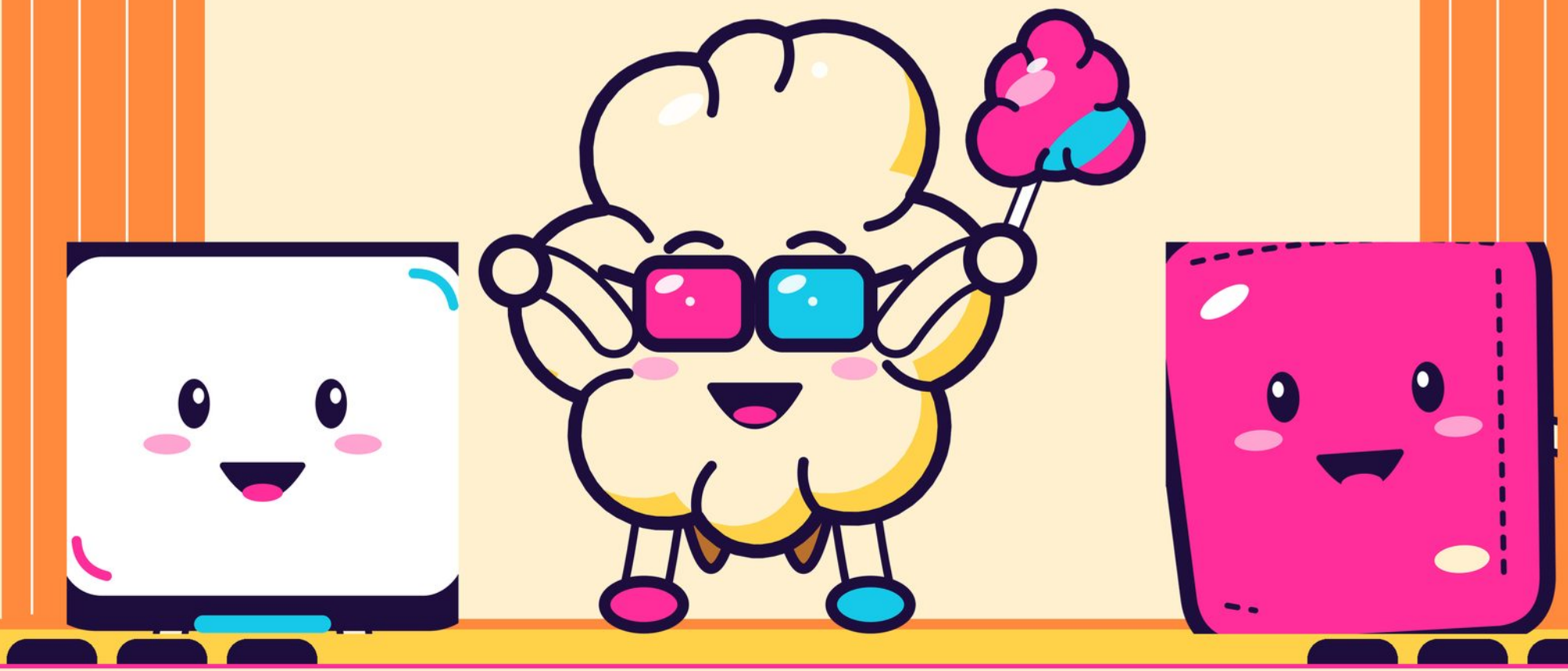
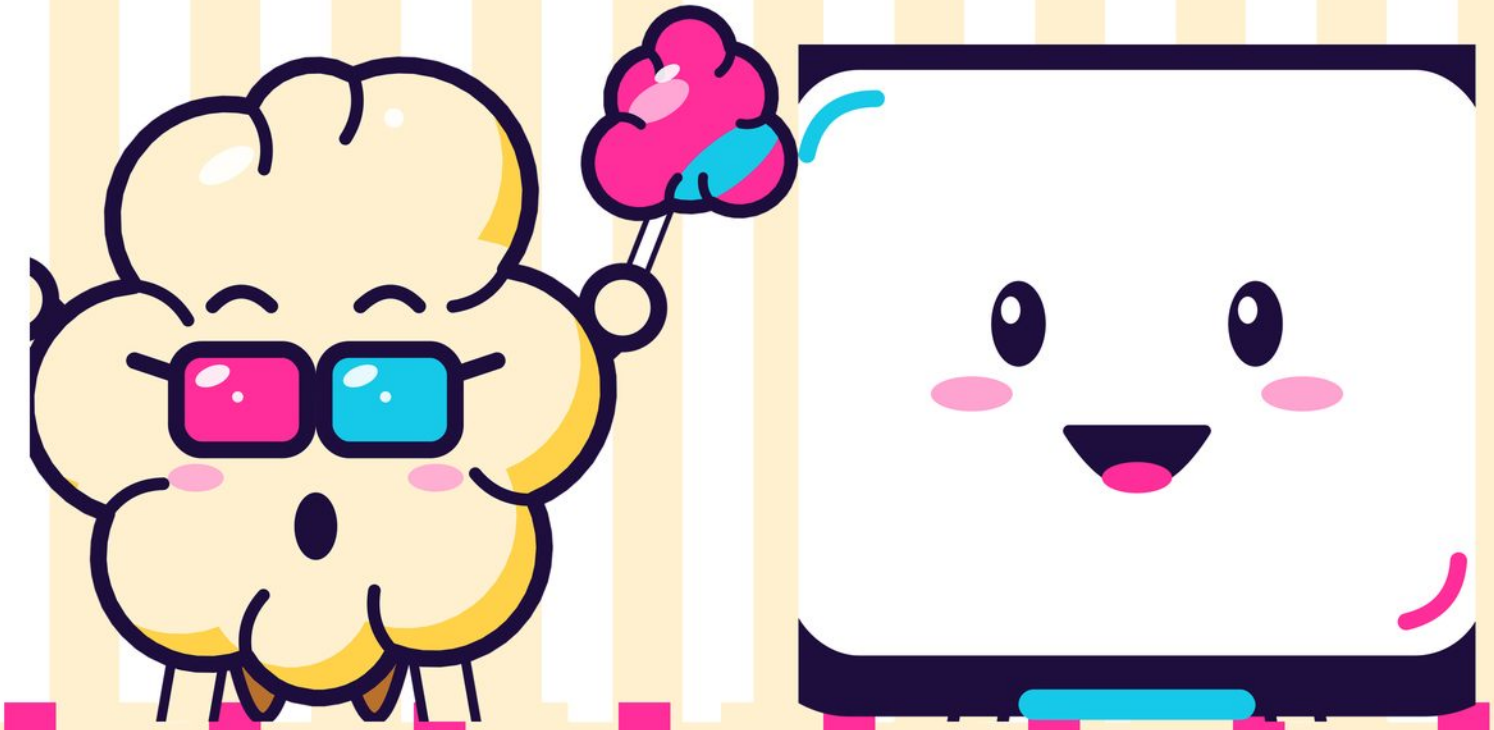
Kernel's Playhouse

The Good Choices Club · VA01

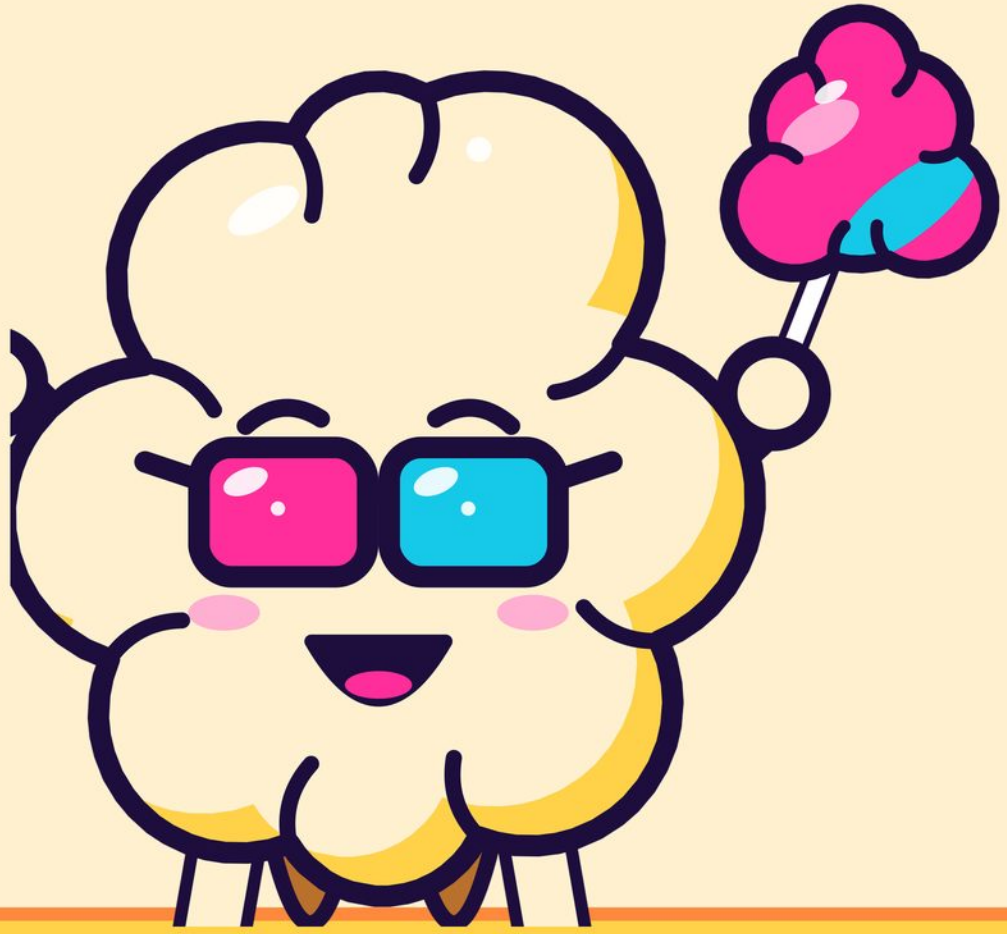
The Ticket That Wasn't Mine



Morning sunshine spilled across the soft red carpet of Kernel's magical movie theater. The velvet seats were still empty, and Marquee, the magical movie screen, was humming a sleepy little tune. Kernel was sweeping up yesterday's popcorn crumbs when he spotted something shiny under a seat. He bent down for a closer look. It was a gold paper ticket!



Today was Ticket Game day at the Playhouse. Whoever held a gold ticket could choose the very first story of the morning. “The first story!” said Kernel, holding the ticket up to the light. “I could choose the one with the floating islands and the singing waterfalls!” His cotton candy gave a happy little swirl, the way it always did when Kernel felt excited.



Then Kernel turned the ticket over. Someone had drawn a small blue square on the back, neat and careful, with a tiny dot in the middle. Kernel looked at that square for a long, long moment. He had seen a blue square just like it before. He was almost sure he knew whose it was.

