

The Boy Who Loved Butter

One day, a boy you know ate a lot of butter: buttered French toast for breakfast, macaroni and cheese with extra butter on top for lunch, peanut butter for snack, and buttered potatoes for dinner. And while his mom was washing dishes and not looking at him, he grabbed a handful of butter to snack on his way to brush his teeth before bed. The next morning, he woke up feeling fine as usual, got dressed and went to school. His teacher asked him to put his math homework up on the blackboard (which was actually green, but it was called a blackboard anyway). He went up to the board but he couldn't hold onto the piece of chalk. It popped right out of his hand, twice. The teacher sent him to the principal's office because, she said, he was acting like a jerk.

The principal read the teacher's note and asked our hero why he was throwing chalk around. He tried to explain that he hadn't done it on purpose. He reached for a ruler from the top of the principal's desk to demonstrate what had happened, and the ruler slid right out of his hand, knocking over the cup of coffee also on top of the desk. The principal turned pink and sent the boy home for acting like a jerk. (She wrote "insubordination" on the note for the boy's parents.)

When the boy got home, he planned to give the note to his mom but his dad came home early and offered to play baseball in the backyard before dinner. So boy and dad went out back and set up a base on the lawn. When he stepped up to the plate to pick up the bat--the Phillies bat his cousin Tommy sent him--the bat slipped out of his hand. He picked it up again and it popped out again. So he explained what had happened at school that day. His dad made him repeat the story to his mom in the kitchen. Mom said, "Why didn't you tell me? I know how to fix your

problem. There's too much butter in your system. All you have to do is drink a cup of vinegar at bedtime."

Have you ever drunk a cup of vinegar? Yuk! But he did it and went to sleep.

Next morning, the boy got up and ran to the bathroom to test his grip. He grabbed hold of his toothbrush; it stayed put. Yay! He could hold things again. He returned to his room to get dressed and happened to glance in the mirror above the bureau. Oh, my goodness! His hair had turned super curly, as if tiny brown Slinkys were protruding from his head. He started to cry, and his mom came to his room to see what the matter was. Sobbing, he pointed to his strange head. Mom said, "Of course! It's the vinegar. Don't worry--it will go away in a day." Sure enough, it did, although he got teased pretty badly at school.

The boy promised to never eat so much butter again.