



Myron and his Double-Chocolate Ice Cream Cone

By Henry Corrigan-Gibbs

“Myron, give your little sister the ice cream cone. You were going to split it, remember?” Myron’s mom asked.

“But Mom, I’m so much hungrier than she is. Why can’t I just eat it?” Myron asked, taking a lick of the double-chocolate ice cream that sat atop a sugar cone.

“Myron, don’t be selfish. Besides, you won’t be able to finish all that ice cream anyways,” Myron’s mom replied.

“But *Mom*, I’m *hungry*,” Myron said.

“Be a good big brother,” Myron’s mom said back.



“But *Mom*, it’s double-chocolate...”

“Myron,” Myron’s mom interrupted. “I’m going to count down from ten, and when I get to one you can either give her the cone, or you can go to your room with *no ice cream at all*.”

“But *Mom*,” Myron yelled, “That’s so unfair!”

But Myron’s mom didn’t listen. She just started counting, getting louder and louder and louder as she went: “10 ...

9 ... 8 ... 7 ... 6 ... 5 ...”

Myron knew there was only one thing to do.

Before his mom could even say anything, Myron jumped up from the kitchen table with the double-chocolate ice cream cone, ran out of the kitchen, through the living room, and straight out the front door! He was so angry he never wanted to go back home. There was no way Myron was going to share his double-chocolate ice cream cone with his little sister. Myron ran through his front yard, and then made a right turn. He ran ahead, towards the woods at the end of his

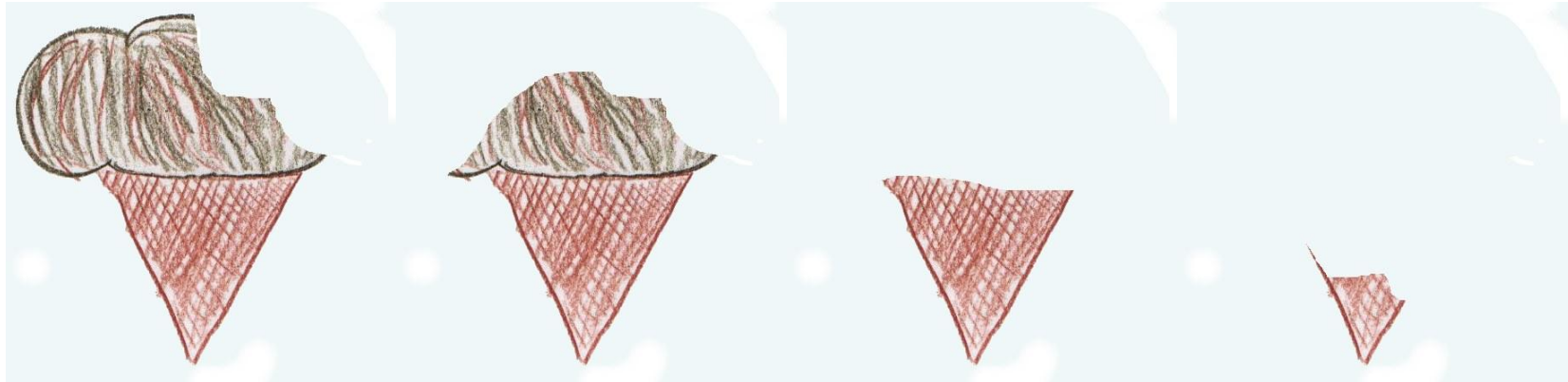


street. Myron wasn't allowed to go into these woods, except with a grown-up. But now, there weren't any grown-ups to stop him. As Myron jumped across the stream that divided his street from the woods, he could just barely hear his mom calling his name.

He kept running.

Entering the woods, Myron's shoes began to crunch on the dead leaves that covered the woods like a carpet. Myron had to duck down low to pass under branches that slumped into his path. As he went farther and farther and farther into the woods, the mid-morning light of the sun was blocked out by the canopy of trees above, making the woods darker and darker and darker. He had to admit, he was a little bit scared.

"But I still have my ice cream to keep me company," thought Myron. Even though he wasn't really hungry after all that running, Myron decided to eat his double-chocolate ice cream cone anyways. "After all," he thought, "That's the reason I'm in the forest in the first place!" Myron ate and ate, and ate and ate,



and ate,

and ate,

and ate,

and ate,

until he was so full he couldn't even eat one more bite. His mom was right, it was too much ice cream for him to eat.

Myron moaned as his face turned pale. He shouldn't have eaten so much ice cream, and now he felt sick *and* tired from his walk in the forest. It was time to go home.

As he was about to turn back, Myron came upon a clearing in the woods. At the center sat the largest, grandest, most magnificent tree he could imagine. Its moss-covered trunk could have been the size of a house. Birds fluttered about in its high branches. Its gnarled roots spread out through the clearing like a huge spider web. But the best part of the tree was the hole in its middle, just big enough for Myron to fit into.

“What a perfect place to take a nap,” thought Myron.

He grabbed a branch and started climbing up the tree. After a few minutes, Myron saw that he was hardly close to the hole in the tree; it was a *much* taller tree than it looked. When Myron reached the hole in the middle of the tree after a

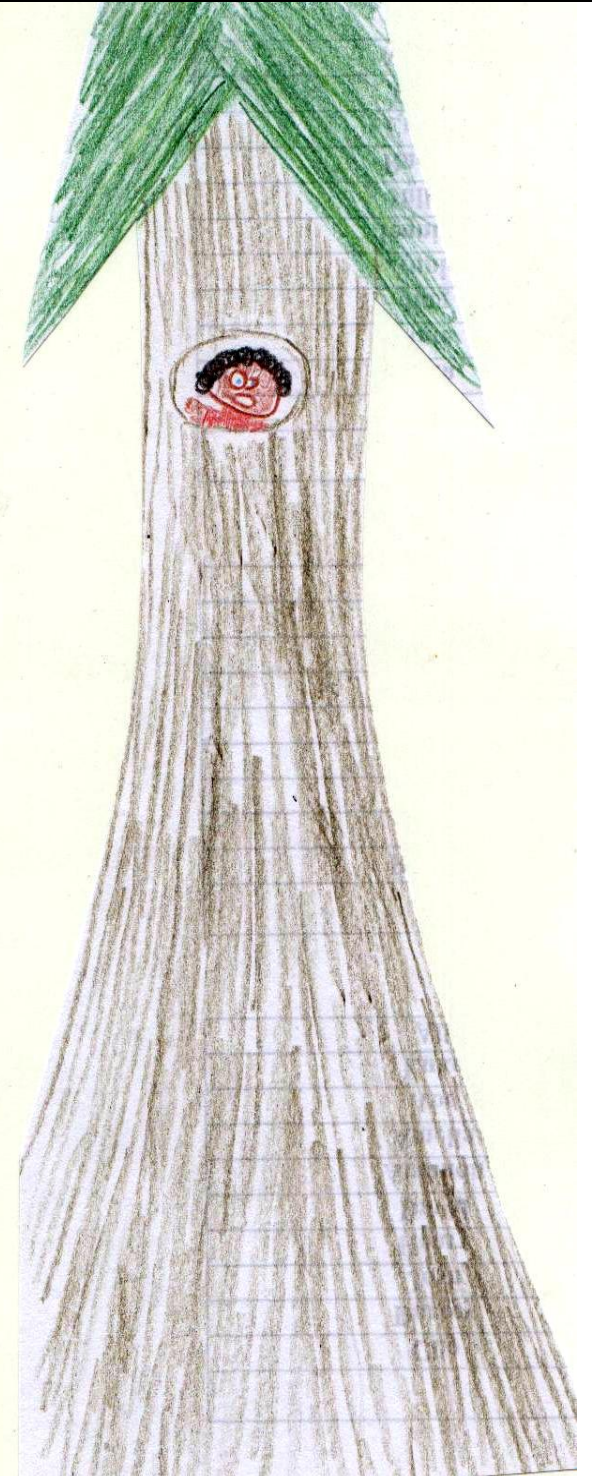
lot of climbing, he was panting, out of breath, and had splinters in his hands. He was thankful that he could finally crawl into the hole and take a nap, which he happily did.

Myron awoke an hour or two later feeling great. It was probably getting close to dinnertime, so Myron figured he should probably get home pretty soon. He was about to climb down when he looked out of the hole and realized how high he had climbed. Getting down wasn't going to be easy.

“MOOOOM,” Myron yelled at the top of his lungs.

“MOOOOOOOOOOM,” Myron yelled again. But his mom was much too far away to hear the sound of his voice. So Myron stayed in his hole in the tree and thought about what would happen if he never got down. He might be there forever. He might even miss dinner.

Just then, Myron heard the sound of rustling in the woods at the foot of the tree. He stuck his head out of the hole and looked down. At the bottom, a



squirrel was struggling to carry a long, long homemade ladder past Myron's tree. "What good luck I have!" thought Myron with a smile. "I could use that squirrel's ladder to help me get down from here."

"Hello there," Myron yelled down at the squirrel.

The squirrel stopped in his tracks and craned his neck all the way up to see Myron looking down at him from the hole in the tree. "What do you want?" asked the selfish squirrel rather rudely.

Myron tried to be as polite as he could. "You see, I'm stuck in this tree, and I was wondering if you wouldn't mind lending me your ladder so I could climb down from here and get home before dinner."

"Hah!" squeaked the selfish squirrel. "Do you know how long it took me to make this ladder?" Myron thought for a moment, but the squirrel didn't even give him time to answer. "This is my ladder *I* made for fetching *acorns* from trees, *not* for fetching silly little boys."

"But, I really need to get home," pleaded Myron.

"Couldn't you just do me a favor this once?"

"Well I really need some acorns to eat," snapped the selfish squirrel. "And what favor have you ever done for me?" Myron didn't know what to say. "So unless you



have some acorns, I'll be on my way," the selfish squirrel said, and with that it picked up its ladder and continued on through the forest.

Myron sighed and held back a tear. The squirrel was so selfish, it wouldn't even stop to help. He tried not to think about what time it was or what his mom would be making for dinner. Myron was already getting hungry and he didn't really think eating tree bark for dinner would be a very good idea.

Just then, Myron heard the sound of rustling in the woods at the foot of the tree. He stuck his head out of the hole and looked down. At the bottom, a goat was carrying a big coil of rope past Myron's tree. "What good luck I have!" thought Myron with a smile. "I could use that goat's rope to help me get down from here."

"Hello there," Myron yelled down at the goat.

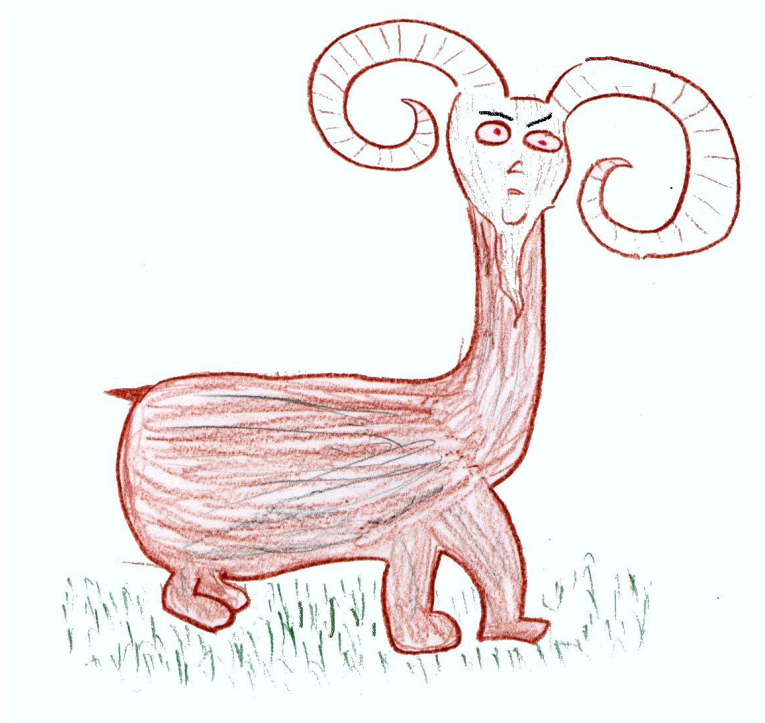
The goat stopped in his tracks and craned his neck all the way up to see Myron looking down at him from the hole in the tree. "What?" asked the greedy goat, rather rudely.

Myron tried to be as polite as he possibly could. "I'm very sorry to bother you Mr. Goat, but you see, I'm stuck in this tree, and I was wondering if I could trouble you to throw me your rope so I could slide down and get home before dinner and you could be on your way."

“Hah!” harrumphed the greedy goat. “Do you have any idea how much I paid for this rope?” Myron thought for a second, but the greedy goat cut him off. “I have been saving up my money for two months to get this rope so that I can catch *chickens*, not help down stupid little boys who get stuck in trees.”

“Since when do goats eat chickens?” Myron asked.

“Since when do little boys ask so many questions? Now if you don’t mind I’ll be on my way,” the goat responded.



“But Mr. Goat, if I don’t get down from here soon I’ll starve!” Myron begged. “Couldn’t you just do me a favor this once?”

“Hey buddy, we all have problems,” the greedy goat said cruelly. “If I don’t catch some chickens right quick, I’ll be starving too. So unless you have some chickens to give me, cut the whining, and I’ll be on my way.” And with that, the greedy goat left with the coil of rope over his shoulder.

A tear fell down Myron’s cheek. It was hopeless. Myron never realized how selfishness could be so mean. Sitting in the hole, he could smell his mother’s meatloaf cooking in the oven, even from across the forest. Myron was so hungry he tore a piece of bark off the tree to eat, but discovered that it

was covered in bugs. He couldn't decide whether it would taste better with or without the bugs, so he put the bark down to think.

Just then, Myron saw a giraffe walking by in the forest. "I won't even bother asking him for help," thought Myron. "He'll probably just yell at me like all the other animals did." So Myron just curled up in a ball and pretended not to see the long-necked giraffe.

But this giraffe was much kinder than the other animals, so it stretched its long, long neck up and looked into the hole in the tree where Myron was stuck. "Good afternoon," said the generous giraffe. "It looks like you need a lift down from this tree."

"Leave me alone," said Myron rather rudely. "I don't have any acorns or chickens to give you."

"Don't worry about that," said the generous giraffe.

"But I can't pay you with anything," said Myron.



“Don’t worry about that either,” replied the generous giraffe. “As long as you return the favor, we’ll call it even.” And with that, the generous giraffe picked Myron up by the seat of his pants, and carried him out of the tree toward Myron’s house. But before they got back, Myron’s eyes lit up. Myron had an idea. He whispered something in the giraffe’s big fuzzy ear, and the two of them, Myron and the generous giraffe, made a quick stop on the way to Myron’s house.

A few minutes later, as Myron’s family was just finishing their meatloaf dinner, someone walked in through the front door. It was Myron, carrying two big double-chocolate ice cream cones! He had bought one ice cream cone for his mom and one for his little sister. Myron had learned how much sharing matters, and he was just in time for dessert!