

Lost Phone

By: Naomi Lukas

My phone got lost on my family's trip to New England. It wasn't my fault though. *Whose fault was it then*, you might be wondering. It was my brother's fault.

"How much further 'till the airport?" Abdel, my nine year old brother asked.

"About one hour." Evan, my dad said.

"Ok." I said.

"Ugh!!!!!!!" Abdel shouted.

"Oh, you'll be fine." Ava, my mom said.

Ten minutes later, Abdel asked me, Evelyn, if he could go on my phone. I told him it was ok, not thinking much of it. I pulled out my iPhone 8, and gave it to him.

We arrived at the airport. Abdel still had my phone. I told him not to put it down anywhere. He said he wouldn't. You know nine year old boys; they can lie and do other things.

Our plane flight was at seven, and it was five... just right! We went to "Arby's" to eat since Abdel was hungry. Mom didn't bring enough cash to the restaurant, but luckily an old man with glasses behind us, gave us the rest. We were so thankful and said "thank you" lots of times. We ate our food, went to the bathroom, and walked around the airport for a little while.

"What time is it?" Abdel asked.

"You have my phone, you should know."

"I don't have your phone..." He said back to me.

"Abdel, I gave it to you!!!!!" I yelled at him.

"I have your phone I was just joking around." He said to me like nothing happened.

"That's not funny." I said back to him.

"Sorry." He said to me.

"Anyway, it's... oh no, five to seven!" I said so loud everyone looked at me.

Right then and there, the loud speaker came on.

"Can we have the Ebba family come to gate #13?"

Then they repeated it. We all rushed to gate #13 with our suitcases to get on the plane. On the plane I was sitting next to Mom, so I didn't know what Abdel was doing with my phone. Throughout the whole trip, I never paid much attention to where my phone was. On the plane flight home, I asked Abdel where my phone was. He said he had it. Then I asked him if I could have it. He hesitated and started making excuses.

“Abdel, give me my phone!”

“I don't have it. I haven't had it since we went to the restaurant on the way here!” He said in a crying kind of voice.

“What! What am I going to do?” I shouted.

“I don't know.” Mom responded to me.

We went to the Airport's Lost & Found. It was there!

They told us that an old man with glasses turned it in. I was so happy. I never expected my brother to lose my phone on our trip to New England. Even more unexpected, it was found by the same man that helped pay for our food. I'm so lucky.