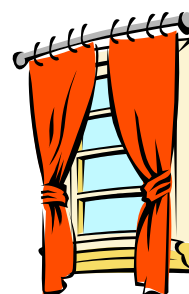


The Disasters of Work

I woke up to a screaming mob of people yelling out to me from through the window. As I got a glance at them, I saw pitch forks and bundles of bright, burning objects being held by the town's people. I didn't know what I had done; but I knew I was in for it.



It all started when I volunteered to host the next work dinner. I got a few cotton bags and raced down to the community garden. As I arrived at the gate to the community garden, I grabbed all of



the vegetables and herbs that I could, to make some snacks and meals. I had three hours to make a meal for about thirty work mates. I hadn't realised that I had taken almost everything and left the garden as bare as a platter after a party. I was in a rush, and I was stressed that I wouldn't be finished in time.

Looking down at all the angry faces made me feel as guilty as charged. They were staring back up at me. Then it hit me. I knew what I had done and I was going to fix all of it. I left the window to go down to the door and confront them.

I opened the door, worried about what was going to happen. I tried to settle them, to talk but they just got louder. I went to the kitchen and grabbed my whistle, then went back and blew as hard as I could. This made them stop in a hurry. I told them that I would do my best to grow back the entire garden and they wouldn't have to lift a finger to help.

Half an hour later, I was back in my bed and falling asleep. The town was happy and so was I. Over all, the consequences weren't so bad, mainly because I like gardening.



By Tia