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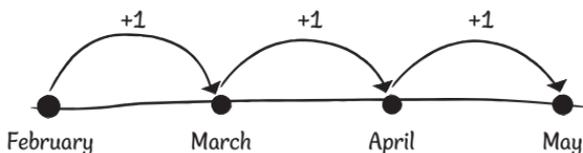
M is for Myra

Hi! I'm Myra. I'm seven years old. I've been seven for a whole NINE months. That's a long time to be seven! But it means that in *three* months, I will be eight. I know this because:

1. There are twelve months in a year, and $12 - 9 = 3$.
2. It is February, and my birthday is in

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May. One month to March, another month to April, and another month to May. Which means three months till my birthday.



I love Maths – it's my favourite subject.

Did you guess? I love Maths because:

1. It is like a puzzle to solve. (I also love puzzles!)
2. There is always a correct answer. (So you know if you are right or wrong.)

I wonder if I like Maths *because I am good at it*, or if I'm good at Maths *because I like it*.

Anyway, this is me:

M for Myra.
M for May.
M for Maths. } Triple M

MMM.

My big sister, Anya, says that's a 'coincidence', but I think she's just jealous of my Triple M. I bet she wishes she was Triple A. Her birthday is in February (not April) and her favourite subject is Library (not Art).

So, instead of AAA, she is AFL. It was fun to work that out in a table like we learnt at school:

	Name	Birth month	Favourite subject	Letters
Me	Myra	May	Maths	MMM
Anya (not true)	Anya	April	Art	AAA
Anya (true)	Anya	February	Library	AFL (Ha!)

That makes me laugh because Anya hates sports. She thinks AFL and soccer are ‘ridiculous’. I only laugh to myself though because Mum already thinks that I ‘wind Anya up’. I don’t mean to, but Anya always seems annoyed with me.

Like right now.

‘Myra! Do you HAVE to kick that ball against the wall?’ Anya marches out to the front garden, her braids swinging from side to side.

'I'm practising!' I say. I balance the soccer ball on my right foot and aim for the middle of the wall.



‘Well, I’m reading!’ Anya huffs. ‘And you should be practising how to be quiet! You’ll need to be good at *that* very soon.’

‘I need to get better at passing,’ I explain. But Anya has already disappeared back inside the house.

Sometimes Anya acts like she is my mum. She seems to love telling me off! I’ve heard that about other big sisters too, and my friend April says her big brother always bosses her around. At least I’m not the only one.

I remember something I meant to ask Anya, so I follow her inside.

‘Hey, Anya,’ I say. ‘How long do babies stay in hospital after they’re born?’

Anya doesn't look up from her book. She just says, 'How should I know, Myra?'

I sigh. I wonder if there are some big sisters in the world who answer all your questions. Big sisters who look up from their books when you say something. *My* big sister is obviously not one of those.

'Never mind,' I say, and a thought comes into my head. What kind of big sister would *I* be? I should probably figure that out. And I don't have much time! See, I haven't mentioned one very important fact. Something big is happening tomorrow. So big, it will change EVERYTHING. I've been trying not to think about it because I don't usually like it when big things

happen. But this is so gigantic, I can't *not* think about it anymore.

From tomorrow, it's not going to be just Anya and me. Tomorrow, there will be a new baby in the family.