

# The Horrors of Holidays

*It is the day after Thanksgiving. Kara's friend asks her how her holiday was.*

**Kara:** How was it? It was awful! I hate Thanksgiving. It's like one of those holidays designed to make people miserable. My brother wouldn't shut up about all this dumb football stuff. And my little sister started crying cause she wanted pizza. Pizza! Actually, I can't blame her. I mean, who invented the Jell-O mold anyway? It would be okay if it was just cranberry. But no, it's like this law that you have to put all kinds of disgusting fruit bits in it. Meanwhile, my aunt kept asking, "Sooo, do you have a boyfriend yet?" Like I'd tell her, even if I did. And my mom was running around, refusing to sit and eat. I think she must have always dreamed of being a waitress. Then my grandma announces she's suffering from gas. Who's she kidding? We were the ones suffering! Everyone pigged out and then lied around watching TV and feeling sick. So I figure, the reason we're giving thanks is that we only have to do this once a year.