

Alexander hated oatmeal. He really, really, really hated oatmeal. He hated it so much that he refused to eat it.

His mother thought oatmeal was very, very, very good for a child, and she made it every morning for Alexander. Every morning there was a battle. Alex whined, pouted and cried. He tried to feed oatmeal to his cat and his baby sister when his mother wasn't looking.

Once he even slipped oatmeal into his shoes and walked with squishy feet to the bathroom, where he flushed it down the toilet. He didn't notice that oatmeal had squished out over the tops of his shoes and left little drops all the way from the kitchen to the bathroom.

His mother was soon on the lookout for oatmeal tricks, and watched him like a hawk. Alexander gave up, so every morning he sighed, held his nose and choked it down. He felt full then, but he also felt sick.

His mother felt happy.