Goosh

Every Friday night we have a goosh. Sometimes we have a goosh at home, and sometimes we don’t. This week our neighbors are coming over for a goosh.

We all help Mom prepare the goosh. First, we have to go to the store and buy a goosh kit. We each get to choose a favorite item for it. Then we go home and the fun begins.

When we get home, Dad has preheated the oven for us. Mom reads the directions on the back of the goosh kit and gives each of us a job to do. After we have each done our jobs, we combine everything. Mom puts the goosh on a pan.

As the goosh is cooking, it smells spicy. I peek in the oven window and see the cheese bubbling. I can hardly wait to taste the gooey goosh.

Ding! It’s done. Mom slices it and puts it on the table. Our mouths are drooling. Uh-oh! Dad put those little fish on the goosh again!

The Mylable

We were preparing for our summer trip. We packed our swimsuits and bug spray. We were looking forward to using our shiny, new mylable.

We had the station wagon packed and ready to go. We couldn’t take the Volkswagen because it was too small for the mylable.

Our family had been lifting weights and doing push-ups to strengthen our arm muscles in preparation for the outing with the mylable.

We had heard that there had been a lot of rain in the area and we would not be able to use our new mylable, but when we arrived at the campground, they assured us that we could. I hope we don’t have to carry our mylable on this trip because of rain.

The first thing Dad and my older brother unloaded was the mylable and carried it close to the shore. After everything else was unloaded, we realized that we had forgotten the paddles!