

THE BETSY MCCALL

Can you even imagine getting a kitchen of your very own? A REAL KITCHEN, I mean? Well, that's what happened to me on my birthday! It was a present from Mommy and Daddy, built while all of us were away on our

vacation in Europe. They had planned the whole thing, and when we got back home, there it was, in our big kitchen where the old breakfast bar used to be. It has pots, and pans, and thick pot holders made like faces, and bowls, and a pinafore, and EVERYTHING! All with silly little messages. On the pot holders: "Something to get your hands into." On the pinafore: "Hope to see you in the middle of this."

And in a big box with a zillion blank recipe cards a recipe: *Betsy's Delicious Mud Pies*, with a snapshot of me, all muddy, at age three or something. Have you ever heard of anything so sly and funny and wonderful in all your LIFE? Of course, right away, I began thinking of all the REAL recipes I knew and could make in my beautiful kitchen—things I tasted on my trips in France and Denmark, and at Grandma's house, and at my friends' houses, too. And before I knew it, I had enough to fill a little book.

