

The Gift, by Ansel, Grade 5

One afternoon, Steve was in his sedan driving home from work.

Steve sighed, thinking, *Boy! This road is really in rough shape.*

The pavement was crumbling and had lots of potholes and cracks. It was falling apart, and in many places the paving was not there, but it was the shortest route out of the three roads between his house and office. He usually went on the second shortest road to go home, but that day it was his son's birthday party. So, he wanted to get home as fast as possible.

I wish this road were better maintained, Steve thought, as he went through the woods swerving around the potholes.

While he was making his way through the rough terrain, he started to hear clanking sounds from the car.

This is very loud, but isn't bad, Steve considered, as he kept driving.

Suddenly, the car made a loud bang, then slowly came to a stop.

Steve got his phone out and was on the phone calling the tow truck guy.

Hope that the car repairs will be a quick fix and will be only 30 minutes, Steve lightly thought.

His goal was to get the present and be home on time. While he was still on the phone talking, he looked up to see a black bear crossing the road about fifty yards away but not paying any attention to the car.

It's just a bear; that's no big deal, Steve impulsively thought, as he finished the call.

Soon after that, the tow truck came along. Luckily, the driver was close by and was talking to Steve on the phone while driving. When the tow truck came, it was pretty noisy when it was approaching, plus the bumpy road made it even louder. The sudden, rumbling arrival of the truck startled the bear, which caused it to run towards the car.

Suddenly becoming conscious of what he was seeing, he yelled inside his head, *Wait IT IS A BEAR!!*

When the bear reached the car, it jumped on the bumper, which crushed it.

"Whoa!" yelled Steve. "That's not good."

Then the bear ran and stomped over the hood, which dented it, damaging the engine. The bear ran off into the woods after it got off the car. Steve was worried and scared at the sight of the bear severely denting the hood, but he didn't know that the huge indentation had damaged the engine.

As he looked around, the tow driver hopped out of the truck.

Steve saw a name tag that read Frank, and said, "Hello, Frank. Thank you for coming. Did you see the bear?"

The driver replied, "Yeah, I did, and you're welcome. Now let's get the car hooked and go to the garage because that bear made your car worse."

Frank headed to the back of the truck to get the hook, as Steve waited outside his car. Frank came back and went to the front of Steve's car. Frank tried to hook the car, but it wouldn't work because the back end was damaged from the break down and now the front end was also damaged from the bear. So, the tow truck driver made a contraption from junk in the truck to attach to the car's front end.

"Nice work on that thing," Steve commented.

Frank replied, "Thanks."

Once the car was hooked, Steve hopped into the tow truck with Frank, and they headed to the garage.

This is not good, Steve thought, but the repair will probably take only an hour.

Soon, they arrived at the repair shop. Frank pulled the truck into the garage bay, unhooked Steve's car, and drove through the exit on the other side.

The repair shop was closer to his house than work, so if Steve needed to walk home, it would be a shorter trip.

The mechanic came out of the garage and said, "Hi, my name is Joe."

Steve replied, "Hello, my name is Steve. It's nice to meet you. Also, the damage on the front is from a bear."

"Oookay, that's not good," Joe said, as he examined the car. "Hey, Steve, I think that the engine is also damaged."

That was news to Steve, and he was shocked to learn about it. Joe also explained it would cost a lot and take some time. Then Steve got even more worried because he needed to use most of the money that was meant for his son's birthday present, and he also needed to get home on time.

How will I get home?, Steve wondered. Oh, I can just walk home, but I cannot get the present.

Steve left the garage and headed for his house. He walked on the good road, which was not bumpy and was much better maintained.

As Steve passed the shop where he wanted to get the present for his son, he pondered, *I hope someone can get the present.*

He'd lost one and a half hours but still believed he could make it to the party.

He walked fast most of the time because he wanted to get home as quickly as possible. He really did not want to be late. As his house appeared into view, he began to lighten.

Finally, I am home, he thought with a sigh of relief.

He walked through the garage door into the kitchen and the dining room. He relaxed when he saw they hadn't started putting up decorations, but everyone was there for the party.

"Where's the car?" his wife asked.

"It's a long story," Steve replied.

"Okay then, we will talk later. Steve, please go and collect the presents from everyone."

So, he started to take gifts from the guests. When he couldn't carry anymore, he went to the dining room. As he entered, he saw one gift bag that he had not put there with a tag that said, 'From Mom and Dad.' He peeked inside to see it was the gift he wanted to pick up.

Yes, this is great! I didn't think this would happen this way, Steve reflected.