

Peter: Are you going home for the holidays?

Liz: Yes I am. We're going to have a big, family get-together. It'll be fun, but there's loads to do. I think my mother is already stressed.

Peter: Stressed? Why get stressed at such a fun time of year?

Liz: She doesn't choose to get stressed. It's just what often happens. She has most of the responsibility for the get-together, so there is a lot to think about.

Peter: I can't see what the fuss is all about. She just has to do the cooking, right?

Liz: No, there's much more to organize. She has to make the sleeping arrangements for all the visitors, including buying more bedding. We can't have eighty year old aunt Betty sleeping on the floor in a sleeping bag. Then there's the food. I don't think we have enough chairs, so where will everyone sit for dinner? My job will be to make a huge grocery list, buy everything, and then put it all away neatly. My Dad and I will drive to the airport to pick everyone up, but they're all arriving at different times.

Peter: What a headache! When I go home for the holidays, I just turn up!

Liz: Well you're lucky, and spoilt!

Please send your questions and comments to  
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page called Anna Fromacupofenglish