

A NOISY NEIGHBOUR

Barbara couldn't take it any more. Her upstairs neighbor was blasting his stereo again. She had asked him twice already to turn the volume down. The first time she asked, he was surprised. He said he didn't know that she could hear his stereo.

"Yes," she said, "it's just like your stereo was in my living room. I can hear every note!"

He said he would keep it down. She hoped that he was telling the truth. Of course, he wasn't. The very next day, he blasted his stereo. She marched upstairs to remind him of his promise. He said the volume was so low that he could barely hear it. She asked him to turn it lower. He said he would try. Barbara could swear that when she reentered her apartment, the music was louder than when she had walked upstairs.

So, this was the third time. She took her baseball bat upstairs with her. She knocked very loudly on his door. When he opened the door, she screamed at him like a crazy person. She told him she would kill him if he didn't turn the music down and keep it down. His eyes got big.

She went back downstairs. She couldn't hear a note.

I can't believe I said that, she told herself.