



# *The Night of a Thousand Hours*

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Humor, Kids

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Wet snow crunched under my leather boots, as I walked around, shivering. The night sky as black as ink, spilled across the sky, and speckled with glowing, white drops of paint. Billions of glowing, white drops of paint. I tried to count how many there were as mom pulled me along the crowds of scurrying people. “Ruby, try to watch where you’re going, OK?” mom hissed in my ear as I tripped over a stone. “But we’ve been here for hours, mom” my little brother, Max whined. “He has a point”, Dad sighed, lugging along six shopping bags. “Ann we can’t spend forever here buying designer purses and whatever you have in here”. Mom rolled her eyes, “We only bought one, and it’s the thanksgiving sale. We would get expensive items for cheap prices. Now quit whining and come on!”. We hurried past Macy’s, Primark, and Gap, when Max spotted a Subway. “Mom, we have to stop for a small break!”. “Fine, but make it quick,” she opened the door

After Max devoured two entire sandwiches, we dropped by Calvin Klein. While mom examined high heels and argued about the prices, me and Max fought over who got to sit on the stool in the corner. Both of us were exhausted and it was the only place to sit, that we had found that is. It’s silly but both of us were bored to death. “I get to sit here!”, Max whined. “No, I do”, I tried to push him off. “But I found it first”. “You found it first, but I SAT on it first”. “Because you pushed me out of the way”. “Still counts”. “No it doesn’t”. “Yes, it does. Also, I’m the oldest”. “Exactly, because you’re oldest, you can stand up the longest, much longer than me!”. “It doesn’t have to mean that”. “It does!”. “No, it doesn’t! You know what it does mean? I’m smarter than you!”.

“Guys”, mom called. “Time to leave”. Turns out that arguing over a tiny, wooden stool was pointless, because next we went to a furniture store. That means we got to sit on two huge, comfy sofas. “Dibs on the red one!”, Max dashed to a red, leather corner couch. I rolled my eyes and plopped onto a black, electronic recliner, then took out my phone and spent the rest of the time texting. Well, the rest of the time until Max found the remote that controls the recliner, and started having fun controlling what was happening to me. One second, I could be normally sitting down, the next I’d be laid on my back with the massage reflex on.

We visited two more stores and loaded the car with a million shopping bags. Then we hit the road home and relaxed. On the way home, Max spotted a McDonald’s. “Mom, can we go to McDonald’s?”. “Look’s like my Maxy hasn’t had enough of shopping!” Dad said, a mischievous glint in his eye. “Maybe we could go back and do some more shopping what do you think hon?”, mom said, playing along. “Mo-om! Da-ad! Please stop it” Max groaned.

We went anyway, and picked up two happy meals. I let Max play with the tiny Princess Cinderella figure I got. If you asked me, if today was a good day, I’d say, other than the shopping bags and walking, it was a great day. And that’s how my crazy family spends shopping when our mom drags us out of the house for a discount sale. I wonder about Christmas shopping.

The end.

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