



“We’ve made it Vicki.
Our very own flat.
Can you believe it?” laughed Kiri.

“It’s great, but my back feels sore
from carrying everything.
I never knew I had so many things.”
Vicki lay back in a chair.

Kiri went to make some coffee.
She called out to Vicki
from the kitchen,
“This is just so quiet.
Not like at home, is it?”

“Your dad told me you were the noisy one in the family!” said Vicki.
“He told me he was looking for a bit of peace and quiet when you’d gone.”

“I know,” laughed Kiri.
She came into the lounge carrying a tray.

