

Life with the Fisher's

Clang, bang! Angie sat up straight in her bed. It took a couple of seconds for her eyes to adjust to the light. She rubbed her eyes and saw her monkey-faced brother standing on her new polka dotted sheets. In his right hand, he held an old rusty frying pan, and in his left hand, he held a spaghetti pot.

"GET OFF MY SHEETS!" screamed Angie. "And haven't you ever heard of knocking?"

Angie's little brother ran out of her room, leaving a trail of rust behind him.

"Ick", mumbled Angie, as she wiped off the little black specks that had fallen off the frying pan.

Angie looked at her grey digital clock. The orange lights flashed "6:45".

"Benjamin Lucas Fisher!" yelled Angie. "Get your butt up here right now!" said Angie trying to sound like Mom.

Benjamin hopped up each carpeted stair. Finally, he got to the top of the staircase.

"Where is Mom-my An-gie?" said Benjamin in a sing-song voice.

"She told me to tell you to clean up my room."

"Did not!"

"Did too!"

"Did not!"

"Oh well, I guess you won't be getting any vanilla ice cream with rainbow sprinkles on top after school."

"But... but... but... ICE CREAM..." said Benjamin with a pouty face. His eyes started to fill up with tears.

"...Only if you clean up my room, will you get ice cream. You made the mess anyway," said Angie.

"So...? Mommy is going to get us ice cream after school if I clean up your room?"

"Yup," said Angie.

Angie watched Benjamin dash into her room with the ugly brown broom from the corner of the kitchen where the Fishers kept all their cleaning supplies. After he finished, he ran across the hall to their parents room and he burst through the door screaming, "I cleaned up Angie's room, now can I get ice cream?"

Angie put her head in her hands, and wondered if he would ever learn to knock.

"Benjamin," said Mom firmly. "What are you talking about? We are not getting ice cream after school. We have been through this already."

Angie went back to her clean room. She slipped on her fluffy, cushy, purple slippers. She was on the last stair when she heard, "Jenette, I know Mr. Baxtard doesn't like me."

"Max you should at least try and straighten things out with—." Benjamin jumped into the kitchen and asked, "Who's Mr. Bax-turd

Then he started giggling. Mr. Fisher heaved a sigh. "Guess I'll go make breakfast," he said. "I'm going to get ready for work, oh and Honey I don't want breakfast at all, all I want is 2 extra large coffees," said Ms. Fisher.

Angie slowly stepped down the last step.

"Hiya sleepyhead. Ready for another 3rd grade day. How come you slept so long?" asked Mr. Fisher.

"Actually I woke up at 6:45," said Angie getting annoyed.

"But why? You usually wake up at 7:30?" asked Mr. Fisher.

"Well you should ask my amazing brother, Ben," said Angie sarcastically.

Mr. Fisher chuckled and said, "Tell me what happened".

Angie told her dad the whole story. When she finished Benjamin started laughing nervously.

"I am going to talk to Angie, Ben you'd better get ready. Well Angie your brother really loves you but he doesn't know how to express that feeling to well," commented Mr. Fisher.

"If he really loves me he would not wake me up with pots and pans," replied Angie. "Yes Angie, you make a good point I will talk to him about that. But he is 4 and you are 9, I hope he looks up to you as a roll model," Mr. Fisher said.

"I got it dad, can you do me a big favor?"

" Sure Angie."

"Next time can you put the pots on a higher shelf?"

THE END