

# The Party Disaster

I stumble towards the scooter with the birthday boy. His father's cleaning his vehicle, shouting not to lay a finger on it. We grabbed the scooters and set off for the top of the steep hill to race off down as if we were race cars. His father scurried through the doors to grab the tire pump. He looked back at us "Remember boys, be careful, stay away from the car."

"Three, two, one." roared Jack as we zoomed down over the pebbles that form the steep hill slithering down to the house Jasper won. As we raced we decided to go faster by pushing harder with the scooters. With us zooming down, the fresh air blew my soft hair and the blur turned into art.

"Swoosh." we had less control when we all heard a loud bang. We wandered around anxiously looking for Jack. He grunted with a coloured syrup trickling over his clothes but we spotted a dent in the door.

We stared at the dent. Timothy opened the door to see it folded in towards the leather seat. We were so worried looking at the large dent with the birthday boy was full of blame because his father said not to touch his car.

So I suggested a video I had seen where a man smacked the door into the place with a large hammer. We agreed. We rushed to the garage and searched through the toolbox until finally, we found a hammer.

We walked back to the car but Timothy was worried about his father coming out and seeing the door. He was ready to fix the dent he gave the door a tap but nothing happened. Next came a harder bang.

"It worked!" we shouted.

We all smiled until we saw a scrape smearing across the silver door. We looked at each other, knowing what we needed to do next. We needed colour and found some. The birthday boy had no courage.

He was encouraged to quickly spray the door in case his father came out. Holding the can near the door he sprayed it on. It looked as if a mist was covering the driveway. It was slightly off. But if we looked at it from an

angle you didn't notice it. We all heard his father's footsteps coming down the hallway. We went back on the scooters, trying to hide our guilt.

Timothy's father stepped out of the doors with the tire pump that- he was looking for. As his father walked over to a wheel. he spotted the large, wet paint patch and the slight dent. He knew it was one of us. His face was drooping with anger. He was getting ready to tell us off.

So Jack and I decided to blame it on Timothy. His father was furious about his car being wrecked by his son Timothy was full of sorrow. We couldn't say anything more the problem was too big to fix.