

## Have Spoon, Will Stir

It wasn't like I really wanted to eat them. Kids that age are stringy and metallic tasting anyway. But the stew pot was bubbling hot and steaming and I was sick of scrubbing their graffiti off my siding, of listening to the crink, crink, crinkle of their discarded wrappers as they munched away at my house. As there was no spare cauldron boil water in so I could begin the endless scrub, scrub scrubbing, I figured I just needed a new solution, a fresh approach. A little thinking outside of the box. I might not have done it, but the stew splashed up, burning my hand and I flailed out smacking the boy with my trusty wooden spoon. He tipped into the pot. The girl went in pretty easy after that. I fed the stew to the wolf and the house is clean now.

By Priscilla Berggren-Thomas