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THE ADVENTURES OF SCOTTIE WHEN MOM AND DAD AREN'T LOOKING

My name is Chef Scottie. I am eight. I enjoy cooking. I cook up mischief when my parents aren't looking. Yes, when my mom and dad are not keeping close eye there are many silly things that I'm bound to try. Here is my menu listing each decision that I have made without supervision: I tried on all the clothes in mom and dad's closet. I flushed leftover broccoli down the toilet. I pulled the hair from my sister's best dolly and fed chunky peanut butter to our dog Molly. I jumped up and down on my bed like a kangaroo, then mixed ten household liquids to make a shampoo. I took a big sniff of lawnmower gasoline. I stuck spaghetti pieces through the kitchen screen. Another time when I was alone I helped myself to a quintuple scoop ice cream cone. Oh... my mom and dad are about to look! I can no longer mention what I like to cook. Because the culinary choices of Chef Scottie to mom and dad would be considered naughty. If they learned of my recipes of disobedience dad would use a wooden spoon to stir my ingredients.