

Christina had been **swearing** all morning. That sort of behaviour is really not like her so I asked her what was wrong. She said that there was a big spider, the size of a rabbit, in the bathtub. She had called the exterminator and arranged for him to come at 7 am. But he was late. I tried to make her feel better. She was wearing her new cowboy boots and black shirt and I told her that they went really well together.

“Since when do you give me **compliments** in the morning,” she said. “It doesn’t fit you. Make some breakfast.”

I had my favourite, peanut butter with Christina’s aunt’s **homemade** banana bread. Have you ever had that? If not, you should try it. Peanut butter goes really well with banana bread. Then I put on my tennis clothes and got on my bicycle. I had made plans with my friend, Mesquita, to play tennis at the **courts** near the university. We had said that we would start playing at 8 am. But I was late. So, I called him and said,

“Mesquita. I’m a little bit late. Can we make it 8:30?”

“Sure,” he said. “See you, then.”

I got that there at the agreed time. We played tennis in the hot sun, and I lost **like usual**. Normally, Mesquita and I really get along, but not when we play tennis. I started **throwing** my racquet and swearing. Mesquita is very patient and he said to me, “It’s all in your mind, Cooper. You are a great player, but you have no confidence. Let’s **get** an açaí and I’ll give you some **tips** to keep focused on the tennis court.”

“Sounds good,” I told him.