

Read the story. What are they arguing about?

One day, I was driving my electrical car along a coastal road through the central part of my tropical country. My brother was in the car with me. He looked very comical, because he was wearing a hat that was too big for his head. I was feeling a little bit musical that day, so I decided to start singing.

“Stop singing,” my brother said. “It’s not normal.”

“It’s perfectly normal,” I said. “Don’t be so emotional.”

“It’s not normal. People don’t start singing for no reason. It’s not natural. You’re stupid.”

“There’s no need to get personal,” I said. “Why are you so upset anyway?”

“I’m upset because I only just arrived here yesterday. I flew into the international airport. And ever since my arrival, I’ve had to deal with your continual interruptions.”

Then we drove through an industrial zone, where several factories pumped smoke into the air.

“Ugh,” my brother said. “This smoke is bad for our survival.”

“Is it?” I said.

“Yeah, it causes internal injuries. It makes our lungs black.”

“Well, if you want to get factual,” I said, “then your continual cigarette smoking is probably worse.”

“I can’t help it,” my brother said. “I’m addicted.”

“You can help it,” I said. “Everyone knows cigarettes are optional. You don’t need to smoke them.”

We kept driving. “Don’t worry,” I said. “This is the final factory now. Now we’re back in the fresh air,” I said, as the car drove on.

“I hate this sun,” my brother said. “It’s too hot. Can’t we go somewhere cooler.”

“It’s hot all over the country,” I said. “It’s a national problem.”

“It’s hot all over the world,” said my brother. “It’s a global problem.”

“Don’t worry,” I said. “This hot weather is seasonal. It will cool down again during the rainy season.”

“I hope so,” said my brother. “Or I hope we get some snow.”

“This is a tropical country,” I said. “It won’t snow.”

“Maybe we’ll get some magical snow,” my brother said.