

Hamburger Wassles

by Maureen Johnson

Brad and Amy Crawford glared at each other across the kitchen table.

“This is all your fault,” she hissed.

Brad shrugged. “I don’t know what you’re complaining about. Strawberry ice-cream is your favourite, isn’t it?”

His sister did not answer. She put on her scary face. She used that face when she was bossing him around. She was always bossing him around, even though he was a year older.

“Look, Amy—”, he said, but she interrupted as usual.



“Sort it out with Mum, Brad. Your big mouth got us into this mess. If I have to eat junk food for one more day, I am going to be sick.”

Just then, their mother came into the kitchen.

“Finished your dinner?” She smiled.

Maybe this was a good sign. Maybe Mum had forgiven them, which meant everything could return to normal again. Brad hoped so because, although he would not admit it to Miss Bossy Boots, he was sick of hamburgers and ice-cream, too. Maybe Mum would make them some pasta tomorrow, the lovely creamy kind that she cooked with the chopped bacon and Spanish onions.

