I stared at my words until they began to blur into strange black shapes."I may be outgrowing Saturday morning breakfasts. After all, I'll be in high school next fall. I think should reconsider its place in the family routine. Though both my parents are committed to "healthful eating," Dad has a severe weakness for coffee, which he drinks black.I yelled down irritably 15 16 I glared in the direction of the stairs, as if Mom and Dad were standing on the landing with their wheat-germ muffins and scrambled tofu with fig sauce in hand.20 I made a face as he passed me a plate of his infamous, deformed-looking, sawdust tasting wheat-germ muffins.A bushy-tailed squirrel raced across the under my window, momentarily giving me an idea, but as soon as it was gone, so was my idea.I might as well have been performing for my goldfish, though, because Dad didn't look at me. I passed the plate back to him, muffins intact.I stared out my window for inspiration, but our overgrown backyard offered up nothing.Dad was downstairs in the kitchen, preparing his signature breakfast dish: scrambled tofu with fig sauce.Their idea of eating breakfast together on Saturday mornings has always gotten on my nerves, but this summer it was bugging me extra good Sighing again, I dragged my body down the stairs and into the kitchen, getting angrier with each step.A great opening line for a novel, I thought foolishly, grinning like an idiot and feeling oh-so-pleased with myself..I looked at the roof, the fence, the driveway, the old oak tree, the herb garden.the title screamed in bold, gold-stamped letters.A few more minutes passed as I silently groped for inspiration.ices nd Stay calm, I told myself.Nothing.

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