I Will Never NOT EVER Eat a Tomato

lauren child
I have this little sister, Lola,
   She is small and very funny.
Sometimes I have to keep an eye on her.
Sometimes Mom and Dad ask me to give Lola her dinner.
   This is difficult because she is a very fussy eater.
Lola won't eat carrots, of course. 
She says carrots are for rabbits. 

I say, "What about peas?"
Lola says, “Peas are too small and too green.”

One day I played a good trick on her.
Lola was sitting at the table, waiting for her dinner. And she said, “I do not eat peas or carrots or potatoes or mushrooms or spaghetti or eggs or sausages.”
I do not eat cauliflower or cabbage or baked beans or bananas or oranges.

And I am not fond of apples or rice or cheese or fish sticks.

And I absolutely will never not eat a tomato.” (My sister hates tomatoes.)
And I said, "That is lucky because we are not having any of those things. We are not going to eat any peas or carrots or potatoes or mushrooms or spaghetti or eggs or sausages. There will be no cauliflower or cabbage or baked beans or bananas or oranges."
We don't have any apples or rice or cheese or fishsticks and certainly no tomatoes.
Lola looked at the table.

"Then why are those carrots there, Charlie?
I don't even eat carrots.
And I said, "Oh, you think these are carrots.
These are not carrots.
These are orange twiglets from Jupiter."

"They look just like carrots to me," said Lola.
"But how can they be carrots?" I said.
"Carrots don't grow on Jupiter."

"That's true," said Lola.
"Well, I might just try one
if they're all the way from Jupiter.
Mmm, not bad," she said, and took another bite.
Then Lola saw some peas.

"I don't eat peas," said Lola.

I said,

"These are not peas. Of course they are not. These are green drops from Greenland. They are made out of green and fall from the sky."

"But I don't eat green things," Lola said.
"Oh goody,"
I said.
"I'll have
your share.
Green drops
are so
incredibly
tasty."
"Well, maybe
I'll nibble
just one
or two.
Oh," said
Lola, "quite
tasty."
Next Lola saw the potato.
"I will not eat potato
so don't even try,
not even mashed."
“Oh, this isn’t mashed potato.
People often think that but no,
this is cloud fluff from the pointiest peak of Mount Fuji.”

Oh,” said Lola, “in that case a large helping for me.
I love to eat cloud.”
“Charlie,” she said, “those look like fish sticks to me, and I would never eat a fish stick.”
"I know that. These are not fish sticks. These are ocean nibbles from the supermarket under the sea — mermaids eat them all the time."
"Oh, I went to that supermarket one time with Mom. Yes, I know the ones. I think I’ve had them before. "Lola said, gobbling. "Are there any more?"
And then she said,

“Charlie, will you pass me one of those?”
And I said,

“What, one of those?”
And Lola said,
“Yes, Charlie,
one of those.”
And I couldn’t believe my eyes
because guess what she was pointing at —
the tomatoes.
And I said,

“Are you sure?
Really?
One
of these?”
And she said.

"Yes, of course, mosquitoes are my favorite."
"You didn’t think they were tomatoes, did you, Charlie?"