Narrative Writing- Kirin’s Mess

 It was the end of a long day and I was absolutely exhausted! I trudged into the house, through the living room, and into the kitchen. With a sigh, I unwillingly unpacked my backpack. After emptying my lunch kit, removing my homework, and gathering up my energy to head upstairs, I left the kitchen. I pulled my tired and sore body up the mountainous stairs. It took a bit but I had finally made it to the top! Victorious, I went into the bedroom and that’s when I saw it. I smelt it. I knew it. Looking down there was a big yellow spot right in the middle of the carpet.

 I was furious! I spun around in anger, my energy suddenly recovered. I stormed down the hallway to the spare bedroom and snarling, I checked the closet. Huffing in anger, and unable to find the culprit, I dropped to the floor and crawled to the edge of the bed. Whipping back the blankets I peered under the bed but frustratingly I found no sign of the cat… well, other than the hair he left behind. Lifting myself up off the ground I decided I would check the workout room next, but after a quick survey of the room I knew he wasn’t there. Knowing that I would have to check my room I headed there next. Upon arriving in my room I carefully stepped over the yellow stained carpet and proceeded to hunt angrily for the cat. After my in-depth closet search I continued on to look under my dresser and the bed. It was at this time I realized I wasn’t as furious and the cat must have realized I was mad as I couldn’t seem to find him anywhere. Giving up my search, for now, I decided to simply clean the disgusting spot.

 I headed downstairs to collect the rough paper towel, slippery gloves, and the cool plastic bottle that held the cleaning solution. Trudging back up the stairs, supplies in hand, I went to the spot and plopped down on the harsh carpet. I could smell the acidic smell of the spot and see the bright yellow stain in the carpet that seemed to taunt me. Pulling on the tight yellow gloves I prepared myself for the task at hand. At this point, I sprayed the area several times. I knew that I wanted to make sure to leave no trace of this incident behind. I felt the trigger of the bottle give under my grip and saw the foamy liquid shoot from the bottle and onto the stained carpet. I knew what was next. I grabbed the paper towel and began scrubbing with all my might. My nose burned from the smell and my eyes started to water from the harsh chemical. I repeated this process several times. Spray and scrub. Spray and scrub. Determined I was going to remove every ounce of evidence of todays’ events.

After my fifth time scrubbing I had determined that it was clean. With a nod of satisfaction I pulled my now aching body up off the floor. With a snap, I pulled off my gloves and took them to the bathroom with me. Scrubbing the gloves thoroughly I then moved onto my hands. I felt the warm water rush over my sore hands and the smell of lavender invaded my nose. Sighing deeply I dried my hands, collected the rest of the supplies, and headed downstairs.

Once the items were put away and I was changed I went to sit on my large and very inviting couch. Meanwhile, guess who came out from under the couch! It was Kirin. He tried desperately to have me pet him while I simply repeated, “no, I’m mad at you.”

Yet he persisted and seemed to apologetically say, “I’m sorry.” After a few minutes I took a deep breath and relented. I stroked him. I scratched him. I even told him not to do it again. He purred and rubbed affectionately against my hand and I realized that it would be impossible to stay mad at him and I easily forgave him, this time.