



**FUNNY
LESSONS**
FROM A 10 YEARS OLD **10**
YEARS

1

Chapter 1: The Day I Tried to Be Honest
(And Failed Miserably)



“Moiz, have you seen the TV remote?” Mom’s voice echoed through the house as I buried myself deeper into the couch cushions.

“Umm... no?” I replied, my eyes darting around the living room. The truth was, the remote was currently residing in my secret hideout – a spot under the couch where I kept my most valuable treasures: a half-eaten candy bar, a broken toy car, and,

of course, the remote.

Let me introduce myself. My name is Moiz, and I'm a 10-year-old boy with a big appetite and an even bigger imagination. I live with my mom, dad, my 16-year-old brother Rafay, who is obsessed with the gym, my 14-year-old sister Hadia, who dreams of having every pet under the sun, and my 2-year-old sister Sarah, who has a knack for breaking things. Oh, and did I mention I've already crossed the 50kg mark? Yeah, my parents are slightly worried about that.

Today started like any other day. I woke up, had breakfast (and a second breakfast), and then spent the rest of the morning playing Fortnite. But things took a turn when Mom couldn't find the remote.

I was in the middle of an epic battle on Fortnite when Mom walked into the living room, hands on her sides, and a look of determination on her face. "Moiz, are you sure you haven't seen the remote? We can't find it anywhere."

I paused the game and looked up at her, trying to keep a straight face. "I'm sure, Mom. Maybe Sarah took it?"

Mom sighed and went off to search elsewhere, and I breathed a sigh of relief. I was safe... for now. But deep down, I knew that hiding the remote wasn't right. I just didn't want to give up my secret hiding spot.

Later that day, my dad came home from work and decided it was time for a family animation movie night. Everyone gathered in the living room, but the remote was still missing. "Alright, Moiz," Dad said, looking directly at me, "do you know where the remote is?"

I squirmed a little. "I might have an idea..." I admitted, feeling the guilt bubble up inside me.

"Moiz, honesty is important," Dad said, kneeling down to my

level. "If you know where it is, you need to tell us."

I took a deep breath and decided it was time to come clean. "It's... under the couch," I mumbled.

Dad reached under the couch and pulled out the remote, along with my other treasures. He gave me a stern look, but then his expression softened. "Thank you for telling the truth, Moiz. But next time, try to be honest from the start."

I nodded, feeling a mix of relief and regret. "I will, Dad. I'm sorry."

That night, as we all watched the movie together, I realized that being honest might not always be easy, but it's definitely the right thing to do. Plus, I learned that hiding the remote isn't worth the trouble it causes.

As the credits rolled, Mom patted my head. "See, Moiz? Honesty really is the best policy."

I smiled and snuggled up next to her, grateful for the lesson learned and the warmth of my family around me. Even if it meant giving up my secret stash.

Chapter 2: Why Sharing My Snack Was
the Worst Idea Ever



“Moiz, can I have some of your chips?” Hadia asked, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

I hugged the bag of chips closer to my chest. “No way! These are mine.”

“But Moiz, you always have snacks. Can’t you share just this once?” Hadia persisted, giving me her best puppy dog eyes.

I sighed. Sharing wasn’t my favorite thing, but I remembered what Mom always said about being kind and generous. “Okay, fine. But just a few,” I grumbled, reluctantly handing over the bag.

As Hadia reached in, Sarah toddled over, her tiny hands outstretched. “Me too!” she squealed, her face lighting up at the sight of the chips.

“Alright, alright, here you go,” I said, giving her a handful. I watched in horror as Sarah proceeded to smash the chips into tiny crumbs before trying to eat them.

“Sarah, no!” I groaned, grabbing the bag away. By now, Rafay had noticed the commotion and walked over, his eyes locked on the rapidly depleting snack.

“What’s going on here?” he asked, a smirk playing on his lips.

“Hadia and Sarah are eating all my chips!” I complained, holding up the now almost-empty bag.

“Sharing is caring, Moiz,” Rafay said with a chuckle, grabbing a few chips for himself. “You should know that by now.”

I glared at him, but before I could respond, Dad called from the kitchen. “Moiz, come help me with something.”

Reluctantly, I left my precious snack behind and went to see what Dad needed. When I returned, my heart sank. The bag was completely empty, and my siblings were munching away, looking very pleased with themselves.

“Guys! That was supposed to last me the whole day!” I exclaimed, feeling a mix of frustration and betrayal.

Mom walked in at that moment, assessing the situation with a raised eyebrow. “What’s going on here?”

“They ate all my chips!” I cried, pointing an accusing finger at my siblings.

Mom smiled gently. “Moiz, sharing is a good thing. It’s part of being a family. But I’ll make sure we get more snacks so you don’t run out.”

I sighed, realizing she was right. “Okay, but next time, I’m hiding my snacks.”

Mom laughed and ruffled my hair. “Good luck with that.”

That evening, as we all sat down for dinner, I couldn’t help but notice how happy Hadia and Sarah looked. Maybe sharing wasn’t so bad after all, even if it meant losing a few chips.

Key Takeaways

1. **Sharing brings joy:** Sharing can make others happy and strengthen family bonds.
2. **Being generous:** Generosity is a valuable trait that helps build better relationships.
3. **Family first:** Sometimes, giving up a little can lead to greater happiness for everyone.