

My Brother's Mess

My brother Tim and I each have our own room. My brother has always been very messy, and I've always been very neat. When I would change into my pajamas, I'd hang my clothes over my chair. Tim would throw his on the floor. By Saturday of each week, the floor of Tim's room would be covered with a huge pile of dirty clothes mixed with most of the pieces of a chess set, open books, and crumpled pieces of homework. That's when my mother would come in. She would take one look at his room and say, "Tim, you're not going anywhere until this room is fit for human habitation—no one would want to live here."

On Saturday afternoons, Tim and I like to play baseball with our friends. Tim always asked me to help him clean so he could get to the park in time for the game, and I'd usually end up helping him. Tim is the best pitcher on our team. If he didn't play, the other team might win. Tim would say thank you, but I'd get a little angry with him. I'd rather be outside on Saturday morning than indoors cleaning his room.

Two weeks ago my friend Gretchen invited me over to her house on Saturday morning to see her new puppy. I warned Tim to start cleaning early that week, but it didn't help. On Saturday morning, his room was messier than ever. He had been looking for a game at the bottom of his old toy box, and his games and toys were all over the floor. I called Gretchen and said I couldn't come. Gretchen invited me again for the next Saturday.

On Monday, I made up my mind that I would not let my brother's disorderly habits interfere with my plans. I went to the supermarket after school and asked for three big cardboard boxes. The grocery manager gave me three boxes that paper towels had come in. I took the boxes and a black magic marker to my brother's room. On the first box, I wrote the word "clothes" in huge letters. On the second box I wrote the words "books and games." On the third box I wrote "trash." Then I set them against the wall.

The boxes took up a lot of space, but not as much space as the mess did. For a couple of days, I looked in on my brother after school. I'd point to any clothes or games on the floor, and say "Throw it in the right box!" He then started to remember to do it on his own.

When Saturday came, we emptied the clothes from the first box into the laundry hamper. Then we put the books on the bookshelf and the games in the toy box. Finally, we emptied the trash box into the garbage can. Then Tim and I played with Gretchen's puppy until time for the baseball game.

1. How did the narrator solve his problem?
 - A. He reminded Tim to clean his room.
 - B. He told his mother, and she made Tim clean his room.
 - C. He got Gretchen to come over and help.
 - D. He helped Tim get organized.

0% _____ 100%

