Mamma Miller told Fay and Lonnie that they might have a party, so they tried to get ready for it. Mrs. Miller said they could invite ten children. "You write to five girls, Fay," she said, "and Lonnie will write to five boys."

Lonnie and Fay sat on the couch. They tried to think who they would like to come to their party. "Make out your list first," said Lonnie. Fay did, and her brother agreed to all the girls.

As soon as Lonnie started writing his names, Fay began to find fault. "I don't like boys, anyway," said Fay, "only you, Lonnie. Let's have all girls at our party."
"But it won't be my party too," said Lonnie, "if you have all girls."
"I don't care, all of those boys are horrid," Fay said, pointing to his paper.
"You say that because you don't like boys," he said and then told his sister that every boy whose name he had written was just as good as gold. They were just as good as Lonnie Miller himself was, and everybody said he was one of the best boys that ever lived.
"I won't play with him if he comes," Fay kept saying to every name Lonnie wrote.
"You can have your party," said Lonnie, getting up out of the easy chair and sitting down in a smaller one, "you and your girls. I'm going to play my video game."
"I don't like boys," Fay kept saying, jumping down off the arm of the chair. "But I like video games. Can we have your games at our party?"

Lucia, their older sister, was passing the door just then, so she thought she would stop and see what all the noise was. "I'm calling Mamma."

Mamma came hurrying in. When they told her about the invitations, she said, "Your brother has been very good about this party. He was willing to let you have it with just girls. But I said it would be a party for both of you. So it will be a party for none of you. There will be no party."
"But you said we could have a party for ten people."
"I said that you could have a party for ten children, five boys and five girls. You took all ten. That is not fair. So there will be no party. When you learn to share, then you will have a party."

So there was no party. Months later, Mamma asked again, "Shall we have a party?"

What do you think happened?

What is a lesson people can learn from this story?

Underline the parts of the story that show that is the lesson you can learn.