



## No Bad Apples

Grandma Potter went out to her backyard to pick some apples for her grandson Michael. Michael was coming over to spend the afternoon with her and she knew how much Michael liked apples. She planted the apple tree the day Michael was born and even called it Michael's Magic Tree. It had been awhile since she went out to pick apples and she was excited to share some with Michael today. As she walked closer to the tree she noticed that there were apples all over the ground and soon she saw that there were no longer any apples still on the tree. They had all fallen. "The birds must have done this." Grandma Potter picked up an apple up from the ground. It was brown and bruised. What a shame she thought. She was sad that she didn't have any good apples to give Michael and she slowly headed back to the house.

All morning Grandma Potter couldn't stop thinking about all the brown and bruised apples in her backyard. "I wish there was something I could do. It is such a waste to have all those apples just sitting there." She decided to call an expert. She decided to call Abraham Apple. If anyone could find a cure for brown and bruised apples, it was Abe. Abe Apple quickly made his way to Grandma Potter's house. She showed him the dozen of apples on the ground by Michael's apple tree and explained that now she only had bad apples for her grandson.

Abe shook his head, "There is no such thing as a bad apple Grandma Potter. Let's gather up all the apples and take them inside." Abe Apple and Grandma Potter put the apples in a big basket and brought them inside. "Now what are we going to do?" asked Grandma Potter. "We are going to make applesauce. It is easy, fun and your grandson will love it!" Grandma Potter smiled. Abe continued, "First we need to cut up all the apples. Then we need to cook them, mash them into a sauce, and finally add a little cinnamon and sugar. Apple sauce is a great and healthy snack too and will give you a boost of nutrients." Grandma Potter was excited. They began making the applesauce and soon Grandma Potter's house smelled like apples.

Michael arrived just as Grandma Potter was filling a warm bowl of her apple sauce. "Wow, what smells so good grandma?" Grandma Potter put the bowl down on the table for Michael and watched while he ate. He couldn't get enough and after three bowls, he finally spoke, "Grandma this is the best applesauce I ever had." Grandma Potter responded, "That's because there is no such thing as bad apples especially when they come from Michael's Magic Tree."

