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4° Creative Writing

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The Big Apple

 One day I woke up early on a Thursday morning. I took a tired look at the clock it was about 6:30 a.m. I take a look out the window and watch all the New Yorkers hustle and bustle around the sidewalks and streets to get to meeting that they’re late for or catch a plane that leaves in an hour. I smirked as I turned from the window.

“I’m glad that’s not me,” I thought to myself.

 I walked over to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. I looked closely at myself, my whiskers growing on my chin, my hair was a rat’s nest, and I had bags under my eyes from not sleeping to well last night. Brandon, who I was supposed to share a bed with, had gas problems from eating a very filling Italian dinner, so naturally I wound up sleeping on the floor with a pillow and a blanket. I’ll admit it wasn’t the most comfortable sleep I’ve ever had and I had a nice stiffness in my back to show for it. I shook my head back to now, I glance back at the clock on the wooden coffee table. It read 7:00.

“Well,” I thought, “ time to wake up the troops.”

I sighed and said with a slightly high tone, “Time to get up!”

 They all groaned and turned their backs to me and went on sleeping. It was early and I hadn’t eaten yet, so I wasn’t really up for dealing with this. I walked over to the window again and very quickly open the curtains, letting in a flood of sunlight. Now forced awake they all began to rise. Brandon was first up.

“What the heck man!” said a little drowsy, but I could still hear the frustration in his voice.

 Next was Nick.

“Yeah why did you have to go and do that? We were going to wake up soon.” He said half asleep.

“Yeah, as soon when the bus leaves,” I quickly responded.

Logan woke up last.

“Dang it!” he shouted, “You pulled me out of the best dream ever I was surrounded by my favorite foods and they never ran out.”

“Well you can eat down at the breakfast buffet if you guys hurry up and get ready.” I said.

“Says the guy who isn’t even ready himself,” Nick remarked.

 I pretended not to hear him.

“But they won’t have all my favorite foods,” Logan complained.

“Too bad,” Brandon said mockingly.

 We then went through our daily routines; we brushed our teeth, took showers, put on deodorant, and got dressed into some clothes suited for the humid weather of New York, shorts and a t-shirt. When we were all ready to go down to breakfast we made sure that our room wasn’t too messy and walked out. We were in the elevator when Logan decided to start a conversation to kill the awkward silence that seemed to echo off the walls.

“What do you think is for breakfast,” He asked.

“Dunno,” I said.

Then the silence came roaring back and no one spoke another word down the last few floors. We walked out the elevators clueless about where breakfast was. We eventually after some wandering we came to find our classmates dining on scrambled eggs, bacon, mini waffles, cereal, and of course fruit. We grabbed plates and like toys moving down a conveyor belt had food added onto to our plates. Showing good manners using our “yes pleases” and our “no thank yous”. We sat our selves down at a table away from the others and began to eat. I had gotten eggs, bacon, and a banana. Nick and Brandon both got cereal and a banana. Logan got the eggs, the bacon, the mini waffles, and an apple. We all just stared at the mountain of food he was about to eat.

“What?” He said defensively, “I told you I was hungry.”

We all began to laugh. After about two more minutes of chuckling to ourselves we finished eating and met the rest of the group in the lobby to hear our agenda. We were supposed to go around to see some sights and then in the afternoon before dinner we had an hour to explore Times Square, then we had to go to the Spiderman Broadway musical.

We walked to the bus to get to Rockefeller Plaza where we took a tour of NBC studios. It was cool to see some of the sets to my favorite shows. Afterward we stopped and got to explore the rest of the plaza while the teachers figured out where to go next. Ultimately they decided to just go to the great Times Square. We arrived at a corner just outside the square. We saw sports stores, candy stores, souvenir shop, and hat stores. Before they turned us loose to run free around the light filled wonder we had to eat lunch. We found some food stands nearby. They had all sorts food from cheesesteaks to hot dogs to even tacos. Our mouths watered as we watched them cook. The teachers gave us our lunch money and we all sprinted to whatever we wanted.

“I bet they they’re pretty happy for all this sudden business,” I thought.

My friends and I sat down against a wall with a good view of the square. I looked at their choices Logan and I had gotten New York hotdogs, Brandon had gotten the cheesesteak, and Nick got the tacos.

“Where are you guys going first?” I asked.

“I want to go to the m & m shop,” Brandon said.

“Hat store,” Nick and Logan said simultaneously.

After some debate we agreed to go to the hat store first then head to the m and m shop on the way back. We quickly finished our lunch and the teachers turned us loose. We walked across the busy streets of the Big Apple to get the hat store. When we arrived I stopped in the doorway and just stared.

“Whoa,” I thought allowed.

There were hats everywhere basketball hats, baseball hats, even football hats. They had every team from the San Francisco Giants to the New York Giants. The clerk noticed us enter and hopped up from behind the counter.

“Are you boys looking for anything I can help you with?” He asked with his happiest smile.

“No thanks were just browsing,” I responded.

He seemed a little disappointed by my response at first but then perked back up immediately.

“Ok, let me know if you need any help,” he said with his unnaturally happy smile.

He walked back to the counter and back to being bored. We looked at every hat each of us finding they’re own hat. Logan found a generic 49ers hat; Brandon got a black and white San Francisco Giants hat, Nick got a blue and gold warriors hat, and I got a black and white hat with big “B” on it.

“Hey it matches my last name,” I thought.

We exited the hat store having made our purchases and our hat on our heads. We then walked to the m and m shop. I was stunned when I walked into the shop. It had two floors. Two of them. I shook myself and began to walk around filling my goodie bag with all colors of m and m’s. We found some merchandise in a corner of the shop. We spotted a football and played a little game until one of the employees told us to stop. Then we made our purchases at the register and walked out munching on m and m’s. We still had thirty minutes to kill, so we decided to observe the people while we ate our m and m’s.

 “Look guys it Elmo and Cookie Monster!” I said pointing.

“Oh yeah,” Brandon said.

“I dare you too go hug them,” Nick said in a challenging voice.

“Nah,” Brandon said.

“Yeah what if they’re pickpockets or just weird,” I warned.

“Look at that guy he’s covered in tattoos!” Logan blurted out.

Sure enough there he was walking right by us. His face down to his fingertips was covered in design of permanent ink. He was definitely not a guy you wanted to run into in a dark alley or piss off.

“Dang was that dude scary looking or what?” I said as vanished into the crowd.

They all nodded in agreement. It was time to go to the show. We rushed to catch up with the class at the bus. We arrived at the theatre and immediately had to wait in a line. It seemed like ages before line evened moved and ages longer to get to our seats. We watched the show in silence. When we exited we all agreed that it wasn’t as bad as we thought it was going to be. They then herded us back onto the bus and back to the to the hotel. We then got an hour to do whatever we wanted, but we were to tired to do anything, but go back to the room and talk. Though when we got there we found we didn’t have anything to talk about, so we just climbed into our beds and fell asleep to the noises of the city that never sleeps.

1. Should the Rockefeller Plaza part of the day have more detail? If so what?
2. Was there too much dialogue?

 3. Was their enough character description?