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The Choices We Make

“IT’S FRIDAY MY DUDES!!” my little brother yells as he’s running down the steps, through the living room and into the dining room. Upstairs in the room next to his, I get startled awake, throw the blanket off of me and sit upright with the sun blinding me through my window with smoke pouring out of my ears from being awoken in such a obnoxious way.

I think to myself “does it always have to be so annoying around here?” Not too long after, I force myself up and walk downstairs to the mouth watering aromas of bacon, pancakes, sausage and syrup. I scavenge what I can off of the plate that my mom serves the food on knowing that I’m running late, as usual. I dart up the stairs again changing my clothes, brushing my teeth, grabbing my backpack, running back down the stairs and up most of the block before I see the number eighty three pass by me honking as if she would stop and wait any longer than the three seconds it takes for everyone to board the bus.

I answer my question from the morning in a sarcastic voice as I walk back home shamefully “nahhhhh it couldn’t get any worse than this.” Trying my hardest to forget that it was only seven in the morning. When I got home I had to awake the beast, my dad, in order to get a ride to school.

As I open his door inch by inch it starts creating a high pitched and very loud creak like a scary movie. He awoke with a couple of grunts and moans then I say in the nicest way possible “hey dad, I missed the bus can you please give me a ride to school.”

He quickly snaps back with “can’t I just be left alone to sleep for one single day without being startled by someone who needs a ride to tardy town.” Before he had the chance to finish his sentence I zoom back into my room to get away from anything else he can say to me. We get our stuff and he gives me a ride to school without saying anything else other than “see you at home.”

When I had gotten to school I got my late pass, stopped at my locker and proceeded to my first block. I look at one of the clocks built into the wall, I was ten minutes late as I arrived at the door. I walk in and take my seat in my math class.

“late as always, do you even set alarms in the morning or do you just wing it? With a displeased tone. I chose not to answer and class resumed with no interferences.

The rest of my classes were normal and I mostly paid attention to the clock, breaking down the amount of time left into fractions making it easier for me to get through the classes. I get through lunch and it was nice I sat with friends and enjoyed the little time we had away from classes. Finally, my last class history I didn’t mind it today’s lesson was about knowing where all

50 states were on the map. I had studied the night before so the test was pretty easy. Not to long after I hop on my bus and arrive at my house. I go inside, quickly say hello to my parents sitting on the couches, then go up the stairs as fast as my leg's would go, into my room to the last place I remember leaving my stack of money. I saw nothing not even the twenty five dollar gift card and my heart dropped along with my stomach. The worst part about it had to be that I know exactly who took the money. My older brother. He was always the worst like he was possessed by a demon doing horrible things and taunting us till we were filled with rage.

I ran down my steps and told my mom and dad what happened. At first they shrugged it off thinking it couldn't have been more than \$20. Seconds after, I told them how much it actually was. Their moods changed abruptly and were sad for me.

They said "we'll give you the money back and make things right." But, my brother was not home at the time and there was no telling when he would be back so I went to my room with an unsure feeling, not knowing when I would get my money back.

My parents chose to not have the conversation around me because they knew it would get hairy. I could hear the yelling coming from downstairs later that night.

"Where's Dylan's bracelet money." Said by my mom with an angry tone

“Why would I know?” Said by my brother. I was imagining him and seeing the smile on his face lying to my parents.

“We know when you lie. We want that money back it’s not yours and it’s not fair to him.” My mom snaps at him

“I can’t give back what I don’t have.” My brother yells back continuing to get louder.

My father was forced to get involved and tried to smack some sense into him. Then tells him “your going to get a job at Charlie’s and your going to pay him back and make everything right and everything will be forgiven.”

Quickly coming back to his senses he starts to cry and agrees to start working.

Two weeks later, I finally had my money and bought my own ps3 along with the black ops bundle that came with it. It was the most joyful feeling I’ve ever had despite that tragic event that had happened weeks before.

Just three week ago I had that same horrible feeling, not having money. It was a taunting feeling that came when my friends would flash money at school, reminding me that I didn’t usually have much more than lunch money. So when I got to my house I started watching YouTube videos thinking of ways to make money.

Later that day, I had an idea while watching a video about making parachute cord bracelets. I could make and sell them to my friends. Thinking that even if I sold one that would be amazing. So I told my parents, they thought it was nice that I was doing something other than play videos games and watch videos. I bought 3 different colors green, blue and neon orange. I made one green bracelet and a blue one to wear to school tomorrow.

My one friend , Greg, comes up to me and asks “what is that it looks sooo cool.”

I proudly say “yeah well I make them and if you want this one I'll sell you it for five dollars.”

He shook his head in agreement and we exchanged his money for my bracelet. I couldn't help but smile and think “my first customer.” I continue on with my day and go home with a new found love for making bracelets that night I had made six more bracelets hoping that tomorrow would make more money.

Fortunately, I was right and the next day I had 4 people come up to me and buy bracelets. Then the next day I had sold out of bracelets because I only brought eight instead of 10 . This continued on for 3 school days, day after day making more and taking requests for other colors or multicolored ones to be made that night and given to them by the next morning. I had sold

way over 50 bracelets and I kept close track of how much money I had earned \$325 and a \$25
visa gift card.