

Me, my older sister Rachel, and my two backdoor neighbors, Josie and Elke, sat sweating in the back of my yard under a large pine tree.

"Ugh," Josie complained, "It's so *hot!*"

"Yeah," I agreed with a smile, "Welcome to Michigan!"

"I'm bored!" said Elke.

"Me too."

"Let's play something!"

"Indians!"

After a while, I found a way to say *this is the most boring thing in the entire world!*

"Hmm," I figured, "We need a well."

"Let's make one!" Elke sounded excited.

I perked up, "Sure!"

A while later, Rachel ordered in her normal bossy way, "Maeve and Elke, you two go up to the deck for sand and shovels."

"Why sand?" I wondered out loud.

"So the water won't soak into the dirt. GO!" Rachel nudged me toward the deck.

"Okay, okay," I said, rushing up to the deck.

I carried a heavy bucket full of sand and shovels to the back of the yard with Elke right next to me.

"Set them here," Josie, who was almost as bossy as Rachel, commanded.

"Okay," Elke answered as Elke and I lowered our buckets to the ground. I took two shovels out of my bucket and handed one to Josie and one to me. We shoved them in the ground and started digging.

Rachel dashed up to the deck and opened the door, "Mama, it's over seventy degrees, can we play with water?"

"Don't get wet!"

Rachel already had her hand on the faucet and was filling up the yellow bucket I had made in kindergarten. She filled the bucket up until it almost reached the top and lugged it to the rear of the yard where me, Josie, and Elke sat digging and sweating.

I wedged my shovel into the ground furiously, as if it were my worst nemesis. Then I yanked it out of the ground and pretended to pull it's head off. After that I would do it again. *Wedge, yank, pull, wedge, yank, pull.* We were the great dirt army coming to defeat the evil shovels! Then, to clear the blood off the battlefield, Rachel poured the water into the pit in the ground.

"There."

"Hey wait!" I shouted, "We forgot to put sand in it! The water is soaking into the dirt!" Frantically, Josie, Elke, and I dashed up to the deck yanked out buckets, splattered the buckets full of water, raced to the back of the yard, and dumped the water into the pit. *Dash, yank, splatter, race, dump, dash, yank, splatter, race, dump.*

Meanwhile, Rachel was dumping buckets of sand into the pit. "More sand!" she would say,.

"Okay got it!" we'd call back. It was all a mess of legs running, and hands pouring sand into the pit.

About forty-five minutes later, the well was done. Me, Rachel, Josie, and Elke sat in a circle to admire it. "Alright!" I said, "let's get playing!"

"1,2,3,4,5," I whisper-shouted. Elke let out a long, fake yawn. Me and her got up off the warm, fuzzy grass. We were indians. "Sola," I whispered, "Ashley." Those were Josie and Rachel's fake names. "Time to get up." Josie faked a yawn.

"Let's get going" Rachel said, "on chores." We followed her command because she was the fake oldest. It was my job to wash the clothes and Elke's job to get the water. She went back and got the blue bucket.

Twenty-four seconds later she came to me and set it down. I picked up the old rag my mom had let us play with and soaked it with water a few times. "Soap!" I ordered. Elke handed me a big rock and I pushed it on the rag, rubbed it up and down a few times and handed it back.

Hours and hours flew by like a hummingbird at full speed. Time *does* fly when you're having fun.

"Bye," Elke called as she climbed over the fence that separated my backyard from hers.

"See you soon baboon," I called back. "*I'm pretty sure,*" I thought, "*that was almost the best day in my whole entire life.*"