

Episode on a Thursday evening



It's Thursday evening at Avonlea. And it's dinner time. It's the most important mealtime because after a day's work – whether or not you are employed or not- in your own domain of affairs regardless of age, your body and soul need nourishment to recalibrate the energy and to cheer up the mood for your well-being lest lethargy and inertia come unto you, which is detrimental to healthy body and sound mind.

Here at Rainbow Bakery, the boys are having their dinner made by Mrs. Lompstumpf who always prepares dinner for them at home. Tom, Fred, and Gamba prefer eating at the bakery than at home due to the fact that eating outside the home is simply more fun in terms of being out in the open field where they can freely exercise their playful spirits and devise interesting adventure plans ahead.

Sally, also a regular customer at the bakery, has decided to opt for some light snack for dinner because her lunch today was deemed enough for a day's requirement for maintaining a level of energy necessary for healthy physiological functioning.

So rather than foregoing dinner, Sally stopped by the bakery after her work today to eat something light to satisfy her sweet appetite.

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Sally's snack comprises a piece of cheesecake, a cookie, a banana, and a cup of milk tea. In fact, she loves dairy products, anything made out of milk, for it is congenial to her constitution both in terms of digestion and sensory taste.

Sally does not eat meat, pork, and poultry. It's not that she is a professed vegan or vegetarian committing to resisting senseless slaughtering of live animals, but that she simply likes the freshness and softness of textures and tastes that dairy products render to her.

The cookie and the cheesecake are surely yummy, thinks Sally. Besides, she likes the warmth of her milk tea freshly brewed out of the red tea leaves that Mrs. Lompstropf provided. It's also the warmth of Mrs. Lompstropf with her good heart and generosity that Sally really appreciates.



Fred, Tom, and Gamba are talking about the baseball game that they played today against the boys from Union Township; they won 2:1! It was Tom's homerun that brought the team victory.

Congratulating the boys, Mrs. Lompstropf asked them what they would like for dinner to which they replied in salvo, "We would like your hamburger sandwiches, please!"

Hence the dinner for Three: a hamburger with french fries and a milk for Fred; a croissant sandwich, a cookie, and a cup of cold orange juice for Tom; and an egg sandwich, a cookie and ditto for Gamba.

Of course, the dinner is scrumptuous with the additional flavor of Happiness of Victory.

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Now that the dinner time almost comes to an end, Mrs. Lomstrompf is preparing for the last push of sale of today's products to the influx of customers who will come to the bakery soon. The customers know that what is sold at the bakery is second to none in the town or even in the county, so they always hurridly come to Rainbow Bakery even after long hours of commuting from the city to home. What's more, it is the kind smile and greetings of Mrs. Lompstrompf that entice her customers to come back.

No, it's not a carefully calculated business scheme. That kind of machination never occurs to her because her generosity and affability are innately ingrained to her nature. Such goodness is also hereditary characteristics of her family, and her granddaughter Anika's geniality is testament thereto.

It's important to make a clean and presentable display of food, not to mention the taste thereof. Well, it's important to all other businesses that involoves any edible products, but in the case of Rainbow Bakery, it amounts to the essence of her being based on Mrs. Lompstrompf's principles of cleanness and disciplines taught by her parents in Norway.

“What is learned in the cradel is carried to the tomb.” “Old habit never dies.” “Custom is a second nature.” – all of these are well known proverbs to indicate one's lifelong habit formed at an early stage of one's life, and all of these never more suitably describe Mrs. Lompstrompf's doctrinal habit of tidiness and self-control than any other proverbs.

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At home, Anika, Mary, and Mathilda have prepared something different for dinner tonight with a little bit of variations to the conventional recipes of the dishes they are having.

Albeit all of them are of European descendants, they like various types of food not to extremely ethnic extent, but to some well known popular menu of deliciousity, such as Japanese noodles and honest-to-goodness country food. In fact, they prefer Japanese food in their selection of international menu.

Mathilda is fond of Japanese food, consisting of a bowl of slowly cooked white rice, miso soup with tofu, and a grilled fish. The gem of Japanese food, thinks Mathilda, is its healthy ingredients and simple, clean taste that do not cause her bloating.



The choice of this evening dinner is Japanese with a mixture of their favorite dishes: Fried vegetable dumplings with a dip of soy sauce; fried pork wrapped in potato powder batter mixed with battered eggs garnished with fresh lettuce; turnip vegetable stew; yellow radish; and a bottle of cranberry wine.

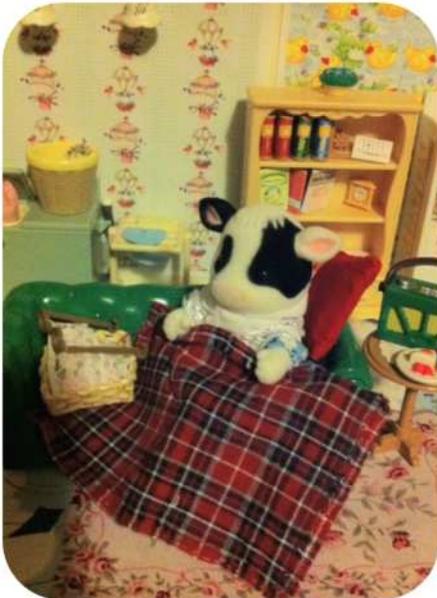
The cranberry wine is a refreshingly pleasant twist to the Japanese menu of today's dinner, which they all agree with smile.

The fried pork is Anika's work based upon her self-learning of recipe from an article about the dish she read from an international cooking magazine. It happens to be Mathilda's favorite Japanese dish.

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Our Aunt Hannah is still recovering from her flu that she contracted during the last 2 weeks of incredible coldness, caused by the “Polar Vertex,” according to *The Calico Times* that uncle Karl has started subscription thereto.



The polar vertex is a frigid, dense air supressing the temperature with cold wind that circulates around the North Pole (yes, the North Pole, indeed!) influencing the entire U.S. continetal region.

The cold was worse than the snow, which threatened fingers and toes and ears to move freely. It was the arctic cold with temperatures well below zero.

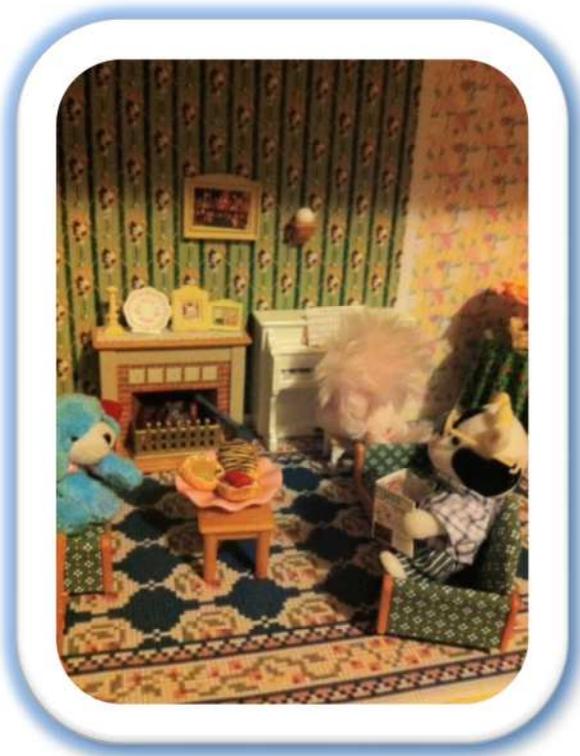
Now that the polar vertax is gone, Hannah has been left with classic syptoms of flu, confining her to the house against her merry outgoing nature. She wants to be with the family, but in fear of having them affected by her ailment, Hannah decides to rest herself alone on the second floor where her drawing room is.

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The good uncle Karl is confabulating with Benji and Leo about the music they like: Bejin's wide range of music from Baroque to Pop is quite amusing and interesting to Karl, who likes light popular classical music on the radio station. Leo, being an amature pianist, loves Chopin and Beethoven.

In terms of Leo's musical sensibility, it is quite intersting to know that he is self taught on reading and composing musical notes and playing the piano. He has aquired all of these skills by listeing to Chopin's "Polonaise" and Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata," and playing the tunes thereof on the piano.

Quite remarkable, thinks Karl. Karl appreciates the beauty of music for its magical power to move people's heart and soul.



So Karl reads today's issue of *The Calico Times*, where an article about Bridgewater (aka "AVL" scandal) is covered. It's about a political scandal of the governor of the states that results from the horrendous traffic gridlock 2 months ago in Avonlea which disabled the flow of traffic to and from the Avonlea Bridge for 3 consecutive days for hours in the rush-hour time of morning. The cause of this incident was allegedly "politically" motivated.



It is reported that the mayor of Avonlea did not endorse the governor in his running for re-election for the second term. Taken umbrage at what was regarded to be "insolent" to the governor, his loyal underlings closed the two of the three lanes of the tollgates of the bridge without notice purportedly for a "traffic study." It is also reported that one of the key players of this orchestrated incident has even said, "It's time for some traffic in Avonlea."

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Hence it is suspected that this traffic incident, which has become a great issue threatening to impeach the governor in a worst scenario, is corollary of politically bound intrigue against the mayor of Avonlea who is also of the opposite party to exact political payback against to him because he did not elect the governor for the second term, which he anyway won later.

It's all risible, this whole content of the scandal. It's a political jest conjured up by who are supposedly educated upright political men and women in the government. They have no right whatsoever to play their political power at the expense of the citizens under government. Our daily jobs, dealing, and affairs shall not be adversely affected by any of their political intrigues. I wonder, Karl ponders, if these alleged perpetrators of the scandal have qualms about their deeds.