**Brownie Bombs**

Maeve T.

 The old almost rusted metal fork drifted across the chocolate batter. The emotion of the room made me twitch with excitement. The sink pitter-pattered its sad song as my shoe followed up as the soloist. My sister Kate carefully zested the beautiful orange. And my heart was out of my chest, it`s desire of the brownies controlling its mind.

 “How much longer?!” I whined, anxious to have just a taste of this mouth-watering dessert. She explained to just stir the batter enough so the lumps were out. Although she was ready to plunge her head in the creamy, chocolaty, orangey mix.

 It seemed as though centuries went by until that spectacular smell danced in my nose. First, the peppermint twist jig went up my chin. Then, they slow danced towards my mouth. Finally, it ended with a dip right on the tip of my nose. That smell of the dessert in the oven made a tingle go down my spine.

 My eyes popped out, as Kate slowly checked to make sure it was cooked inside. A tension started. There was no movement. Only eyes blinking. Her head shook side to side, mourning my heart`s heart attack and death.

 “Not ready yet.” She announced adding two more minutes to the clock. My soul deflated like a balloon while a devilish clown took all the air out.

 Two long, and painful minutes later my eyes were glued to the timer. BING!! I reached over the hot stove to turn the timer off.

 “MAEVE, BE CAREFUL!”

 “Maeve! You could have burned yourself!” She said acting quite like a mother. I just rolled my eyes and sighed.

“Just go watch TV with Mom and Dad or something.” She said getting back to work. Well I wasn`t going down without a fight.

 I fiercely glared at her. I spun around 180 degrees and stomped as loud as I could away. I knew I was doing the wrong thing, but I shook the thought off. I`m independent, I thought to myself.

 Each step I took my feet gained another 20 pounds. I ran to the rightful owners of the house and said, “Mom! Kate`s being MEAN!”

 “What do you mean?” My mother questioned.

 “She just yelled at me for no reason!” I exclaimed throwing my hands in the air.

 “That`s not true!” She protested. She continued with, “I was trying to keep her safe, and the stove was so hot I thought she would burn herself.” She peered over at me. Our eyes locked . . . and I knew it wasn`t her fault.

 “Maeve, don`t you think you are exaggerating the truth a little bit?” My dad said.

“Yeah, I guess so.” I said feeling rather vacuous.

I learned a lesson that night. Sometimes it might feel like someone`s going at your throat, but they`re usually just trying to help you. Like with this situation, I wasn`t doing anything wrong. I was just turning off the timer.

 But, I was making the wrong choice and almost getting myself hurt. Kate really cared about me and tried to get me to stop. Never bad mad at someone for something like that.