The Night I lost my Father's car

By : scully23

this is a short story i wrote when i was 11yrs old.... i found my old skool book when i was cleaning.. and i have a lot more storys in there that i will type up and post....?/ P.s i was just a kid, dont get toooooo critical...XD

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On the 22nd of October at 6pm. My Father let me drive his car around town. I was soo excited. I jumped for joy as I got the keys from my dad.

At 6:30pm. I started the car motor and drove off into the night. I didnâ t get much to eat so I got $5 out of my purse and went into the shop to get a pie. When I finished the pie I had brought, I went back outside to hop in the car, but the car was gone. Just then I realised that I had left the keys in the car door. I was going to be in soo much trouble, if my dad found out.

So I started walking around town trying to find where my car had wandered off, it was pitch black. I couldnâ t see a thing, but as soon as I turned around to see what the funny noise was, I got struck by a car, with only a few minor scratches.

It was around 9pm when I got hit by the car. As soon as I woke up from my concussion. I heard this crazy noise coming from the bushes. So I walked in to have a look at what it is. When suddenly!!!!! A murderer demanded my money. I was petrified; I just stood there looking dumb and pretty. The man looked at me as if was lonely and in need of comfort, but he had a knife in one hand and a gun in the other hand. He snatched my purse out of my frozen like clutching fingers, and took off.

I was going to run after the man, but heard a growling noise. I knew it was a dog, but not a huge vicious dog. It started gaining distance and advancing closer to me, so I ran away. I thought I would lose the dog if I ran into the forest, and headed that direction. I ran very fast because the dog was limping. I accidently tripped over a tree root and hurt my knee.

I finally had the energy to get up and found two teenage boys were smoking cigarettes around my fatherâ s car. So I jumped out and pretended to be such a jerk and looked freaky. As soon as they left I cracked up laughing. As I went to the car I got the keys from the door and drove home. My parents asked me â why were you so late?â and I replied â itâ s a long story, and you wouldnâ t want to knowâ and the next thing I knew I was grounded from having friends over.

The end.

P.s this was a story I wrote in grade 6 , just to show you how much I loved writing, but never really got to show case itâ ¦..?/

If you do not like this storyâ ¦ then donâ t read It or comment. But apparently my teacher loved it â ¦ (donâ t ask whyâ ¦? It was written in my year 6 books.

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