The best day of my life



The best day of my life The repetitive noise of the phone alarm went on at 5AM in the morning. It is the usual time of waking up, but this was a special day. Having been able to wake up early, the day had to start with a morning jog. I came back, took a shower, and put a set new of clothes and prepared for the day. The clothes were not new but I always save them for special days like this one. My parents had taken a vacation trip down on the beach of Miami. There was confidence that the day was going to be a special day despite the fact that my parents were not around. I did not wake up with butterflies and the intensity of my task could not allow me to panic. It was the day to meet the president of the United States of America.

"Do not worry it is just like any other place," stressed my brother as he left for school. There was no room for tension in the mind even though he is the leader of the free world. I had done a painting on the president of the United States and it gained publicity on social media. The president saw the picture and arranged a meeting with the individual behind the work. The cab drove inside the White house and individuals I did not know immediately surrounded me. I was shocked and they convinced me it was their work to ensure that the president is safe.

Big burly men who then led me inside a room escorted me inside the White House. They closed the door on their way out, and to my surprise, the president was there. I took deep breaths of fresh air and approached him. It was an amazing feeling to meet the president of the United States of America.