

Abbi McKinney

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Short Story

Ms. Gleim

Tupperware for Two

As I walked out of the school building, I thought about my Mom and where she was in the world. For about a week she has been traveling to exotic places so that she could share her love of children with the world. Yes, I know, it is quite odd to have children as your passion and profession. My Mom has made it all her own, though, she travels around the country and now the world to make life better for youngsters who are not getting the care that they need. She will not be back for around two months, That means that my dad will be picking me up after school today and for two months after today.

Out of the building now, I realize that I have been standing here for a long time as Dad tries to get my attention. I give him an apologetic look as I climb into our monstrous ten passenger van. He returns my look with a very irritated look and says, “ How was your day.” This was a very typical day, me not paying attention to my surroundings, and Dad not being able to say what he really wanted to say. “Fine, Same routine as always;” He seems to realize that he is not going to get a better answer than that, so we drive home in silence.

Finally, after twenty very awkward minutes, we arrive at the Basic Questions set as I like to call my house. Both my parent are big fans of simplicity. If there does not need to be words spoken, there will not be. If we don't need to talk about something just yet, why should we? You see the problem with this right.

All thoughts of family drama or lack thereof are forgotten when we walk up to the front porch, where two huge boxes are waiting for us. There are tags on both of them written in Mom's handwriting. One says, "To my better half," and the other says, "To my tupperware princess." Dad and I glanced at each other excitedly before literally skipping to the packages like they were packages made out of gold. We each took out pocket knives out of our back pockets and dug in.

I am not really sure what Dad got in his package, but in mine there were bundles of chocolate covered nuts. They filled the entire box, at least I thought. Then I came to a beautiful, magnificent glass bowl that had smaller bowls within it. Each was special and different, and in the last bowl, there was a slip of paper that was the actual treasure of the box. It read, "Keep this safe for me, my tupperware buddy, when I get home there will be tupperware for two."