Breakfast With Dad

Not many kids spend quality time with their dads, especially if their parents don’t live together. I’m lucky because I get to spend every Sunday breakfast with mine. We just sit at our booth like old women gossiping about the strange people he meets at his job and about how excited I feel when I finish my math assessment before three minutes and get it right. He tells me funny jokes and we laugh like someone is tickling us.

We first started having breakfast when I was five years old. Every Sunday we order the same type of food. I order Belgian waffles that take over the plate, eggs the bright yellow color of sunflowers and hot chocolate the rich brown color of my skin. My dad orders french fries the light brown of khakis pants, eggs the same bright yellow as mine and coffee lighter than the hazel color of my cousin’s eyes.

Sometimes I think that my dad and I have a better relationship than lots of other fathers and daughters. He makes me laugh and always has a positive attitude around me. Breakfast is just the way we can relax and express our thoughts about what’s happening in our minds, just like sitting with your family for dinner. He loves me and he knows I love him, too.

Shardinay's writing.