

The short sentences are effective here, but you ^{sometimes} ~~have~~ ^{never} used the device of repetition.

Hiroshi

The door opened quietly. Little Hiroshi tiptoed past big brother's room. Big brother was always finding fault with him. Everything he did annoyed big brother. Big brother was studying so Hiroshi went noiselessly to his room and laid his books on the table. It made a little noise and big brother's comment was heard. Hiroshi accepted the insults and ~~brotherly~~ advice without a word. He was used to it now. It was part of his home life.

Hiroshi began to study history. But he couldn't concentrate. His thoughts wandered. In a short while he was at his favorite game. A battle was going on. The open book was "No Man's Land". The forces on the right led by General Shiroki were fighting those led by General Akagi. For men Hiroshi used pens, pencils, erasers and everything within reach. Luckily there were two ink bottles. These he used as generals. Deftly he maneuvered the extempore warriors. All over the table and open book they fought. Now one side would be favored by Hiroshi. Then the other. For Hiroshi loved both generals. They were his only companions. They kept him company when he was lonely. His parents were always busy. Big brother was always criticizing. But the generals were always true to Hiroshi. As he was

*sometimes
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moving General Akagi, the bottle slipped and fell. This could only mean but one thing. General Akagi was shot. The ink slowly spread over the book. General Akagillay dead on the book. This was a surprise to Hiroshi. General Akagi was dead! General Akagi! Why, that was impossible! But there it was, the fact. For a moment he didn't realize it. Then he gave a yell. A woeful yell. Big brother came running into the room.

"What's the matter!"

"General Akagi is dead!" Hiroshi was pale. To him the General was a real person. Big brother looked at the mess on the table.

"Damn your General 'kagi!" With that he gave Hiroshi a slap on the cheeks. "Bah!" And he stumped angrily to his room.

The blow did not affect Hiroshi's mood. He was calloused to them. He did not weep. He was too sad. How could a fool like big brother understand him? The generals did. But now, one was dead.

He prepared for the General's funeral, a very solemn and elaborate affair.

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