

A Quarrel with My Brother

This afternoon, when my mother came home, she was tripped over by a toy car. She picked up the toy car and said, ‘Why are there so many toys in the room?’ Then she saw me and my brother running after our dog in the messy room.

Mum asked, ‘Who did it?’ My brother and I said, ‘Not me!’ Mum told us to talk about what we had been doing at home. My brother said, ‘I’ve been playing computer games.’ And I said, ‘I’ve been talking on the phone with my friend.’

‘Well, one of you can help me clean up the house,’ said Mum. ‘You do it!’ said my brother. ‘No, you should do it!’ I said. Mum said, ‘You shouldn’t quarrel with each other! You should be nice to each other.’

Finally, my brother and I tidied up the house together.

5A_Tsang Yat Lai, Christy