



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Maggie's Meals

Mary Graham Bonner

Maggie loved her meals — genuinely, devotedly, with great enthusiasm and no apology whatsoever.

One night, when she had just fallen asleep, a very finely dressed visitor appeared in her room.

"Who are you?" asked Maggie.

"I'm the Dream King," he said, "and I'm taking you to a party."

They traveled together to a city unlike any Maggie had seen before. It was made, she realized slowly, entirely of food — and the remarkable thing was that whenever anyone ate any part of it, it simply grew back, cooked and ready.



Maggie was introduced to Duke Ice Cream, who lived in the coldest quarter of the city and who, to demonstrate, took up a spoon and helped himself to a large bite from his own arm. His arm was perfectly whole again in moments. Lady Lettuce held a small court attended by her pages the Vinegar and Oil Boys, with occasional visits from the Tomato Twins, the Cucumber Cousins, and the Potato Pals. Elsewhere reigned Apple, Queen of All the Pies, who presided over the dessert districts with considerable dignity.

Maggie had the time of her life.

When the Dream King finally said it was time to go home, Maggie looked at him hopefully. "You haven't told me I was wrong to love my meals so much."

"I gave you a surprise in not scolding you," said the Dream King, smiling. "You're never greedy, you're never selfish, and if food makes you happy, I think that's perfectly fine. Good night."

And Maggie woke up feeling very well justified.

Instagram: @riri_reading · Pinterest: pinterest.com/ririocom