

Gr. 2, Theme 5, Story 3
Carousel, Fluency

grumbled

braided

potato

whisked

million

frothy

sparkle

burrowing

Alex didn't want her hair braided or her shiny shoes buckled
or every single little pearly button buttoned on her dress.
And she definitely didn't want her birthday cake
after dinner with just her aunts.
"Where's Daddy?" she grumbled for the eighth time.
"Hold still, Alex," sighed her mother, tugging away.
Off went the sneakers. On went the bows. Off went the jeans.
On came the frills. Dinner lasted forever. Alex pushed peas
from side to side on her plate. She stabbed a potato chunk
with her fork, dragged in through the gravy, and ate it
like an ice-cream cone. "Alex," her mother warned,
and then smiled at the aunts. "Let's open your presents
before we cut the cake."
Before Alex could say, "Let's wait for Daddy," her aunts
had whisked away the dinner dishes, pulled balloons
out of bags, and popped party hats on everyone's heads.

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