

THE COREY COUSINS

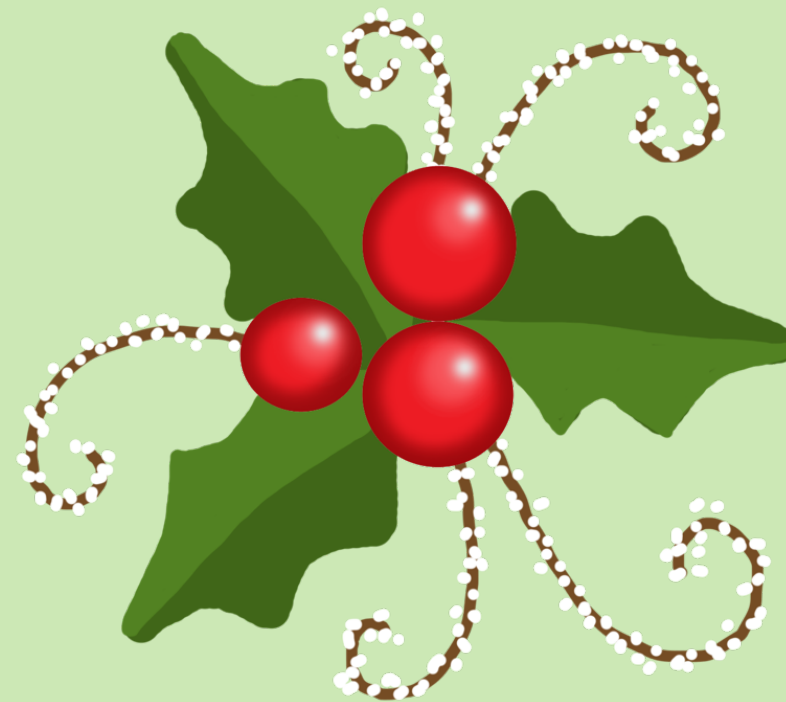
in

The Book That You Cook

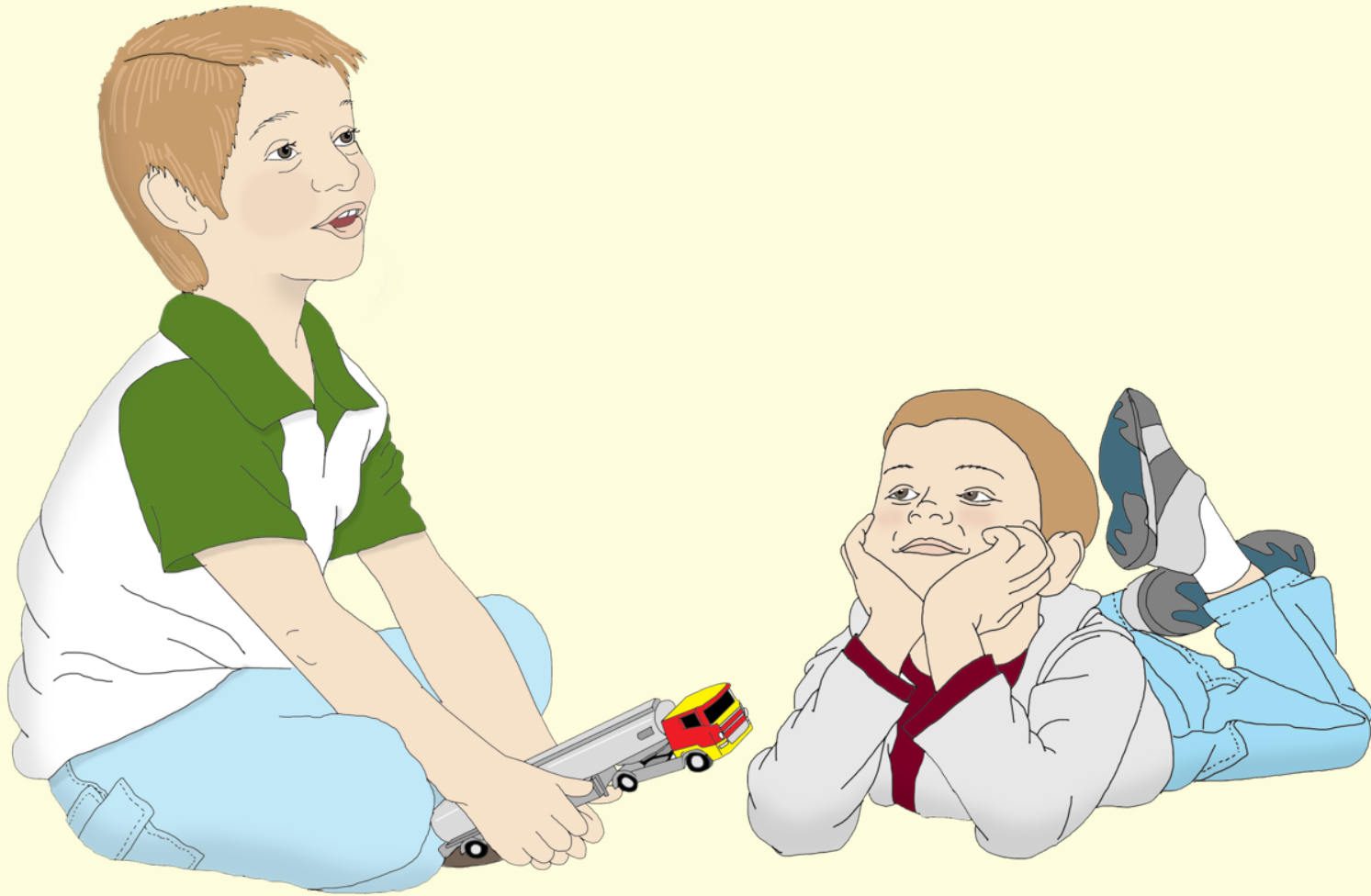


By Russell Corey

Dedicated to Riley and Emma



On a cold December day, the Corey Cousins, Will, Jacob and Josie, found themselves in the warm family room of their Nana and Gram-pa's house. Their parents had dropped the children off so they could go out and do some secret Christmas shopping for toys.



All day the Corey Cousins had been playing with blocks, trucks and a dollhouse, but now they wanted something new to do.

Just then Gram-pa Corey came marching through the family room.

"Gram-pa, come play with us," Will called out.

"I can't play right now. I have to go out and pick up dinner," Gram-pa explained. "But maybe later when I get back we can play." And out the door he went.





Nana Corey was in the kitchen mixing something in a bowl.

"Nana, come play with us," pleaded Josie.

Nana took a break from stirring to answer them, "I can't play right now. I'm in the middle of baking a cake for dessert. You do want dessert, don't you?"

"I do!" Jacob shouted.

Nana went back to mixing the cake batter, telling them, "Why don't you all find a good book to read before dinner."

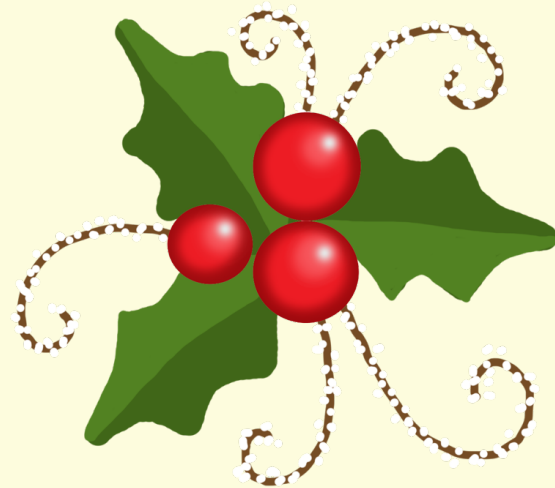




Will led Jacob and Josie over to the bookshelf and they browsed through all the books on the lower shelves they could reach.

"I want a book about adventure," said Will.

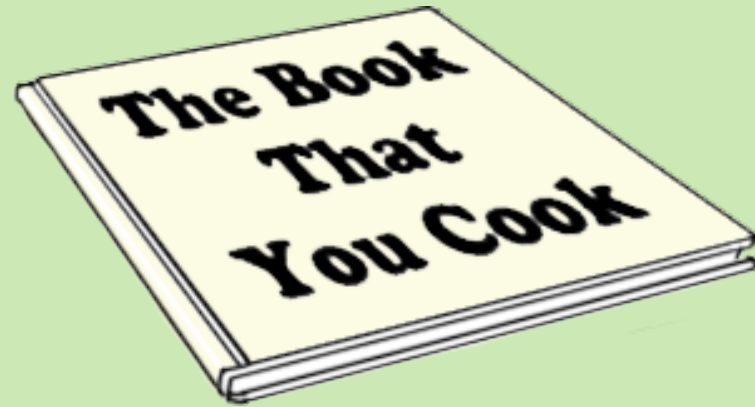
"I want a book about mermaids," requested Josie. "I want that book right there!" Jacob demanded, pointing to a purple and green book sticking out on a higher shelf.





"Yeah, that looks like a good book," agreed Josie.

Will, who was the tallest, got on his tippy toes and was just barely able to reach the book. It slipped off the shelf and fell to the floor, landing with a loud smack.



"What's going on in there?" Nana inquired from the kitchen.

"Nothing. We were just getting a book down off the shelf. We're all okay, Nana," Josie reassured her.

Will picked up the book and read the title, "The Book That You Cook."

"You're reading it wrong," Jacob protested. "You can't cook a book."

"Well, that's what it says," Will replied.

Then Will sounded out each word with his little brother Jacob and his younger cousin Josie.

"THE - BOOK - THAT - YOU - COOK."

"He's right!" Josie exclaimed.

"How do you cook a book?" Jacob wondered.

"Let's see," Will said as he opened the book to the first page and started to read. "Step 1. Rip out this page and fold it into a pan."

Jacob did just as Will had instructed and ripped the page right out of the book.

"Jacob! You're not supposed to rip pages out of books!" Josie scolded.

"But the book told us to," Jacob countered.

"Okay, I guess it did. But just don't rip any other book pages out unless you are allowed to," warned Josie, not wanting Jacob to get in trouble.

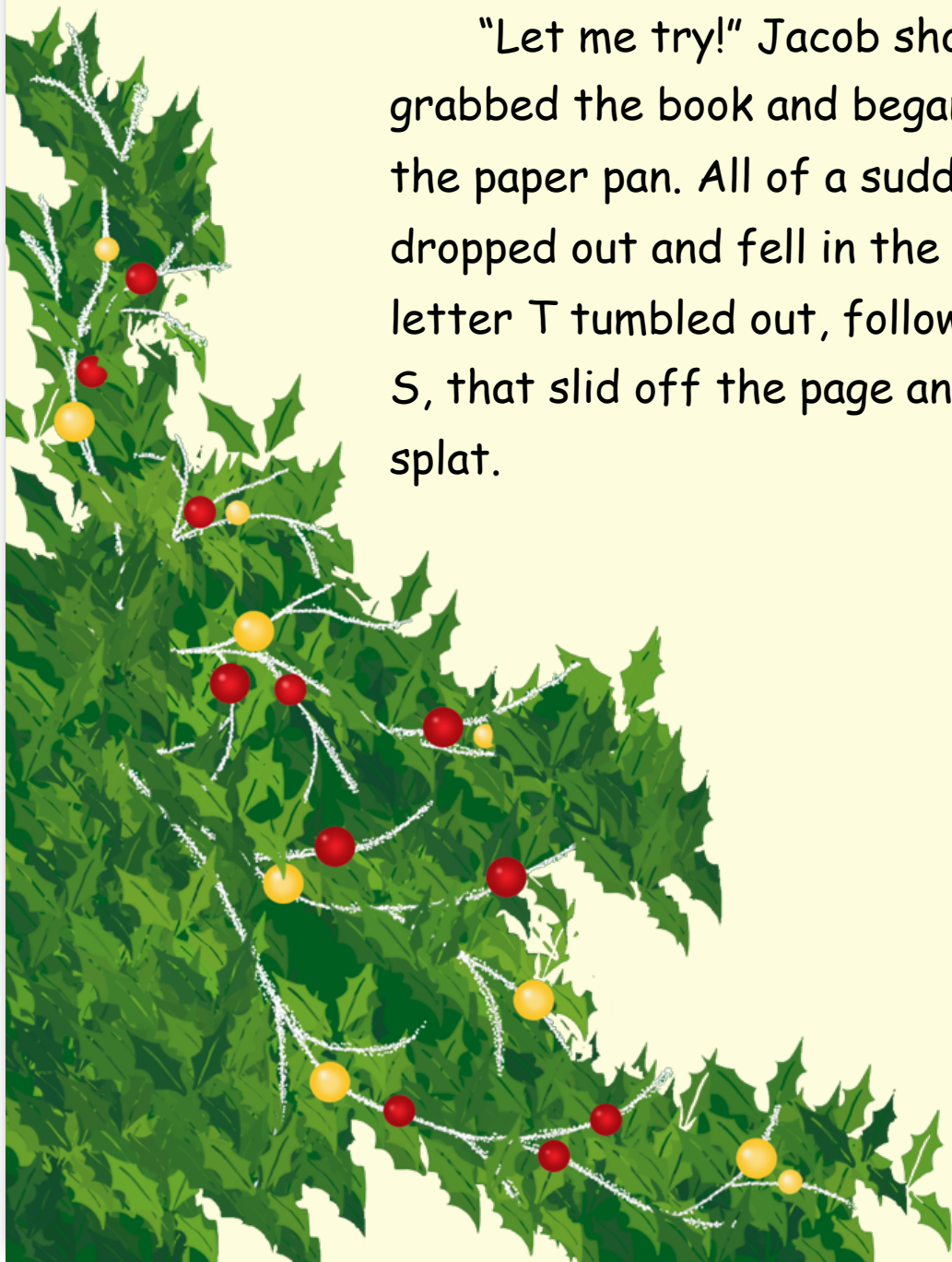
Will took the torn out page from Jacob and folded up the edges until it looked like a baking pan he had seen his mom use.

"What's the next step?" Jacob asked.

Will turned the page and read, "Step 2. Shake out all the letters from the book and catch them in the pan."

"That's ridiculous," Josie giggled. "Whoever heard of such a silly thing?"

"Let me try!" Jacob shouted as he grabbed the book and began to shake it over the paper pan. All of a sudden the letter D dropped out and fell in the pan. Then the letter T tumbled out, followed by the letter S, that slid off the page and landed with a splat.



Jacob's arms were getting tired, so he let Will have a turn shaking the book. The more Will shook it, the more letters came out. P plunged, B bounced, C crashed and J jumped into the pan.

Your turn, Josie," Will said as he handed her the book. Josie shook the book so hard that soon there were no words left on any of the pages. They had all fallen into the paper pan.

"All done! What's next?" Josie asked.

Will searched through the now blank pages, but there was nothing else to read until he got to the back cover.

"Step 4. Break apart the front and back covers and use the pieces to eat the book. Make sure you eat the pan too. It's delicious and makes a wonderful dessert."

"Wait!" Josie gasped. "We missed a step. What about Step 3?"

"Oh, no! The words for Step 3 must have fallen in the pan with the rest of the letters," said Will. "What are we going to do?"

"Maybe we can just skip Step 3," Josie suggested.

"Or maybe we can make up our own Step 3," pondered Will.

"Hey, Guys!" Jacob blurted out.

"Not now, Jacob," Will chided his little brother. "We're trying to figure out what to do about the missing Step 3."

"Why don't you just read it," Jacob quipped pointing to the pan.

"He's right! Look!" Josie shouted.

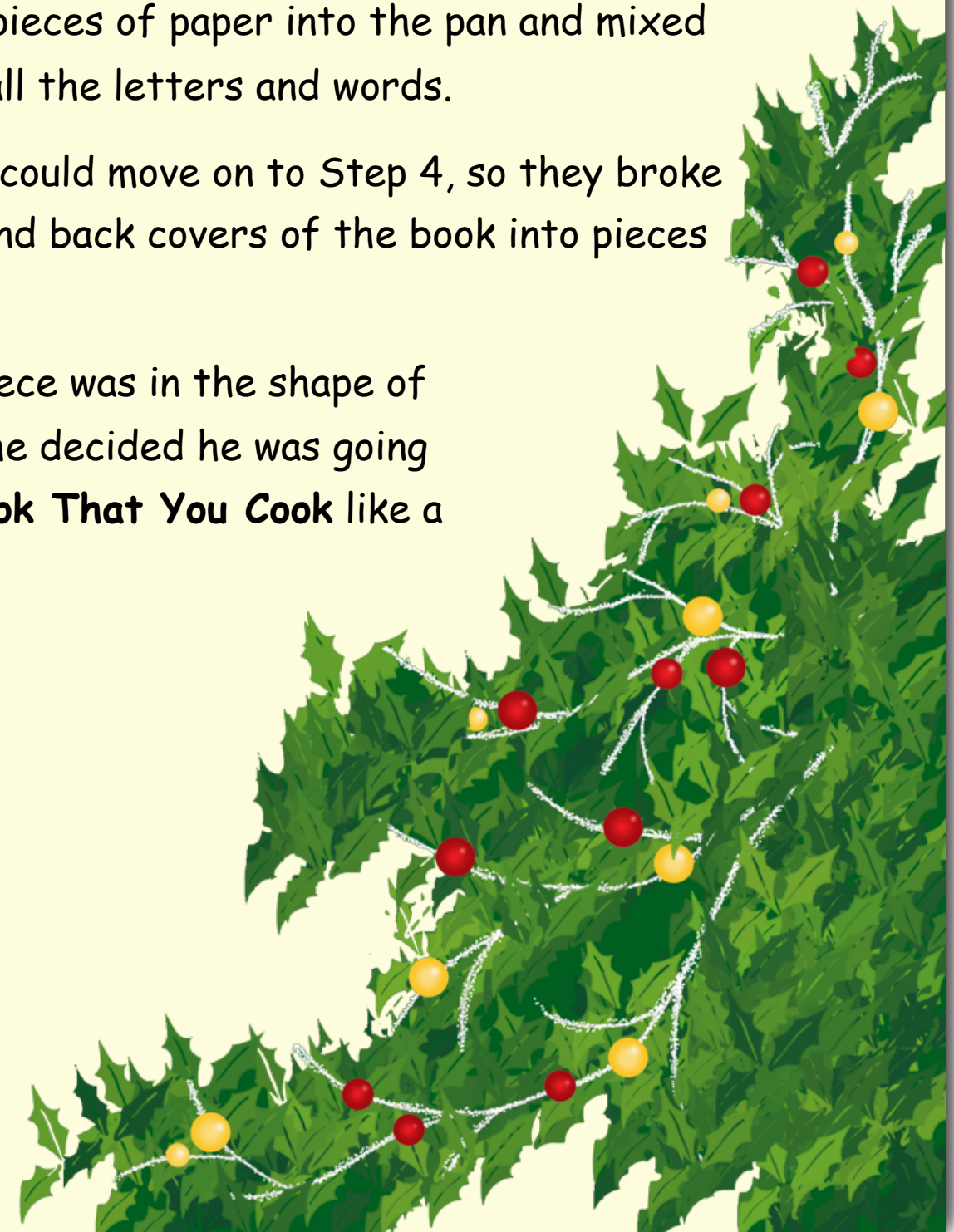
Will looked down and saw the words from Step 3 on the side of the pan, where they had fallen and gotten stuck.

The words were crooked and uneven, but with a little effort Will was still able to read them, "Step 3. Tear up all the blank pages to bits and pieces and mix them in the pan."

The three took turns ripping out all the blank pages and tearing them up into little bits. They then sprinkled the pieces of paper into the pan and mixed them up with all the letters and words.

Now they could move on to Step 4, so they broke up the front and back covers of the book into pieces to eat with.

Jacob's piece was in the shape of a triangle, so he decided he was going to eat **The Book That You Cook** like a piece of pizza.







Josie's pieces were in the shape of two squares, so she was going to eat **The Book That You Cook** like a sandwich.

Will's pieces were shaped like little rectangles, so he was going to dip them into **The Book That You Cook** and eat them like chicken nuggets with dipping sauce.

To get started they poured **The Book That You Cook** from the pan onto Jacob's triangle piece of the cover. Suddenly the letters formed into words on top of Jacob's triangle, like pepperoni, mushrooms, cheese and crust.

Jacob took a bite.

"Yum!" He howled. "It tastes just like pepperoni and mushroom pizza!"

Next Will poured some of **The Book That You Cook** onto Josie's two square pieces of cover. The letters then formed the words ham, cheese, turkey, peanut butter and jelly.

Josie took her first bite.

"Delicious! It tastes just like a peanut butter and jelly sandwich," she raved.

Then Josie took another bite.

"This time it tastes like a ham and cheese sandwich."

Then Josie took her third bite.

"Now it tastes like I'm eating a turkey sandwich. This is the best sandwich ever!"

Will then started to dip his pieces of the cover into the pan. Each time he dipped a piece of cover into **The Book That You Cook** a new word was stuck on the end, barbecue, honey, ketchup, ranch, buffalo, teriyaki and so on.

Will flashed a satisfied smile as he continued to dip and eat, "It's a new sauce every time. I could eat this forever and never have the same bite twice."

But soon after they started their **Book That You Cook** feast, it was over. Jacob took the last bite of pizza, Josie the last swallow of sandwich and Will used his final piece of the cover to scoop up the last bit of dip.

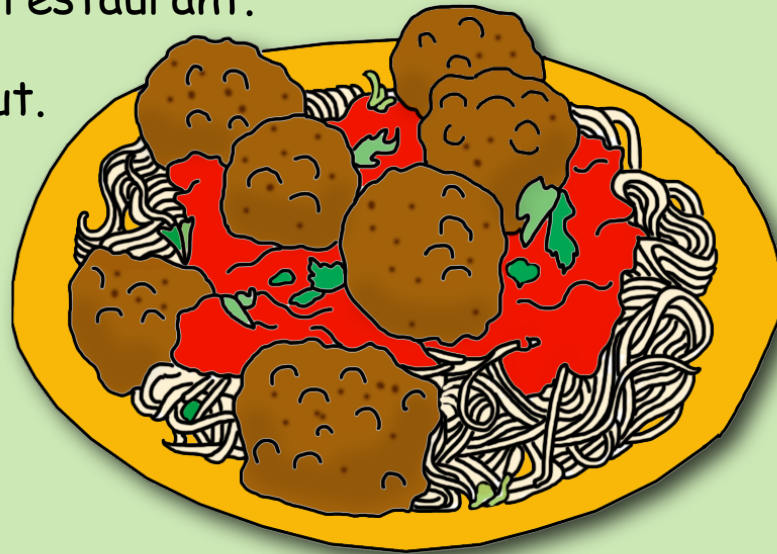
All that remained in the paper pan were the leftover letters that formed the words, "Use Your Imagination".



Will remembered the book said they could eat the pan too, so they dividing it up into three equal parts and shared it. It was sweet and satisfying. The perfect dessert for the perfect meal.

Just then Gram-pa walked in the front door with the spaghetti from San Remo's restaurant.

"I'm back!" He called out.



Then Nana came into the room with her fresh baked cake to announce, "Time to wash up for dinner. And remember, the sooner you get done with your spaghetti, the sooner you can have some cake."

The three Corey Cousins rubbed their full bellies.

"Nana and Gram-pa, we can't eat anything right now," moaned Will.

"Yeah, we're stuffed," groaned Jacob.

"We just ate a whole book, Nana," confessed Josie.

"You did what?" gasped Nana.

"It said it was **The Book That You Cook**, so we did," admitted Will.

"My part of the book tasted like pizza!" Jacob boasted.

"My part of the book was a sandwich that was different with every bite!" claimed Josie.

"And I had chicken nuggets that came with a new sauce every time you dipped them," Will added.

"Hold it now. What book was this?" Gram-pa wanted to know.

"It was the purple and green book that was right there." Will recalled as he pointed to the bookcase.

Nana studied the empty space on the shelf.

"I don't remember any purple and green cookbook right there. Where is this book now?" Nana asked perplexed.

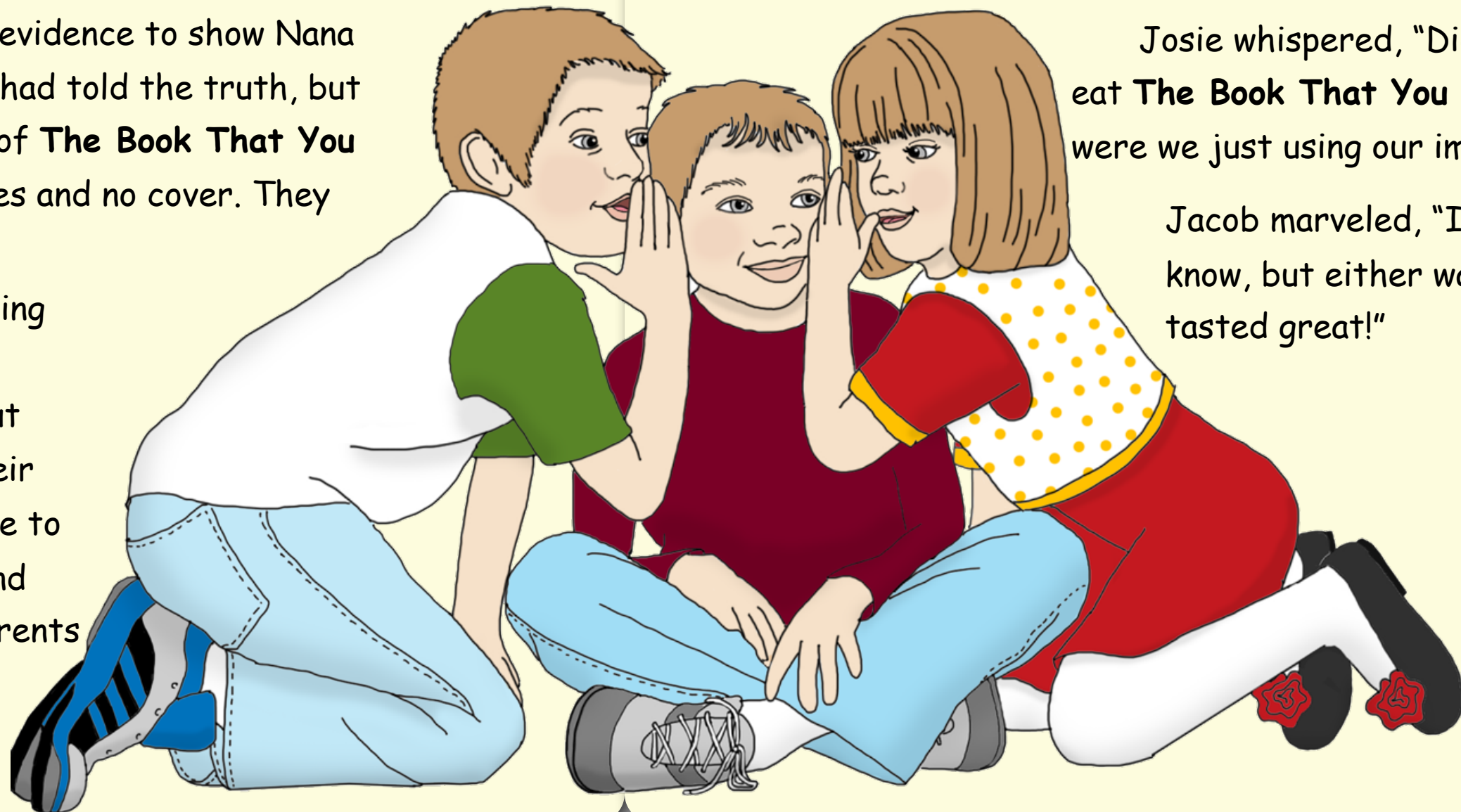
"It's gone, Nana. We ate it," Josie uttered with a shrug.

"I hate to tell you, but you don't eat books," bellowed Gram-pa, who was hungry and ready to eat the spaghetti he had just placed on the table.

"That's right, now come to the table and eat your dinner before it gets cold," directed Nana. The three Corey

Cousins looked for evidence to show Nana and Gram-pa that they had told the truth, but there was nothing left of **The Book That You Cook**. No words, no pages and no cover. They had eaten everything.

"I'm glad you are using your imagination," Nana smiled as she scooped out spaghetti on to all of their plates. "But now it is time to eat real food, not pretend food. Otherwise your parents will be mad at us for not feeding you."



The Corey Cousins didn't want Nana and Gram-pa to get in trouble, so they washed their hands and sat at the table and began to eat their second supper of the night. Thankfully they all loved spaghetti and meatballs and ate it all up.

After dinner their parents showed up to take them home, but before they left, the Corey Cousins gathered one last time, just the three of them.

Josie whispered, "Did we really eat **The Book That You Cook** or were we just using our imaginations?"

Jacob marveled, "I don't know, but either way it tasted great!"

"Do you know what the best part about **The Book That You Cook was?**" Will asked them.

"What?" replied Josie.

Will answered, "The best part was the people I shared it with."

Then they each gave Nana and Gram-pa a big goodbye hug and left to go home, wondering what toys their parents had bought for them that day for Christmas.

They wouldn't find out until Christmas morning, so in the meantime they would just have to use their imaginations.

Which they all now knew could be quite delicious.



## The End

