

Sequencing- The Hot Day

It was a hot summer day last June. My mom had not gone to the supermarket in days, so there was nothing refreshing to eat or drink in our house. I had a mad craving for a big, sticky ice cream sundae. I begged my mom to drive us to the supermarket to buy the delicious goods.

My mom informed me that until the next payday, we wouldn't have the money for any "extras". Disappointed, I sat down on the couch and pondered. After a few moments, I realized something. I bolted to my room, hoping that my thoughts were right. To my surprise, stuffed in the slot of my pink polka-dotted piggy bank was a folded ten dollar bill. I jumped with joy, raced down the stairs and informed my mother about our newfound luck. My mother hoisted me and demanded that I get into the car.

Minutes later, we were pulling up to Walgreens. The cool air conditioned air hit my face like a winter's day. First, I skidded to the frozen foods section to check out what flavors they had in stock.