

Monday, July 4

We just got back from our family picnic. I want to be quick and write this down before I forget what happened.

Grandma was there, and my cousins Diego, Marly, and Jack, and my two aunts and three uncles and my whole family. There were fifteen of us. We put plastic covers on three big picnic tables. Grandma set up the grill. She and Uncle Max like to cook. My dad and Uncle Bill started playing music on their guitars. My mom hung a hammock between two trees and lay down in it to read a book. She said she was not going to move all afternoon: this was her day to relax. All the cousins started a game of soccer. We played for half an hour. Marly had the ball, but she suddenly stopped and began to chuckle. The rest of us were mad at first. Then we saw it: a chicken attack! Three orange and brown chickens had climbed onto the picnic tables and were pecking the hot dog buns. Where had they come from? We were in a state park, a public place—just a regular picnic area with woods nearby.

For a minute, all the humans stared at the chickens. We were so shocked to see them that nobody moved. We must have looked like a silly picture from a comic book. Finally, Uncle Max started waving his arms at the birds. They hopped along the tops of the tables, but they would not get down. Then Grandma shouted that she would cook them if they did not leave. I wonder if they understood her, because they flew down to the ground and ran into the woods. We did not see them again. Luckily, Mom had extra hot dog buns in our van.