

Skill focus: Making inferences

A Busy Morning

"Ouchhhh!" screamed Toby. I ran into the living room to see Toby lying on the hard, wooden floor, tears rolling down his chubby, little cheeks. Behind me, I heard my mum walk into the room.

"What have you been doing to Toby?!" she shouted, her face turning a deep red. "Go upstairs; I haven't got time for this today."

"But-" I started to explain.

"Upstairs. NOW," Mum ordered. "And finish your packing, we need to leave for the airport in 20 minutes."

I stomped up the stairs to my room. It wasn't fair! Angrily, I started throwing things into my suitcase: sunglasses, a swimming costume, shorts, flip-flops.