Adrien, it’s time to wake up!” Mom called from downstairs. “You’ve already missed breakfast, and it’s almost time for lunch!” I looked at the clock, saw that it was almost noon, and rolled out of bed just as my four-year-old sister, Claire, walked into my bedroom looking very upset. “Adrien,” she said with her hands on her hips, “why do you always sleep so late on Saturday mornings?” “I sleep so late,” I replied, “because being your older brother is a very tiring job

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