

## A Thanksgiving to remember

Thanksgiving is, of course, a big tradition and a very important topic in my family. In our family it's usual that every year somebody different hosts the family and friends. Last year in summer I moved out and it was my turn to host. And I was like: yeah, it's time until it's Thanksgiving.

A few months later I phoned with my grandmother and she asked me, "Oh Jake, have you already prepared something?!" I answered, "Ugh... what? Is it already Dad's Birthday?!" She said, "Oh Jake, you're so funny!" And then she hung up. I took a look at my calendar and saw that in two days it would be the 4th Thursday in November. You know what I haven't got? Party games, food, decorations or the license to watch the game. NOTHING! I saw my life passing by and after a night without sleep, because I cried so much, I wanted to call my dad the next day to tell him that I forgot Thanksgiving, but my Dad thinks that I'm a loser, because I don't want to have his company. And I also wasn't the best in school so I believed that I could do it.

I took my bike and rode to the next supermarket. I got everything! While I was spending all evening in the kitchen I also hung in the holding pattern for one and half an hour with the result, that it was too late. On the next day I realized in bed, that my aunt was in a wheelchair, and didn't know what to do since she couldn't get up the stairs, so I built a ramp for her. I went to the store and bought all this wood and ended up building a solid ramp. After that I realized that the oven in my flat was too small for the turkey roasting pan when I tried to put the turkey in the oven. I had to quickly improvise. I called my friend Marco and asked him if I could come to his apartment to roast the turkey there. Again I took my bike and rode to him.

Finally all my family members came and I was extremely excited. And it couldn't start worse! My grandma Claire wanted to hug me and splashed all that cranberry sauce over my uncle Danny. Then there was this big challenge with my aunt Sophia. I recognized too late that the ramp was too steep. My aunt was on the heavier side, so it took a lot of effort to push her up, because it was so steep. When she was nearly at the top, we lost control and she nearly crashed down. It was a big drama. But finally we got her up the stairs. I said to my family that I would be back in a few minutes, because I still needed to get the turkey from Marco's place. I had to shuttle the turkey back in a freezing snow rain. Luckily it was a whole turkey when I came back. I served the sweet potatoes with the turkey and gravy and my dad cut the turkey. He said, "Oh my god... what's that... and threw up. I forgot to take the guts out of the turkey and there was no filling. The view of my mum was like "Oh Jake, I'll kill you..."

It took me a long time to get over that. My mum was so disappointed that she started drinking alcohol. A lot. She drank so much that I needed to take her keys away and told her to take a nap in the spare bedroom. A few minutes later we heard a knock on the door. It was the local fire department saying they got a call for assistance. It turned out my mother called them to get her keys back. Why did he call the fire department? We'll never know.

Because we didn't have anything to eat, we decided to get to a little restaurant where we also watched football. And the "party" isn't over yet. My favorite team, the Texans, lost the game in the last second. After that day my mom hasn't talked with me for two months. TWO! But the next host won't be under much pressure, because it couldn't get worse. It definitely was a Thanksgiving to remember. It'll be better next year.

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