

Ronald and Rose and the birthday surprise

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“But if I finish first, I get the biggest popover!”

“That's not fair!” Rose started hurrying to gather her clothes. “You know it takes me longer!”

Soon they were both downstairs, with Ronald pretending to complain. There was no “biggest popover”. The biggest had a twin, exactly the same size.

“Happy Birthday!” Mom said, bringing in some bacon. “You two can have the biggest popovers.” After saying ‘good morning’ to Mom, Ronald said:

“Since the popovers are the same size, I can have the biggest piece of French toast.”

“Go ahead,” Rose answered, laying some crispy bacon on her plate, “I don't like French toast. Oh, good morning, Dad.” Dad entered the room, with “happy birthday's” for Rose and Ronald.

“You will have to get to the biggest piece of French toast first,” he said jokingly to Ronald, “Rose might not like it, but I do.”

They all sat down to a

special birthday breakfast.

A few hours later, at ten o'clock, the guests for the party started to arrive. With Alice, Rose's special friend, arrived a parcel. On it were the words, 'Special Delivery from Mr. Jameson's Shop'.

“Thanks, Alice,” Rose



whispered, “I'll be right back.” She ran to her room, and was soon back with two packages in her hands. She handed them to Mom.

“Thank you for asking Mr. Jameson to send the book,” she whispered to Mom.

“Wasn't he nice,” Rose said to Alice when she rejoined her, “he sent me a present, too.”

“Yes, our family knows him

well. He is very nice,” Alice replied.

The party was a lively one, though it was small. Rose had two friends, Alice and Sara; and Ronald had two, Bob and Fred.

When the cake appeared, it was the center of much

admiring. It was skillfully made, taking the shape of a book. The title was: Little Jack Horner.

“Where is the cake?” Bob joked, “all I can see is a book!”.

“Be careful when you chew,” Mom warned. “You might bite something.” Her eyes twinkled.

When Fred was almost done with his cake, he

yelled, “What's this?” He showed Ronald where his fork had uncovered a small plum, about the size of a golf ball.

“Does it have a pit?” Ronald asked.

Fred pulled the plum apart.

“No,” he said. Then he laughed. “There's a bouncy ball instead!” Just then, Mom entered the room.

“I see that someone has found my little surprise,” she commented. “Is everyone