3H (37) TAMANG JESSICA

**Honesty**

I woke up early in the morning, extremely excited to finally be allowed to play the PS3 my mother bought for me yesterday! I dashed down the stairs and ran straight to the living room. As I grabbed the PS3 and switched it on, ‘Press Start’ was the first thing to appear. I hit the button and started playing.

 After 2 hours of non-stop playing the PS3, I suddenly felt an urge to us… The bathroom! I hadn’t even washed my face, so apparently I looked like a dirty old man. Yuck! I ran towards the bathroom momentarily realizing my older sister Lorie was also going for the bathroom. ‘Lorie, stop! This is urgent. I seriously got to PEE!’ I yelled, knocking her away. Sort Lorie. I kind of had to do that.

 ‘My bladders feel better now,’ I said, stepping out of the bathroom. Lorie pushed me aside and walked in the bathroom. Heading back to the living room, which had been where I left my PS3, my eyes widened and my mouth dropped open.

 As a cold breeze went down my shoulders, moments later I screamed, ‘My PS3!!!’. It was broken! It looked as if it’s been stepped on. This had Lorie’s face written all over it! She did it for revenge, which was what I was sure of. ‘That’s it,’ I said, as I tore Lorie’s favourite shirt and out it back in her room. I couldn’t wait until he saw it! Since I couldn’t express my anger in words, I just tore her favourite shirt as pay back.

 Lorie stepped out of the bathroom and immediately went out of the house, saying she’d be back quickly. As I waited for her to return, she finally came back. I noticed her holding a box. She threw it at me and said, ‘Hey, sorry James. I stepped on that PS3 thing you liked a lot by mistake. So, I just bought you a new one with my savings. I’m glad you didn’t act so childish. Pretty mature you didn’t go whining about it.’ Oh no, I’ve made a big mistake! I sprinted towards her room and hid the torn shirt. I know! I’ll just get a new one that looks the same. I went out.

 Arriving home after 3 hours late, since it took me that long to find a shirt look alike, I saw Lorie angrily looking at me holding the shirt I tore. I burst out everything moments later, telling her the truth I tore her shirt out of anger and without knowing she broke my PS3 by accident. She just laughed. What?

 ‘Look, James. I knew you would get the wrong idea. You’re a stupid little brother,’ Lorie said. ‘You could’ve just told me you were mad at me. I’d apologize.’ I frowned and asked, ‘What about your shirt?’ I bought you a new one. It’s the same! Lorie looked down and said, ‘It can never be the same. That shirt was a gift from your long-gone grandmother. But it’s okay. It’s not your fault.’ I gave Lorie a hug and thought, ‘Wow. Had it just told her the truth on how mad it was, I would’ve never had to go and buy her a new shirt.’ Gosh, I’ve learnt something. ‘Honesty is the best policy’.