

Quick Wit

He ran through the galley kitchen, searching for that thing he knew he wouldn't find. He was full go. Seeing my left leg dangling over the counter opposite the oven, he grabbed the foot attached to that leg, looked underneath the shoe covering that foot, pronouncing, "No, not there!" He scurried away towards the living room, leaving me in tears of laughter.

The adventure started with the promise of soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies. Three young children, aged 8, 6, and 4, salivating through dinner with the thought of soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies. Completing their appointed task of consuming all food that they had placed on their plates, they looked towards the kitchen expectantly. Informed that the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies would not bake themselves, and that their assistance was required, they excitedly leapt at the chance to be bakers.

The eldest took the lead in mixing the ingredients that would become the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies. The middle one carefully, with painfully slow movements, drew out large spoonful's of the dough that would become the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies, dropping each spoonful onto the wax paper before rolling each spoonful into a tight ball. The youngest was raised up towards the oven to press the buttons to turn on the oven at the correct temperature. Teamwork in action.

Onto the cookie sheet went the first batch of the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies. Through the oven window we watched the semi-straight rows of the cookie balls growing, glowing in the oven light. The chocolate chips that would be the highlight of the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies softened, tantalizing each of the younger viewers, and one older viewer. Upon the sounding of the oven's siren that the first batch of soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies were ready for removal, an oven mitt-covered hand brought out the sheet.

The eldest, after being shown how to gently remove each of the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies onto the serving plate, individually removed each of the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies onto the serving plate. The middle one again went through rolling cookie dough that would become the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies, placing each carefully onto the cookie sheet, and did so in an even more

exceedingly and painfully slow movement. Can't hurry the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookie baking process. The youngest stood in the middle of the galley kitchen, not knowing how to help.

Just then, the voice of authority called from the living room: "No soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies until baths and showers are completed!" A new priority presented itself, despite the protestations of the older one overseeing the baking of the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies. Off went the three to their watery moments of cleansing. Left with the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies, the overseer nibbled on one . . . okay, two.

Immediately following the bubble bathing, and the showering, the three returned, clean and triumphant, visions of devouring the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies. All three batches had been baked and were in various cooling stages on the serving dish that lay upon the counter. "Did you have one, Grandpa?" one of the three inquired. Grandpa answered with a no, Grandpa didn't have one. Grandpa had three of the soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies.

Little hands had just begun to reach for a soft, baked chocolate-chip cookie, when again, the voice of authority demanded that hairs be brushed before any soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies were consumed. That's when all hell broke loose: kids excitedly screaming and yelling for where could be the brush, as there was only one brush in the entire two-story house (eye roll upwards). The eldest tore into the parental bedroom, while the middle one ran up the stairs. That left the youngest, who, sensing the need for speed, raced into the den, where the toys and the television were corralled.

The youngest came back as quickly as he raced into the den, intent on being part of the frenetic search. Seemingly paying no attention to the overseer, he suddenly skidded to a screeching halt, grabbing the overseer's left shoe, observing that, "no, not there," satisfied his hairbrush search. Reaching the end of the galley kitchen, he abruptly turned around, coming back to look under the right shoe. "No brush." Looking up, he gave a wry grin and ran into the foray to find the brush.

The brush was located and scalps were brushed. Seats were taken at the breakfast nook table, napkins at the ready. The soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies were presented to each. Each of the three took one bite, drank a sip of milk, and each

then exited to the den. There were toys to investigate and a movie to accompany the investigation. That left the remaining soft, baked chocolate-chip cookies the overseer and the voice of authority, to the loss of the three. (heh)