Waiting for Mom

One Saturday afternoon, Antonio and I got tired of playing in our apartment. We wanted to play outside in the park, but Mom said we were too young to go alone.

“But Mom,” I said, “the park is just across the street and you can see us from the window.

She shook her head, “No.”

“George and his brother go to the park without their mother,” I told her.

“You forget,” replied Mom, “that their grandfather accompanies them to the park.

Annoyed that we couldn’t go out, Antonio and I tried to find something to do while we were delayed waiting for Mom. We decided to go play with Tomkins. Tomkins is a big orange cat that belongs to the woman employed as the building manager. She’s also Mom’s best friend.

When we got to the office, we found Tomkins studying something outside the window. He had spied a red-headed bird pecking the tree outside the front door. His tail swinging back and forth betrayed his excitement.

Too bad Tomkins has to stay indoors, I thought, just like us.

“I have to find out what kind of bird that is!” Antonio cried. We scurried back upstairs to our apartment and spent the next hour identifying the bird.