Scolding

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany is walking her two sons home after they have gotten into trouble at school. They picked a fight with some of their classmates, and Tiffany is not impressed. So she talks to her son, discussing with them why their behaviour was not appropriate.

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It was a warm Spring afternoon. The sky was dotted with stray clouds, and pigeons walked the city streets, their heads bobbing forward and back with each step— Faster, as Tiffany walked past them, her sons clinging to her arms.

She'd had to pick them up early from school, today, after they'd gotten in a fight with some of the other boys.

'And then Mr Fogbelly sent us out of class!' Trent finished explaining. 'So, you see, it wasn't *our* fault! We didn't start it!'

'Actually, it sounds *very much* like you started it,' Tiffany scoffed, pulling her arm out of her son's grip so she could ruffle her son's head-fin.

'No, but— See— They *know* that's where Logan sits!' Trent defended. 'And they sat there *deliberately!*'

'Hon. I appreciate you standing up for Logan, but some fights aren't worth it,' Tiffany gave a sigh. 'Sometimes things aren't going to go your way, and you'll have to take a deep breath and deal with it.'

'I *did* deal with it!' Trent pushed; squealing as his mother wrapped her arm around him and pulled him into her side to playfully smother him. 'Mum! *Muum!*'

'Violence is *not* the answer!'

'Sometimes it is,' Logan's quiet voice came from Tiffany's other side, and she scoffed at her son.

'*Logan!*'

'He's right, though!' Trent defended, pulling away from his mother. 'That's why there was a civil war!'

'*Trent!*'

'Sometimes you *have* to fight people to do the right thing!' Trent continued, raising his voice. 'Like— If Luffy didn't fight Klahadore, then he would have killed Kaya!'

'And Team Rocket,' Logan added.

'Yeah! And Ash has to fight Team Rocket or they would have stolen Pika—'

'Okay, but was Daniel going to kill Trent?' Tiffany interrupted. 'Or steal from him?'

'He stole his *seat!*'

'School property is not your property,' Tiffany argued. 'And you can't fight someone for a seat just because they beat you to sitting in it.'

'But—'

'They have just as much right to use school property as you and Logan,'
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Tiffany reminded him. 'Now. Did you manage to eat before the fight?'

'No,' answered Trent.

'No,' echoed Logan.

'Okay. Well, you need to have *something,*' Tiffany clicked her tongue and glanced around. 'C'mon. How about we go bother Cleo at work?'

'Careful, Mum,' Trent said with a humoured note. 'Take away while we're in trouble? We might think you're rewarding us!'

'No, the punishment is that you're not allowed to help me make dinner,' Tiffany replied, her tone matching her son's. 'How's that, hm?'

'Aw, for real?' Trent gave his mother a pitiful look.

'No, not for real! Like I'd ban you from doing *chores!*' Tiffany laughed. 'No, hon, you can *always* help me make dinner.'

'Woo!' Trent clapped his hands together happily.

Then, Tiffany felt Logan tugging on her sleeve and turned to him. 'Hm?'

'So…. You're… *not* mad at us?' Logan asked.

'I'm a little bit mad. But I'm also proud of you boys for sticking together— Even if you maybe shouldn't have!' Tiffany gave a chuckle, and pet her son on the back. 'I still love you, alright? And I don't want you going hungry. Just promise me you won't go around picking anymore fights, alright?'

'Alright,' Logan gave his mother a shy smile, and played with the hem of his shirt. 'I promise I'll try not to get in fights.'

'That's my boy.'

'But it's hard, sometimes,' Logan admitted.

'I know.'

'But I'll try.'

'Thank you.'

'*I'm* not going to try!' Trent declared loudly, doing a cartwheel. 'If someone picks a fight with me I'll kick their butts!'

'Mm…' Tiffany turned to her son, giving him *that* look.

He got the hint, and quietly fell into pace beside his brother. 'I won't pick fights.'

'Mhm. I'd hope not.'

—END—

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