

You can't spend all morning in bed.

Why not? It's Sunday.

Don't be so lazy.

If I'm lazy, it's your fault. I've got your genes.

It can only be half my fault. The other half of your genes are your dad's.

Yes, but you spend more time looking after me. So it's nearly three-quarters your fault.

But if it's three-quarters my fault and one quarter your dad's fault, that doesn't leave any fault for you.

That's right. So can I go back to sleep?

But if you're right, it's not my fault it's my fault.

Why not?

Because my share of the fault for you being lazy would be three quarters Grandma's fault, and one quarter grandad's fault. And your dad's share would be three quarters his dad's fault and one quarter his mum's.

Why?

Because she went off with the postman when he was one.

Whose fault was that?

She had a lot of penpals. Your dad's dad blamed them for the postman always being round.

I don't think you can blame the penpals.

And I don't think you can blame anybody but you. If you don't want to get out of bed, it's because you're lazy. Not because we've given you lazy genes or brought you up to be lazy.

So where do I get it from then?

I don't know – friends, what you see on TV. Stereotypes that teenagers are lazy that you feel you have to live up to. Or maybe you've just chosen to be lazy?

Stop making me think. I'm completely awake now. I might as well get up.

Ha! 1-0.

What makes you so competitive?

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