie could finish the question.

Despite the answer BEING ON THE CARD, Aunt Marcie said Uncle Barney was wrong. She claimed it was ACTUALLY New York City because “it is where the important things in New York are and therefore, the capital”.

Uncle Barney, understandably got flustered and grabbed the card and pointed out that it clearly says “Albany” as the answer.

Aunt Marcie said that the trivia card was wrong, and then the two then just argued and argued. It ended when Aunt Marcie threw the rest of the fudge at Uncle Barney.

I had no Idea what was going through Aunt Marcie’s head during that time, but now I think that the two already were getting into lots of arguments that we didn’t know about.

And that’s why we’ve never had another game night since...at least one hosted by Aunt Marcie, that is.