

The Auction

My grandpa introduced me to the town auction when I was 8 years old. It was summertime, and it was a Wednesday, because the auction was always on a Wednesday. At the auction, people were selling fresh vegetables, fruits and meats, along with clothing and jewelry, and even animals. Animals were what my grandpa mainly went to the auction for. My grandpa was a farmer, who owned chickens for eggs, cows for milk, pigs for meat, and bunnies... for me! My grandpa took me to the auction that day and said, "Pick out three bunnies for you and your cousins to take care of and play with when you come over the house." I was such an excited and happy 8-year-old. I picked out a soft grey bunny, a small white bunny with black patches on his face, and a fluffy light brown bunny. I named them, Sofie, Patches and Fluffy. I was a very creative kid.

From that day on, I went to the auction with my grandpa every Wednesday. My mom would drop me off at my grandparents' house early in the morning on her way to work, and I would eat a delicious breakfast with them. We would have powdered donuts and my grandpa would let me drink one sip of his coffee with honey! And then, my grandpa and I would hop into his big blue van and drive the bumpy and windy roads all the way to the auction. At the auction, I was so fascinated by the way the man behind the big stand with a hammer in his hand spoke so fast! "Going once, going twice, sold!", he would say. I enjoyed walking around with my grandpa, looking at animals for the farm, and helping him pick out the freshest blueberries for my grandma. I loved the auction!

Summer came to an end and school started back up. I had to go back to school on Wednesdays now, and I missed going to the auction with my grandpa. I missed the auction so much, that one Wednesday I came up with the best fake cough that I could manage and told my mom I couldn't go to school, because I didn't feel good. My mom believed that fake cough of mine, rushed me out the door with her, and dropped me off at my grandparents' house on her way to work. I delightfully ate my powdered donut and took a sip of my grandpa's coffee. I joyfully hopped into his big blue van and we rode those bumpy and windy roads to the auction. About halfway to the auction, my grandpa glanced over at me and with a smirk on his face he said, "I thought your mother said you weren't feeling good today?". And I just smiled back.