

House for Sale

“You’ve done a really nice job decorating.” Mrs. Bradley is looking in a cupboard, which has shelves that twirl around.

“Thank you,” Mrs. Daniels says. “We really loved living here and hope that the next family loves it, too.”

I don’t want there to be a “next family” here.

I remember how we all sat around looking at wallpaper and stuff when the kitchen was being redone.

Mrs. Daniels said that since everyone in the house was going to see it every day, everyone could help decorate it. She also said that since I was practically a member of the family, I could help, too.

They didn’t pick the wallpaper that Justin and I wanted, baseball players.

Instead, there are flowers all over the wall.

Mrs. Bradley says, “If you don’t mind, I would like my husband to see this house soon.”

Soon. That sounds serious.

I can’t help myself. “I hope you don’t mind alligators in the toilet.”

Mrs. Bradley looks surprised and then she grins. “Alligators in the toilet. That’s quite a bonus.”

She and Mrs. Daniels look at each other and smile.

This is definitely not a good sign. The grown-ups leave the room.

Justin, Danny, and I continue playing cookie basketball. We pretend that everything’s the same. I try not to get too nervous. After all, a zillion people have seen the house and not bought it.

Maybe Mrs. Bradley’s husband will hate it. I hope I’m here when he looks at the house. I’ll be sure to mention giant termites.

Mrs. Daniel returns. “Amber, would you like to stay for dinner tonight? I’ll call your mother and see if she wants to join us. We’ll order pizza.”