I was getting annoyed. Many people were getting irritated and were driving away in their cars. The sponges, pails and Rachel, were not here yet.

“Come on Rachel! Hurry up and get here!” I murmured.

Our car wash time had already started yet Rachel had still not shown up.

It was the school holidays and I had nothing to do. Normally, I would enjoy the school holidays and just relax. However, this was the first time I had felt so bored. Then, I had an idea. I wanted to do something for charity. I did not have much savings but I could wash cars. I smiled to myself as I imagined myself giving lots of money to charity. However, I would need some help.

I emailed my friends, Rachel and Alice. They sounded keen by their responses. I informed them of the date of the car wash and told Rachel to bring the sponges and pails she had at home.

Now here I was, grumbling about Rachel. Alice stood beside me quietly. She hated talking about other people behind their backs.

“Rachel, come on! Many cars are leaving and we are losing lots of business!” I grumbled again.
What if I could not make any money? What if I could donate only a few dollars? What if I only made five or six dollars? I was horrified at the thought of me donating so little money. I wanted to donate a huge sum to charity but it was all being spoilt by Rachel’s unpunctuality.

“Hey! Why not text Rachel? We can’t afford to lose any more cars. Look!” Alice suggested. I smacked my forehead. It was so obvious! I immediately took out my phone and texted Rachel. Not long after, I saw a “read” sign beside my message. That meant that Rachel had read the message.

After a few minutes, Rachel came down with pails and sponges. “What took you…” but before I could start shouting at Rachel, Alice interrupted, “Save it for later. We have some work to do.”

I glared at Alice. How could she butt in when I was about to scold Rachel. However, the sound of the horns of the cars reminded me of the urgent matter on hand. I nodded my head and got to work.

Before long, we finished with all the car washing. It was harder than we thought. We were utterly exhausted but immensely satisfied with the results. I rattled the coins in the box we had used for keeping money.

“$205!” I counted.

It was better than I had expected. Later, I found out that I had sent the wrong date to Rachel by mistake. I felt my face go red and blushed while apologising to Rachel. Being forgiving, Rachel did not dwell on the matter but instead talked about what a great job we had done.

Charity was hard work, but it was fun and definitely worth it.