The Lie

I made a discovery today. The most amazing discovery I've ever made. It all started when my Mum asked me to help her with the shopping. Normally she would put it away by herself, but today she said I was "big enough now to start helping out around the house." I have no idea what *that* means.

Anyway, she stood at the front door taking bags off the delivery man, then she would pass them to me and I would carry them into the kitchen. Heavy work, let me tell you. I must've shifted a hundred bags, maybe more. Once it was all inside, she shut the door and joined me in the kitchen. I asked if I could go now, and she said no.

"Now we take it out of the bags and put it all away," she said.

She told me to put frozen things in the freezer first, then milk and eggs and vegetables in the fridge. She watched me do all of that... without helping, I should add. Then she said to put everything else in the cupboards, and left.

Can you believe that? Is this what it's like being an adult? Ridiculous!

Anyway, after a long and tiring ten minutes, I was pretty much done. Then, at the bottom of the last bag, I saw it. A gigantic bar of chocolate. Wrapped in shiny foil, with fancy letters printed on it. And after all of my effort with the shopping, I felt like I deserved a reward. So I tucked it under my jumper and took it upstairs to my room, where I hid it away... after eating a few squares, of course.

Hours later, I was watching the TV, when my Mum came in from the kitchen, looking concerned. Then, she said to me...

"When you put away the shopping, did you find a bar of chocolate?"

Now, when she's angry, my Mum does this thing where she doesn't yell, she doesn't shake her fists around or make a big fuss... She just stares. Whenever I've done something naughty, she gives me this look, her eyes go all wide, like an owl or something. And I just know I'm in trouble.

But this time, something happened. I knew I'd found the chocolate, and that I'd taken it for myself. I was definitely in trouble. But something inside me took over, and without even thinking about it, I said... "No."

Weird, right? I knew the answer was yes, but I said no. And then, get this... My mum folded her arms, screwed up her face, and said, "Okay."

And she went back into the kitchen! I couldn't believe it. I had gotten myself out of trouble, as if by magic. I asked my Dad about it later, and he said what I'd done was called 'lying', and that I shouldn't do it again. But honestly, why not? What could possibly be so bad about what I did?

Unless he tells Mum about it...