

Making Pudding

It was hot by the stove. My father loosened his collar and pushed at his sleeves. The stuff in the pan was getting thicker and thicker. He held the beater up high in the air.

“Just right,” he said, and sniffed in the smell of the pudding. He whipped the egg whites and mixed them into the pudding. The pudding looked softer and lighter than air.

“Done!” he said. He washed all the pots, splashing water on the floor, and wiped the counter so fast his hair made circles around his head.

“Perfect!” he said. “Now I am going to take a nap. If something important happens, bother me. If nothing important happens, don’t bother me. And – the pudding is for your mother. Leave the pudding alone!”

He went to the living room and was asleep in a minute, sitting straight up in his chair. Huey and I guarded the pudding.

“Oh, it’s a wonderful pudding,” Huey said.

“With waves on the top like the ocean,” I said.