

Disappointment

The picture in the catalog had lied. It showed the little boy so happy playing with the train set. He was smiling and laughing. It looked as though he got so much enjoyment from playing with these toys. The catalog shows the boy pushing the train down the track, stopping at each station to fill up. He even had many friends sitting around playing with him. I can only imagine all the fun I would have with this set- that is if I could ever afford it. I thought of the hours I could spend and the friends I could invite to play with my new toy.

I dreamed about getting this train set since I was five years old. Since I am seven now, that is a very long time for a little boy like me. It was the one thing I had asked for every year for my birthday and Christmas, but my parents could never afford it. I never blamed them because I knew how bad it was. Until one day, I decided that I would find my own way to get this train set. I got a job delivering papers and walking dogs. I would do any chore that was asked of me by the neighbors, just to get that extra dollar. After saving up for months, and not even buying a chocolate bar on the way home from school, I had enough money for the train set.

I was so excited to go home and order my train set. I pulled the magazine out from the box under my bed, where it had been hiding for safe keeping. My fingers flipped to the page as if they knew exactly where they were going. When I saw the train set it was just as glorious as I had pictured it in my head all these months. I ran downstairs to get the house phone, then sat on the kitchen counter as I read the numbers to the operator. She commented on how young I sounded and said that they would have my set here in no time!

When the package finally arrived on our doorstep, I was beyond excited. I brought the box up to my room and ripped it open, pulling out packing peanuts and all the wrappings in a frenzy. As I look at the set that I had dreamed about for months, I couldn't wait to put it all together. Each piece of the track snaps together perfectly, although it is much smaller than I had imagined. The train wobbles down the track. Each station is made of cheap plastic and doesn't do the motions as promised in the magazine. Disappointed, I made my way to the living room, crying to my mother about the awful train set.

All these months of saving and hard work have gone into this disappointment. I felt so betrayed by the little boy in the catalog- he was happy and excited. Why don't I get the same enjoyment that he does? The picture in the catalog had lied, and I was one sad little boy.

Written by Madeline Harper