A FIRESIDE TALE

Big Rabbits

A FIRESIDE TALES SAMPLE

For Ivy and Cal — so you know Grandma Marian was a pea thief once.

THE SAMPLE EDITION

Big Rabbits

A sample made with the Fireside Tales story, illustration and book-layout pipeline. This is a fictionalized family-memory retelling with invented names and dialogue, not a customer's order or a recorded interview.

Fireside Tales

When Grandma Marian was seven, every summer meant the farm — two weeks, sometimes three, with her sister Carol and her little brother Teddy.

Grandma had a garden you could get lost in. Marian means that. "You could hide a whole army in that corn."

It was a Saturday. Saturday was the milk truck. Saturday was the day Grandpa straightened up.

Her whole ambition was to be first one down. She lay listening for the pan. Then down the stairs, skipping the step that creaked.

Grandma stood at the stove in her apron, her back to the door. Marian tried not to breathe. Grandma heard her anyway.

"Well, look who's up."

Marian got the first piece of bacon, straight out of the pan, too hot to hold. Then Carol and Teddy came thundering down, and the morning was everybody's again.

After breakfast, the milk truck brought clinking bottles and chocolate milk. "Never in my life did I have chocolate milk at home," Marian remembered.

Then came the garden. Grandma and Grandpa bent over the tomatoes with their backs to everything, tying them up and picking off bugs. The peas were on the other side.

They crept into the corn, slowly, so the leaves wouldn't rattle. When both grandparents turned away, one child darted out for a handful of pea pods.

They split the pods with their thumbs.

Peas warm from the sun, sweet as candy.

"The peas never made it to the kitchen."

Grandpa stood up and looked toward the corn. Three children froze. Carol covered Teddy's face. Grandpa looked, and looked, then bent back to his tomatoes.

At supper Grandma passed the peas. "Somebody's been at my peas." Grandpa said, "Rabbits, I expect." Grandma said, "Big rabbits." And nothing more was said.

Some memories are small enough to fit in your hand,
and big enough to keep forever.