Note- before you start reading, none of this is real, ok?

Eating Dinner with my Family

Most families have a peaceful dinner, with some chatter about the day. They often enjoy their meal that goes only for a short time, generally 30 minutes at about 6 to 7 pm. However, my family is generally a complete chaos when it comes to eating dinner. We can have it anytime, from 5 to 8 pm and it is nearly always a mess.

Dinner usually goes like this. One of our parents always yells, “It’s time for dinner!” We all trudge out of our rooms like zombies. Once we all arrive at the dinner table, we dig into our meal. You can only enjoy serenity for 3 seconds before you hear my little brother criticising the meal in some random way, for example, Dad added some toppings that he despises and will bring him to his demise. The person who made the meal would have a 5 minute debate with him before we actually start eating.

My elder brother will then produce his iPhone 15 that he got a year ago for his 13th birthday, something that my parents dislike. With the iPhone, he can only take a few bites after every game he plays, so he finishes an hour after everybody else. This means my parents will have to wait for him to wash the dishes so we all have to stay. The main thing that bothers us is the cries of frustration that he makes sometimes. It sounds like nails on a blackboard, but we have adapted to listening to it.

My dad has a habit of wearing iPods at the dinner table so he has no idea that me and mum are telling him that he is chewing his food too loudly. That is his other bad habit- eating too loudly and eating too much. He can usually consume a whole third of the food produced and he also has to pack some for his lunch for tomorrow.

My mum usually eats her dinner peacefully, but glares and make strange gestures as us, as if trying to say that she wants us to have better table manners. No one notices her, though, and that only starts strange voices omitting from her mouth.

As for me, I just curl up in my chair with a good book every dinner. I take a bite every few pages, but I still finish before my elder brother. I hardly notice the chaos, unless my elder brother groans furiously that he loses a game, or if my dad’s chewing is breaking the silence. That is the chaotic dinner that we enjoy every day.