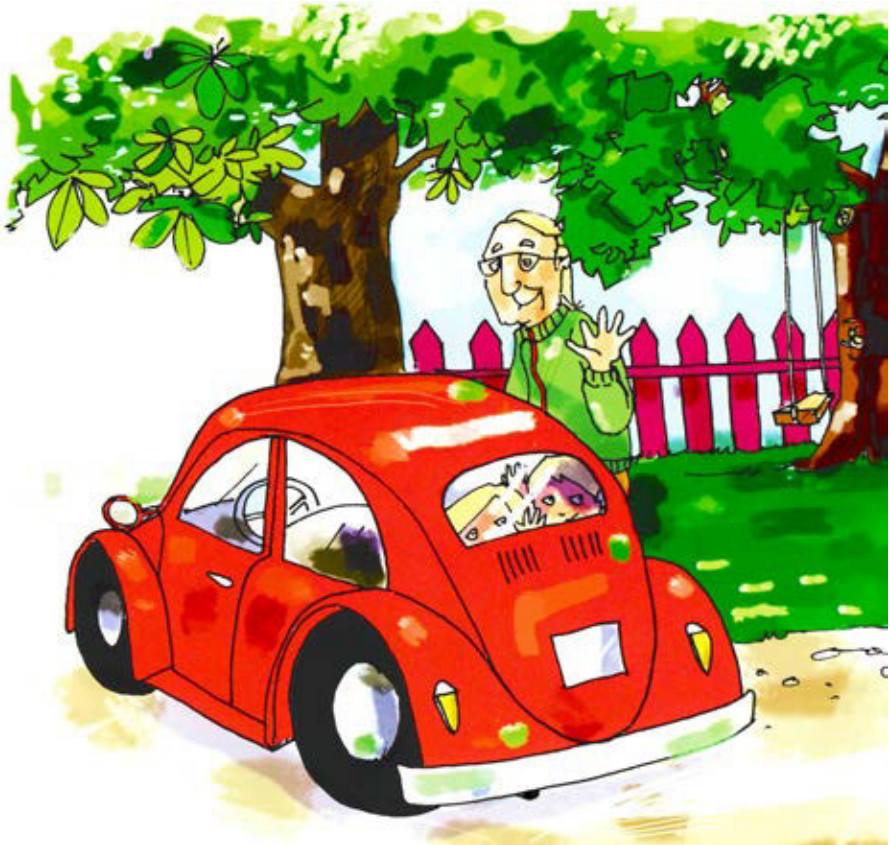


Ice Cream Party



Dad tapped his foot against the car tyre and muttered something to himself. For some reason he called their beautiful red car a cupboard on wheels. Andy also tapped the tyre with his foot but didn't dare to call the car a cupboard.



Anyway, Lucy was totally in love with their red round Volkswagen and when Dad and Andy kicked

the car tyre again, she sighed:

“Our beautiful creepy-crawly!”

“Beetle!” Andy corrected her. “Beetle, not a creepy-crawly!”

“Cupboard!” Dad added. “A cupboard on wheels!”



This is how they got going to the ice cream party. Dad was sitting behind the wheel, Andy and Lucy climbed to the back seat. Baby Madeline

stayed home with Mum because she was too little to know how to behave in a café. Joseph also stayed home because he couldn't even behave under the breakfast table.

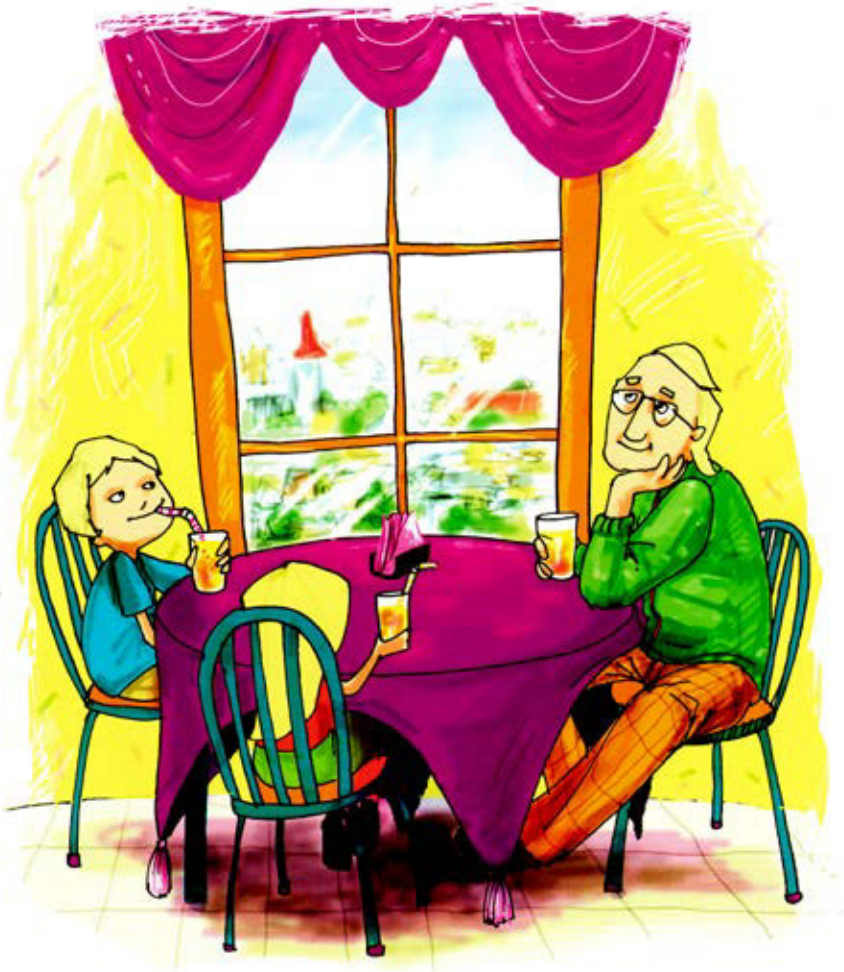


The café was big, with many round tables. Lucy ran to the counter straight away and said:

“Could I please have a very big ice cream with strawberries?”

“We’ll have two more ice creams, just as big

and also with strawberries,” Dad added and smiled at the waitress.



“And lemonade, too!” Lucy remembered.

“Isn’t it right, Dad, that ice cream is made of snow?” little Lucy asked while licking the spoon.

“And somewhere there is an Ice Cream Land where you can sledge down an ice cream hill and then fall into ice cream and then eat ice cream there...”



“What about strawberries?” Andy asked. “How do the strawberries get into ice cream over there?”

“Strawberries grow under the snow, I mean, under ice cream. If you dig a little hole, you can reach the strawberries.”



Dad listened to them and smiled to himself.

There might have been an Ice Cream Land somewhere, you never know. After all, children know these things a lot better than grownups.

“Yeah, right,” Andy continued. “Our beetle flying is more likely than strawberries growing in the Ice Cream Land.”



“Do you mean our creepy-crawly?” Lucy perked up. “Our creepy-crawly flies quite well, you

just haven't seen it flying! Once when I was playing in the yard, I saw it with my own eyes how our red creepy-crawly lifted its doors like wings. Then it flapped the doors a little bit and took off the ground!"



“Be careful, you’ve got ice cream all over you,”
Dad laughed and handed Lucy a handkerchief.



“Cross my heart!” Lucy continued. “I saw it myself. It took off and made three circles above our yard. I was meaning to come inside and tell you to come and see but then it already landed back to its place.”

Andy and Dad looked at each other and gave each other a wink. Lucy knew very well that they didn’t believe her but it was so much fun making things up. Sometimes she would even make up things that were far more unbelievable. A flying car – that was nothing.

“Are you going to eat your ice-cream or are you going to keep on dreaming?” Dad asked.

“Daddy?”

“Yes?” Dad looked at Lucy.

“You know, Daddy, our creepy-crawly didn’t actually fly. I made it all up.”

“That’s no big deal,” Dad said and stroked her hair gently.

But Lucy thought to herself that there might have been an Ice Cream Land somewhere after all. It was just that no one had reached it yet.



Surely there were the Ice Cream Prince and the Ice Cream Princess and the Ice Cream King and the Ice Cream Queen. The houses would also be made of ice cream and so would creepy-crawlies.

Maybe they would even have an ice cream café? No, probably they wouldn't have one, as there was

ice cream all over the place anyway. But what if they had an ice cream café as well? Ice Cream Café of the Ice Cream Land. Sounded pretty fine, she thought.



Lucy would step in through the ice cream door of the Ice Cream Café of the Ice Cream Land and politely ask at the counter:

“Could I please have a very big ice cream with strawberries?”



The waitress would take the scoop and put in in the wall, scoop a little bit and then put the ice cream in the bowl.

“Here you go! If you’d like some more, please help yourself and break yourself some from the table You can also eat a piece of the chair and if you feel like having strawberries, please dig up a patch of the floor”

This idea made Lucy laugh and she started to giggle all by herself. In the end she spilled some ice cream on her lap and this made her giggle even louder.

“This is enough for today,” Dad said. “Now let’s take our creepy-crawly and fly back home.”

“Yes, let’s fly!” Lucy was at the door in a blink of an eye. She had had enough ice cream for today.

