



Jade's Gnawed Yam



Jade had a small grass plot with a stone gnome in it. By the gnome grew one big, fat yam. Jade tended that yam every day and whistled as she worked.



It was not always fun. The thistle by the gate stung her hand, and gnats buzzed around her face. But the yam would soon be ripe, and that made her glad.



Then one day Jade woke up and found her yam gnawed in half! "Who did this?" she said. She made a sign and set it up by the gnome.



The sign said, "Do not gnaw this yam!" But the day after, the yam had a new bite in it. When the sun sank, Jade hid by the shed to look and listen.



An hour went by. Then she heard a rustle in the grass. She jumped up and saw Chuck. He had yam on his chin. "I will be honest," said Chuck. "I gnawed it."



It smelled so good that I could not stop." Jade wanted to be mad, but Chuck looked so sad. She thought for a bit. "Can you gnaw down a thistle?" she asked.



"Yes," said Chuck. "And I can chase off gnats, too."
So they made a trade. Chuck gnawed the thistle down to a stump. Then he flapped a rag until the gnats fled.



Jade dug up the rest of the yam and baked it. She split it with a knife, half for Chuck and half for her. The two new pals sat by the gnome and ate every bit.