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Opening extract from

My Naughty Little Sister

Written by

Dorothy Edwards

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My Naughty Little Sister

DOROTHY EDWARDS

ILLUSTRATED BY SHIRLEY HUGHES

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For my sister, Phil

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We bring stories to life

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1. Going fishing

A long time ago when I was a little girl, I had a sister who was littler than me. My little sister had brown eyes, and red hair, and a pinkish nose, and she was very, very stubborn.

When you told her to smile for her photograph, she said, 'No, I don't want to,' but if you gave her an ice-cream, or a chocolate biscuit, or a toffee-drop, she said 'Thank you,' and smiled and smiled.

So you must try to imagine her with a chocolate biscuit *and* an ice-cream

and a toffee-drop, so that you can see her at her very, very best . . .

Imagine very hard . . . There, doesn't she look a bright, happy child?

Well now, I'm going to tell you some stories about her which I think you will like.

The very first story is called *Going Fishing* and here it is:

One day, when I was a little girl, and my sister was a very little girl, some children came to our house and asked my mother if I could go fishing with them.

They had jam-jars with string on them, and fishing-nets and sandwiches

and lemonade.

My mother said, 'Yes' – I could go with them; and she found *me* a jam-jar and a fishing-net, and cut *me* some sandwiches.

Then my naughty little sister said, 'I want to go! I want to go!' Just like that. So my mother said I might as well take her too.

Then my mother cut some sandwiches for my little sister, but she didn't give her a jam-jar or a fishing-net because she said she was too little to go near the water. My mother gave my little sister a basket to put stones in, because my little sister liked to pick

up stones, and she gave me a big bottle of lemonade to carry for both of us.

My mother said, 'You mustn't let your little sister get herself wet. You must keep her away from the water.' And I said, 'All right, Mother, I promise.'

So then we went off to the little river, and we took our shoes off

and our socks off, and tucked up our clothes, and we went into the water to catch fish with our fishing-nets, and we filled our jam-jars with water to put the fishes in when we caught them. And we said to my naughty little sister, 'You mustn't come, you'll get yourself wet.'

Well, we paddled and paddled and fished and fished, but we didn't catch any fish at all, not one little tiny one even. Then a boy said, 'Look, there is your little sister in the water too!'

And, do you know, my naughty little sister had walked right into the water with her shoes and socks on, and

she was trying to fish with her little basket.

I said, 'Get out of the water,' and she said, 'No.'

I said, 'Get out at *once*,' and she said, 'I don't want to.'

I said, 'You'll get all wet,' and she said, 'I don't care.' Wasn't she naughty?

So I said, 'I must fetch you out then,' and my naughty little sister tried to run away in the water. Which is a silly thing to do because she fell down and got all wet.

She got her frock wet, and her petticoat wet, and her knickers wet,

and her vest wet, and her hair wet, and her hair-ribbon – all soaking wet. Of course, I told you her shoes and socks were wet before.

And she cried and cried.

So we fetched her out of the water, and we said, 'Oh, dear, she will catch a cold,' and we took off her wet frock, and her wet petticoat and her wet knickers and her wet vest, and her wet hair-ribbon, *and* her wet shoes and socks, and we hung all the things to dry on the bushes in the sunshine, and

we wrapped my naughty little sister up in a woolly cardigan.

My little sister *cried and cried.*

So we gave her the sandwiches, and she ate them all up. She ate up her sandwiches and my sandwiches, and the other children's sandwiches all up – and she cried and cried.

Then we gave her the lemonade and she spilled it all over the grass, and she cried and cried.

Then one of the children gave her an apple, and another of the children gave her some toffees, and while she was eating these, we took her clothes off the bushes and ran about with

them in the sunshine until they were dry. When her clothes were quite dry, we put them all back on her again, and she screamed and screamed because she didn't want her clothes on any more.

So, I took her home, and my mother said, 'Oh, you've let your little sister fall into the water.'

And I said, 'How do you know? Because we dried all her clothes,' and my mother said, 'Ah, but you didn't *iron* them.' My little sister's clothes were all crumpled and messy.

Then my mother said I should not have any sugary biscuits for supper

because I was disobedient. Only bread and butter, and she said my little sister must go straight to bed, and have some hot milk to drink.

And my mother said to my little sister, 'Don't you think you were a naughty little girl to go in the water?'

And my naughty little sister said, 'I won't do it any more, because it was too wet.'

But, do you know, when my mother went to throw away the stones out of my little sister's basket, she found a little fish in the bottom which my naughty little sister had caught!