

# PLAYS FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

2400 THIRD AVENUE SOUTH  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55404  
612-872-5108  
FAX 612-874-8119

## *Best Summer Ever*

By  
**Kevin Kling**

Music by  
**Victor Zupanc**

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## INTRODUCTIONS

Kevin:

Hi Everybody! Hi!

Alright my name's Kevin Kling. I'm gonna tell you a story here in just a second. But before I do I've got a couple of announcements. First of all—this story is about a boy named Maurice who's a little bit different than other kids. But the way I figure it we all have something that makes us different, right? Everybody in here? Like, you probably already noticed there's something different about me? (*has audience guess what is different*). Yah! My arms! My left arm, My left arm, I've got four fingers on this side, I don't have a thumb, I was born without a thumb. So If you want a high five after the show, you're out of luck.. we can high four all day. So that's my left arm and I'm used to it, that's just who I am and my right arm hasn't moved in 18 years. Actually, If you see my right arm move tell me I'm gonna get really excited. So those are my arms and that's what makes me different. But ok, I'm gonna give an example of why we're all a little bit different. Who in here likes pizza? Yeah, pretty much everybody likes pizza. Who likes pepperoni pizza? Oh yeah, some people don't and some do. Who likes tuna and peanut butter pizza?.. yeah, there's always a couple. So, we're all a little bit different and we're all a little bit the same. And this guy in the show called Maurice, his imagination goes really wild as you'll see and that's what makes him a little bit different.

The other announcements are: no photography or recording of any kind. If you have a cellphone, (*Phone rings.*) please turn off your cellphone.

Uh oh..somebody...Oh that's me. Sorry. Oh, I gotta get this. Don't ever do this. Never do this.

Hello? Victor? Yeah, are you here?

Victor: yeah, I'm here. in the audience.

Kevin: You're in the audience?

Victor: yeah, I'm here to see the show

Kevin: No, you're not supposed to see the show, you're supposed to be IN the show

Victor: No, you said come watch the show

Kevin: No I said, "be IN the show."

Victor: No I'm here to watch.

Kevin: No, IN Victor: WATCH Kevin: IN Victor: WATCH (etc.)

Kevin: Ladies and gentlemen Victor Zupanc.

Victor: (*to audience around him*) Should I do it??

*Victor makes his way up to the stage, handing off his program to a patron.*

Kevin: Ok what I did Victor is I piled up a bunch of instruments I found backstage. I don't know what half of these are. Play whatever you know how to do, whenever you want to do it. We've gotta get going with the show.

## COUNTDOWN TO SUMMER

Ok so we've gotta get going because time really flies. Here's an example. You know how when you hold your breath underwater every second lasts forever but when you are playing outside an hour goes flying by. Or like summer skips by but those last ten seconds (*Animation: Clock*)

of the last day of school? They seem to take forever.

It's like Ten...

Nine...

And some seconds weigh like a ton.

Eight...

And some seconds don't even want to move

Seven...Seven... Seven...Seven...Seven....

It's like let my people go! And the teacher is going, "You know summer is a good time to catch up on your reading skills and find other avenues of expression."

"No more avenues!"

Six! Five!

I mean summer is when everything changes. Gym shoes become play shoes, school clothes become play clothes, and janitors go back to their, I dunno. closets, and teachers go back to wherever teachers come from.

Four! Three!

I mean there's baseball and BBQs and rainbows and watermelons and water balloon fights. I'm dancing with the pandas! I'm swimming with the dolphins! I'm playing horseshoes with the unicorns!

Two!

One!

That's it! That's it! School's out!

(*School Bell Rings.*)

*Animation: Dancing Clock*

Yay!!

I'm running through the hall and everyone's going "Bye Maurice! Bye Maurice! Bye Maurice!"

Their reason they are saying "Bye Maurice," is because Maurice is my name.

I'm named after a famous French actor named Maurice Chevalier. Can you say that?

Ooh you speak the French. Chevalier means horse, so he is Maurice Chevalier in French, but I'm an America so I'm Maurice the horse.

I have to wait right here for my sister, Emily. She walks me home. I have to be walked home from school because my imagination tends to wander and I tend to follow it. So I have to wait for Emily.

## BRAINFREEZE

I used to walk with my brother Marv but we got in trouble one day. We were passing a convenience store, you know one of those little grocery stores, and Marv says “Let’s go in!”

Well I know we’re not supposed to so I say:

“We better not Marv”

He says “No, I checked, its ok.”

Have you ever heard of George Washington? The first president of the United States? He could not tell a lie. He was incapable of lying. Well, Marv does not suffer from that condition. My dad says lying is Marv’s way of releasing carbon dioxide.

Marv says “yeah I checked. it’s ok...besides... “I’ll buy you an Icee.”

*Animation: Icee*

Marv would not lie about an Icee.

I say “Ok Marv” So we go into the convenience store. (*Ding dong.*) And I go right up to the Icee machine and there’s two flavors, right? blue and red. But I mix the red and blue together to make a third flavor that I’ve invented called purple. You can borrow it if you want. So I fill half of the cup with blue, and I’m filling the red and when it’s full up I go to shut off the nozzle but it won’t shut off. I go to turn it off and it keeps pouring out.

I go, “Marv! Marv! I can’t shut this off, it keeps coming out!”

He says, “Go and get the clerk!”

So I go to get the clerk and by the time we get back Marv has filled up every single Coke cup, all the ketchup containers, even the hot dog boats and when he’s done filling up everything he starts filling up himself.

He puts his mouth over the nozzle. Gulp gulp gulp. And the clerk goes, “What are you doing?!”

Marv starts to explain, but that’s when he gets the biggest ice cream headache in the world.

“And he goes Ahhhh!! My brains, brains! brains!”

*Animation: Brain Freeze*

Red dripping out of the side of his mouth.

“My brains, brains!” He starts grabbing potato chip bags and starts banging them against his head and the clerk is yelling “Police! Police!”

(*looks at brain animation*) This is what I imagine Marv’s brain looks like.

My mom says there is a time and a place for everything. I really don’t think there is a time or a place for this.

## **EMILY AT THE CROSSWALK**

So that's why Emily walks me home.

*Animation: Crosswalk*

I have to wait right here. She's in high school and she's the smartest person I ever met. She gets all A's. No, she got a B once and cried. If Marv or I ever got a B my dad would get a bumper sticker that said "My kid got a B!"

Oh there she is, there she is! Emily comes over and says "where have you been?" I say "I've been right here"

Then she grabs what she thinks is my hand and starts to walk across the street. Well I'm still on the curb she didn't grab my hand. They get halfway across when she looks back and I'm still standing on the curb. Emily stops and everyone keeps going and she looks up into the eyes of a boy her same age and it is awkward.

*(Whistle.)*

The crossing guard goes "Come on, you two lovebirds."

Emily says, "Lovebirds? I'm not... he's not... she's not...it's not... we're not..."

And she drops the kids hand like it's a burning stick. And comes back to me, grabs my hand, and all of a sudden she stops and says, "Where'd he go?."

Did you see that? Emily changed in that moment. And she would never be the same again.

*Animation: Emily's Hand*

We all change. And that summer we all changed. Me, Mom, Dad, Marv, Emily, all of us and this is why I call this summer the best summer ever.

*Animation: Best Summer Ever*

**SONG: SUMMERTIME**

Summertime, summertime,  
Sum, sum, summertime.... (repeat)

After the song:

Victor: you know Kevin, this is gonna work out

Kevin: Victor Zupanc! I always get the best, even if it is two minutes before the show.

## **FUNERAL, A LIE, MEETING JOYCE**

So my best summer ever started with a lie and a funeral.  
Did you get that? A lie and a funeral.

The funeral is for my Uncle Alfie. He's my Grampa's brother and they came here from Norway together. They didn't even speak English.  
Before we go to the funeral we have to our haircut. Dad says our heads look like a couple of mops.

*Animation: Barber Pole*

So he sets up his barbershop in the back yard. He always calls his barbershop after 60s rock bands like "Blood, Sweat and Shears" or "Hairway to Heaven" and this year it's the "Grateful Head."

And he got his clippers..I think he got them at a hardware store. They're not even meant for humans. I think they're meant for hedges or sheep. (*Victor pops out with an electric hedge clippers and turns it on for a moment*) And when he's done our heads looks like golf courses, there are fairways, and ruffs, a couple of sand traps. And he grabs us in a headlock and he takes four passes with the clippers and we're done. It takes no time at all. And we jump up and we skip through the clover like new shorn sheep. And oh man it feels so good. I can feel the wind on my head and I can hear better. And it comes with a three month guarantee.

So we get our haircut and then we put on our identical suits to go to the funeral and we get in the car and we drive to my grandparent's farm.

*Animation: Map*

Marv and Emily immediately get into one of their famous arguments.

Emily's goes, "Marv, I'm not even gonna argue with you. It's not even worth it. You're not smart"

Marv says "I know you are but what I am I."

"No you see Marv, you already got it wrong. You totally screwed that up. That's not how that goes"

Marv says, "You're rubber, I'm glue. What sticks to me, bounces off you."

"No Marv you did it again." She says "Marv that's not how you argue. Mom make him stop."

Mom says, "You kids knock it off back there."

My dad says, "I'll pull this car over."

Emily says, "See Marv you got us in trouble"

Marv says, "That's cause I'm smarter than you."

Emily says "you're not smarter than me"

"Yes I am I'm negative infinity times smarter than you."

"no see Marv you did it again. If you're negative infinity that means I'm infinity times smarter than you. Mom!"

Mom says, "Kids knock it off!"

Dad says, "I'll pull this car over!"

Now Marv goes in for the kill. He says, "Yeah Emily, the monkey says what?"

Emily goes, "What?"

He goes, "See the monkey said what!"

Oooh Now she's furious, She goes, "MOM!"

Mom says, "You kids knock it off!"

Dad says, "I'll pull this car over!"

Emily says, "He's driving me crazy!"

Marv says, "That's a short trip."

Emily lets out a scream.

Mom says, "KIDS!"

My Dad pulls the car over. We have never pulled over before. We don't know what to do. We are in uncharted waters. My Dad doesn't even know what to do.

We all sit there in silence. And all of a sudden Dad goes..."That's better."

He starts the car and we drive to my grandparents in silence.

Marv is amazing. He is like a genius. In the breadth of the world's knowledge, his contribution is paper thin, but it is white hot.

Dad says he is psycho-logical.

We get to the farm..

*Animation: Sunset at the Farm*

Oh man. I love visiting my grandparents farm, We have what is called unstructured time, which now they call boredom.. But I'm never bored. Marv hates it. Marv says if it was a movie he'd demand his money back. Emily loves it, she's talking to the cousins. My mom's talking to the aunts. My dad sees his brother. It's my other uncle, Karl. Karl's the uncle with three fingers that always brings the fireworks and he has these saying like, "It ain't rocket surgery for crying outside.". Dad loves his brother. It gives me real hope for my own brother.

But funerals are a little bit different though. I mean even the food is different. If you've ever been to a funeral you know. Like the sandwiches just have butter on them, and the

Jello didn't have any toppings, and the hot dish was mostly rice and the Italian surprise didn't have a surprise.

I look over and there's my Grampa sitting all by himself. Oh man. My poor Grampa. Now in his life he's lost his mom and his dad, and now his brother too so the way I see it Grampa is an orphan.

I sit down next to Grampa and I say "Grampa, how are you doing"

And he goes, "You know that Alfie, he was a good farmer."

That's my Grampa's greatest compliment.

I feel so bad, without even thinking I go "I like to farm Grampa."

He says, "You do?"

I go, "Yeah I like it a lot." (*Ding.*)

Did you hear it? That was the lie. Yeah I don't know anything about farming. I've never farmed before in my life. I have no idea..and then like a puppy with big feet, this lie started to grow.

I said, "yeah Grampa, I really like it." (*Ding.*)

"I'm a really good farmer" (*Ding.*)

"Oh yeah, one of the best." (*Ding.*)

"Oh yeah." (*Ding.*) "Oh yeah." (*Ding.*) "Oh yeah." (*Ding.*) "Oh yeah." (*Ding.*) "Oh yeah." (*Ding.*)

Grampa says, "What do you like to farm?"

"Oh you know peas and carrots and potato chips and pineapple. I like it a lot. (*Honk*)

Grampa says "Ok then follow me"

Grampa gets up and I follow him to the shed. I have never been allowed in his shed. In my whole life. It is off limits. And we go into the shed and we walk down some stairs onto a concrete slab and there's all kinds of tools here. There's some brand new tools here, there's some older tools here. All kinds of things and this whole wall is full of tools all put away in their proper place. It is beautiful.

Grampa opens a drawer and pulls out a cloth bag and he gives it to me and he says "here you go farmer, these are the seeds from Norway, the last that remain. They are yours now.

"uhhh What do they grow, Grampa?"

He says "You'll have to plant them and find out."

Now I have the family seeds. I don't know if I can handle this responsibility. And That's when I look down and see there's a chicken staring at me.

*Animation: Joyce the Chicken*

“yeah what do you want? Well Maybe I am a good farmer. Maybe I’m a great farmer. I’ll plant these in what? dirt? Right? Dirt. Yeah. What’s your name chicken?

Gretchen? No.

Henrietta? No.

See finding a name is like looking for a key on a key ring in the middle of the night, you keep trying keys until one works and then that key will work from then on. Watch I’ll show you.

Is it Pickles? Is it Knuckles? Is it Freckles?

Is it Joyce?”

*Animation: Joyce Smiling*

*(Vic making Joyce noises on slide whistle)*

Oh Joyce! It’s Joyce! Her name is Joyce. See! Hi Joyce!

My name is Maurice. pleased to meet you.”

All of the sudden my brother Marv walks up and says, “What you doing squirt?”

I say “I’m talking to Joyce! See her name is Joyce. See?” *(Vic on slide whistle as Joyce)*

Marv says, “Well, news flash, ‘Joyce’ stopped laying eggs.”

I go “So?”

He goes, Ok, remember when that chicken pecked Emily?”

I say “yeah”

He goes “Then what happened?”

“Well Grampa went into the shed”

“And then what happened?”

“We went to town for a movie.”

“and Then what happened?”

“We came home.”

“and Then what happened?”

“We had a chicken din... Oh No!

He says, “ That’s what happens when chickens stop laying eggs, it’s like their job changes.” *Animation: Joyce Exiting*

Oh no no no! Not Joyce! Not Joyce! Anything but that!

Has anybody here been to the state fair? There was a booth once where a chicken played tic tac toe. I played against a chicken playing tic tac toe and it beat me every

single game. Maybe I could teach Joyce how to play tic tac toe or chess or Battleship. But I don't have time for this. I've got to think of something fast. I've got to hide her and I mean right now. Come on Joyce.

*Animation: Joyce pops head back in*

Come here chick, chick, chick. Come here Chicky Chicken, Come here chicky chick chick. Gotcha! So that night in the car...on the way home... in my pocket are the family seeds and in the trunk of the car... hidden in a cardboard box... is a chicken.

*Animation: FRAGILE*

*SONG: KLUK KLUK KLUK (Pal Sine Honer (traditional Norwegian folk song))*

Victor: Alright I am gonna sing a song about chickens. Did you know that in other countries around that world animals speak different languages? Completely different. For example. In America, what do chickens say? "Cluck cluck cluck". Did you know that in Italy, chickens say "chicchirichí" True! "chicchirichí" In Norway chickens say "Kluk," It's true! Kluk. Can you say that? Kluk! Yah, do it again. Kluk! You have to make that face. Kluk! Yeah! Alright, you're gonna help me sing this song a little bit. That's the only word you need to know is Kluk and here's your notes (*Kluk Kluk Kluk*). Do that (*Kluk Kluk Kluk*). That's all you have to know. Can you sing that? (*Kluk Kluk Kluk*). Good. One more time (*Kluk Kluk Kluk*). Great, ok I'll let you know when to sing. So I'm going to sing this song about chickens...in Norwegian..if you know it sing along..

*Animation: Chickens Dancing*

Pal sine honer pa haugen ut sleppte, hona sa lett over haugen sprang.  
Pal kunne vel pa hono fornema, reven var ute med rumpa sa lang.

Kluk kluk kulk, sa hona pahaugom.  
Kluk kluk kluk, sa hona pahaugom.  
Kluk kluk kulk, sa hona pahaugom.  
Kluk kluk kluk, sa hona pahaugom.

Pal ha sprang og rengde med augom, "Na tor' eg ikkje koma heim at ho mor!"

That was awesome, you guys are great. I'm gonna sing one more verse. This one is about the chickens being eaten by a fox... in Norwegian.

Paul han sprang seg lit lenger pa haugen,  
Fekk han sa ra-ven lag pa ho-na a gnog.  
Pal han tog seg ein stein uti naeven,  
Dog leg han da raeven slog.  
Kluk kluk kulk, sa hona pahaugom.  
Kluk kluk kluk, sa hona pahaugom.  
Kluk kluk kulk, sa hona pahaugom.  
Kluk kluk kluk, sa hona pahaugom.  
Pal ha sprang og rengde med augom, "Na tor' eg ikkje koma heim at ho mor!"  
Thank you! You guys are great!

*Animation: Fragile Box*

Kevin: So all the way home in the car I've got this song running through my head. It's a folk song from Norway called "Kluk Kluk Kluk". Have you ever heard of it? So I've got this song going but when we pull into the driveway, another song comes into my head, a suspenseful song because I know exactly what is going to happen.

My dad opens the car door.  
He gets out of the car.  
He closes the car door.  
He goes back to the trunk.  
He opens the trunk.  
He Looks in the trunk.  
He sees a box.  
He doesn't recognize the box.  
He opens the box.  
What's in the box.  
He looks in the box.  
He sees Joyce in the box.  
Joyce in the box?  
Joyce in the box!  
JOYCE IN THE BOX!!!

*Animation: Talons & Dust into Joyce Smiling*

She comes flying out, with her talons baring, crying her war cry  
Dad says , "What is it? What is it?!"  
"I go it's Joyce, Dad!"  
"What's a Joyce?!" "What's a Joyce?!"  
I say "IT'S A CHICKEN!!! a chicken."  
"a chicken?"

He goes "MARV!"

"I didn't have anything to do with this one Dad!"

I start to cry. I start to cry. I've never cried. I didn't even cry when I was a baby. And I start to cry "Please dad please can we keep her. Can we keep her, they're gonna kill her if I leave her on the farm we've gotta keep her"

He says, "Maurice, you can't have a chicken in the city."

My Mom says "You know dear, you can have a chicken in the city"

My mom is a corporate lawyer, so she knows everything. I think my mom could rule the world but she chose our family instead. She says "There's an ordinance that says you can have a chicken for eggs or as a pet"

I say "Oh, a pet. It would be a pet,"

And my dad thinks and thinks and between my mom's logic and the crying of me he says "alright Maurice you may keep her but you have to build her a coop, and feed and water and take care of her."

"I will Dad, I promise I will Dad"

And that's how Joyce became Joyce Anderson and came to live at our house.

## LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

But just to make sure, I wrote to the president.. of the United States...of America

*Vic Plays Steel Drum*

*Animation: Presidential Seal*

Dear Mr. President,

It has come to my attention that you pardon two turkeys every year on Thanksgiving, which is definitely a holiday that turkeys do not celebrate. I am writing on behalf of a chicken, a close relative of the turkey. Her only crime is she stopped laying eggs. A country is only as great as how we treat those less fortunate and I can think of no one less fortunate than this chicken. Please issue Joyce a pardon. Sincerely, Maurice Abernathy Anderson. A future voter.

That should do it.

*Vic plays steel drum*

*Animation: Backyard with Granpa*

## FOLKTALE

Alright, so now we come to the second best day of the entire summer but it starts out a little bit rough. My Grampa's in the backyard. He's in town for some tests at a hospital. And he's mad! I've never seen my Grampa this mad before in my life. He's saying, "They took away my driver's license. They say I don't see at night. Who sees at night? That's why they call it night?! He says "Why aren't you in school?" I say "It's summer break, Grampa." He says "Don't you have any friends?" "Visible friends? Uhm I have Joyce. I've got Joyce, see I made her this coop and here's my garden I made. I planted the seeds. Maurice, that garden is terrible. You need to water it. You need to put worms in there. You need to put plates of food." Ok plates of food. This is what throws me. I say "Why plates of food?" "Oh" He says "For the little people. You can't see them but they're under there and they can help you or they can do great mischief. They can dig holes so your horse breaks its leg, they can poison your well, hide your teeth, make you trip on stairs. I say "Grampa, we have a car and city water and I have teeth. But uh the stairs, that's a good point. Are you sure about these little people?" And Grampa says "listen to me, Maurice"

### *Animation: Folktale*

Once upon a time there was a woodcutter and his daughter Ingrid... Ok I have to stop the story right here.

See you can tell this is a fairytale. You know how? It starts with 'once upon a time'. That's how fairytales start. And then there's a woodcutter in it. Woodcutter is a very popular job in fairytales. Woodcutter and princess. Probably the two biggest jobs. And the third thing is that there's only one parent. Usually there's one parent or no parents in fairytales. Parenting was very dangerous in those days.

So back to the story. The woodcutter worked every day and Ingrid loved going into the forest with him and playing among the trees. The woodcutter went out and cut down trees but he'd always leave a tree or two so that the forest would grow strong.

He must have read the Lorax.

Then Ingrid would hook the tree to the horse and ride home.

So one day, the woodsman cut down a tree and he turned to his daughter and said “Ingrid, I must go into town and buy some supplies. So you make sure this log gets home and then you may have the rest of the day to do as you please. Goodbye daughter’

Ingrid couldn’t believe her luck. A whole day to do anything she wanted. She’d never had that before.

Oh what would she do? The first thing she did was climb trees. She climbed as high as she could go. Then she played in the flowers in the meadow and finally she skipped among the stones in the stream and when it got dark she harnessed up the horse and they rode home, safe and sound.

That night her father came home and he said, ‘Ingrid, did you bring the tree back?’

Oh no. She forgot all about the tree and its bad luck to leave a tree in the forest.

But she said ‘Yes Papa. I brought the tree home’

He said ‘Very good daughter. You may now go to bed.’

Why did she lie to her papa? She didn’t even know why.

Oh what can I do? What can I do?

And that night in bed she looked out the window and there was the wishing star.  
“Please wishing star. Help me make this right”

And the wishing star started to grow and it got bigger and bigger and bigger until it came into her room, sat on her bed and poof! There stood a teeny little man.

And he said, ‘Hello Ingrid. Help me help me help me! Come with me quick, come and see. Come and see. Come and see.

And Ingrid said ‘OK’. I mean what could possibly go wrong.

So Ingrid and the little man out into the front yard.

And the little man put his fingers through the stars like a curtain and parted them and Ingrid and the little man stepped through the curtain of stars to the other side.

All of a sudden, there they were in the part of the forest with the tree. The little man said, ‘Look and see! Look and see! It fell on he, it fell on he! And she looked and there was another little man and the tree was laying right on top of him and the little man under the tree said “Help me help me please set me free set me free” and Ingrid tried with all her might to move the tree but she was not strong enough. She said “We have to go back. We have to go get the horse”

And so the little man parted the stars again and Ingrid and the little man went back to the stable where she harnessed the horse. Then Ingrid, the little man, and the horse stepped back through the stars to the other side. And now Ingrid took a piece of rope and tied it to the tree and gently, ever so gently the horse pulled the tree and it came off of the little man. He jumped up unharmed “I’m free I’m free dance with me dance with me” and the two did a little dance. And then the little man said ‘Thank you Ingrid, thank you. A gift for thee! A gift for thee!’ And Ingrid said, ‘No, no I just need to get home to my Papa but I don’t know the way.

So the little man took a handful of stars and circled it around the horse’s head and said, ‘Never lost will he be.’

And Ingrid and the horse pulled the tree home.

The next morning Ingrid’s father said, ‘Ingrid, I heard you come in in the night. You brought that tree back didn’t you?’

‘Yes Papa, I’m so sorry that I lied to you. I am so very sorry”

“I’m proud that you brought the tree home but please, please Ingrid never lie to me again”

“I promise Para. I will never, ever lie to you again”

And you know what Ingrid never ever did lie to her Papa again.

And that horse always knew its way home. And horses ever since that horse are never lost and like Ingrid, always know their way home.”

When my Grampa was through with that story he sat there staring right at me. Right in my eyes and then I knew. I knew exactly why he had told me that story.

“Ok Grampa I know why you told me that story, cause I lied. I lied and I’m sorry Grampa”

He says “Oh I already know”

“You know?”

He says “Yeah. Pineapple and potato chips? Where do you think we live? Iowa.”

I said “I’m so sorry Grampa but I didn’t know what to do I felt bad for you because you’re an orphan”

He said “I’m not an orphan. Maurice I have you”

“you do have me Grampa but look I’m the worst farmer in the world.”

He said “Don’t worry, I’ll help you grow your garden”

“You will?”

“Of course Maurice”

“and I’ll never ever ever lie to you again Grampa, I promise. And you want to know something else? You know that horse in your story? His name was Maurice, Maurice the horse. And from then on he never needed his brother or his sister to walk home from school again.

The end.

Ok we've come to the very worst day of the summer and this happened because I love nature. Who out there loves nature? Oh man I love nature from the tiniest little insect to a pachyderm. Do you know what a pachyderm is? OK I'm gonna give you a hint, ready? Elephant! Yes. Can you do the pachyderm noise? Very good! Now wipe off the head of the person sitting in front of you! So I love nature so much that I wrote a TV show called Nature Shows. Victor, if you please.