

Orange Paragraph

I reached the door to my home and walked inside after another boring, repetitive school day. The door was unlocked as usual because my mother knew I would be home at this time. After I hung up my coat I called out to her. To my surprise there was no answer so I walked into the living room to see if she was there. She wasn't so I went into the kitchen to get something to eat. I was really hungry because my soup I was going to have at lunch spilled all over the ground by accident and I had no money to buy anything else at the cafeteria. As I was about to open the fridge a note caught my eye that said "Went out shopping I'll be back soon! -Mom" I had to squint when I read it because of my Mother's chicken scratch like handwriting. However, I was reminded how hungry I was when my stomach rumbled and sounded like a tiny earthquake. Sighing I felt the cold air on my face as I opened the fridge door and grabbed the first edible thing I saw. It was a medium sized, bright golden yellow coloured orange. When I took it out of the fridge I felt it's cold, mostly smooth skin and turned it in my hand looking to make sure it had no bruises. I then closed the fridge, and started walking to the dining table as I began peeling the orange. I heard it's skin rip which sounded like a softer, quieter velcro strap. Sitting down at the table I took my first bite of the orange. It was very juicy with a sweet and sour citrus taste and had a spongy bumpy texture. It was the best orange I'd had in awhile and definitely put my stomach to ease. I continued eating the orange until I heard my mother come back from her shopping trip.