

Ronald and Rose and the birthday surprise

By Amy N. Illustrated by Jacinta S.

twinkling again as she turned the corner.

“What do you mean?” Rose shook her curls from her face again and tried to see Mom's in the rear view mirror.

“It just might be a good idea, that's all,” Mom replied.

In a few minutes they had reached home. Home for

Rose meant a comfortable brick house, in the suburbs of the town, set back a little from the street.

Rose helped Mom unload the van.

“My goodness, these bags are heavy,” Rose remarked, wishing for the tenth time that Mom didn't

have the groceries put in paper bags. Her curiosity would make her wonder what the bags held.

“Nosy Nellie,” Mom laughed, closing the door behind them. “Run along upstairs, now, and see what mischief your brother has gotten into while we were gone.” Rose skipped up the stairs.

“Hi, Ronald,” she greeted her brother. She looked around. Ronald was nowhere to be seen. Just then, she

heard a couple of muffled bangs from their good-sized closet. Ronald emerged from the clothes and quickly shut the door. He looked just like Rose, the only difference being that he had more freckles, and his hair wasn't as long.



“What's the idea, bursting in the room like that?” he said, somewhat indignantly.

“Oh, I'm sorry,” Rose said. “You have a sock in your hair,” she added, giggling. Ronald picked a pink-frilled sock off the top of his head with pretended disgust.

“I don't see why I have to share a room with a girl,” he complained. Rose could see he didn't mean it.

“Last one downstairs sets the table!” she called,

speeding off.

“No fair! You had a head start!” Ronald was racing after her, as fast as his feet would carry him.

Rose leaped out of bed.

“It's my birthday!” she almost yelled. Changing her mind, she leaped back into bed, onto Ronald.

“Wake up, wake up! It's our birthday!”

“I know,” Ronald announced calmly.

“I've known for a half an hour, since I've been awake, getting kicked by my twin sister.”

“Oh, I'm sorry,” Rose said, climbing down. “I guess I've been excited.”

“Excited!” Ronald

climbed out of bed with a grin. “It felt like you were running a whole race – by yourself.” Rose laughed.

“You don't have to be so grumpy,” she said, returning the grin. “It's your turn to get dressed in the closet.” Since Rose and Ronald shared the room, they took turns, one getting dressed in the closet, while the other got dressed in their room.

“Okay,” Ronald said, this time with a mischievous grin.