

# French Toast for Everyone



By Pollyanna Mattos Vecchio  
(Based on a true story)

This story took place in Brazil.

Rebeca held her sister's hand. They jumped off the couch and thumped onto the carpet. The two girls giggled.

"Higher!" Melissa said.

"Girls, don't jump in the house. We don't want to bother Miss Daisy so early in the day," Mom called from the kitchen.

Rebeca and Melissa frowned and sat down. They had just moved into a new apartment. Miss Daisy was the neighbor who lived below them.

"Have you ever seen Miss Daisy?" Melissa asked Rebeca.

"No. But I'm scared of her. I heard she hates kids," Rebeca said.

Miss Daisy's eyes opened wide. "But what about our French-toast tradition?"

Christmas Eve was in just a few days. Rebeca and Melissa's favorite family tradition was making French toast as a treat for all their neighbors. This year would be special because it would be their first time making it in their new home.

"Maybe we should skip Miss Daisy's door," Rebeca said.

On Christmas Eve, the girls woke up excited to make French toast.

Rebeca helped Dad whip the eggs, milk, sugar, and cinnamon. Melissa dunked the bread into the egg mixture. Then they cooked the

bread. Soon, their whole apartment smelled like cinnamon.

Finally, they put the French toast in bags and wrote their neighbors' names on each one.

Rebeca closed the last bag. "Ready!" she said.

Dad counted the bags and checked all the names. "I don't see one for Miss Daisy," he said.

Rebeca and Melissa looked at each other.

"We didn't want to give one to her," Rebeca said. "She hates kids."

Dad frowned. "Our tradition is to share with *all* the neighbors. Don't you think we should make one for Miss Daisy?"

Rebeca and Melissa knew Dad was right. They filled one more

bag and wrote "Miss Daisy" on it.

They took the bags to each neighbor. At last, they came to Miss Daisy's door.

What if she didn't like the treat? What if she yelled at them?

The girls took a deep breath. Then they knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" Miss Daisy asked. She opened the door and looked down at them. She had short white hair. She didn't look too scary.

For a moment, Rebeca and Melissa didn't know what to say.

"We're your upstairs neighbors," Rebeca said.

Miss Daisy held out the bag. "We brought French toast for you. Merry Christmas!"

"Oh, thank you! I love French

toast." Miss Daisy took the bag. "So you're my new neighbors? I wanted to meet you, but I thought maybe you didn't like old people like me."

Rebeca and Melissa looked at each other with wide eyes. "We thought you didn't like kids!" Rebeca said.

Miss Daisy laughed. "I love children! Come in. I'll show you pictures of my grandkids."

They all went into Miss Daisy's apartment. There were flowers everywhere and lots of family pictures.

"Have a seat. I just made some passion-fruit juice," said Miss Daisy. She poured the juice into cups.

"I think it will be perfect with this tasty French toast."

The girls and their parents took the cups of juice. It was delicious!

They learned the names of Miss Daisy's grandkids. They even listened to Christmas music with her.

Rebeca and Melissa had been wrong about Miss Daisy. She was nice. And funny too!

Christmas French toast was a great tradition. This year, it had helped them make a new friend. ●



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SHAWNNA J. C. TENNEY

Just a little Christmas service helped them  
make a new friend.