

APPENDIX 2.14 “Playground Picnic”

Playground Picnic

I wanted to be friends with Suzy. Her hair was long and sparkly. She always wore a necklace with a heart on it. Plus, she had the best handwriting in the second grade.

One day, I left a note on her desk that said: “I cooked a feast for you. Meet me under the monkey bars at recess, and come hungry.” Suzy was excited.

I worked hard on her meal. I picked dried leaves off the ground and put them into a bucket. I added pebbles for crunch and dumped some purple Gatorade in for dressing. Then I stirred it all together with a stick.

I walked over to Suzy, but right before I got to her I tripped on a root. The bucket flew out of my hands and Suzy was covered in sticky-Gatorade leaves.

She frowned.

No matter: I began work on the next course. I yanked a giant strip of bark off a birch tree. Yum,

steak! I poured water onto a pile of sand to make a nice helping of mashed potatoes.

Suzy looked at the steak and potatoes and made a face. BLECH!

“Gosh everyone’s a critic.” I said. I knew she would like my dessert, though. I had been baking for hours: mixing ooey, gooey, chocolatey mud with the milk carton from my lunch box.

But when Suzy examined the chocolate pie she cried, “ACH! This is mud from the soccer field! I think I see a piece of worm!”

My shoulders sank and I tried not to cry. What had I been thinking? My whole idea seemed kind of crazy as I thought about it. What would Suzy think of me now?

“Do you want to make a tower with the Oreos from my lunchbox?” Suzy asked, wiping mud off my face.

“Okay,” I smiled. The not so delicious meal was saved by Suzy’s tasty dessert.