

The Two Brothers

Little Stories For Little People

By Aunt Julia

"MAMMA, Jaime does not want to give me my red ball," Eddie cried running to his mother.

"Let your brother have it for a while, Son," his mother said kissing him.

Eddie did not say anything, but he was angry. He went out and sat on the steps.

"I do not like Jaime. I do not want any brother. If he does not give me my ball, I will beat him with a stick."

Eddie ran down the stairs. He found his ball in the mud. He picked it up and washed it.

"I will lock it up in Papa's desk," he said to himself. "I shall ask Papa to give me a box with a lock."

Eddie went up to the boys' bedroom. Things were thrown on the floor. His bag was under the bed. He crawled to reach it. It was empty. His drawing book and box of crayons were gone.

"Jaime has my things, the bad, bad boy. He is not my brother at all," Eddie murmured in anger.

He ran out to the garden. Jaime was not there. He looked into the kitchen. Jaime was not there. Eddie ran toward the garage. The garage door was closed. He peeped through a crack. What do you think he saw? Jaime was lying on the garage floor. Open before him was his older brother's drawing book. The crayons were broken to small pieces. The

pieces were scattered on the ground.

Eddie pushed the door open. Without saying anything, he struck Jaime many times. He struck him on the head. He struck Jaime on the back. He pulled Jaime's hair and bit him on the fingers. He wished Jaime's fingers were cut.

Jaime screamed. When he got up, he ran into the house, shouting "Mamma" as loud as he could.

The rest of that afternoon Eddie was locked up in the bathroom.

The next day the house was very quiet. Jaime was sick. He had a high fever. Father and Mother talked very softly.

Eddie played alone. He put all his toys out. He played with all of them. When he was tired, he put them away. He went to the garden. He played skipping rope. He played hand ball. Soon he was tired of being alone. He wanted to play on the see-saw. There was nobody to play with. He wanted to play "hole in." There was nobody to play with.

Eddie went upstairs quietly. He walked into the bedroom softly. He looked at Jaime. Jaime's face was red. Eddie touched his brother's forehead. It was very hot.

Eddie walked out of the room slowly. He sat on the steps. There seemed to be a big lump in his throat. He tried to swallow it and said brokenly, "God, God, I want . . . Jaime now. I do not . . . want him . . . to die. I will give him . . . my ball . . . and my drawing book . . . and my crayons . . . and . . . and . . . anything."

