We’re siblings. I am Matilda and this is Stanley.

**Hello everyone!**

We have really different personalities. Stanley likes to read books on a sofa while I muck about the room, looking for something exciting.

**Just because of that single reason, you’re saying we’re unlike?**

Of course not, look, I didn’t finish, ok? So stop irritating me! Boys are so frustrating!

**Ouch! That hurts! Why did you pinch me for?**

To keep you quiet, see what I mean? You like to distract people but I don’t. I am clever and have long straight pretty brown hair but you have short curly messy blond hair. That makes us dissimilar, understand?

**Quite right, yeah. Especially because you’re a bully and I am not!**

Watch it; you really don’t want to make me angry, do you? Don’t you show me that rude expression!

Now you’ve wasted our time arguing! Let’s go on, don’t bother me this time.

This notebook was given by our Grandmamma which Stanley and I decided to use it as a Diary.

**You decided it, not me!**

Oh, whatever, Stanley... Anyway, our first journal will be about ‘Motorcycle Centre Trip.’

**It was totally AWESOME!!!**

Yes, indeed it was and hilarious too.

**Can I start the story, Matilda?**

No. I want to start first, you can continue later.

**Fine.**

It only happened last night. Dad is a non- stop talker. And worst of all, he talks about safety.

“Your Dad’s right, kids,” Mum would say whenever Stanley and I moaned.

Can you believe that? Why is safety so important? One day he showed us.

“What shall we do on the holidays?” Dad asked.

“I want to rest in, Dad.” I answered, tired by all the lessons at school.

“NONSENSE! We’ll go for a family trip,” that is how it all started.

“DISNEY LAND!!!!” Stanley yelled, which is not surprising because he’s only eight years old. However I am two years older than him and knew better.

**That’s not true!**

“Motorcycle Centre,” I said which is the place where Mum and Dad loved.

“You’re a clever lad, Matilda!” Dad said gleefully, hoping up and down

“Sure she is!” Mum said, smiling.

I love it when my parents applause me. I just wish Dad won’t go moody sometimes.

I am so tired; can you continue the story, Stanley?

**Sure! Finally...**

**“Go and change your clothes immediately and meet me after 5 minutes now!” Dad said to all of us.**

**We’ve been to the Motorcycle Centre several times now, and it was burning hot. So we changed into lightest clothes we could find and went downstairs rapidly.**

**In 10 minutes we arrived in the Centre and Dad ran inside to get registered. But the park was already full and we had to wait 5 more minutes.**

**“Damn! If you kids hurried up then we could have made it!” Dad shouted at us, spraying his spit on me. It was clear that he was in his bad mood.**

**“Eww...” Matilda snickered.**

No, I did not! I just said it was gross.

**Later, when it was time, Dad rushed to one of the bike and rode off. Mum followed him.**

**Dad’s riding bike skill was really outstanding, soon all the other people stood around him to watch.**

**“WOW! Look! He is excellent!” one of the audiences shouted.**

**“SURE I AM!” Dad screamed proudly and began to ride more and more faster.**

He also showed some of his twirling skills.

**Then he got over- excited... then... ha ha ha!!! I can’t finish it...Matilda...c..can you finish... the story..?**

Ok. Hey, stop laughing! You’re laughing so loud that my ears hurt!

**So...rry!!! I can’t help it... Ha....ha...!!**

Goodness gracious! Stanley just fell onto his knees laughing.

“Here I go!” Dad screeched and then he flew up in the air, ready for a double twirl..

But then something extraordinarily happened.

“HONEY!!!” Mum shouted.

“NOT NOW, YOU DUMB!” Dad barked fiercely.

“OH MY GOSH!!!” the audiences shouted.

“SOMEONE STOP THAT CRAZY DRIVER NOW!!!”a man shrieked

“Who are you calling a CRAZY DRIVER?” Dad squealed with madness.

“YOU!!!!! YOUR TILES ARE ABOUT TO FALL OFF!” All of us shouted.

Dad looked at the tiles at the moment they fell off.

“AAARGH!” Dad cried and as quick as a flash he pressed the “Air Bag” button roughly.

**Ha...Ha... Ha..!!! It was so funny to look at Dad’s horrified face!**

Shush, Stanley!

All the fluffy stuffs came out and gathered around the motorbike which was now on the ground, totally broke down, smokes coming out.

“Oh ...my ...dearest... husband...!” tears slid constantly, one after another down Mum’s cheeks.

“Is... Dad alright?” Stanley asked.

There was a long pause.

“WHEW! That was close! I thought I died!” A familiar voice said beneath the air bag.

It was Dad! He walked out of the air bag and looked at us.

“What are you all staring at me like that for?” Dad declared.

“Oh, sweetheart! You’re alive!” Mum cried as she ran to hug Dad.

“You thought I was dead? I am a super hero! Duh!” Dad said, but I could tell he was pleased from the look of his eyes.

“You saw me kids? I told you safety was important!” Dad said conceitedly

Right. That’s the end of our story on Motorcycle Centre. It was quite a memory, I would always remember in my head in the future.