



Asking for Trouble

by Sho Botham

“Come on you two. Time for bed. If you are in bed in the next five minutes then we’ll have time for a story.”

“Ah, mum. Can’t we have another five minutes? We’re nearly finished this game. Owen is allowed to play until 9 o’clock. Can’t we play until then too? Timmy is still playing.”

She looked at the list down the side of the screen and sure enough both Owen and Timmy, their friends from along the road, were both still playing. “Oh well, okay, just this once. But when I say it is time to go to bed next time, that is it, you’ll have to pack up and get ready for bed.”

“Yes mum,” said the two boys over their shoulders as they got back into the game. She didn’t have a clue what they were playing or how they got their points. It was all flashing lights, screeching sounds and weird looking people able to jump over buildings, run faster than cars and all of that stuff. It wasn’t her cup of tea at all.

At two minutes past nine she put her head around the door. "Come on boys, it is time for bed now. No buts this time. I want to see you in your PJs one minute from now."

"Ah mum, do we have to?"

"Now come on, we had an agreement. You've had your extra time."

"But mum."

"No, but mum, anything, you're asking for trouble now. If I have to get cross then it'll be tears before bedtime."

The boys realised they had stretched out their bedtime as long as they were going to get tonight. Heading upstairs they were already plotting how they could play even longer tomorrow night.