

Breakfast Tragedy

I stumbled into the kitchen, yawning and still rubbing my eyes. Opening the refrigerator, I squinted my eyes at the sudden light and peered in. What I saw confused my still sleepy brain. Stacks and stacks of aluminum foil pans. Nothing else. I blinked. Where was my breakfast? My *normal* breakfast?

“Moouoommm!!” I knew she was awake already. If she wasn’t, oh well. My breakfast time was ticking away. My mom walked into the kitchen casually, as if the world was still normal.

“Hannah, you’re so loud in the morning.”

I was rushing around gathering things into my backpack. There was no time to waste. “Mom, where did you put my yogurt? There’s only stacks of pans in the fridge.”

My mom opened the fridge and brought out one of the pans. “Oh, there wasn’t any room for your food so your dad ate them all. We needed the fridge space for all the lo bak go and leen go. You know how your grandma’s friends get at this time of year. They make around 100 and give half to us.”

Great. Now I was stuck eating mushy cake pie things every meal for the next two months. My stomach gave a mournful growl. It knew what was up. Happy Chinese New Year everyone.