**Theodore the Crab**

By: Victoria G

As I woke up from the beautiful, windy vacation I realized it was the day we had to leave. We walked to the beach and went swimming for a few hours we also got mauled by seagulls. But we had to go because it started pouring.

 But it eventually stopped raining. So we got some food on the boardwalk and played some games. But then my mom asked me. She asked me for one thing I wanted. I was sure she would say no but she surprisingly said yes to me and my sister after 1 billion times of begging.

We asked her for hermit crabs. We met up with my aunt at a clothes template shop where she made a sweat shirt with angel wings on it. My mom said “I’m going to go buy Victoria and Siara their hermit crabs.’’ We went to three different stores until we found the one. We found a sign that said “We sell hermit crabs!” This was the one. I felt it in my gut.

Sadly my sister was up first. She picked a blue cage with assorted blue rocks. She got a mint green shell for the food and a sponge. It was time for her to pick her crab. She picked the tiniest crab I’ve ever seen! It had a light blue shell with a painted on shark. I was up. I was so jumpy. I was anxious and couldn’t stand still. I picked a lime green cage with pink, blue, and green rocks. I picked out a lilac purple shell for the food and a sponge. The sponge smelled like the ocean.

It was time to pick my crab. There was so many. I couldn’t choose. I stood there for at least five minutes. It’s not like you get to pick out a new pet every day!

I finally found one! I picked the perfect sized crab with a red, white, and blue faded shell. He was the perfect crab for me. My sister and I both chose names. I named mine Theodore and she named hers Chester. That day I got my own pet. Not one I have to share like my cats and dogs. It was all mine. That day I learned a lesson. It was ‘’having your own pet comes with responsibility.’’ And I still take care of him to this day.