

A Cooking Lesson

Brielle gazed around the kitchen in dismay, hands on her hips. How could she have been so silly? *I'll never brag again*, she said to herself. *Now I'm stuck making dinner for everyone!*

Her mom had overheard Brielle talking to her sister Janna. Brielle had been unable to resist telling Janna that she didn't know how to make a sandwich. "You're doing it all wrong. That's not how you do it!" she had said. "You should listen to what I say. *I'm* the one who knows how to cook around here!"

Who knew that her mom had heard everything? "Well, then," her mom had said from the kitchen doorway, "that's good to know. Since you're so good at cooking, you should have no problem whipping something up for dinner tonight. That's a great idea, actually. I'm really busy, so it will be great to have someone do it for me."

Now, Brielle felt ready to panic. It was getting late and nothing had been done about dinner. This was one battle that couldn't be won! Then she saw Janna, walking into the kitchen and offering to be her aide. Janna carried a tablet full of recipes. With a big smile, Brielle apologized to Janna for being so rude earlier. Then she reached up to grab a teal saucepan off the rack. It was time to sink or swim, and with Janna's help she knew she wouldn't go down with the ship.