

Petie's Peanut Butter Pizza Written by **Joan Winifred** . A story about a boy who is a very finicky eater

"Time for breakfast, Petie," said Mother, " I made scrambled eggs and toast."

"Nope! Peanut butter," said Petie. "Petie, please eat your eggs and toast," she said.

"Nope! Peanut butter," said Petie. "Petie, peanut butter for breakfast?" replied mother. "I don't think so. Come eat your eggs." Petie scrunched his face, shrugged his shoulders, and put his hands on his waist. "Nope! Peanut butter," insisted Petie. "Okay, peanut butter for Petie. At least drink some orange juice," pleaded Mother. After breakfast, Petie ran off to have an adventure with his favorite toys.

Petie was a quiet, smart boy of few words. Some might say Petie was hard to please, persistent, and picky...possibly even persnickety. The truth is Petie knew exactly what he liked and what he didn't like. Petie liked dogs...but not cats. Petie liked basketball...but not baseball. Petie liked school...but not homework. Petie liked green...but not pink. Petie liked the number 8... but not the number 7. Petie liked circles...but not triangles. Petie liked shorts (even in winter)...but not pants. Petie liked sneakers...but not shoes. Petie liked candy...but not gum. Petie liked pizza parties... but not slumber parties. Most of all, Petie liked peanut butter, which he found positively perfect!

"Petie, lunchtime. Please put down your toys and come eat," said Mother, "I made you a ham and swiss sandwich on rye with a garden salad." "Nope! Peanut butter," said Petie. "Petie, please eat your ham and swiss sandwich," she said. "Nope! Peanut butter," said Petie. She reasoned, "Petie, you had peanut butter for breakfast. Don't you want something different to eat for lunch?" Petie scrunched his face, shrugged his shoulders, and put his hands on his waist. "Nope! Peanut butter," insisted Petie. "Okay, peanut butter for Petie. At least drink some milk," pleaded his partially-perturbed mother.

After lunch, Petie went outside. He had lots of fun chasing his dog, Sammy, around the back yard. Before long he heard Mother calling, "Petie, come in for dinner. Please be sure to wash your hands before you eat." Petie left Sammy digging for a bone. He scrubbed his hands clean. "Here's your spaghetti and meatballs," she said. "Nope! Peanut butter," said Petie. "Uh-oh, here we go again!" cried Mother, "You like spaghetti and meatballs!" "Nope! Peanut butter," said Petie. She asked, "Aren't you tired of eating the same food?" Petie scrunched his face, shrugged his shoulders, and put his hands on his waist. "Nope! Peanut butter," insisted Petie. "Okay, peanut butter for Petie. At least drink some water," pleaded Mother.

Day after day and week after week Mother would make healthy, nutritious food for Petie. She offered him lasagna, grapes, corn, macaroni and cheese, and bread. Day after day and week after week Petie predictably refused a dietary change. His favorite words became 'Nope! Peanut butter.' He had made his decision. He was sticking to it. Petie was perfectly happy eating peanut butter for breakfast, peanut butter for lunch, and peanut butter for dinner.

It made Petie powerful and popular! Word spread fast about the boy who consumed the same food every single day. The neighbors nicknamed him 'The Peanut Butter Boy'. Wherever he wandered around the neighborhood a parade of children and squirrels followed!

Despite his popularity, Petie's eating habits were becoming a problem. He was driving his mother nuts! He smelled like a giant peanut! (She feared he was growing into one.) At school, squirrels out-numbered the students! One by one, everyone, began eating Petie's preference! Ms. Riley, his teacher, feared the worst. This addiction could spread to the entire school, the entire town. What would happen to the variety of well-balanced food served in the cafeteria or at restaurants? Meals would be boring and no fun. "How can I get the children to choose exciting, new foods?", she wondered.

Mother received a notice from school. Petie's class was having a pizza party. "Perfect!" thought Mother. Petie likes to cook. Petie likes pizza parties. Mother was thrilled. She hoped Petie would finally be sick of eating you-know-what and partake in some pizza. "Petie, please come help me make a pizza for your class's pizza party tomorrow," said mother. Petie popped into the room, wash his hands, and rolled out the dough. She asked, "Can you please put the tomato sauce on?" "Nope! Peanut butter," said Petie. "Let's put peppers on," said mother. "Nope! Peanut butter," said Petie. "How about pepperoni?" she asked. Petie scrunched his face, shrugged his shoulders, and put his hands on his waist. "Nope! Peanut butter," insisted Petie. "Okay, peanut butter pizza for Petie," said Mother.

Petie brought his pizza to the party. "Who wants a piece of Petie's pizza?" asked the teacher. Petie raised his hand...and so did everyone else in the class. Ms. Riley let out a sigh of relief. Petie loved eating his pizza! Everyone loved eating his pizza! Even the teacher tried a slice. She said, "Mmm...Petie, your pizza is tasty and delicious!" Did you use a special sauce in your recipe?" "Nope! peanut butter," said Petie.

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