

In the Kitchen at Midnight



Little Bobbin and Buzz tiptoed downstairs and slipped quietly into the kitchen. It was nearly midnight and they had a busy night's work ahead of them. Ever since Uncle Frank had gone on that wacky diet and gotten so short, they were determined to shrink the rest of the family down to his size, too. Yep, no more paddlings for Buzz once Dad was the size of his Space Captain Bob doll! Bobbin, too, had more than one score to settle with Mom, and she smirked as she began to carry out the plot she'd cooked up. She and Buzz would substitute all of the bread in the house for that Holsum brand that they'd taken away from Uncle Frank. He hadn't wanted to cooperate at first, but they'd beaten him up good. Now he was justifiably afraid of them and would do whatever they demanded. Mom had made peanut butter and jelly and margarine sandwiches for tomorrow's picnic. Tonight, they were transferring the PB&J onto Uncle Frank's bread. She and Buzz, of course, wouldn't eat any of it, feigning tummy aches. And since Dad hated to see any food go to waste, he'd grumble but eat their portions. Ha! It was a foolproof plan! Except at that very moment, the kitchen door was inching open. And who should be peering in but