

Penelope Pear™

MY STORY

Penelope Pear had a scowl on her face, which was not a good thing as it wrinkled her greenish red skin.

Penelope's mother was cooking her favorite breakfast. Whole wheat pancakes with warm natural maple syrup.

"Mom," she said, seated at the breakfast table.

"Yes, Penelope," answered her mother, busily flipping the remaining pancakes on the griddle.

"I don't understand something," said Penelope, squirming in her chair.

"What don't you understand?" asked her mother, placing the batch of pancakes on Penelope's plate that sat on the pear wood table.

"Well..." she said, hesitating a tad. Penelope picked up her fork and knife and began to cut the steaming, hot whole wheat pancakes. "We are pears. Right?"

"Yes, we are pears," answered her mother, who began eating her own batch of pancakes. Their distinct smell permeated the room.

"Penelope, would you please pass the maple syrup?" her mother said.

"Well," repeated Penelope. "Yesterday, when I went out to the playground something weird happened."

"What was that?" asked her mother, putting her fork down and taking a sip of milk.

"I met someone new," said Penelope. "He looked so different."

"Why is that weird?" asked her mother, taking another mouthful of her steaming pancakes.

"Because he said he was a pear and he was brown," said Penelope. "He said his name was Preston Pear."

"I see," answered mother pear.

"Mom. How could he be a pear when he wasn't the same color as us?"

"Aha! That's your dilemma. I understand now," said mother pear. "Did you say anything to Preston?"

"Yes, I did," answered Penelope. "I asked him how could he be a pear when he wasn't greenish red like us."

"What did he say?" asked her mother.

"He insisted that he was brown and that he was a Bosc pear," replied Penelope. "He told me he came from Europe. He asked me my name and where did I come from."

"What did you tell him, Penelope?"

"I said my name is Penelope and I am a Bartlett Pear. I came from Europe too."

Penelope's mother chuckled.

"What's so funny, Mom?" asked Penelope.

"Nothing. I was just thinking about your conversation," said Penelope's mother.

"What happened then?"

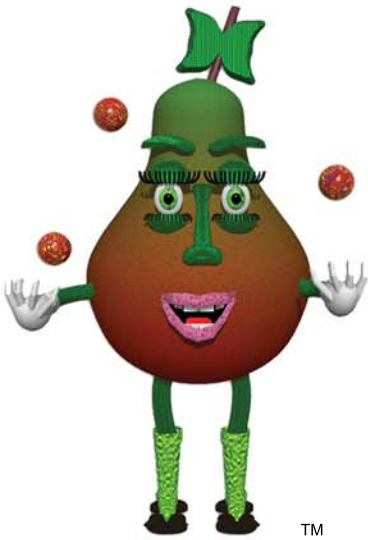
"Then another weird thing happened! Another boy, a stranger, approached us," she said.

"Preston introduced him as Pierre Pear," said Penelope. "And he was red and he also came from Europe. He said he was an Anjou Pear."

Penelope's mother put down her glass of milk and said, "Penelope, I have to teach you something. It's very important."

Penelope looked at her mother quizzically.

"When I was your age, I had the same questions," clarified her mother. "I too met new friends that said they were pears but they didn't look like me either."



MY STORY (Continued...)

“What did you do?” asked Penelope.

“Luckily, Grandma Pear was visiting us that weekend and I asked her all about pears. She knows all the answers.”

Penelope put her fork down and listened.

“Grandma said that in the beginning, pears lived in every land.”

“About four centuries ago, the great King Pluto Pear decided to unite pears from all over the world. He decreed that all the pears travel to a secret land. This took many months.

They came from faraway places. There were the European pears from Comice, Bosc, Anjou, Bartlett, Seckel, and Forelle. There were numerous pears from Asia.

Finally, all the pears arrived and begin to mingle.

They learned that pears were not only different colors, like red, brown, green, or yellow, but also different sizes and shapes. Some changed colors. Some were spotted. Some spoke different languages.

But, the most important thing that they learned was no matter what appeared to be their outside differences, inside their hearts, minds, and bodies were all the same.

King Pluto Pear declared two things. He ruled that we are all pears. All pears, no matter where they came from or what they looked like must always respect each other and their differences. He also decreed that pears should travel and visit other lands.”

“That is incredible, Mom,” said Penelope. “Being brown or red or yellow is okay.”

“Absolutely,” agreed mother pear.

“So, Pierre and Preston...we’re all the same,” said Penelope.

With that, Penelope climbed off her chair and dashed toward the door.

“Where are you going?” asked mother pear.

“I want to tell Pierre and Preston the good news!”

Mother pear smiled. Penelope had learned an important lesson of life.