



The Big Game Weekly Shoutout



Hey there friends. I hope you had a great week. This past Sunday was the big football game, and lots of people watched it. If you watched it, I hope you had fun.

My family and I went to a party at my aunt and uncle's house. My parents weren't sure if we should go because sometimes when I'm around a lot of people the noise bothers me. My aunt said it would be okay because I could go into the bedroom if I needed a break. We all thought that was a good idea, so we went.

At first it was fun. There were a bunch of snacks, and everyone was talking and laughing. They also had this big piece of paper with a big square full of boxes drawn on it. To play the game, we had to put our names in the boxes. It was a party game to win a prize. A football game has four quarters in it and at the end of each quarter, there would be a winner.

The prizes were nice. One was a giant can of flavored popcorn, and the can had pictures of footballs on it. There was also a bag of football shaped chocolate candy. Another prize was two tee-shirts with football pictures on them, one for kids and one for grownups. And the prize for the person with score at the end of the game was the best. It was a gift certificate to the ice cream shop in town. Yummy. I thought all the prizes were great, but I didn't exactly know how that game worked.

There were twenty of us at the party, so we each got to put our name in five boxes. I spread my boxes out. When all the boxes had names in them, my uncle and grandpa put numbers along the top and the side of the big square. They just finished getting all the numbers on there and the game started.

Everyone took turns looking at the paper with names and numbers and then went to watch the game. After they checked the paper, they would yell out what their numbers were so everyone else would know. I stayed behind to look at the party game paper. It didn't look right. The numbers weren't in the right order. The top had 4, 7, 2, 9, 1, 5, 0, 3, 8, 6. On the side they were 5, 2, 4, 1, 8, 7, 0, 3, 6, 9. Well, I don't have to tell you, that was just wrong.

I knew my uncle and grandpa know how to count and would've never done that on purpose, so I decided to help. While everyone else was busy watching the game, I got a pencil from the drawer and erased the numbers. Lucky for me they used pencil, so it was an easy fix. Once I got everything erased, I rewrote the numbers in the right order. 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 across the top and down the side. Now it was perfect, and I just knew they would thank me for making it right.

When the first quarter ended, and everyone started to move around, some went to get a drink or snack, and my uncle went to the game paper to see who won the popcorn. Yay, I was ready for him to say thank you, but a thank you never came. He started to scream and yell that the game was ruined. They wanted those numbers in mixed up order. Then he looked at me and pointed and told everyone that I wrecked the game.

My legs felt shaky, and my face got hot. I turned and ran to my mom. I pushed my face against her as hard as I could. I didn't want to see anyone, and I didn't want them to see me. My dad picked up the game paper and said he could fix it. He showed them that if you looked really close you could still see the first set of numbers.

My uncle let him fix it, but everyone was still mad. After my dad got it all fixed up, my parents decided it would be better for us to finish watching the big game at home.

When we were leaving, my uncle told my dad that if he didn't start punishing me, I would get worse. He said I was a bad kid and bad kids need to learn. My dad tried to explain to him that I wasn't being bad, it was just my persnickety ways, but my uncle didn't want to hear it.

On the way home I told my parents the numbers being out of order was just wrong, so I fixed it. They tried to help me understand that some things I think are wrong aren't wrong to other people. They said that I shouldn't try to help unless I ask if it's okay first. I guess I can understand that, but I still didn't get why anyone would want the numbers in that mixed up order.

So friends, do you ever get yourself into trouble when you try to help out? Has anyone ever done something for you that they thought was helpful, but you didn't? How can you be sure what you're doing is right?

Sometimes seeing things differently than the rest of the world isn't easy, but that doesn't mean I'm bad. What it does mean is that I have to slow down and ask before I do things. Then I can think about how other people will feel if I do what I'm planning on doing. Wouldn't we all be better off if we learned to take a minute and think about how other people will feel before we act? Afterall, we really don't want to do things that will upset other people, do we?

Until next time,

Your pal, Persnickety Pearson 