



## Unfair

*by Claire Schlinkert*

I'm older than my sister:  
I'm eight and she's just three,  
yet when we're given sweets,  
she gets the same amount as me.  
But clearly, this is such a crime!  
"Her tummy's half the size of mine!"  
I tell them, with a glare.  
It's utterly unfair!

My sister claims I'm bossy.  
This really isn't true:  
I simply make up lots of rules  
and tell her what to do.  
(And, given that she's such a pain,  
she's lucky I don't (much) complain –  
such patience must be rare!)  
It's absolutely fair.

She's always messing something up  
or getting in my way.  
They never tell her off – "She's only young!"  
is all they say.

Whichever toy I choose, she'll see,  
and want to take it instantly,  
and then I'll have to share.  
It's totally unfair!

I push my little sister round  
the garden on her trike,  
and then she has to take her turn,  
and push me on my bike.  
The fact that she is rather slight  
and little over half my height  
is neither here nor there.  
It is *completely* fair.

The grown-ups say we'll get on better  
when we're not so small  
but waiting all those years is going to  
drive me up the wall.  
She'll follow here and everywhere.  
The thought is more than I can bear.  
I'm telling you, it isn't fair.  
*It isn't fair AT ALL!*

