

Nora was sixteen years old. She had a little brother. Her brother's name was Jim. Jim was sometimes naughty, but he made Nora laugh a lot, and she loved him and was always very nice to him.

One afternoon she was walking from her house to the store when she saw a small boy running along the street towards her. He was going very fast. When he came near her, she was surprised to see it was Jim.

"Hi, Jim." Nora shouted to him. "Why are you running like that?"

Jim didn't stop, but he waved to his sister and shouted, "I'm trying to stop two boys from fighting."

Nora was surprised again. She laughed and said, "That's an important job for a little boy, isn't it? You don't do things like that very often. Who are the two boys?"

"They're Tom and me," answered Jim as he continued running down the street very quickly.