Juliann Lathung

“I’m hungry.”

Little Emmaline waited for her mother, who was busy gathering papers into a briefcase, to heed her desire for breakfast. Unfortunately, her mother did not notice the petite figure of her daughter waddling behind her. Her mother’s cellphone rang, and she immediately began to yap away with the caller.

Disappointed, Little Emmaline went into the kitchen and gazed around for something to eat. When she spotted the pack of Oreos sitting on the counter, she scurried over to the counter and reached up for the cookies. They were just shy of her little fingers. Grr, she thought. She wanted those cookies. She tried to reach for them again. Still no good. Frustrated, she sat down on the floor, crossed her arms and huffed.

Suddenly, the cookies slid off the counter and fell to the floor with a light thud.

“Cookies!” Little Emmaline gasped. She started to munch away. “I wish I had some milk…” She looked at the refrigerator and the door opened. A few things fell out as the milk carton pushed its away out and floated over to Little Emmaline, who stared in awe as the cap unscrewed itself. The milk carton remained in the air for her to grab, which she did. Soon, she was close to finishing the milk and cookies all by herself.

A few minutes later, she was close to finishing the rest of the vanilla flavored ice cream. Then, the potato chips in the pantry. One by one the snacks were consumed. It didn’t matter that they were placed in the back of the refrigerator or on the highest shelf in the cupboard. Little Emmaline knew that she could get to them as long as she wanted them enough.

She would never be hungry again.