

Ducky Dinner

Mum leant down and looked both my sister and I right in the eye.

“This is a very important dinner. My boss will be there. I want everything to go perfectly.”

See there it is! That’s the problem! Why would you ever say anything like that out loud? The universe is listening!

When we arrived at the restaurant I’m sure my sister was feeling as nervous as I was. Mum looked at the table and her boss was already there.

“Oh no, what if I’m late??” Mum whispered. She sat down but her boss said nothing, he just smiled.

We made our order “I’ll have the raw duck!” said mum's boss “and I’ll have jelly!” said my sister.

Hang on a minute... did he just say raw duck?

Mum wasn't sure if my sister should have jelly for dinner but my sister started to exaggerate how much she needed it, so she said yes. Mum didn’t mention a single thing about what her boss ordered...

Mum glared at us across the table when we talked.

Then what really made my sister freak out was the big zip mum's boss had on his shirt. She whispered to me about it. She kept staring at it until the boss decided to unzip it.

He unzipped it and out came... a talking duck with glasses and a tie!

"Why do you think I ordered raw duck?" he said. "I am here to save my daughter!"

He opened the tray that the waiter bought and a tiny duck waddled out.

This was a lot to take in. "Mum, do you work at a pond?" my sister asked.

"Wait?!" said mum, "If you are a duck, where is my boss?"

"Oh that guy, I locked him in the bathroom!" said the duck.

Mum rushed into the bathroom.

Well this was turning into a super weird night!

Just then when nothing could get any worse, Mum came out with the real boss in his underwear!

All I heard him say was 'duck....' over and over again!

Now where was I? Oh yeah! We sat down to finally eat dinner but then the ducks were still there.

"Hey chubby guy's made it out of the bathroom!!" said the duck and then they sat on the boss's head!! We had an awkward dinner.

When we walked out of the restaurant the ducks were following us and said they were strays so we took them home to our house but boy this is going to be a long story.

They had to sleep on my bed. It wasn't fair! I was cross because the mumma duck came with them and laid eggs on my bed, which cracked open when I was asleep.

Yuck wet duck feet on my face. I just hope tomorrow is better.

But it turns out that today is even worse!

The baby ducks took over the house and if you wanted to go to the bathroom it would take forever to get through the door.

The line was so long it was from Glen Huntly to Flinders Street!

We had to get used to living with the ducks, as annoying as it was! I can't believe Mum was worried we were the ones that would ruin dinner!