

# Narrative

By: Nicholas Moyes

My parents finished washing the last windshield of the day. But, that windshield just happened to belong to a police officer. When my parents found that out we all ran into the tall grass. The policeman caught my dad and took him in for illegally working at a stoplight.

We came out of the grass to try and get my papa out of trouble. But, when we stepped out of the grass the policeman came running after us. He yelled, "Come back here you hoodlums!"

When he yelled at us we ran back into the bushes with him on our tail. My mom whispered to me, "Stefan, run to the mattress and hide under the clothes. We will see you soon."

I ran to the mattress and did just as my mother told me. When the police searched the area around the mattress, I went ridged. The police men poked around where I was hidden, but they didn't find me. "There is nothing here." snorted the policeman.

When I peeked out from under the clothes, I saw my mama and papa talking quietly at the end of the mattress. I asked them what happened, and they told me that the police officer told them that they could no longer operate their windshield washing business.

So from then on we have had to beg for money. Well, I have to go, there is money to beg for.