

"That's simple," Bobby declared, "I've seen her make that a zillion times."
 "Well, if that's the case, you can make breakfast for Mom, and I'll do it for us," Jenny said.
 "But what if Mom wakes up before we finish. I should be a surprise," Bobby added.
 "Go to her room and reset the alarm for 11:00, by that time everything will be ready," Jenny ordered.
 Bobby sneaked by the mantle, the vanity, and finally to his mother's clock. He felt like a detective. His stance was low and crouched, his eyes squinted, darting back and forth, constantly checking for clues to his mother's condition. Bobby was a little too professional for his own good, however, and set the clock for 11:00.

Jenny was leaning against the kitchen counter, methodically counting the eggs; "Ten, eleven . . . Hey Bobby!" "Yea," he said as he sped to the kitchen bursting through the swinging door. "Did you know that there are twelve . . . eggs . . . to . . . a carton," she said choppily, while outspread on the kitchen floor. Bobby's eyes were wide in surprise as she wiped the last bit of yoke off her forehead.

"I think you'd better make Mom's eggs scrambled this morning," she steamed at her brother. "O.K.," Bobby agreed innocently. Jenny grabbed the only surviving egg and cracked it at Bobby's head. He closed his eyes and ducked as it colored the kitchen door.

Jenny stood and took authority. "Go to the wash room, fill the bucket with water and mop this mess up, I'll make the orange juice and toast."

Jenny walked somewhat dejectedly to the refrigerator, took out the orange juice, and opened it slowly. She poured the water and orange juice in the blender, and set it to high speed. "Brothers!" she thought loudly. Only a second after she put the toast in and set it on dark Jenny heard a splash and a crash from the wash room. Bobby lay sprawled on the wash room floor. His pajamas were a soaking red, the elephants "I slipped," Bobby said in his defense.

Jenny put her hands on her hips and glared at Bobby impatiently. "Brothers!!" she screamed in her mind.

Nearly in rage, Jenny helped her little brother up . . . "Oh no, I forgot the orange juice and toasts," she said. Jenny let go of Bobby's damp pajamas, sending him to the floor once more. Bobby began to cry. As Jenny entered the kitchen she detected the smell of smoldering toast. Sharp flames danced on the ceiling; the orange juice had foamed over the counter and raced unheeded to the kitchen floor. The juice mixed with egg yolks, whites, and shells. Jenny was standing frozen in a puddle of trouble.

The frightened six-year-old didn't move, her eyes held steadfast at the toaster flames which were singeing the kitchen drapes.

"Bobby!" she screamed, "get the fire extinguisher!"

Her brother was just rising and wringing out his pajamas when he saw billows of smoke pouring from the kitchen doorway. A slimy orange ooze crept from beneath the crack of the door. "A monster!" Bobby thought, "I'll kill him," he said. Bobby yanked the fire extinguisher from beside the upstairs banister, and pulled the pin, as his father had showed him. "Stay cool," he thought to himself.

Bobby earnestly slammed open the kitchen door, and, like hell on slippers, slid across the creamy linoleum floor. With one arm tightly clutching the red extinguisher, he turned to Jenny and shouted, "Where's the monster?"

"The fire, you dummy," as Jenny's shaky finger pointed to the toaster. Bobby pushed the lever, and sent foam over dishes, drapes, and the blender, which needed an overhaul. The backward force pushed 40 pound Bobby into the arms of his sister. Jenny held tight, as they both fell to the floor.

A white, hazy smoke descended on the two youngsters who lay sopping in their concoction. Jenny looked to her bother, her hair and nightgown as wet as her brother's elephants, and smiled. "You saved my life," Jenny said as she reached out to hug her little brother . . .

"Sisters," Bobby thought . . . "Sisters." Carol's alarm rang, and she opened her eyes. She stretched and felt better. "My hangover is gone," she thought.

poet's corner

Why?

Life is like a candle
 Blown by the wind,
 it struggles so hard
 To stay alight
 But soon it may give in.
 And when the darkness falls
 Who knows where things lie?
 There is no reason left,
 To ask the question why.

So live like the candle
 And burn when you can.
 Too soon
 That wind will come
 And you will give in
 For when the darkness falls
 Who knows where things may lie?
 There will be no reason left,
 To ask the question's why.

Keep life's wick short and clean
 So the fuel may burn abright
 Through out its
 short summers night
 When the wind
 Blows long and cool
 You will give in.
 When the darkness too soon falls
 Who knows where things will lie?
 And you'll have no reason left
 To ask the question . . . why.

Spock McCaleb

Drift of White Dogwood

Drift of white dogwood
 polka dots illumine dark firs
 seasonal delight.

Vera Joyce Nelson

