PIPER'S CURLING ADVENTURES

Piper and the Silver Mitten Rematch

BOOK TWELVE



Mary Deuhs

An illustrated chapter book

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AI-generated draft and illustrations

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CHAPTER 1

Next Saturday Is Ours

“Keep going!” Wren called.

Piper brushed beside Nora’s red. Maisie was on its other side, her brush making a busy swishing sound.

The stone had slowed. It still had a little way to go.

“Up!”

They lifted their brushes and watched it enter the house. It stopped in the front rings, a little left of where Wren had wanted it.

Nora joined them when the lane was clear.

“I thought it might stop outside.”

“It thought about it,” Maisie said.

Piper straightened. She could feel the sweeping in her arms. Back at the portable hack, Jo was getting ready for Piper’s turn.

The hack was a little farther from the house than their old game start. They had used this place at several practices now. There had been plenty of ordinary sessions since Piper first tried tapping a stone gently farther in.

Some stones reached the right place. Some went wide. Piper’s next one went wide.

She watched it cross the side line, waited for Jo to help her up, and covered her sliding foot before taking the clear side route to Wren.

“Your turn,” she said.

Wren showed her the patch she wanted. Piper checked the broom, then took the house while Wren

returned to the hack. Maisie and Nora got ready to sweep.

This red came in with a steadier pace. Piper called the brushes on briefly, then up. It finished in the rings, beyond Nora's.

"Like that?" Piper asked when Wren came back.

"A bit closer in. But I like that one."

Granite waited until everything was still before joining them.

"Right. Off for a drink while we clear."

Piper looked back along the lane. Next Saturday, yellow stones would be coming this way too.

The Silver Mittens were visiting.

Jo, Ben and Granite had watched all four girls practicing from this start. The Silver Mittens' coach had checked her own four players at the same arrangement. Each could deliver with a balanced effort and move safely through the different jobs. The adults had compared notes, spoken with the families, and booked time for a four-end friendly with a proper break halfway through.

Their familiar shorter setup would still be there for other suitable sessions. For this match, all eight would use the common start they had been practicing.

Piper wanted to see what Juno would do with it.

More than that, she wanted to beat her.

In the warm room, Maisie opened her water bottle.

"Friday first," she said.

Piper knew what she meant. Their families were coming to Piper's house to make pizzas.

"I'm making a fish."

"Out of pizza?" Wren asked.

"Out of the dough."

Nora considered this.

"It might grow in the oven."

"Good," Piper said. "A bigger fish."

CHAPTER 2

A Fish With Other Ideas

On Friday, Piper's fish became a slipper.

She had only looked away for a moment.

When she looked back, the tail had pulled into the body, and the body had become long and round at one end.

"That's a foot," Maisie said.

"It's a fish."

"A fish wearing a foot."

Piper gently stretched the tail out again.

All four girls had washed their hands before coming to the table. Ben had set each of them a piece of dough on a cool tray lined with baking paper. There were small bowls of toppings between them, with spoons for the sauce.

At the counter, Dad cut a pepper. Another parent put the pieces into a bowl and brought it over.

"The oven end is for the grown-ups," Dad said. "Give us a shout when your trays are ready."

Piper pressed the middle of her dough with her fingers. She liked the little dents. When she made one near the edge, the fish acquired a chin.

"Now it's looking at you," Nora said.

Piper turned the tray so everyone could see.

"It's waiting for dinner."

"So am I," Maisie said.

Maisie's dough had one wide end, one narrow end, and a small bump halfway along. She turned it once. Then she turned it back.

"It's a boot."

Wren leaned over without touching.

"The bump is in the wrong place."

"A dancing boot," Maisie decided. "It's bending."

She pressed the bump larger.

"There. Bertie."

"Bertie the boot?" Piper asked.

"Bertie has places to go."

Nora had made a round pizza. She spread her sauce with the back of a spoon, leaving a plain rim. Then she began placing small pieces of pepper in a spiral.

Piper watched the spiral grow from the middle toward the edge.

"Are you going all the way round again?"

"If I've got enough."

Piper pushed the bowl nearer. Nora found three small pieces and completed another curve.

Wren's pizza had four corners. She pressed one flatter, then checked the corner opposite it.

"Why a square?" Maisie asked.

"It's a rectangle."

"Why a rectangle?"

"I want a corner piece."

"You could have four," Nora said.

Wren looked pleased.

Piper gave her fish a spoonful of sauce. Spreading it was harder than pressing the dough. Every time she

reached the tail, the spoon wanted to carry some of the tail with it.

She stopped and held the baking paper still with her other hand.

Dad came to look.

“How’s the fish?”

“It keeps changing its mind.”

He bent nearer.

“I can see the tail.”

“It used to have more tail.”

“Would you like me to hold the paper?”

Piper nodded. With the paper steady, she managed to spread a little sauce into both tail ends. Dad let go, and neither end followed him.

Piper added cheese. She chose a piece of pepper for an eye, then moved it because the fish seemed to be looking behind itself.

Across the table, Maisie arranged three little mushroom pieces along Bertie’s narrow end.

“Buttons.”

“On a boot?” Nora asked.

“Fancy boot.”

One of the parents came by carrying a stack of plates. Maisie explained Bertie. The parent looked at the tray from the other end.

“I thought it was a duck.”

Maisie turned the tray again.

For a moment nobody spoke.

“Oh,” Maisie said. “It is a duck.”

Piper laughed so hard that she had to put her spoon down.

“Bertie the dancing duck?”

“Still Bertie. He’s allowed to change jobs.”

Wren had put cheese right into each of her corners. Nora was filling the spaces between the pepper pieces, being careful not to hide her spiral.

Piper added one last piece beside the fish’s eye. It looked like an eyebrow.

Now the fish seemed doubtful about everything.

“Ready?” Dad asked.

The girls checked their trays. Nora moved one pepper piece. Wren pressed down a loose bit of cheese. Maisie said goodbye to Bertie.

Then Ben and the other adults carried the trays to the oven.

Piper had dough on three fingertips. She went with her friends to the sink and washed until her hands were clean again.

When she returned, her place at the table was empty.

“I hope it stays a fish.”

Maisie looked toward the kitchen.

“Bertie’s already been two things. He might come back as a cupboard.”

CHAPTER 3

The Tail End of Supper



The pizzas smelled ready long before Dad said they were ready.

Piper came to the kitchen doorway.

“Not yet,” he said.

“I wasn’t going to ask.”

“What were you going to do?”

“Smell them.”

“You can do that from there.”

She did.

At the table, Nora was sorting forks beside the plates. Wren moved a chair so one of the adults would have

room to sit. Maisie carried napkins one at a time, giving each a very important arrival.

"This one is for you. This one is for you. This one is also for you."

Piper looked at the three napkins in front of her.

"Why have I got so many?"

"You have a fish."

"That doesn't explain it."

"No," Maisie agreed, and moved two of them to the next places.

The adults' pizzas were still waiting their turn. One had far more mushrooms than Piper would have chosen. Another had a little island without any mushrooms at all.

"Who's that bit for?" she asked.

"Me," Dad said.

Piper looked at him.

"You made your own space?"

"I got there early."

Nora's parent pulled up a chair while the oven did its work. Nora described her pepper spiral with one finger above the table.

"Will it still show?"

"We'll see when it comes out."

"What if the cheese goes over it?" Maisie asked.

"Then I'll find it while I eat."

Wren was looking at Piper's empty plate.

"Your fish needs a name."

"I haven't seen it finished."

"It might be shy," Maisie said. "It might come out wearing a hat."

“A cheese hat,” Nora said.

Piper imagined lifting a tiny hat to find the pepper eyebrow underneath. She began laughing again.

Dad opened the oven. The girls stayed at the table while he brought the hot trays out and set them safely on the counter.

“Stay there while these cool a bit.”

Piper stretched her neck.

She could see her fish.

It had grown wider. The tail was now broad and blunt, and the head had a bulge on one side. The pepper eye was still there. So was the doubtful eyebrow.

“It looks like it swallowed something,” she said.

“Your slipper,” Wren suggested.

The adults cut the pizzas and moved pieces onto plates when they were cool enough to eat. Dad brought Piper hers with the head beside a piece of tail.

“Captain Flap,” Piper announced.

Wren examined the broad tail.

“It hasn’t got much to flap.”

“It used to.”

“That was before supper.”

Maisie leaned over her own plate. Bertie had become much rounder in the oven, and one mushroom button had slipped sideways.

“Bertie’s sitting down.”

“Is he still a duck?” Nora asked.

“He’s considering it.”

Nora could still see most of her spiral. She started at the outside and ate a piece with three peppers on it.

Wren selected a corner, turned it to find the easiest first bite, and sat back.

For a little while, everyone was eating.

Piper liked the crisp edge of the tail. The soft part nearer the middle bent when she picked it up. She folded it just enough to hold the topping on.

Dad sat beside her with his own plate. Two parents were talking about a wheel on somebody's suitcase that kept making a squeak. Maisie wanted to know whether it squeaked on every turn or only some turns.

"Every turn."

"Then you could hear it coming."

"We certainly could."

Piper imagined a whole row of suitcases arriving with different squeaks. She gave hers a tiny high one. Maisie answered with a low groan.

Nora nearly dropped a pepper.

"Mine needs oil," Wren said, and took another bite.

When the first plates were emptier, Ben checked the plan for the morning with the other parents. Bags ready, usual warm-up, lunch at the club after the match.

“There should be pizza left for lunch,” he said.

Piper looked at the broad tail piece she hadn’t eaten.

“Captain Flap is coming.”

While the families stayed at the table, the adults divided the leftovers into shallow lidded boxes and put them in the fridge promptly. Tomorrow they would travel in an insulated bag with ice packs.

Piper helped collect the cool plates. Maisie asked if Bertie’s box could be beside the Captain’s.

“For the journey.”

“Bertie’s a boot again?” Wren asked.

“No. He’s a passenger.”

CHAPTER 4

Yellow Handles



Juno came into the club carrying her curling bag and a water bottle with a long loop on its lid.

Piper waved.

“Is that new?”

“The bottle? No. The loop is.”

Juno held it up.

“I can carry it with my gloves on.”

“Unless you’re already carrying everything else,” said one of her teammates.

Juno looked at the bag on her shoulder and laughed.

The Silver Mittens had their own space for their things. Piper took her bag to the Too-Cold Club's place. Behind her, Dad put the insulated lunch bag where it would stay closed and cool.

There would be time for Captain Flap later.

After the warm-up, they checked their helmet straps and clean grippers. With the lane stopped, Jo and Ben positioned and checked the portable hack. The house and its painted lines were just where they had always been.

Jo pointed out two marks on the sideboards, level with each other.

"For our adapted start today, release before the front of your stone reaches the imaginary line between these marks. That's our local cue."

Both teams knew the arrangement from practice. The adults checked that everyone understood the waiting places and clear side routes too.

"Four ends," the visiting coach reminded them. "Two stones each in every end we play. A tie stays a tie. We'll take our break after two."

The coaches had left plenty of time in the booking for that break and for the one-house resets between ends.

Wren and Juno confirmed their teams' order. Maisie would lead for the Too-Cold Club, Nora would deliver second, Piper third, and Wren fourth. Wren was skip, with Piper taking the house for her. Juno would deliver fourth for the Silver Mittens.

The Too-Cold Club won the toss. Wren chose the hammer, the last stone of the first end.

The Silver Mittens chose yellow handles.

Piper put her gloves on properly and took her brush. Juno was already looking toward the house with her lead.

There was something she wanted to put there.

Piper wanted to find out what it was.

CHAPTER 5

One Red at the End

The first yellow stopped on the right side of the house.

Maisie put her first red on the left. Her second came much nearer the middle.

Piper and Nora had swept it together. Now Piper could stand at the clear side and see that it was closer than either yellow.

Maisie gave a small nod at her stone.

“That’ll do.”

The Silver Mittens didn’t leave the house alone. Their second player drew another yellow into the left-front rings. Wren called Nora to take it out.

Nora’s red made a solid clack. Yellow went out toward the back-left, and red stayed.

The next yellow took that red out in turn.

Piper watched the same place become red, then yellow again.

Nora’s second draw went to the other side. By the time Piper reached the hack, Maisie’s nearer stone was still their best one. Wren wanted something closer.

She showed Piper a clear way toward the middle, to the right of Maisie’s red.

Piper looked along it. She liked the space there.

Jo watched her delivery. Piper let go before the local release cue, and the stone went away smoothly.

Maisie and Nora followed it.

“Just a little,” Wren called.

Their brushes worked. At Wren's next call, they finished their strokes to the sides and lifted clear.

The red slowed near the button.

Nearer than Maisie's. Nearer than every yellow.

Piper smiled before she had even stood up.

"That's mine."

Jo helped her up, and she covered her sliding foot. From the safe side, Piper watched the Silver Mittens' third player come to the hack.

That player was looking at Piper's red.

The yellow arrived with more pace. The sweepers stepped clear before contact. There was another clack, and Piper's good stone went out. Yellow stayed in its place.

"Oh," Piper said.

For her second, Wren asked her to hit it back. Piper tried, but this red missed on the left and traveled through an open space to the back line.

The yellow stayed.

When she came to Wren, Piper pointed toward it.

"Still that one."

"I can try beside it."

Piper took the house. Wren checked the target with her, then went back to deliver while Maisie and Nora waited to sweep.

Juno's first yellow had stayed farther out on the right. Wren's first red did better, settling behind the middle, though still outside the nearest yellow.

Then Juno took Wren's red out too.

Piper could see two yellow stones inside every red. One belonged to Juno. The other was the one that had replaced her own good draw.

Wren came for the last red of the end.

“There’s room here,” Piper said, showing the clear patch just left of the button.

Wren looked from the patch to the approach.

“Yes. There.”

Granite checked their line. Piper set the broom, and Wren returned to the hack.

This red needed a little help.

“Sweep!” Piper called.

Maisie and Nora bent to their brushes.

Piper watched the stone come toward the patch. It was slowing, but it was still coming.

“Up!”

The brushes cleared. The red settled just in front of the middle, closer than both yellows.

Piper’s mouth opened into a grin.

Wren was smiling at the other end too.

After it stopped, Piper and the Silver Mittens’ vice compared the stones.

“One red.”

“Agreed.”

One to nothing for the Too-Cold Club.

Piper tapped gloves with Wren before the adults cleared and reset the lane.

“I liked that last bit.”

“So did I,” Wren said.

CHAPTER 6

Yellow Has an Answer

In the second end, yellow had the hammer.

They used their other stones well too.

Nora put a red close to the middle. The Silver Mittens' second player drew a yellow on the left, then used her next turn to take Nora's nearer red out.

Piper came to look with Wren. There was yellow where Nora's stone had been.

"I can see it all," Piper said.

Wren nodded. "Let's hit it."

This time Piper's red went along the line she wanted. Maisie and Nora stepped clear before the two stones met.

Clack.

The yellow went out. The red stayed close to the middle.

Piper made a pleased little noise.

She liked the sound, and she liked the red that remained afterward even more.

On her way to the waiting place, she saw Juno talking with the next Silver Mittens player. Juno pointed at the red.

Piper knew what was coming.

The yellow struck it cleanly and stayed. Her red went out.

For a moment, Piper felt extremely annoyed with that yellow.

She had liked her red there.

“Piper,” Wren said. “Come and look at this side.”

Piper went. Wren had found room for a draw, and it was Piper’s turn again.

Her second red reached the house and stopped beyond the middle. It was outside the closest yellow, but inside the yellow on the left.

The Silver Mittens’ third player took that one out as well. The two stones separated after the hit and both went out, leaving the earlier yellows in place.

Piper let her breath out through her nose.

“They’re hitting things today.”

“They are,” Nora said.

At the house, Wren looked at the two yellow stones.

“And drawing. That left one’s still there.”

It belonged to the Silver Mittens’ second player. Piper remembered it arriving while she was waiting for Nora’s next turn.

Now Piper took the house for Wren.

Wren’s first red ran farther back than they wanted. Then Juno added another yellow toward the front-right of the middle.

Three yellow stones were closer than the nearest red.

Wren still had one stone.

She and Piper looked at the space through the middle-left. Granite checked it with them.

“I want to come in there,” Wren said.

Piper held the broom while Wren returned to the hack. Maisie and Nora followed the red down, sweeping early. Piper called them up before the middle, and the stone carried on without their brushes.

It went a little farther than they had hoped. But it stopped closer than Juno's last yellow.

"Two now," Piper said quietly.

Juno had one more delivery to try to make it three again.

Piper watched from the side. The yellow came through the space on the left of the middle. It kept going. Nobody touched it, and it crossed the back line.

Only two yellow counted: the second player's draw and the third player's hit that had replaced Piper's red.

Piper and the other vice agreed.

Two to one for the Silver Mittens at halfway.

On the dry side, Piper took off her helmet, drank, and sat down with her friends. Her legs were glad about the chair.

Nora put her bottle beside Maisie's.

"The one I sent near the middle got there without much sweeping."

"I saw," Wren said. "We can start with that weight when we come back."

Piper rested her hands on the table.

"I want another end."

"In a minute," Maisie said. "I'm having this chair first."

They had the whole planned break. Across the room, Juno was sitting with her own team.

After a while, Wren asked, "Did Captain Flap come?"

Piper nodded toward Dad's lunch bag.

"Only part of him."

"Which part?"

"The flapping part."

Maisie considered that.

"He'll make a terrible noise in the bag."

CHAPTER 7

Two Reds Left

When the coaches brought them back, the house was clear and the equipment had been checked again.

Yellow delivered first. Red had the hammer.

Maisie's first stone finished in the right-front rings. Her second stopped short of the house on that side.

Piper and Nora had tried to help it farther. At Wren's call, they lifted clear and let it finish.

Maisie came back along the side.

"I could feel that one was less."

Nora nodded. "We nearly got it in."

The Silver Mittens' second player drew a yellow nearer the middle on the right. Nora put a red on the left, and the next yellow removed it.

For her second, Nora looked at Wren's broom and began with the smoother weight she had described at the break.

Piper and Maisie went with the stone.

They didn't have to do much. The red reached the front-middle of the house and stopped nearer than the yellow on the right.

Nora smiled when she came to look.

"There."

Then yellow's third player hit it out. The shooter rolled away too.

Piper watched both stones until they were gone. The yellow on the right was nearest again.

Wren pointed to it.

“That one.”

Piper could see the approach. There was no stone directly in front of it.

She settled at the hack. Jo stood nearby. This time Piper wanted the red to stay after the hit, the way it had in the second end.

She began her delivery and let it go.

Maisie and Nora followed, then finished their strokes and stepped safely aside before contact.

The red struck the yellow.

Yellow went back and out.

Red stayed.

“Yes,” Piper said.

It was not right on the button. It was close enough to be best.

Yellow drew behind the middle with the next stone. Piper’s second draw went much wider than she wanted, curling around the outside on the right and finishing in the rings.

When she returned to the house, her first red was still nearest.

Juno tried to remove it. Her yellow missed on the right and ran out without touching anything.

Piper was already showing Wren the space nearer the button.

Wren checked the broom before walking back. Maisie and Nora were ready.

The red came in gently. Piper called for a little sweeping, then called the brushes up before it reached the middle.

The stone glided on and stopped close to the button.

Two reds.

Piper looked from Wren's to her own. She liked them both very much.

Juno's last yellow came into the house on the left. It stopped outside those two reds, but inside everything else.

Wren had the final delivery. A hit that stayed in the yellow's place could give them three.

She checked the shot with Piper and Granite, then went to the hack.

Piper watched the red approach. It made contact off to one side. The yellow moved away, and Wren's stone went the other way.

Both went out.

Piper looked back at the middle. The two earlier reds were still there.

She and the other vice agreed on them before anybody cleared the house.

Two for red. Three to two altogether.

Wren came beside her.

"I wanted that one to stay."

"Me too," Piper said. "We've got these."

Maisie joined them from the clear side.

"One end left."

Piper looked toward Juno. She was already collecting her team.

CHAPTER 8

Juno’s Last Stone



In the fourth end, there was a yellow near the middle on the left.

It had arrived early, from the Silver Mittens’ second player. Around it, the house kept changing.

Nora’s nearest red was taken out. Piper removed the yellow that had replaced it, and then the Silver Mittens’ third player took Piper’s red out too. That shooter rolled away, leaving the middle open again.

Piper’s second draw finished wide on the right.

Then yellow’s third player put another good stone in the front-left part of the house.

Piper looked from one yellow to the other. Both were closer than any red.

The scoreboard said three to two for the Too-Cold Club. Two for yellow in this end would change that.

Wren came to look before her first delivery.

“I want the middle.”

Piper checked the target with her. Maisie and Nora waited for Wren’s stone, brushes ready.

The red came in faster than Piper had hoped. She kept the brushes up. It went beyond the middle and stopped in the back half of the house.

Outside both yellows.

Wren covered her slider and came back to the clear side.

“Too much.”

“A bit,” Piper said.

Juno’s first stone of the end was a guard. It stopped outside the house on the left, in front of her team’s yellows.

Piper looked past it. There was still a clear approach on the other side of the middle.

Wren had one red left.

Juno had one yellow.

Piper and Wren stood together at the side of the house. Piper pointed to a patch just right of the button.

“There?”

Wren bent a little to look along the ice.

“Yes. Less than my first.”

Granite checked the approach with them. Then Wren went back to Jo and the hack.

Piper put the broom in the place they had agreed. She could see Maisie and Nora waiting up the lane, and Wren settling to deliver.

For a moment, everyone on their team was still.

Then Wren began.

The red left her hand. Maisie and Nora moved with it. Piper lifted the target broom clear and watched its pace.

This one needed help.

“Sweep!”

Both brushes worked. The red came toward the rings.

“Keep going!”

Piper could see it passing the front of the house. It had enough now.

“Up!”

Maisie and Nora finished their strokes to the sides and lifted. They stepped clear before the stone reached the middle.

The red glided on.

It stopped just to the right of the button, closer than either yellow.

Piper grinned at Wren across the ice. Maisie held a glove out to Nora, and their gloves met.

Wren came along the side when it was safe.

“That’s better.”

Piper looked down at the red.

“Yes.”

It was their nearest stone by a long way. The two yellows came next, before every other red.

But Wren’s red was exposed.

Juno came to the house with her vice. They looked at it, then along the clear approach. Her vice showed the left-front part of the red.

Juno nodded and went back for her last delivery.

Piper moved to the safe waiting place. She could hear the Silver Mittens discussing the weight they wanted.

If the red stayed nearest, the Too-Cold Club would win.

Juno wanted it out.

The yellow came down the lane at a steady, firmer pace than Wren's draw. Its sweepers went alongside it, then lifted and stepped safely clear before it reached the red.

Piper watched the gap close.

Clack.

The yellow struck the left-front side of Wren's red. Red moved back and right. The yellow shooter rolled away to the left.

They traveled apart.

The red crossed the back line. The yellow continued out at the side.

Neither touched the two earlier yellows.

For a moment Piper kept looking at the place where Wren's stone had been.

Then she looked at the stones that remained.

The two yellows were nearest. Wren's first red was next.

Piper and the Silver Mittens' vice checked from the clear side.

“Two yellow,” Piper said.

“Yes.”

Four to three for the Silver Mittens.

Piper pressed her lips together. They had been so close.

Juno came over with a wide smile. Her teammates were smiling too.

“Good game,” Piper said, and shook her hand. “You got that last one.”

“I really wanted it,” Juno said.

“So did we,” Maisie told her.

Juno laughed, still a little breathless.

Wren looked once more at the empty place near the button.

“My second was much better than my first.”

“It was,” Piper said.

Then Ben called them toward the clear side while the adults began putting the stones away.

Piper was ready to sit down.

CHAPTER 9

Part of a Captain

After changing their shoes and washing their hands, the girls sat with their families in the warm room.

Dad opened the insulated bag. The boxes inside were still cold beside the ice packs.

He gave Piper hers.

Captain Flap's tail lay in the middle.

Piper turned the box so Wren could see.

"He traveled very quietly."

"He hasn't got a mouth now," Wren said.

Maisie opened Bertie's box. She had saved the rounded end with one mushroom button.

"This might be a duck. Or a boot. I can't remember which bit I ate."

Nora took out her pizza. A small curve of pepper spiral remained on one piece.

Piper leaned back in her chair and ate a bite of tail. Her arms still felt as if they had been sweeping.

Across the room, Juno was having lunch with the Silver Mittens. She looped one finger through her bottle lid and lifted it off the table.

The loop worked.

“I liked our two reds in the third,” Piper said.

Nora nodded. “They stayed for ages.”

“Long enough,” Wren said.

Piper took another bite. Dad passed a plate of apple pieces along the table, and Maisie asked for the one shaped like a crooked smile.

Her parent turned the plate around so she could reach it.

Bertie was getting smaller. So was Captain Flap.

Piper held up what remained of the tail, safely over her box.

“Is he still Captain Flap if this is all that’s left?”

Nora inspected it.

“Just Flap.”

“Where’s the Captain?” Maisie asked.

Wren pointed at Piper.

“She ate the Captain yesterday.”