

# Spring and Summer

By Lorraine Orman

Sarah and Kirsty sat side by side on the sofa at the end of the porch, their heads close together. They were taking turns at reading something aloud. Sarah's little brother, Tim, came bouncing along the porch. He was wearing a Spiderman costume. "Whatcha doing?"

"Mind your own business," snapped Sarah.

"Are you writing poems again?" Tim asked.

Sarah sighed. "No. We're rehearsing a play."

"What play?"

"We're going to perform a play at the barbecue on Saturday," Sarah said loftily. "It's called 'Spring and Summer.'"

"What's it about?" asked Tim.

"Duh. It's about spring and summer," Sarah said.

"I'm Spring because I've got blonde hair. I'll be wearing pink," Kirsty explained.

"Sarah's Summer because of her brown hair. She's wearing yellow. We have a pretend fight about which season is more important."

"Which one is?" asked Tim.

"Well ... Spring makes the trees wake up and send out buds after winter," Kirsty said. "If it wasn't for spring we'd have no daffodils or blossom. Or lambs or calves or kittens or..."

"Okay, okay," Sarah interrupted. "But if it wasn't for summer there'd be no fresh grass to feed the lambs and calves. And no cherries or peaches or nectarines..."

"Can I be in your play?" Tim asked.

"No. You're too little," Sarah said.

Tim's eyes filled with tears. "I'm *not* too little," he cried. "I was an elf in a play at school. Mrs Jarrod said I was a very lively elf."

"There aren't any elves in our play," Kirsty said.

"He'll go whining to Mum if we say no," Sarah whispered. "She'll tell me off."

Kirsty shrugged. "I suppose he could be Winter," she said doubtfully.

“He’s too young to be Winter,” Sarah protested. “Winter should be an old man with a beard.”

“I’m not too young!” Tim shouted.

“Well ... I guess he could be Jack Frost,” Kirsty said. “Jack Frost is a kind of elf, isn’t he?”

“What does Jack Frost do?” Tim asked.

“He makes puddles freeze over,” Sarah replied.

“That’s boring,” Tim said. “I want to be Spiderman! Can’t I fly round and zap things? I know, I’ll zap all the trees and plants and make them die.”

Kirsty chewed on the end of her pen. “Well, I suppose Winter does make plants and animals go to sleep while it’s cold. I guess we could write some dialogue about hibernating.”

“Awesome!” said Tim. He ran along the porch and into the garden, shooting imaginary doses of spider venom at the shrubs and trees. “Zap! You’re dead!”

“Asleep, not dead!” Kirsty called.

Just then Kirsty’s older brother, Jason, strolled past on the footpath. He was busy texting on his mobile, but he noticed the two girls sitting on the porch. “Hey,” he called. “Wassup? You two writing more poetry?”

Sarah blushed. She thought Jason was really cool. But she knew if Kirsty ever found out she’d never live it down. “Oh, we’re just working on a play,” Sarah called back, swishing her ponytail.

Kirsty groaned. “What’d you have to tell him for?” she muttered. “He’ll only make fun of us. He thinks my poetry is hilarious.”

Jason ambled up the path and on to the porch. He was still texting furiously. “A play? What’s it about?”

“Spring and summer,” Sarah said with a smile. “It’s all about which is the most important season.”

“Winter! Winter!” Tim shouted as he shot past. “Winter kills everything!”

“Spring, summer *and* winter,” Sarah said, still smiling prettily.

“Who’s Winter?” Jason asked. “If that’s Winter scooting round in the garden, he looks remarkably like Spiderman to me.”

“He’s meant to be Jack Frost,” Kirsty snapped. “We’ll dress him in a white sheet and give him some icecubes to throw around.”

“Okay,” Jason said, winking at Sarah. “Seems to me you’re one character short. If you’ve got Winter and Summer and Spring, what about Autumn?”

Kirsty and Sarah looked at each other. “What does Autumn do?” Kirsty asked.

“Autumn is a real cool dude,” Jason said. “He makes the wind blow. He hauls the sun down from the middle of the sky. He sets the world on fire.”

“Wow,” said Sarah. “That’s so beautiful. Would you like to be Autumn, Jason?”

“Sarah!” screamed Kirsty. “We’re not having Jason in our play!”

“Why not?” Jason asked. “I see Autumn with his hair spiked and dyed bright orange. He’ll be wearing a tight red T-shirt and grungy jeans and black boots. Heavy metal music follows him wherever he goes. He gives stupid old Summer a big boot up the bum.”

“Oh!” gasped Sarah.

“Oops,” Jason said. “Sorry, Sarah. I forgot you were Summer. How about Autumn picks Summer up and puts her over his shoulder and carts her offstage?”

Sarah’s face went red. “I ... I...” she choked.

“When are we putting on this play?” Jason asked. “I’ll text my mates to come along.”

Sarah and Kirsty stared at the sheets of dialogue in their hands. “Well ... we have to re-write it first,” Kirsty said. “All of it.”

“To include dialogue for Batman and Autumn the Punk,” said Sarah. She sighed. “It might take us a while. How about we let you know when it’s finished? Like, in about a month’s time?”

“Sweet,” said Jason. He waved his mobile at Sarah. “Don’t forget, Autumn is lurking just around the corner!” He wandered down the path, narrowly avoiding Spiderman who was still zapping every plant in the garden.

“Jason will be in the middle of exams in a month’s time,” Kirsty hissed.

“I know,” Sarah said sadly. She screwed up her sheets of paper. “I’m sick of this stupid play. Let’s both write poems about Spring and Summer instead.”

“Yes, let’s,” said Kirsty.

Spiderman bounced up the porch steps. “I’m sick of zapping,” he said. “Whatcha doing now?”

“Writing poetry,” Sarah said.

“Can I write some too?”

“No way!” yelled both girls in unison