

BROTHERS ARE FOREVER

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Max visits his brother at college in England. As you read, predict what will happen during the visit.

“Yahoo!” Max shouted. “We are going to London! I can’t wait to see Russ.” It was a long trip from New York to London. Max could not sit still. He had so much to tell his older brother. It had been four whole months since they had seen each other. Would Russ even know who he was? Max had gotten a lot taller.

At last the plane landed. Russ was there to meet his family. "Hey, Peanut!" Russ yelled to Max. Max had always hated to be called Peanut. But this time he didn't mind. Russ had missed him. Max could tell. "I have so much to show you," said Russ. He spoke with an accent. "Wait till you meet my college chums!" "Chums?" thought Max. They drove to Russ's school. They passed quiet villages and some farms. "It's beautiful!" Max's parents said. Max said, "The cows are smelly."

It's funny to see the cars driving down the wrong side of the street!" Max's parents said with a laugh. Max said, "I think it's stupid." Russ started getting mad. "It isn't stupid Max, Max," he answered "It's just different." "Your accent is different and stupid," Max, said under his breath.

They stopped at a large stone building. This is where I live." said Russ. His parents said, "It looks like a castle!" Max shrugged.

They walked to Russ's room. This is my flatmate, Ian "said Russ. "He doesn't look flat to me," Max said. "In London, an apartment is called a flat," Russ told him. Russ and I play football together, "Ian said. "He tells me you're not bad at it either" Russ doesn't play football! And neither do I! We play soccer," Max answered. "In England, football is soccer," said Ian. Max felt as if he were on another planet.

Russ showed his family around the college. He stopped to talk to his new friends. He kept using strange words. "Jolly good!" he'd say, or "Right-o!" "Dumb-o," Max said to himself. Later, they went to Russ's football game. Russ scored a goal. The

crowd cheered. "Russ is doing great in school," thought Max. "He won't ever want to come home."

After the game, Max's family rode on a tour bus. They saw the sights of London. Max read his comic book. "What's wrong Max?" asked Russ. "I thought you would love England."

At first, Max said nothing. Then he blurted out, "You used to be my roommate. Now you have a flatmate. You're a soccer hero. Or a football hero. Or whatever. And you talk funny! You don't need a brother anymore." Then he added, "And why did you stop calling me Peanut and start calling me Max?"

"I do have new friends," said Russ, "And I do like it here. But you're wrong about not needing you. Brothers are forever even when they get too tall to be called Peanut." "You mean it?" asked

Max. "Of course," said Russ. "And another thing. Ian and I are running a football camp here this summer. I mean soccer camp. Well, you know. Mom and Dad said it's okay for you to come. But I guess you don't like it here."

"Sure I do!" Max said. "That'd be great! I mean, jolly good!"