Getting the Recipe

Sharon was already at her desk when Andrew arrived. He went right over to her.

“Did you bring it?” he asked.

“Bring what?” Sharon opened her eyes real wide.

“You know what! The secret recipe for freckle juice.”

“Oh that! I have it – right here.” Sharon patted her pocket.

“Well, let’s see it.”

“Do you have the fifty cents?” Sharon asked.

“Sure – right here.” Andrew patted his pocket.

“I’m not going to show it to you until you pay,” Sharon said.

Andrew shook his head. “Oh no! First I want to see it.”

“Sorry, Andrew. A deal’s a deal!” Sharon opened a book and pretended to read.

“Andrew Marcus!” Miss Kelly said. “Will you please sit down? The second bell just rang. This morning we’ll begin with arithmetic. Nicky, please pass out the yellow paper. When you get your paper begin working on the problems on the board.”

Andrew went to his seat. Then he took the tissue with the five dimes out of his pocket. He held it near the floor and aimed it toward Sharon. She sat in the next row. Sharon stuck her foot out and stepped on the tissue.