

Slumber Party

This story was written the day before a stressful event--the school "lock in" activity, in which all of the students can spend the night together in the school gym. Katrina had lots of ambivalence about attending the event, concerned about the noise and change in routine. After writing this story about a fictional slumber party, she was able to attend the event successfully.

Hi ho, Kermit the Frog here, sometimes when there's someone calling, I answer the telephone. Telephones are very important because when you hear a ring, you'll pick it up and find out who's calling. Sometimes when I answer the telephone, I get a call from one of my friends from Sesame Street. Sometimes they say something about homework, or helping around Hooper's Store, or even about Sesame Street News Flash. When the call is for my best friend Katrina, it is always her best friend Abby Cadabby. Katrina loves Abby Cadabby, she always has some big ideas. Like a stuffed animal tea party, dressing up in people's old clothes, or organizing a Mother Goose Club in Mother Goose's nursery school. But today, Abby Cadabby called with her biggest idea yet.

"A slumber party, tonight at your house? Sure, I'd like to come." answered Katrina talking on the phone.

"Just be sure to bring your heart wand, we need it for our magic show." Abby answered, and hung up on the phone.

"I don't know about that Katrina, you never slept away from home before have you?" I asked curiously.

"Oh but I have Kermit, at my Aunt Rose's house back in Edmunds District, one time for a whole week." protested Katrina.

"But your Aunt Rose lives in the United States. And the United States is faraway from Sesame Street." I explained.

"Nonsense, Abby Cadabby's house is not faraway from your apartment. Oh please, Kermit, I'm taking my heart wand and we're going to do a magic show." Katrina asked again.

"All right Katrina, you can go, but sleeping over at a friend's house is a kind of privilege. And something that goes with privilege is responsibility. Do you know what I'm talking about?" I asked.

Yes, privilege means something regarded as a special honor. And responsibility means being accountable or to blame for something." Katrina replied.

"That's right, now I'll help you pack your stuff, and remember what I told you." I replied as I got Katrina's luggage ready. We packed Katrina's bedroll, her toothbrush and toothpaste, her Minnie Mouse pajamas, and don't forget, her sparkly heart wand. As Katrina set off on the street, I reminded her about privilege and responsibility.

"I'll remember Kermit." Katrina promised heading straight for Abby Cadabby's house. Another thing about telephones is that they send messages very quickly. Soon, girls from all over Sesame Street heard about the slumber party and wanted to come too.

Abby answered: "Sure you can come, just bring some popcorn and some juice in case we want a snack. Okay, see you at the slumber party." she hung up. That night, I called Abby's parents Mr. and Mrs. Cadabby to make sure if a slumber party is okay. There's just one problem, Mr. and Mrs. Cadabby weren't home. When Katrina arrived at Abby's house, Mr. and Mrs. Cadabby left Abby in the care of a teenage babysitter. The slumber party had started and all the girls were unloading their stuff. Soon it was time for Abby's magic show. Katrina remembered her privilege, so she asked if she's allowed to do the magic as a volunteer. Abby agreed, and Katrina helped her. First, she and Abby used their wands to change things into pumpkins.

Katrina tried her heart wand: "Stumpkin frumpkin diddly dumpkin, change everything into a pumpkin!" just then, the magic was going crazy all over the place. The sofa turned into a pumpkin, the lamp was turned into a pumpkin, all the furniture was turned into pumpkins.

"At least our magic show is over, let's have a snack." Abby suggested and all the girls had popcorn and juice. Suddenly, Julia threw some popcorn on the ground and spilled her juice cup. Katrina was responsible for cleaning up the juice spills and the popcorn kernels. After a snack, Zoe taught the girls how to twirl and pirouette. Then, Julia taught them how to play boing tag. Then, Rosita showed the girls how to dance a Mexican salsa. Things were getting out of control at the slumber party. All that pirouetting, bouncing, tagging, and salsa dancing were getting crowded. The only thing that wasn't happening at a slumber party is slumber, sleep. Abby's babysitter couldn't hear herself over the noise. She tried to keep things under control but the party was still going. Neighbors from Sesame Street didn't know about the commotion either, they called the police. The chief Mr. Rogers came to investigate. He reached Abby's house the same time Mr. and Mrs. Cadabby were returning home. Soon everything calmed down after all that agitation. The party was canceled, parents were called, Abby was sent to bed. And I came to pick up Katrina and take her home to unpack her stuff.

Instead of getting angry and yelling at home, I calmly said: "So Katrina, how was the slumber party, was it fun?"

"Some of it was fun Kermit, but then, the party got canceled because I made such a magical mess. I tried to keep my promise to all the girls, but I couldn't. I'm really sorry Kermit, I didn't realize that privilege and responsibility is meant at a slumber party. I didn't mean any harm." Katrina said sadly as we went upstairs. As I unpacked her

luggage, Katrina took a warm shower in our bathroom. Then she brushed her teeth and put on her Minnie Mouse pajamas.

"Kermit, are you mad at me because I didn't behave properly?" asked Katrina sadly.

"No Katrina, I'm not mad at you, I'm only concerned that what you did was wrong. Maybe it was one those situations where one thing led to another and things got out of control. You know Katrina, not only girls have privilege and responsibility, but also frogs. Frogs participate socially and share common experiences with others. I'll bet I share my feelings with you about my participation. Frogs are responsible to take as a share in an enterprise. That means I achieve my goals in doing what's right for myself and for you too." I said as I tucked Katrina into bed.

"If only there's a way I can make it up to Abby and the girls about my privilege and responsibility, but how?" Katrina yawned and fell fast asleep. I went to bed wondering the same question too. The next morning, Abby invited her friends to help cleanup her house after last night. I came to Abby's to help cleanup the mess too.

"I know what, everyone's doing such a good job, we should make this a cleaning up party." Abby suggested full of ideas as ever.

Katrina nodded: "Probably not Abby, if you don't mind, I rather not hear the word party again for along time."

"That's my girl." I was very proud of my best friend. And that's how Katrina learned about privilege and responsibility. She also learned how good it felt to speak up and admit for her mistakes even when staying over at her friends for something special.