

I pick up another boy!

It was a rainy day and my aunt arrived to my country. She came from England. Her name is Tara and she is so nice and sweet. She became a singer when she was younger than me (I am 18 years old).

It was Friday and my mom was working on her new story. She is a writer. She didn't have a time to pick my brother up so she asked Tara to do it instead of her. Aunt Tara of course agreed.

I was at school at the time. My little brother was in a kindergarten. His name is Tom and he is 5 years old. Tara took a taxi and went to the kindergarten to pick up Tom. Tara last saw us when we were younger. So she didn't know how we look now. She arrived at the place and she waited for a teacher.

Tom's teacher came in with Tom. But this boy is another Tom. This is my brother's friend Tom. He was born without vocal cords. So he couldn't talk. Tara was confused, because he didn't say a word all the way home...

„Hi Sara, how are you?“ Tara asked my mom.

„Not bad“, answered my mom. „But how are you? Did you pick up Tom?“ she asked.

„Yes, but he is weird, did something happen to him?“

Mom went to see what was going on. She was surprised when she found out what had happened.

When I came from school, my aunt was standing in the doorway.

I asked, what happened?

She answers: „I picked up another boy!“