

The Nail Salon

Finally,
It's Saturday,
The one day of the week,
That my mom has time,
To take me to the nail
salon.

I have been saving my
money,
All month,
Thirty dollars is all I need,
And now I have it,
All I need is my mom,
To drive me.

This will be my first time,
Mom tells me all about,
The lady who does her
nails,
And how good she is,
And I am very excited to
meet her.

When we finally get there,
Mom tells me to pick out a
color,
But there are so many to
choose from,

By Katrina Miller

That finding the perfect
one,
Is like finding the
matching sock
In a messy room!

A few minutes later,
I find one that I like,
And my mom introduces
me,

To the special lady,
Who I think will be doing
my nails.

But I was wrong,
Apparently,
That lady would be doing
my mom's nails,
I on the other hand,
Had to sit and wait,
For someone who worked
there,
Ran out of people,
To help.

Finally someone came,
But to my surprise,
It wasn't a lady,
It was a man!

How awkward was this,
Not only was he a stranger,
But when he asked me a
question,
That I was supposed to
answer,
I couldn't understand
A word he said.

Twenty minutes later,
He was done,
Thankfully they looked
decent,
Not that bad actually.

So I thanked him,
And payed him,
And left the shop,
Wondering,
If I would even go back,
The next time,
I saved up thirty dollars!