

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 Volkswagon 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!