

It was an ordinary day when all of a sudden, there was a big BOOM! The tables had fallen, the books had torn and the house was a mess! 2 seconds later, everything floated back in place. Then, me and my brother saw our parents. They were acting like never before. My dad looked so angry, he looked like he was going to explode! And my mum was walking around in a very strange way. She was acting like a teacher! A sweet teacher. Not those strict ones. My dad was still mad. My brother thought they were trying to act good for a play or something. "Detention for both of you!" bellowed in a very low voice.

My mum then said, "Oh! Why are you being so rude to our first pupils? They are awfully cute!"

"P-p-p-pupils??" said my brother, who now thought that they were drunk. "What on Earth do you mean?"

"When I say pupils, I don't mean P-p-p-pupils. I mean pupils. Or should I say, school kids?"

"Oh, come on! Stop acting like teachers!" shouted Cyrus, now getting as mad as his dad! "B-b-but we are t-t-t-teachers!" said Jophi (my mum), now feeling like her pupils (her children) were drunk! My dad now thinks that he is the clever one of this lot, so he decides to say, "Hey, little girl..."

"My name is Fiona. You should know that by now! You have lived with me for 10 years!!"

"But I just met you. Like, I just met you..." He looked at his watch. Then he continued saying, "ten minutes ago."

"Huh?! Cyrus, (my brother) can you tell me what is going on here?" I said.

"I don't know. How am I supposed to know?!"

"I don't know. Maybe you created this."

"Guys," began George (my dad). "why are you acting like we are your parents?"

"WE ARE!!!" I began freaking out. This was too much. Also, if they were acting, they would have stopped by now. "Do you want to go to the park?" asked Jophi (or I should say Mrs George). "We are talking about something urgent here. So NO. My dad, (Mr Easow) was on a phone call. I eves-dropped and I heard some helpful information:

Mr Easow: Hello, This is George. Would it be possible to re-build one of these bedrooms in the school into a detention-like room?

Man he was calling: Hmm. Why would there be a bedroom in a school?

Mr Easow: I don't know. How am I supposed to know?

Man he was calling: umm...

The man he was calling has ended the call.

Soon, the doorbell rang.

Ding-dong!

My dad told him to repair my room! Nooooo!

Mrs George had an idea! She tiptoed into my room, tucked herself in, and she was pretending to sleep. "How is that gonna help?" said Cyrus (my brother).

"Let's see," I said, also wondering.

Soon, my dad and the man, came in. "A lady is sleeping and I don't want to disturb" the man said. "Hmm... She was awake before I opened the door..."

"I don't think it is working that well." I said.

"Well, I believe in her." said Cyrus.

"I did not say I did not believe-"

"Shh. Listen" whispered Cyrus.

"You still need to pay £15.00 for making me drive 40 miles.

"Oh my goodness! Fifteen pounds? For nothing? There were so many builders close-by. Why this one?"

"How on Earth do you know that?" I said.

"I'm learning about it at school. Oh, and I did it yester-"

Bang! The door slam. Mr George was angry but when he got in his new office, he whined LOUD. "Why did I pay using all my money?!?!?!?"

"That is all his money?" Cyrus said.

"Well, he barely had a job.

Soon, another BOOM happened.

"Where is all my money???" Said my dad, now acting like himself.

"I wonder..."