

# My Life as a First Lady

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## Chapter One

Banquet after banquet. State dinners after state dinners. I barely have enough time to talk to my husband. But, yesterday the movers moved the last of my furniture into my room. I wish I could talk to my husband more, but he's President Roy Bankins of the United States. It was pretty difficult. I glanced at the calendar and it was December 10, 2020, in other words my birthday. Sarah and Susan, my daughters, came rushing in my room with my husband to sing "Happy Birthday". I smiled and chuckled in happiness. I was turning thirty-two years old that day. My five-year old Sarah and twelve-year old Susan were singing loudly.

"Open mine, open mine," Sarah shouted as she shoved my present from her in my lap. I gently opened it and glued to my eyes were the book "Love for Dummies". I stared at the book and my husband, and we tried to smile.

"Thank you," I mumbled. Susan handed me her sparkly wrapping paper containing my present. Before I could open it, my poodle, Sydni, came dashing in

my room. I slowly opened Susan's present and it was new high heels and sky blue jacket/shirt with a matching skirt.

"I love it, sweetie," I replied. My husband's present was tall and huge. He had to push it to get it over to me. I opened it and it was my sister Veronica!

"AAAAH," we shrieked. I rushed to hug her. She's staying at the White House to live with her kitty, Samantha. In addition, my youngest sister, Gina, was staying with Veronica, too. "She'll be here in 5 4 3 2 1," my husband stated.

Gina jumped in the room and started screaming. Veronica is thirty and Gina is twenty-four. We are closer than close. Gina had a parakeet named Katie. All day long, you can see Katie bang into the cage inside! Gina had her since she was twenty.

"This is a present from Gina and I," Veronica told me excitedly. I opened the little package. Inside, there was a basket of lotion and different cosmetics.

"Thank you," I replied.

All of us hugged.

## Chapter Two

### Meet Katie

After our reunion, Rou went back to his duties, my daughters went to school, and my sisters and I hung out. I told them all about life in the White House. I even gave them a little tour. But I didn't give them the White House tour for visitors. It was the extra attraction. The Oval Office is what amazed them the most. I allowed them to sit in Roy's chair in the historical office. They nearly screamed, but didn't scream loud enough to wake Samantha from her nap. Gina's parakeet Sadie was finally sleeping as well. Pets love to sleep in the afternoon. We headed to lunch and there awaited another surprise.

Gina's parakeet was named after her cousin Katie. She had a butler named Ryan L. Well, Katie was there. "Hi, you must be Emily," Katie stated. I shook her hand and she squashed my hand that was trapped and turning sweaty. Katie had short black hair and was wearing a midnight black jacket/shirt and midnight black skirt to match. Apparently she was just visiting. She didn't look too pleasing. Her husband, Leslie, was standing there in a black tuxedo. "Hello, Missy," Leslie said in his high squeaked voice. I shook his hand and he had a buzzer like a clown and practical joker would. He laughed like Woody Woodpecker. Katie grinned. Leslie

amazingly impressed his wife. I guess she LOVES goofy people and perhaps she was goofy also. It's a mystery I may never solve. Katie had the most peculiar laugh. She had a serious look and offlandish attitude. At 8:00 p.m., Sarah went to bed but Susan stayed up to watch cartoons in her room. Roy went to bed at 2:00 a.m. and I stayed up until then.

"What a weird couple," Roy commented.

I hesitated. "Where have you been?" I asked.

"The document I had to sign was tough. Plus, the process was LONG!" he replied.

I sighed and fell asleep in thought. *When will our family be close for once?* I pondered.

## Chapter Three

### Husband Problems

The next morning, Susan slept in late, although I woke her up for breakfast. It was Saturday. Roy had to eat in his office like ALWAYS! Sarah was singing "Yankee Doodle". Susan looked upset and twirled her fork on the stack

of five pancakes. Roy popped in and had pictures of people from America's Most Wanted. I saw a picture of a man named Melvin Weston.

"Hey, daddy, I was wondering if we can go to Memorial Park," Susan wondered. Memorial Park has many statues of famous people in our history.

"Well, I'm busy today sweetie, so maybe next weekend," Roy replied. Susan looked disappointed and Sarah pointed out "You said that three weeks ago."

Susan was stuck in thought and angry at the same time. "Dad, when you talk to your family and say next week, you should keep your so-called promise," she snapped angrily. She ran off.

"Susan will eventually grow up and understand," he stated.

"Sarah, why don't you check on your sister so Daddy and I can talk," I told her. Sarah ran off.

"Roy, that statement was just wrong," I started. "Susan is just a twelve-year old child. She wants to spend time with her family; is that a crime?" I asked.

RRRRRIINNNG! Roy's cell phone rang. "Hello. Mhm. Hmm. Meet you there," Roy spoke into the phone. "I have a speech at Memorial Park that I forgot about," he told me. "So get dressed," he commanded. I walked away upstairs not knowing what to do.

As I stepped in my room, I was in deep thought. *What am I going to do?* BANNNGGG. Someone was banging on my door. "Please, I don't want to see dad. DON'T MAKE ME," a voice weeped.

I looked under my bed and Susan was there blubbering. "Pack your things and make sure Sarah does that also," I commanded. Susan ran out the door to pack.

Sydni was the one banging on the door. Veronica and Gina dashed in. "Hey Emily, what's going on?" Veronica asked with high enthusiasm.

"I'm leaving. Come with me. I am planning on going away to see our other sister Serena," I answered.

"I'll go get the pets. Gina, you go pack for us," Veronica planned. They ran out the door together to gather the animals and pack their belongings.

## Chapter Four

### The Divorce

"Mom, mom! I packed my stuff and Sarah's," Susan told me. Sarah walked in, not knowing what was going on...