

# THE GOOD GOOP

## Positivity

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*In tonight's story, Olivia learns she can find good in everything, even things she complains about.*

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**Not long ago**, there was a girl named Olivia who hated going to garage sales – especially on City-Wide Garage Sale Day. Her mother would print a spread-sheet to organize their day, and after hours in the van, they would have a growing pile of clothes, furniture, and other stuff her mother never knew she needed until she saw it.

“Olivia, please stop complaining,” her mother would say after the thirteenth stop – and the fourteenth – and the fifteenth.

“But I’m bored. And these old skis keep poking me. And...”

“Those are all bad things. If you keep looking for bad things, you’ll keep getting grumpier. Instead, find some good things about garage sales and say them out loud.”

Olivia thought while looking out the window. “Uh...I can’t think of any.”

“Don’t be silly. You can find good things about almost anything.”

“Anything?”

“Anything,” she said, glancing at her in the rear-view mirror.

“What about throwing up?”

“It’s getting the sickness out of your body,” she replied. “And it makes you more grateful for the days you aren’t sick.”

Olivia shrugged. She didn’t like to admit it, but her mom was right. But she still couldn’t think of anything good about garage sales.

“I got one,” her mother said. “You get to spend time with your favorite mother.”

Olivia laughed. “Ok. *One* good thing. But there are like fifty bad things.”

“And you may find something new that you like that you wouldn’t have found at any old store.”

And sure enough, that’s what happened – at stop sixteen.

“Mom, can I get this? It’s only a dollar.”

“Sure, honey. What is it?”

“I don’t know. But it’s cool.”

The thing looked like a hula-hoop, but it had buttons and lights and a stand that held it up. Olivia thought she could use it as a target for softball-pitching practice.

The seller pointed at the hoop from his folding chair. “I found that in the basement when we moved in. Don’t know what it’s for. Haven’t been able to get the lights to work.”

That night, Olivia used the hoop for target practice, pitching softball after softball through the ring. But when one ball hit the top of the hoop in just the

right place, a bright light flashed, forcing Olivia to shield her eyes. When she opened her eyes again, the hoop had a glowing green sheet of light in its middle that hummed like a distant lawnmower. *WHIRRR...*

“Whoa!” she said, stepping closer. “Cool!”

She must have gotten too close, because as soon as she reached out to touch the green light, she was – *THUP!* – sucked inside!

In an instant, she was on another planet. She knew it was another planet because she saw two suns in the sky. There was purple grass and black trees the size of buildings. And there were giants stomping around!

*THUMP THUMP THUMP!*

Olivia’s bones seemed to rattle in her body. *Giants*, she thought, in awe and fear. *Worse. Giant aliens!*

Olivia gazed up at one of them. It had four legs and resembled an octopus more than a man. It also had teeth. Lots of them! Then, to her horror, one of the giants spotted her and turned toward her, saliva raining from its mouth like a waterfall.

What else could a girl her age do but run?

So, she ran and ran, her heart beating fast and sweat running down her eyes. When she wiped the sweat from her brow, she tripped and fell head-long into a pile of something squishy and gross.

“Eww! What is this?”

She looked at the strange substance. It stunk worse than her baby brother's dirty diapers. Actually – they smelled a lot alike.

Suddenly, she realized how bad she had it. She was stuck on an alien planet being hunted by giant aliens, and she was covered in alien goop. This was awful. Much worse than garage sales! “How is there good in *this*, Mom?” she wanted to ask her. This time she would have her stumped!

*THUMP THUMP THUMP!*

Looking up with goop falling from her face, she gaped at the giant looking down at her. One of its slimy tentacles reached for her. Olivia closed her eyes, waiting for the tentacle to wrap around her body.

“UGGGH!” the alien screamed, making a disgusted face. “EWW!”

And just like that, the alien passed her up as a snack, leaving her be.

Stunned, Olivia shrugged. For a while she stayed there, thankful for the goop's protection. It was true. There was good even in alien goop. If there was good to be found here, it was probably found anywhere. She would just have to look harder for it.

So, with that thought, she walked back to the portal and – *THUP!* – found herself back in her bedroom, still covered in alien goop. She couldn't wait to tell her mother how she'd found good in an alien's goop, but it'd have to wait – until after a shower.

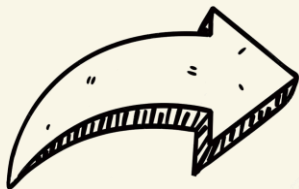
**THE END**

## FUN QUESTION

Pick something that you LOVE and complain about it to your parent in your best whiny voice. (Ex: Ice cream gives me brain freezes!)

## SERIOUS DISCUSSION

What is something you complain about the most?  
Come up with three good things about it.



*Tomorrow's story has a tough choice and a fire drill!*