

School

'Ohhh,' I groaned. I had to face another new annoying year at school. 'Mum,' I called. 'Do I have to go to school today?' I rolled over in my bed and looked around the room.

Suddenly, my mother, Kathryn, poked her head through the door. 'Yes Theresa, you do have to go to school, and please do not pretend to be sick. I fell for that last year, but now I know much better,' said Mum with a soft giggle.

I couldn't help but laugh. I remembered the time I pretended to faint and poor Mum had to miss a day of work to take me to the hospital. I suppose it wasn't the best thing to do because she was very, very worried about me and the state that I was in.

The doctors said I was fine, but my over-protective mother wasn't so sure. She took me home and to check if I was fine, she tickled me.

The first time she did, I contained my laughter but the second time I laughed so much I had tears in my eyes. Luckily, Mum didn't get angry with me. In fact, we spent the whole day tickling each other.

