



Christopher Corn™

MY STORY

Christopher Corn raced down the staircase from his bedroom. He approached his mom and dad who were reading in the living room.

"Mom...Dad...I'm going to the beach with my friends. Okay?" Christopher announced. "I'll be home before the sun goes down.

"Who are you going with?" asked his father.

"Which beach are you going to?" asked his mother. "Who's taking you there?"

"I'm going with my friends. We can walk to Pelican Beach," answered Christopher. "It's not that far."

"Okay. Just be careful and please remember to keep your husk on," said mother corn. "That sun can be dangerous and you blister so easily."

"Yes, I know Mom," Christopher echoed. "You've told me that a hundred times."

"Son, listen to your Mother," said father corn.

"Yes, Dad," said Christopher, eager to get going. "I'll remember."

"Okay honey. Have fun!" said mother corn.

"Yup. Have to go. Bye," said Christopher, dashing out of the house.

"I sure hope Christopher heeds our warning about the sun," said mother corn. "He can be head strong just like your side of the family."

"My side? Thanks dear. The corn doesn't fall far from the stalk," father corn laughed. "Christopher certainly is a kernel off the old cob."

Mother corn smiled.

"We told him what to do for his own safety," said father corn. "That's what parents do."

He returned to reading his book, *The History of Ethanol*, as mother corn stood up.

"I've got to finish the laundry dear," she said. "I'll be right back."

Meanwhile, at the beach, the sun was strong that day even with a constant ocean breeze.

One by one, each corn removed its husk as the day heated up.

Hey, Christopher," asked Clarissa Corn. "How come you're not taking your husk off?"

"He's afraid his Mommy and Daddy will yell at him because he didn't listen to them," teased some of the other corns.

"No. That's not true," said Christopher, feeling pressured. "I'll take it off right now," he said boldly, exposing his kernels to the strong sun.

"Now you're cool like us," said Clarence Corn.

"Last one in is an old cob!" shouted Carlin Corn, racing toward the ocean. A dozen ears of corn followed, diving into the surf. It was quite a site.

For the rest of the day, Christopher and his friends frolicked in the ocean, bobbing, and floating lazily in the warm ocean water.

Then it happened. Christopher's kernels began to blister. He donned his husk trying to block out the powerful sunrays, but it was too late.

On the long, walk home, his friend Chloe, sidled up to him.

"We should have listened to your parents," she whispered. "I hurt all over."

Christopher acknowledged her with a nod and a sigh.

"It was so painful when I put my husk back on," she said.

"I know," said Christopher weakly, grimacing in pain.

His cob had popped kernels everywhere.

Christopher slowly walked into his house, pain written all over his cob.

One look from his parents and he began to cry.



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MY STORY (Continued...)

Christopher slowly walked into his house, pain written all over his cob. One look from his parents and he began to cry.

"I'm not sure what hurts more. My blisters or not listening to you."

Mother corn wiped her sons tears. Carefully she helped Christopher remove his husk.

"It's okay, Christopher. You'll be fine," said his mother.

"Son. Why didn't you listen to us?" asked father corn. "Your mother warned you."

"I did Dad. I kept my husk on. But, the kids kept on making fun of me," explained Christopher. "I felt embarrassed."

"Christopher, there is a lesson to be learned today," said father corn. "Their words are empty."

"What does that mean?" asked Christopher. "How could words be empty?"

"Words are empty when they are foolish or make you feel uncomfortable," advised father corn. "Our words would never do that."

"That's for sure," nodded Christopher.

"Always be true to yourself. Listen to your heart," added mother corn. "Our words are filled with love and experience."

"You're right Mom and Dad," said Christopher. "If I had listened to your warnings and ignored their empty words, I wouldn't be suffering now."

Christopher had learned an important lesson that day about the power of words and listening to his parents.

"Mom...Dad...more than anything I want to hug you," said Christopher.

Then the strangest thing happened. His pain began to ease as the popped kernels began to recede.