

April Fools Day
April 2nd

This may seem like a boring thing to journal about, but yesterday morning I ate the most delicious eggs.

Everything was usual: I came downstairs ready for school, went to the kitchen, scrambled three eggs on the stove, added salt, then sat down and ate them. But they were unusually fantastic and sweet...

I proclaimed their goodness to Grant, sitting across the table from me, double-checking his math homework. "Grant, these eggs are next level—do you want to try them?"

He didn't seem to care too much but said, "Sure." After taking a bite, I could tell that even he was impressed as his eyes widened, and he said, "Woah! No kidding."

Then the twins ran downstairs in their uniforms—Ruby's hair wasn't brushed and stuck straight up on her head, and Ty only wore one shoe. The Kirkpatricks honked outside and I grabbed my backpack and headed out for school.

School was uneventful: in science class, we learned more about physics; in math, we continued pre-algebra; in social studies, we read about Ancient Mesopotamia; in Spanish, we worked on our past tense verbs; and in English, we studied the American poet Langston Hughes.

At 3 p.m., the school bell rang, and Amy and I waited in the parking lot for my mom to pick us up.

"Joanie," My mom began while driving home, "Your dad and I are going to a neighborhood meeting tonight at 6 p.m. Do you think you could look after the twins and help make some dinner for them? Grant's at wrestling practice until late."

I wondered what trouble the twins might cause this time. Amy told me she HATED babysitting because little kids could "annoy her to death". But I didn't want to say no, so I said it was fine.

When I got home and finished my homework, I began baking cookies for my mom and dad to bring to their meeting. I didn't know what all the adults gathered to discuss, but who didn't love chocolate chip cookies?

I combined butter, flour, vanilla, one egg, chocolate chips, baking soda, and a lot of sugar to make them extra sweet. I then mixed the batter, rolled them into little balls, and placed them on the tray and into the oven. After 10 minutes, I pulled the cookies out, piled them on a plate, and gave them to my parents as they left.

I wished I'd had time to try one because they did look pretty good!

Now, back to the kitchen! I decided to make rice and chicken for the twins. I boiled the rice on the stove and put some veggies on the four plates. Conveniently, I just had to heat the chicken and add some salt.

I heard the twins fighting in the other room as they completed their math homework. Then it sounded like someone threw a calculator at someone else's head. So I called out, "Dinner is ready!"

Unexpectedly, the twins dove right into the chicken and loved it. And so did I. Like my eggs from that morning, it was abnormally and wonderfully sweet...

Later that night, my parents returned home from their meeting. They were carrying the plate—it didn't look like anyone had eaten the cookies. Why not? Before my parents could explain, I took a cookie and tasted it. Super bitter!

Then twins laughed and sang out in unison, "April Fools!"

And I realized their trick: they switched the salt and sugar! That's why the eggs and chicken were so sweet and the very salty cookies were so unpopular.

I rolled my eyes and sighed. When would they ever learn? I picked the chocolate chips out of a cookie and fed it to Fudge. At least he didn't seem to mind.

Your Friend,
Joanie