

NO MORE COCKROACHES

"Tssss Thssss-" one creature cried in the corner of my house. And no one yet noticed.

"Hmm," I yawned slowly. 'Mmm,' I thought. I smell- fried egg- and ketchup, and I knew I was right. And I knew- fried egg and ketchup is always right. When my family was eating breakfast, silence. Nobody talked. But soon, we could hear some weird sound that we haven't heard of. "Wait for a second..." My mom whispered as quietly as she can. And we could notice that it was sound from the kitchen. "Is that sound that is from the refrigerator?" I asked my mom quietly. "I don't think so," mom replied. My mom slowly followed that sound... And suddenly, my mom shouted as hard as she could, "COC...COCKK...COCKROACHES!!!!!" that was loud enough to make me scream, too. I yelled, "WHAT!?!? WHAT'S WRONG?" Then I could see what's going on. We were all shocked. We froze for a second. Only that cockroach screeched and walked like there's nothing wrong. But it was wrong. Absolutely. After about 6 seconds later, my mom caught her breath and swept that cockroach to where it came from and blocked there. "Guys, do your homework and forget about what just happened. We'll go and take some rest." my sister and I made eye contact, and we can immediately know that we both don't want to do our homework. And I learned that Cockroaches are not that bad to stop doing my homework.

Very next day, because my mom was so worried about cockroaches appearing again, my mom blocked that space where it occurred. I asked my mom, "What are you doing?" My eyes filled with curiosity. "I'm..." mom hesitated. "blocking the space where that cockroach came from." 'That makes sense,' I thought, thinking what happened yesterday. When my mom finally finished blocking that space with lots of weird stuff, I felt that even a monster couldn't go through it because it was thick. It was entirely blocked with tapes, some kitchen stuff, and my mom's incredible eyes. No one can go if my mom is staring at somebody or something. Her eyes were burning like fire, even making me scared of her. I thought again, 'poor cockroaches-you shouldn't appear to my house if you wanted to survive.' Even my sister was quietly walking through my mom and wishing she didn't notice her.

But that silence didn't go longer than I thought it would be\ . My mom's face turned blue. Then, I know what she'll say. All of us knew what she'd say. After about 3 seconds, when all of us blocked our ears, my mom shouted as hard as she could, "COK...COCKK...COCKROACHES!!!"