

A Team for Life

In a house filled with laughter and toys, lived three brothers: eight-year-old Eusebi, six-year-old Biel, and little four-year-old Arnau. Although they loved each other very much, they sometimes argued over small things: who would play with the red car first, who would choose the bedtime story, or who had left the felt-tip pens without their caps.

One afternoon, their mother called them to the sofa and said in a soft voice:

“My darlings, I want to explain something very important to you.”

The three of them settled in, curious.

“You are brothers, and that means you will be together forever. Sometimes you might get angry, but the most important thing is that you take care of each other and help each other. Imagine that you are a team. If a team doesn’t play together, it can’t win.”

Eusebi frowned.

“And what happens if Arnau accidentally tears my drawing?”

“Or if Eusebi won’t let me play with his blocks,” Biel added.

“Or if Biel eats my last cookie,” Arnau said in a small voice.

Mom smiled.

“You can always talk and find solutions. Instead of fighting, you can explain how you feel. If Arnau tears your drawing, he can help you make another one. If Eusebi won’t let you have his blocks, you can ask him nicely. And if Biel eats your cookie, he can share his snack later. That’s how a good team works.”

The three brothers looked at each other. They knew it wouldn’t always be easy, but they also knew their mother was right.

The next day, while they were playing in the yard, Biel tripped and fell. He scraped his knee and his eyes filled with tears. Eusebi and Arnau ran to his side.

“I’ll help you up,” Eusebi said, offering him his hand.

“I’ll get you a plaster,” Arnau said, running home.

When their mother saw them together, she smiled proudly. Because, at the end of the day, what mattered wasn’t who had the red car or the last cookie. What mattered was that Eusebi, Biel, and Arnau would always be together, because they were brothers forever.