



# At the Library



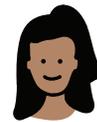
I heard Nathan before I



spotted him. His loud laugh told

me where he was. I turned the

corner. He was leaning against



a bookcase, talking to my friend.



“Nathan,” I said. “We’ve



got to go — Mom's already in



line with her books. You were

supposed to be finding the



books you need for your English



class.”

“I know. I asked my friend

where they were,” Nathan said.



I sighed. Only my brother

could find something else to do



in a library besides read books.



“Nathan,” I said, putting



my own books in my other hand

**and taking his arm, “Let’s go.”**

**I sighed. Sometimes being**



**the big sister is so hard.**

