

All in Good Time



My brother, Jimmy, is three years older than I am. I don't think that's a good enough reason for him to be the king of this house! Why does he get to do so much more than I do? He can stay out later, have sleepover parties, and he has the neatest games and CDs.

"When can I do the things Jimmy can?" I ask my mom.

"All in good time," my mom always answers.

Jimmy is going to a concert tomorrow night. It sounds so cool! I want to go, too. But my parents say no, because I am too young. Too young! I am almost 10 years old! Can't they see I am not a baby anymore? Jimmy is going with some friends and one parent. I asked him if I could go with him, and he just laughed as he patted me on the head. I hate it when he does that.

Tonight we are going to have tacos for dinner. Jimmy loves tacos. I hate them. But of course we are having what King Jimmy wants. He is Mom's favorite. I just know it. Jimmy gets home from school earlier than I do, because he is in middle school. If our mom is deciding what to cook for dinner, he is there to tell her. I can't help it if I get home a whole hour later. It isn't fair!

Someday I am going to be just like Jimmy. I am going to go to concerts, and have my friends sleep over. I am going to have better CDs to listen to, and more fun games to play. Someday I will be able to do all the things Jimmy can do. I just want that someday to be today!

How do you think the character in this story feels?
