Peach sat at her desk with pencil in her mouth vigorously writing. As I approached her, I placed my hand on her head. "Peach, what are ya up to?"

Now, Peach was never one for talking, only biting. Turning her body, she just grinned and gestured towards her paper with the pencil. It began:

"Dear members of Congress,

My name is Peach the Jellybean. I have an urgent matter to discuss..."

I continued reading Peach's words until the end. As my mouth dropped, she continued to smile as if to say, "Pretty neat huh?" I looked back to Peach and started shaking my head.

"How many drafts is this one?" I asked.

Peach shrugged her nose, claiming she didn't know what I was talking about, but I knew better.

"Peach, you and I both know how much you LOVE paper. You like to eat it when you don't have anyone else to eat, it gets rid of your hunger. Thus, this can't be your first draft. How many times have you written this letter to Congress?"

Peach frowned and with her pencil wrote the number 5 on her paper. Spitting out the pencil, she grabbed the paper in her mouth and ate it up as quickly as possible. After a burb and a moment or two later, she sighed. Yes, she had done it again, ate that which she had worked so hard on.

I watched as she picked the pencil up in her mouth again, and started on another piece of paper. So determined that gal, I thought. Oh well, she'll figure it out some day I'm sure. Besides, I don't think Congress is ready to learn about talking Jellybeans who want to run for president.