

# THE QUARREL - an imagination of a bro-sis quarrel

By : Mystery Spark

I dont actually have a brother of my own. i do have cousins but i dont see them often. everytime i hear my friends speak about the quarrel with their brother. i imagine what it would be like. this is what i guesses and wrote if this is actually what it feels like when you quarrel with your brother please post comments... thanks

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## THE QUARREL



I quarreled with my brother,  
I donâ t know what about.  
One thing led to another,  
And somehow we fell out.  
The start of it was slight,  
The end of it was strong.  
He said that he was right,  
I knew that he was wrong.



We hated each other,  
The afternoon turned black.  
Then suddenly my brother -

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Thumped me on my back.

And said, â oh come along,

We canâ t go on all night.â

This was the end of our fightâ !

He accepted he was wrong,

But this time he was right.

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