

THE GREAT INTERIOR DECORATION CRISIS - PART I

I must start by saying that over the course of my life I have come to believe that sometimes the worst type of crisis situation can arise when you try to do something nice for someone else. You would have thought, dear readers, that knowing that simple fact would have helped me to avoid such a situation as the Great Interior Decoration Crisis. You would have thought that I would have seen it coming. Well, I suppose that I should have seen it coming, but when it comes to doing something nice for Kimster, the fact is that nothing is too much for me. The Great Interior Decoration Crisis was all my fault. I brought it on myself, and I have only myself to blame.



It all started one day when Kimster asked me if I might be willing to water her plants whilst she was away. She said, "Harrison, I have a small favour to ask of you. I am going to Wales for a week of intensive driving tuition. Would you be able to water my plants for me whilst I am away? There are just four plants that you'd need to water, so it shouldn't be a great deal of trouble, but I know you are very busy with your blog and everything, so please tell me if you think that it will be too much for you."



"Kimster, of course I would be happy to water your plants for you. But are you really going away for a week of intensive driving tuition? Are you sure that is a good idea?"

I should explain at this point that Kimster has been trying to learn to drive for a very long time. She is very good at most things, but she is not very good at driving. So far, she has failed the driving test 15 times. (Yes, really, 15 times!) The last time she failed the test, she was sad for two days. (Yes, really, two entire days!) That was why I was not sure that spending a whole week doing nothing but driving would be a good plan for her.

"Harrison, don't be so negative. I am not a quitter, and there is no way that I am going to fail that silly old test again. I just need to go away and really focus on my driving."

"Well, if you are determined to give driving another try, I am determined to help you out by watering your plants. That is the very least I can do to support you."

"Thank you, Harrison. I knew I could rely on you."

Later that day, I went round to Kimster's box so that she could show me the plants that I would need to water. She showed me two plants in her dining room, a fern, which she said would need a lot of water, and a very tall rubber plant (which was taller than us and looked a bit like a palm tree). She said that the rubber plant would need some water, but not as much as the fern.



There was another plant in the hall. Kimster said that it was her lucky jade plant and that I should take very special care of it. It would need a little bit of water, but not too much.



Then she took me into her sitting room and said, "Now, Harrison, please excuse the little stripes of paint on the wall. I am trying to decide on a new paint colour for this room, and those are the colours I am considering."





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"They are all pink," I said matter-of-factly. "This room is already painted pink."

"Oh, Harrison, stop being such a boy!" exclaimed Kimster. "The top one is dusky pink, the middle one is sunset pink, and the bottom one is baby pink. This room is currently painted rose pink, but I think I'm ready for a change. I am really struggling with the decision. I just don't know which colour will look best. I do so want my sitting room to look fresh and different!"

I thought that perhaps the reason Kimster had not been able to decide about the new paint colour for her sitting room was that she actually wanted to make a really big change but had not quite worked up the courage to choose a completely different paint colour. I mean, dear readers, why would a hamster who thought she was ready for a change decide to paint a pink room pink? That would hardly make the room look fresh and different. I was mulling this over in my head but did not say anything about it to Kimster. Instead I asked, "So what about the two plants in here?"

"Well, that little flowering plant is my African violet. It needs a little bit of warm water. Now, remember that the water has to be warm. If the water is too cold, it will get brown spots on its leaves." I looked at the African violet. It was in a pink polka-dot pot, and it had lots of little pink flowers.

"Okay, and what about this big plant over here?" I asked. It was a fierce-looking prickly plant.

"Oh, Harrison, you've not been counting. I said that I had four plants that you would need to water, and I've already told you about four plants. That plant is a cactus. It needs very little water, so I'll water it a little before I go away, and then it won't need any water for a while. You won't need to water it whilst I'm away - that's for sure. Now, do you think you'll remember all that?"

"Lots of water for the fern, some water for the rubber plant (but not as much as for the fern), a little bit of water (but not too much) for the lucky jade plant, a little bit of warm water for the African violet, and no water for the cactus," I reeled off.

"Oh, Harrison, I knew I could count on you!" said Kimster, beaming happily at me.



What Kimster did not know was that I had decided to help her out not only with her plants, but also with her decision about the paint colour. I just knew I could choose the perfect new paint colour for Kimster's sitting room. That was why I had decided that I would surprise Kimster by repainting her sitting room for her whilst she was away.

As I said, dear readers, sometimes the worst type of crisis situation can arise when you try to do something nice for someone else. Well, I was absolutely determined to do something nice for Kimster, and that was how the Great Interior Decoration Crisis began.



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Although this is the end of this blog post, it is only the beginning of the story of the Great Interior Decoration Crisis. It is a long story, and I might need a few blog posts to explain everything that happened. I think it is a story worth telling, and I think you will find it a story worth reading. That's why I hope you won't mind that this blog post does not have a moral of its own. I just need to tell you the whole story. Only then will I be able to figure out the moral. The moral will be the moral of the whole story, not the moral of just one blog post. Be patient, dear readers, and please stay tuned.

Bye for now!

Harrison Hamster I
4th October 2012