

Connie and Drei!

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*this is a story about two sweet(NOT) teenage children who work at a Cafe called the Pink Cafe!!!
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1 - To Argue or Not to Argue!!

To Argue, or Not to Argue

By Caileen Redmond

"Order up." The waitress yelled. Drei was flipping hamburger patties faster than he had ever flipped patties in his short life.

"I need two hamburgers, a small fries, and a salad," said the waitress, Connie, Drei's twin sister, "Oh, and I need two large cokes."

"You get the sodas Connie, I make the food," said Drei as he tossed the lettuce for a salad.

"No, I deliver the food and I take orders, you make the food and drinks."

"You just started working here; I've been working here, at the Pink Café since we were twelve."

"Well, at least I don't wear fuzzy, pink slippers."

Drei gasped, "Take that back!" He shouted.

"Make me!" Connie screeched back.

"Take it back!"

"No!"

"Take it back!"

"No!"

"That is it, if you two fight one more time it's over, finished, caput," screamed Connie and Drei's boss, Mr. Magenta. People stared at the manager as he scrambled over to the twins.

"We weren't fighting," said Drei, with a puzzled look on his face.

"Yeah we were, Drei," said Connie, putting her hands on her hips and scowling.

"No we weren't."

"Yes we were."

“No!”

“Yes!”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“I've had it,” screamed Mr. Magenta, screwing up his face with rage, “I've had to put up with your bickering for too long! Now get out of my restaurant!” The twins again looked puzzled, but nonetheless, threw off their aprons and walked out.

“What's eating him?” asked Connie.

“I don't know, maybe it was something he ate,” said Drei.

“No Drei, he's an old guy, old people are always cranky.”

“No it wasn't, didn't you see how he was puckering up. He must've had something sour.”

“Drei we're arguing again.”

“No we're not.”

“Yes we are Drei.”

“Are not!”

“Are so!”

The two siblings bickered as they walked to their small house on the horizon.