

## Meet the Pain

My sister's name is Abigail. I call her the Great One because she thinks she's so great. She says, "I don't think it, I know it!" When she says that I laugh like crazy. Then she gets mad. It's fun to make her mad. Who cares if she's in third grade and I'm just in first? That doesn't make her faster. Or stronger. Or even smarter. I don't get why Mom and Dad act like she's so special. Sometimes I think they love her more than me.



## Meet the Great One

My brother's name is Jacob but everyone calls him Jake. Everyone but me. I call him the Pain because that's what he is. He's a first-grade pain. And he will always be a pain—even if he lives to be a hundred. Even then, I'll be two years older than him. I'll still know more about everything. And I'll always know exactly what he's thinking. That's just the way it is. I don't get why Mom and Dad act like he's so special. Sometimes I think they love him more than me.

## "Sometimes I think Mom and Dad love <u>her</u> more than me."—The Pain

"Sometimes I think Mom and Dad love him more than me."—The Great One

It's back to school for the Pain and the Great One. The kids hardly agree on anything, but especially at school it's good to know that they can count on each other. Like when that first baby tooth falls out on the school bus. Or when an unwanted visitor on Bring Your Pet to School Day needs to be caught. Or worst of all, when a scary bully says you're burnt toast. On days like these it can feel good not to go it alone. And although Fluzzy can't go to school, don't forget this smart cat knows a thing or two himself.

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