

# The worth of spacemans money creative writing sample

[Sociology](#), [Shopping](#)



Little Jimmy Boyd was running down the stairs, still wearing his dark blue pajamas, with little spaceships on it. His nimble little fingers were sliding down the handrail, while his feet were almost flying. Jimmy would always wake up earlier than necessary, because that was the rare time he would get to see his father, a relentless stockbroker who worked night and day to be able to provide for his family all the things he did not have as a child. His promised himself that his family will have all their wishes come true.

The window on the right side of the kitchen, carefully wrapped up in olive green curtains, was letting thin strips of light in, piercing the air, which smelled soothingly of coffee, bacon, eggs and pancakes with maple syrup. Jimmy's father was sitting at the table, already reading the newspaper, getting the latest scoop on last night's changes on the stock market. "Morning, dad," Jimmy ran to his father and gave him a big hug. "Hey, spaceman! Watch the coffee, so you don't make a black hole on your mother's carpet," Jimmy's father was laughing. Jimmy's mother was fluttering around the kitchen, cooking, pouring, preparing. Just like Jimmy, she loved their family mornings, warm and happy. Usually, by the time her husband came back from work, she was already in bed, if not sleeping, then dozing off, being conscious only enough to feel the cool outside air her husband brought into the bedroom with him and the loving kiss he would press on her forehead.

"So, dad," Jimmy was eager to ask his father something. "There is this father son competition at school next weekend, and mom said to ask you before signing us up." His hopeful eyes were looking at his father, but all they saw was their own reflection in his glasses. "Sorry, spaceman, but

daddy will be going away on business that weekend... I know you are disappointed, but you have to remember, daddy's time is very expensive and thus, he must spend a lot of time working," he tapped the soft, brown curls on his son's head, " But I promise I'll make it up to you later on, alright? Here," he put his massive hand, adorned with a dark silver Rolex, in his pocket and took out his wallet. " Go, buy yourself something nice, mommy told me about the A you got in history a few days ago." His hand was still stretched out in front of his son, who was almost mournfully looking at the offer of money. " Thank you," his little lips voiced almost inaudibly. " Well, I should be off now," his father said, already up and drinking his coffee as he was putting on his coat and grabbing his suitcase. He kissed his wife and patted his son on the head again. " Don't be sad, spaceman, I'll make it up to you," he was saying as he was already closing the door. Then the house was fatherless yet again. Jimmy looked at the money and a single thought made him smile again. " Now I must have enough!" he thought to himself. That night, he decided to wait for his father, no matter how late it is. He was lying in bed, listening to the sound of the key turning the lock in the door. On finally hearing the long-awaited sound, he rushed to the living room to meet his father. " Heeeey, you... does your mother know that you are up so late?" He picked up his son in his arms. " Listen, dad, I want to talk to you," Jimmy started nervously but determinedly. " Oh, my, something serious, Jimmy my boy?" His father answered worriedly. " No, no, just something... see, I have here," Jimmy took a fat, green bundle from his pocket and offered it to his father. " I don't exactly know how expensive your time is, dad, but I've been saving all this time, not spending the money you were giving me, so I could

buy an hour of your time..." Jimmy was standing in front of his father, who could not believe what he was hearing. " If it's not enough, dad, I can save more..." Jimmy's voice was interrupted by a strong hug from his dad, who started crying. " Please, forgive me, Jimmy... please... I love you so much... and I promise that from now on, things will be different... I will be different... I got caught up in business so much that I was neglecting both you and your mother, but no more... no more," Jimmy's father was crying, and Jimmy knew that this time, he really meant it.