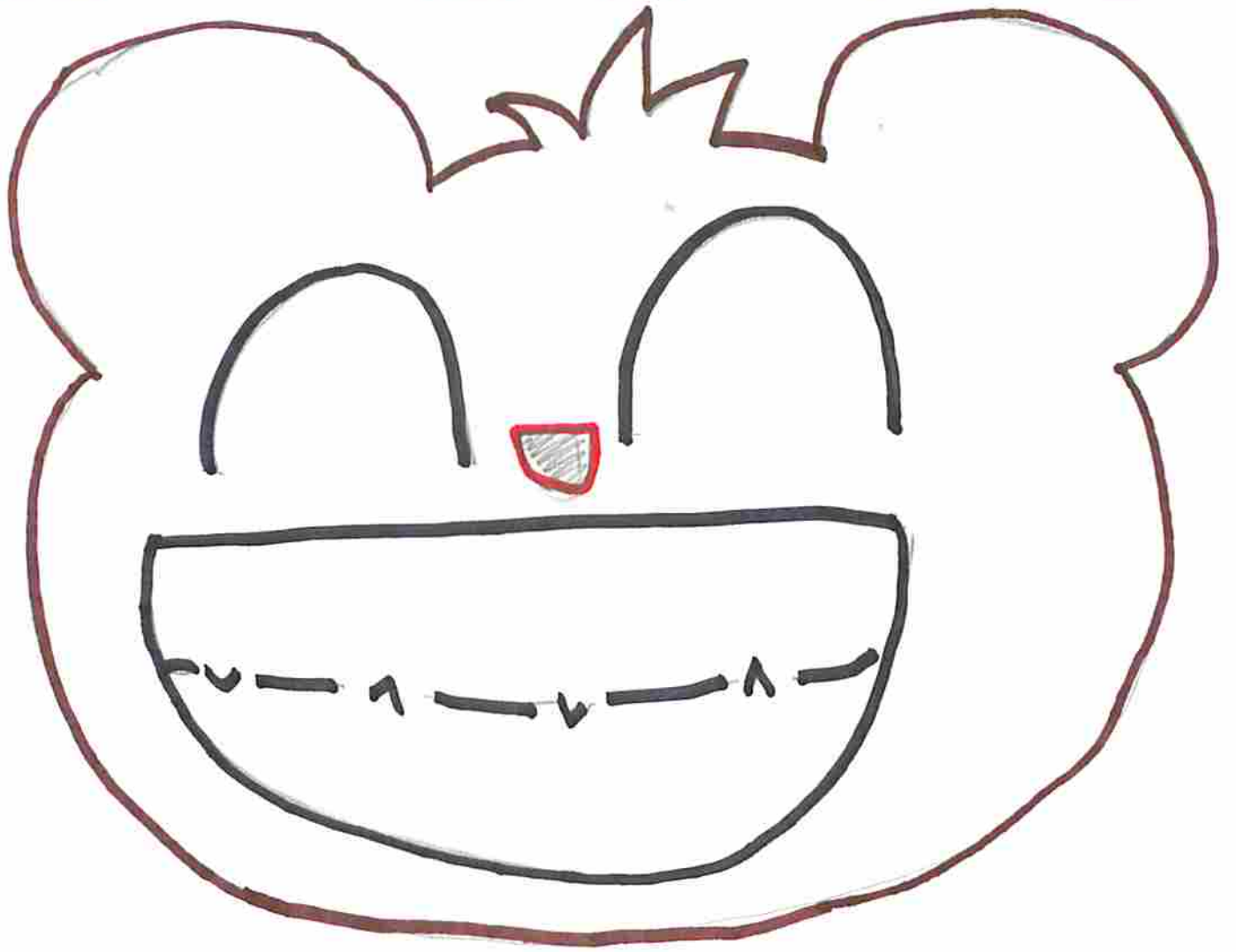


RUFFUS



BY JON CHEE

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Fairy Tale

Period 4

In a far faraway land there was a special school called Tunesborough. This school was the most prestigious place for young gifted musicians to learn more about music. Every musician wanted to go to Tunesborough, but only the best of the best were allowed in. There at Tunesborough was Paul Barry, the headmaster and drum extraordinaire, who had been running the school for the past fifty years. That year, Paul chose and accepted five new students into Tunesborough. Freddie the frog, David the duck, Leo the lion, and Sally the squirrel were all the most talented musicians of their generation, but Rufus the bear, son of Paul, was only okay at playing the drums.

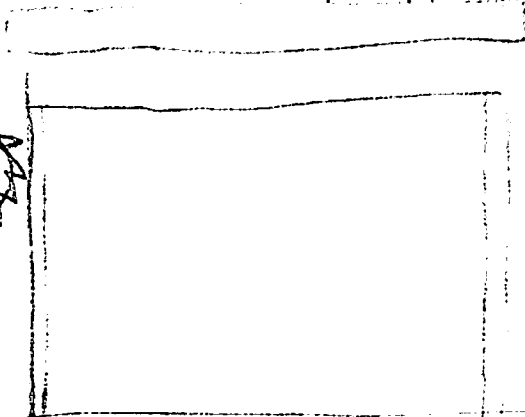
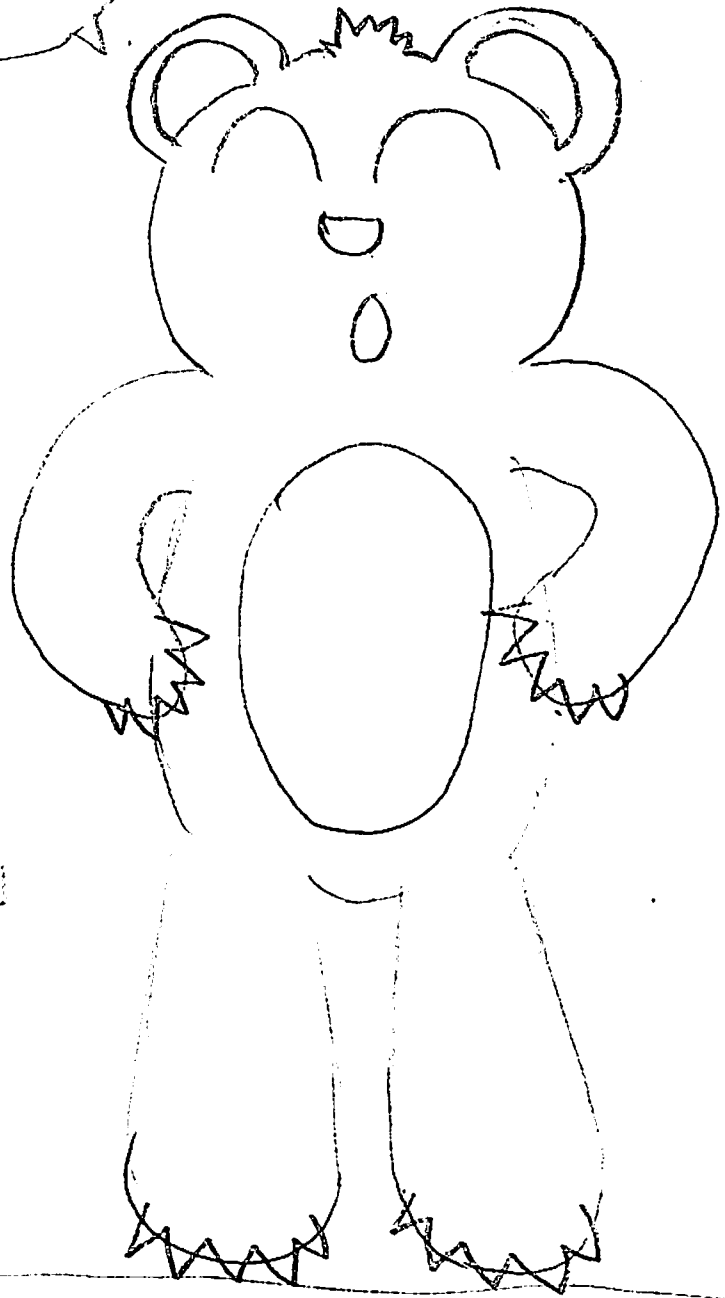
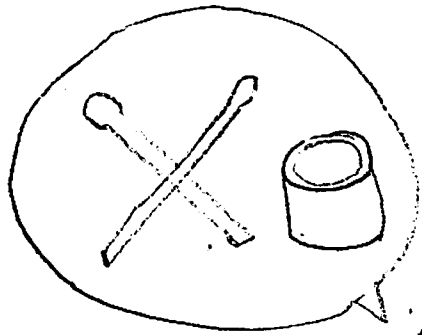
“Father, why do I have to go to Tunesborough? I’m not that good at playing drums and no one likes me,” questioned Rufus as he stared down at his hands twiddling his thumbs.

“Son, learning drums has been the heart of this family for generations. My father’s father and even his father’s father attended Tunesborough. Percussion is not just a hobby, it is a life style, and I want you to live it,” lectured Paul staring down at his son.

“But, but dad, I--”

“No but’s Rufus. Now go out there and make your father proud,” demanded his father as he nudged him towards the playground.

Nervously, Rufus walked up to the other students and tried to join their game of tag. “He-hey guys. Can I play with ya’ll?”



Zippering and wooshing by, Sally the squirrel cried, "No way! You stink at drums!
Your just a daddy's boy!"

Leaping and hopping by, Freddy the frog sung, "Daddy's boy, daddy's boy,
daddy's boy!"

Hovering and soaring by, David the duck quacked, "Nooooooooooooooooo way!"

Sprinting and rushing by, Leo the lion roared, "Rufus is a loser!"

Completely crushed and upset, Rufus retreated back to his room. There he started to cook. When Rufus was sad, he would take this sadness and create his favorite comfort foods. The thing was, Rufus was amazing at cooking. He made soufflé's, cupcakes, croissants, and every other pastry you could imagine. Wallowing away in his own self-pity, he created the most incredible double fudge brownie that would take away all his sadness. As the aroma of his delicious brownies wafted out of his room and out onto the playground, the other students began to wonder where the tasty scent was coming from.

"Oh my gosh! Do you smell that?" asked Leo the lion.

Screeching to a halt, Sally the squirrel squealed, "Yes I do! It smells incredible!
Where the heck is that smell coming from?"

Plopping to the ground, Freddie the frog yelped, "I might be going crazy, but it smells like its coming from Rufus's room. We should go see if we can get some of his brownies!"

Swooping forward, David the duck cried, "Let's go!"

"Yeah!" all of them shouted together.

Unknowing of his classmate's excitement, Rufus gobbled up all of his brownies in the blink of an eye and lay contently on his bed.



“That was the best batch yet,” Rufus murmured to himself. “I should try chocolate chip cookies next...”

As Rufus got up to attempt his next pastry masterpiece, the door blasted open as his classmates stumbled on top of each other.

“Where did you get the brownies?” asked Leo the lion impatiently.

“Yeah, where, where, where?” stammered Sally the squirrel.

“Um, I made them but they’re all gone sorry,” Rufus said under his breath.

“You couldn’t have made them! You stink at everything,” commented Freddie the frog.

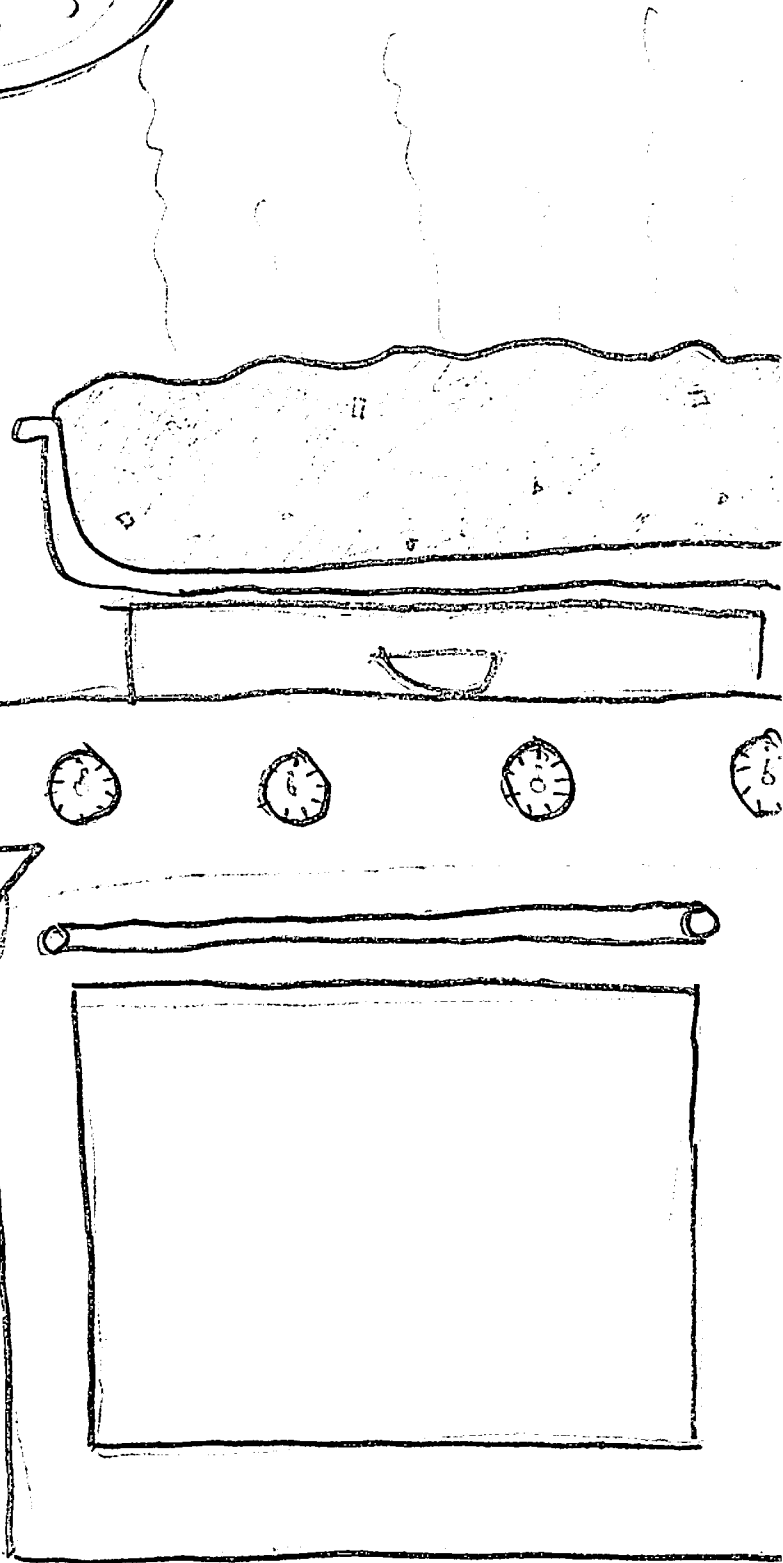
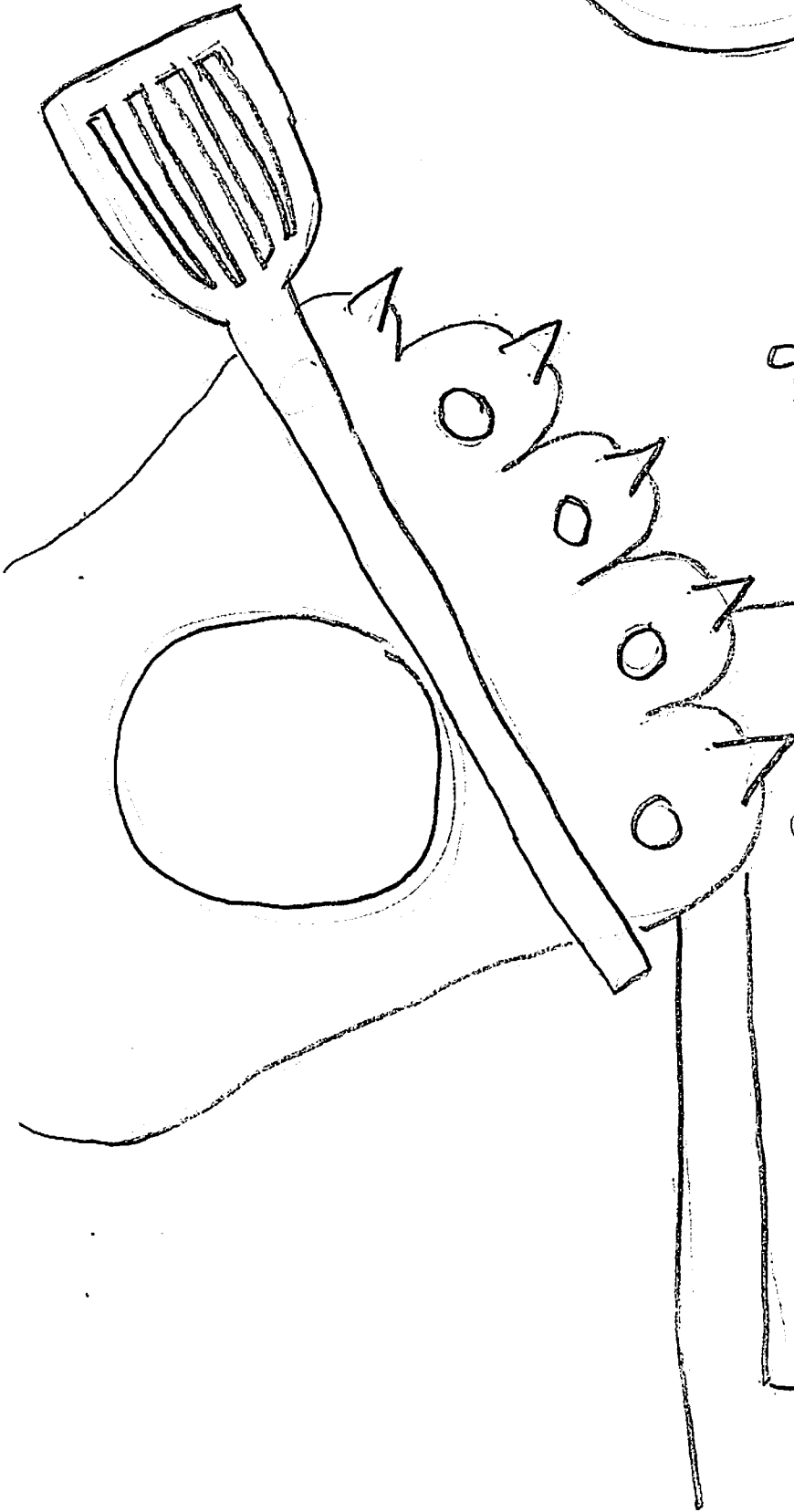
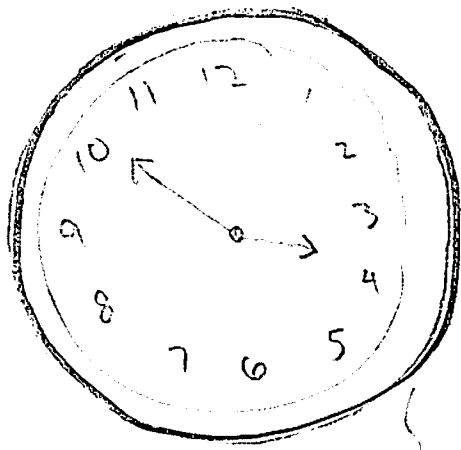
“I agree!” all of them exclaimed.

Quite frustrated and unsatisfied, his classmates stomped out of the room and went back to the playground. Rufus, now completely upset, gathered the ingredients needed for chocolate chip cookies and set off into the kitchen. Mixing, measuring, and baking like he’d never done before, Rufus cooked for an hour straight! He was determined to prove his peers wrong by making the best cookies ever. By the time they came out of the oven, the entire campus smelled like warm, chewy chocolate chip cookies. This time not only did the aroma arouse his classmates, but Rufus’s father was completely lured by the smell.

“Son, what are you up to in there?” questioned Paul as he knocked on his son’s door.

“Practicing drums!” Rufus claimed as he scampered around cleaning up the kitchen.

“Rufus, you don’t have to lie to me. Let me in,” asked his father.



Caught red handed, Rufus unlocked and opened the door. The second his father took a step into the room he was overwhelmed by the pure chocolatey happiness of the aroma and was lost for words. Paul had never experienced such heavenly bliss before.

“Dad, are you okay?” Rufus asked concerned.

“Son...how long have you been hiding this from me?” inquired Paul.

Looking at his feet, Rufus replied, “Sorry for lying about practicing.”

“No, that’s not what I’m talking about. I’m talking about being able to bake!”

Paul cried.

“Huh?”

“Rufus, you should have spoken up. This is amazing,” Paul stated. “Do you love to bake?”

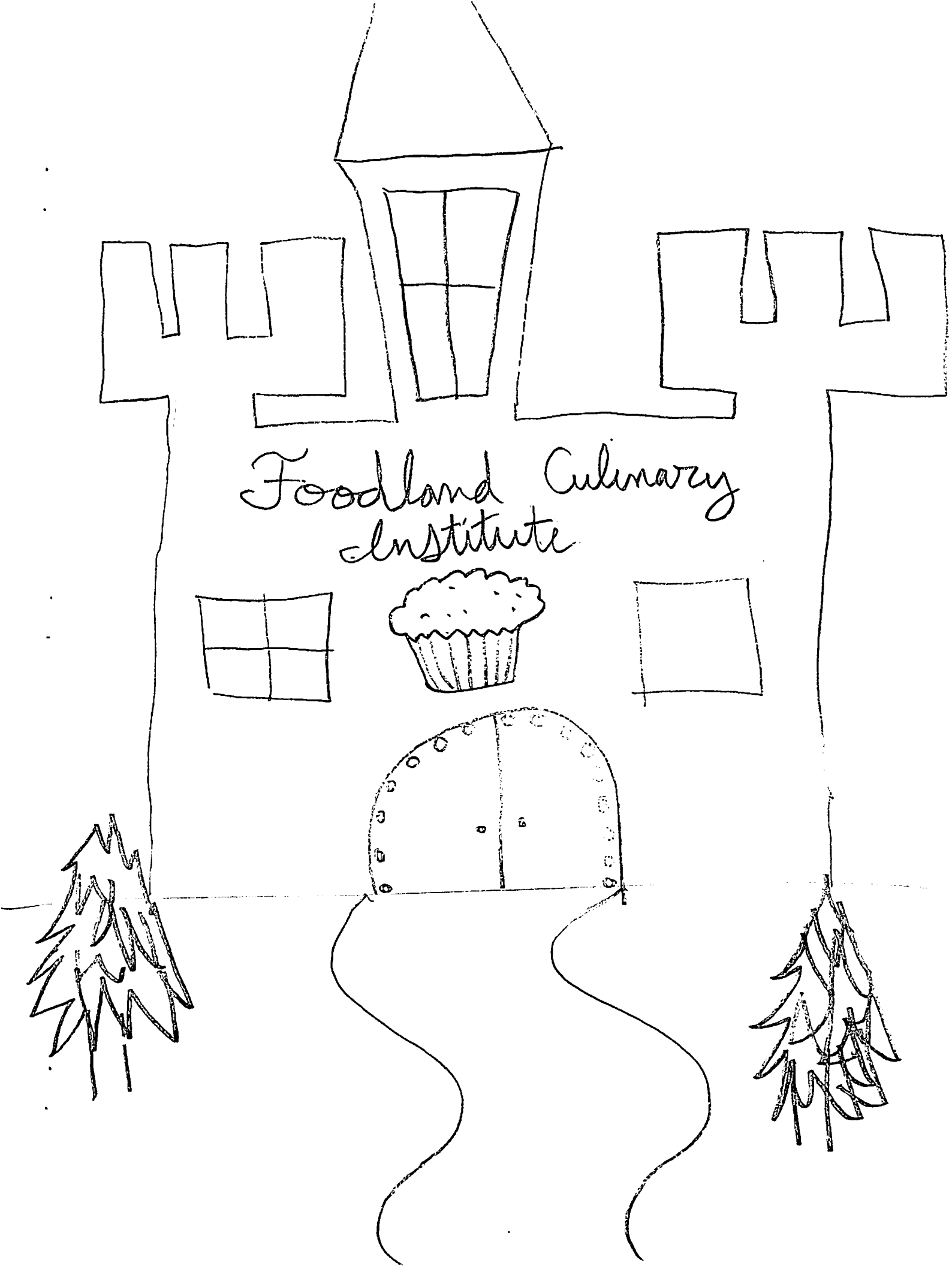
“Yes I do,” Rufus said surprised.

“Then it’s settled! You have to follow your passion!” Paul proclaimed. “I’m sending you to the best cooking school in the land!”

From that day forward, Rufus attended Foodland Culinary School where the best cooks learned to create culinary breakthroughs. There, Rufus couldn’t be happier, after all he was the best cook there. After graduating, Rufus came back to Tunesborough, but this time as a cook instead of musician. With him he brought pastries of all sizes ranging from pecan pie to snicker doodles.

“Hey guys remember me,” called out Rufus in sheer pride. “I made some pastries.”

Still bitterly skeptical since the brownie incident, Freddie the frog, David the duck, Leo the lion, and Sally the squirrel tasted Rufus’s treats. To all of their surprise,



the pastries were the tastiest, most delicious goodies in the world! From then on, they accepted Rufus for the cook he was and agreed that just because Rufus wasn't good at one thing didn't mean he wasn't good at another.

