

That Little Brat Has to Go!

"Sweetie, come into the lounge room. We have to tell you something."

"What then!"

"We're going to have another baby."

"So?" I just went back into my room. Another baby! Another baby! No way.

"And by the way, we're moving in a week - Okay Meghan?"

"But Mum, it's not okay, it just isn't. I don't want another baby and on top of that I don't want to move house!"

Days went past and it finally came to the big moving day. I went through my things about a hundred times. Last time we moved I left my favourite baseball cap behind, so this time I made sure that I didn't leave anything behind.

"Meghan! Meghan! Come on! Get in the car." Mum was in a hurry. After four boring hours in the car we got to our new house. It was big, with flowers all around it. "I'm choosing my room first - okay." The house had so many bedrooms I couldn't decide which room I would have, but then I found the perfect room, right down the end of the hallway.

Seven months passed and Mum was getting bigger. I had to do more around the house, like making my bed, sweeping the floor and helping Dad with dinner.

Nine months passed and Mum was in hospital with my baby brother Jack. What a name! What an ugly baby! What a pest! So she comes home three days later with that little creep in her arms. Dad and Mum paid more attention to Jack than me. Jack wakes up five times or more at night crying and screams when people put him down. I'd like to put him down the toilet! I bet that I didn't scream when I was young! I didn't want to have a baby brother, or sister for that matter - I wanted to be the only kid in my family. So! One of us has to go! I'm choosing! Mmmmm.....Jack!

I have to do something about that brat.

