

# Just Annoying!

From ARE WE THERE YET?

'Dad?'

'Yes?'

'Are we there yet?'

'No.'

'Now?'

'No.'

'Now?'

'For goodness sakes!' growls Dad. 'Will you stop it!'

'Alright,' I say. 'Don't get your knickers in a knot.'

We've been in the car for two days now. Mum and Dad are at breaking point.

Don't get me wrong. I don't *want* them to get mad at me – it just happens.

Like it or not, when you go on a long drive there are times when you just have to stop.

And my parents do not like it.

But what's the alternative?

Do they want me to starve to death? To wet my pants? To be sick all over the back seat.

I think any of these would be a lot more annoying and inconvenient than the few stops it takes to prevent them. I'm actually doing them a favour.

Mum and Dad should save their energy for really annoying things. Like the fly that has been buzzing around in the car for the last half hour. It's driving me mental. I'm going to do us all a big favour. I'm going to get rid of it.

I wind the window down. They fly jumps away.

It's hiding, just waiting for me to wind the window back up again.

I have to lure it out.

I start doing my best fly-call.

'Bzzzz! Bzzzzzzzzz! Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!'

Still no fly. Have to do it louder.

'BZZZZZ! BZZZZZZZZZZZZZ! BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!'

'Andy!' yells Dad. 'I can't concentrate with you making that stupid noise. Do you want us to have an accident? Do you want us all to be killed?'

I hate it when Dad asks dumb questions like that. What does he expect me to say? 'Yes, Dad, I want us to have an accident. I want us to get killed.'

But I don't say that. It might cause Dad to have an accident. We might all be killed.

'Alright, Dad,' I say instead. 'Don't get your knickers in a knot.'

'And stop telling me not to get my knickers in a knot!' he explodes.

'Okay,' I say. 'Don't get your trousers in a twist.'

Dad hunches over the steering wheel. His knuckles whiten. Tiny drops of perspiration appear on the back of his neck.

He knows he's been outsmarted one again. It must be frustrating for him having a son as clever as me. It must be hard knowing that he can never win.