



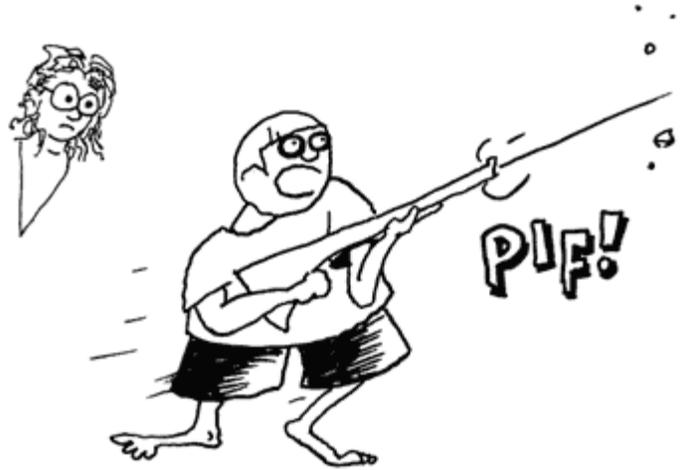
What Do Kids Think Adults Are Made Of?

by Suan Alain
illustrated by Fish Griwowsky



One day a lady called me to babysit for her overnight. I had babysat there many times before and the children were usually pretty good so I said, "Yes"

"The kids go to bed at 7:00 p.m.," said Denise, as she left.



Early next morning, Krista wrote on an outside brick with crayon and we got some rags, soap and water and began to scrub it off. While we were working, Tommy sneaked inside with his b.b. gun and shot a hole in the wall.

"Tommy, the b.b. gun is off limits!"

"Krista, we will finish the brick later."

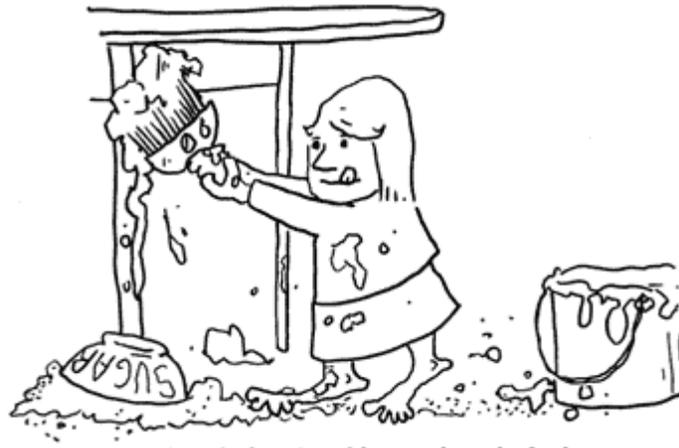


I couldn't believe it! I came in, changed the baby and said, "Krista, watch the baby while Tommy and I try to fix the wall." The glue wouldn't stick. The paper seemed uneven and bubbly. What a mess! And I wasn't even sure I had matched it up with the right scraps.



I turned around and Krista was reading.
"Where's the baby?" I found the baby soaked
and playing in the toilet. The wall had to be
left!

I changed the baby again and then found
Babet with sugar all over the counter and floor
and pouring a dish of water and mud (brought
in from outside) down the cupboard.



Then, before I could get to her, she had painted the legs of the table and the sugary floor and started on the walls. I screamed. What a mess! I put baby in the playpen.

When we were cleaning and mopping up the floor, the washer overflowed.

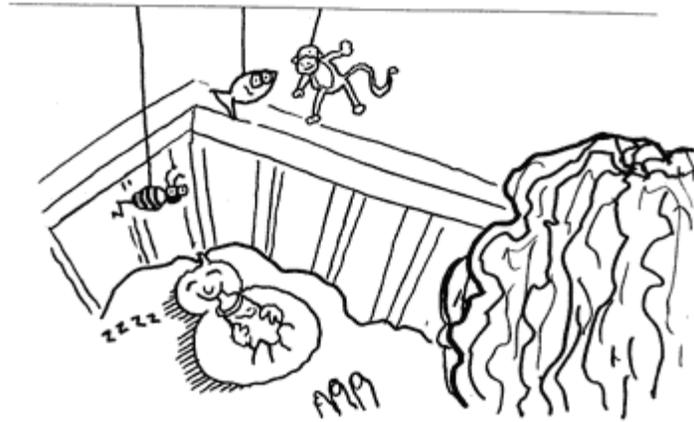


I guess I'll never know who played with or hooked up the hose wrong! After shutting off the water, I took a deep breath and walked through the suds. What else could go wrong? Denise would be back soon!



I took the kids out for late lunch and we took a long walk!

Finally it was snack time, quiet time and bedtime. We played and read some stories.



After everyone was asleep, I walked to the balcony and looked at the brick. I've never seen it so shiny under the flooklights. Wow! On the way back in, I noticed the wall. No one could tell where we had mended it. Not bad for what I thought was an unfinished job.

I checked on the baby. He was sound asleep holding a bottle.



The mud on the wall and table legs had dried. I brushed off the sugared counter and mud from the wall and table legs to the floor. I took out the garbage and swept the floor.



I checked the washer. It wasn't the hose. Someone had tried to wash with the machine on drain. I reset the washer, added more soap and water, cleaned up the floor and walked away.



It was time for a cup of tea.



Denise walked in. Gee! The kids were in bed asleep. The house smelled nice. The housework was all done. And a load of wash was on to boot!

"How did you do it and still come out sane?"

I just took my money and said, "My secret."
Laughed and took a bus home.



About the Author



Suan has been a contributing member of the Bannerman Writing Group for the past four years. Self-described as being quiet and shy by nature, Suan expresses confidence, creativity, and insight with her writing as she regularly finds new perspectives to write from, and brave new stories and reflections to share. Her writing adventures range from critiquing works of art and recounting tales of woe and humor from her youth, to spinning