

The Tragic Asparagus Story

Chapter One

The very first time I saw asparagus I hated it. I had never even tried it before, and I still hated it! I tried to pretend like it was not even there and just eat the rest of the meal, but when I was about to get up my dad looked over at my plate and immediately said, “No, you may not go ‘till you have eaten all of that asparagus.”

I knew right then and there that there was no way out of it. I lifted a minuscule bite to my mouth and tasted it. YUCK!!! Gross! I made a hysterical face and pushed my plate towards the center of the table. There, after a couple of minutes of thinking, an idea suddenly came to me.

Slowly, I scraped some of the food into my napkin and put it in my cat’s food dish. She ate the asparagus and after about half an hour threw up. My mom and dad knew it had been from the asparagus. I got sent to my room. I knew they thought that they were teaching me a lesson, but they weren’t. I could still hate the look, smell, and taste of asparagus.

Chapter Two

I must have fallen asleep last night without knowing it because when I woke up it was morning. That is, another boring, rainy, Saturday morning.

I could smell the leftovers of breakfast from the kitchen, so I got up and slipped into my robe and slippers and started running up the stairs. Halfway up, I suddenly stopped. What if mom and dad were still mad at me for feeding the cat asparagus? As soon as the word “asparagus” came into my

head a horrible taste filled my mouth. Again I was tasting that gross disgusting taste.

I ran up the rest of the way and went into the kitchen and went to the fridge to find something to drink. After drinking half a quart of eggnog I felt much better. I went into my brother's room where he was playing with a football. He looked up when I came into the room.

"Hi," he said, "wanna score some touchdowns?"

"Uh, no, I've got better things to do with my time." Then I asked him, "Where's mom?"

"How should I know?" was his response. I took about fifteen minutes to look for mom and didn't find her. So I got washed and dressed and ate a P.B.J. Then I sat down wondering what on earth to do. A few seconds later my mom came into the room and sat down on the sofa with me and said, "Honey, I know you didn't mean to make the cat sick but you should have used your brain!"

"I know, I know," I complained. We had a long conversation. Then after a few minutes mom got up and said, "Oh, by the way, we're having asparagus for lunch!"

NO!!!

Chapter Three

"Alex! Lunch is ready!" my sister called from the top of the stairs.

“Coming!” I called. Although I wasn’t coming. I needed time to think. If they were serving asparagus for lunch they could forget it! I was not eating asparagus again, and that was final!

* * *

I was sitting at the table with a cold plate of icky asparagus in front of me. It tasted like moldy brains. Everyone else had excused themselves ages ago leaving me all alone to finish my disgusting lunch and mourn. I wondered if anyone felt sorry for me. I checked my watch, 1:30! I’d been at the table for an hour and twenty minutes! I decided there was nothing else left to do but finish up the asparagus.

So I got a glass of juice from the fridge and started eating, taking each bite with a gulp of juice afterward. Finally, I was done!

I jumped up and started down the stairs to my room. I sat down at my desk and took out a piece of clean stationery and began writing. I was writing to QFC because I knew they had asparagus, I had been shopping there several times. This is what my letter said:

Dear Mr. Store Manager,

I would like you to throw away all your asparagus. It is causing tragic hazards in my house. If you would like to contact me my address is 1823

Allen Ave. Your asparagus hater,

Alex Carter

After I was through I folded up the letter, dropped it in an envelope, and put on a stamp. I wanted just to leave it on my desk and give it to the mailman when he delivers, but I just knew that one of my pesky siblings would get

into it. So I slipped on a sweatshirt and walked down to the corner mailbox and mailed my letter myself.

Chapter Four

“Alex! Alex! ALLEEEEXXX!!!” Hmmm? I had been stuck in a great book and hadn’t the slightest clue what was going on around me. I put a marker in my book and ran outside where my sister had been calling me.

“What’s the big idea? Are you trying to make me deaf?” I asked with a slight scowl.

“No, I just wanted you to know mom is going shopping.”

“Oh, is that all?” I said with another frown. Hmmph! I stalked back to my book. The book I was reading was called *Aliens Invade Vegetable Gardens*. Perfect for my problem. I planned to find a solution to the asparagus situation and then naturally I would fix it! Fifteen minutes later I put away my book and went to dinner.

As soon as I walked into the dining room I smelled trouble. I looked down at my plate and saw what I smelled! Brussels sprouts! I gave a loud tragic moan and knew this was going to be another story written by Alex Carter. But for now, I would feed my brussels sprouts to the fish.