Head spinning

Once upon a time when my younger brother and I were kids, we planned to fall sick together to skip school. We were in the middle of reading an exciting children's novel. Instead of another boring day at school, we could huddle up in our make-believe hut on the terrace and read how it ends. We knew the only way to stay away from school was to fall sick. That morning, we got dressed (to create that illusion of sincerity, you should have seen our faces!) and told Mom that we so wanted to go to school but we were unwell.

Mom saw through our silly plan. But she decided to play with us a little. She could be a pain like that sometimes. "Oho my poor babies. What happened?".

Some backstory. My brother and I grew up around my mom's sisters and they always got a day off when they self-diagnosed "head is spinning" because of weakness. I had no clue at that time that it was their periods, and thought that if it worked for them, it should work for us.

So as per our rehearsal the previous night, we said "head is spinning" in unison. We were both smiling inside thinking of the geniuses we were and how simple it was. We imagined all the future "sick" days and playing while others suffered through school.

Mom looked at our sad faces for a moment. She smiled like a detective who had caught the thief red-handed. But she still needed hard evidence and asked "How is your head spinning, is it very bad? Show me?"

Like two ballerinas, we both started moving our heads in circles and spinning them slowly to show Mom □□□□♂. To make things worse, my brother kept looking at me to make sure that he was spinning his head in the right direction.

Needless to say, we got a thorough "treatment" for our failed master plan.

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