

Foul Play

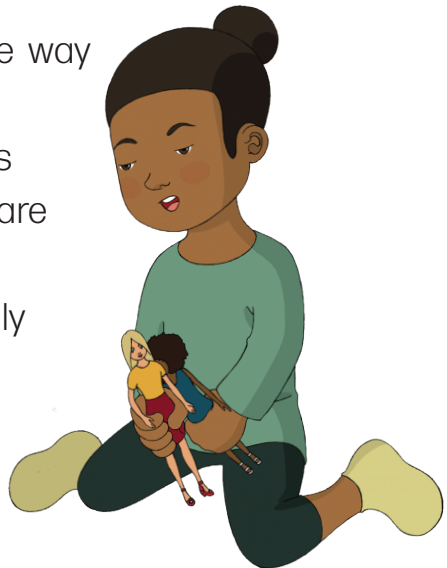
“Don’t play on my bed! You have your own bed!” I complain and shove Jenni-Lee away.

My little sister and I share a room so our grandma can have her own room. Jenni-Lee has been playing with her dolls all morning. She is pretending they are in a singing competition, so they are rehearsing their songs and their dancing.

“There is no more room on my bed. All my toys are lying there,” Jenni-Lee whines. “You’re always so mean to me!” She storms out of our room in tears.

Great. There is only one way this ends.

“Keegan!” my mom yells from the back yard. “Why are you fighting with your little sister? You know she’s only four years old.”





My mom has been busy doing laundry since early this morning.

It drives Grandma Mienie crazy when my mom is constantly cleaning.

For most of the week my mom works at a bookshop in town. She always says she likes books more than she likes people. She reads at least two books at a time.

My mom comes to stand in the doorway of our room with her hands on her hips. "If you have time to argue with your sister, you have time to help me hang up some washing," she says.

Sighing, I follow her outside to help. There is no use arguing with my mom. I am just too short to reach the top of the washing line, so I pass her the wet clothes and the pegs so she can do the hanging up. One, two, three, done!

I try to sneak back to my room, but I walk straight into Grandma Mienie and her broom.

"Where are you going so fast, Keegan Karelse?" she asks, sweeping.

Grandma always uses my full name when she wants to make sure that I am not up to mischief.

“I was just helping Mommy with the washing and now I’m going to draw for a bit,” I say as I quickly duck past her. Grandma acts like she is going to chase me with the broom, so I run to my room. She can be very funny, but you cannot always be sure whether she is joking or not.

When I get to the room, Jenni-Lee is nowhere in sight, so I stretch myself out on my bed for a moment. It is good to sometimes have the room to myself.

I take out a bunch of papers I keep under my pillow.

My mom always brings me paper that has only been printed on one side from work. The back of the page that is still blank is perfect for drawing on.

I am busy drawing a comic strip about two brothers who must save the world from a giant monster. They are well-trained ninjas.