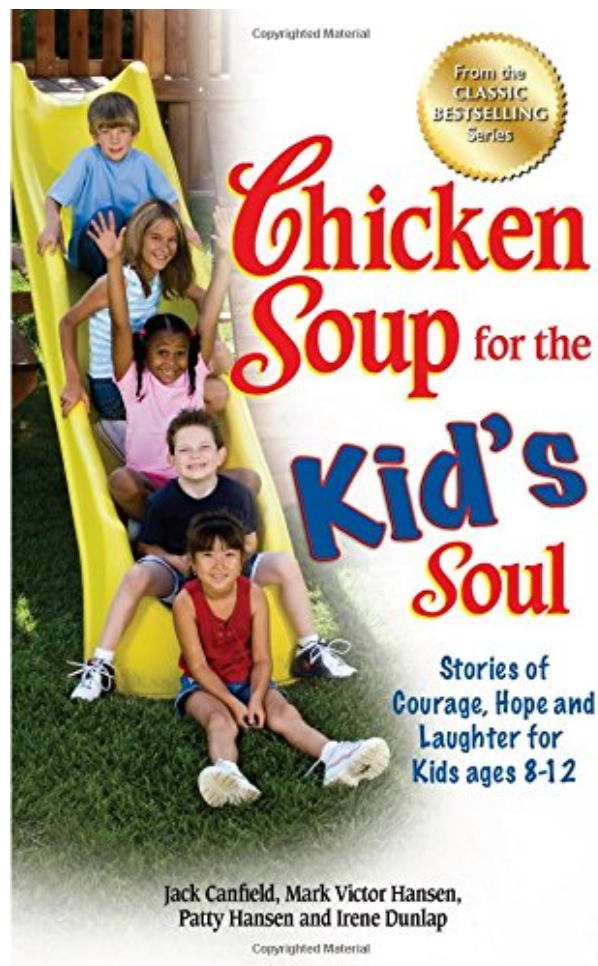
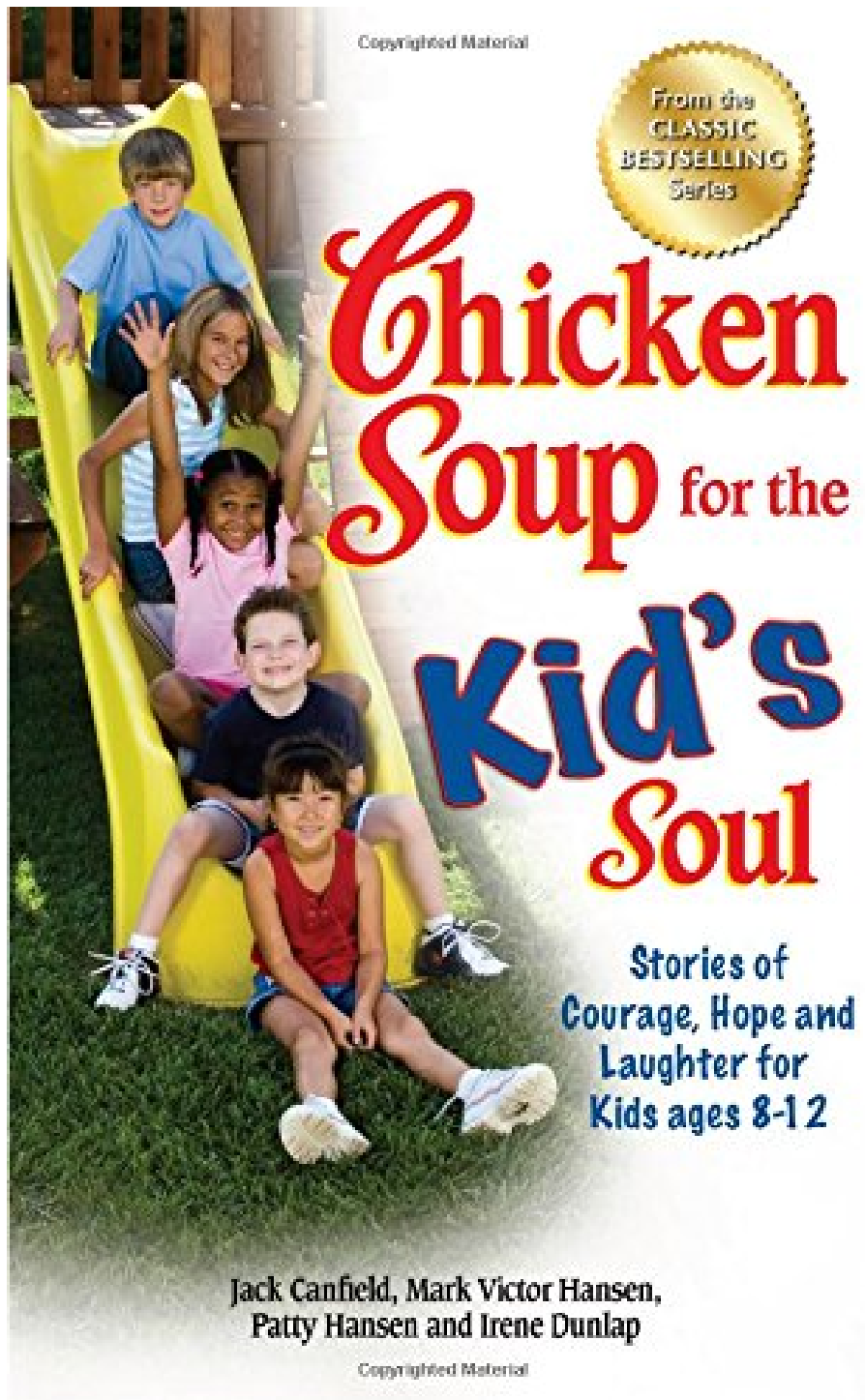


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STORIES OF COURAGE, HOPE AND  
LAUGHTER FOR KIDS AGES 8-12 (CHICKEN  
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As far as the salami went, my mom wouldn't buy any because she said it was too expensive and not that good for me. To prove my emerging independence, I decided to go ahead and eat what I wanted anyway. So one day I used my allowance to buy a full sausage of dry salami.

Now a problem had to be solved: Where would I put the salami? I didn't want my mom to see it. So I hid it in the only place that I knew was totally safe under my bed. There was a special corner under the bed that the upright Hoover couldn't reach and that my mom rarely had the ambition to clean. Under the bed went the salami, back in the corner in the dark and the dust.

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## Features

- Chicken Soup for the Kid's Soul: Stories of Courage, Hope and Laughter for Kids Ages 8-12 (Chicken Soup for the Soul)

## From Booklist

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Your kids will love these inspirational short stories

By iGemini

I grew up reading chicken soup for the soul and now my 8 & 10 year old daughters love these books as they all seem to have a moral or lesson at the end of each short story. Great for kids who don't have the patience to sit and read long chapter books, helps them to find a love for reading. Thanks to these, my 8 yr old has finally moved onto longer chapter books. I agree with another reviewer that the stories could have been a little more inspiring, but they're made for kids, and though they might fall a little short for us, they really enjoy them,

5 of 5 people found the following review helpful.

May be a bit too old

By Decorating mom

Purchased this for my daughter, age 8. After reading through the first couple of stories I truly feel that it is a bit too old for her age group (though a few stories did bring a tear to MY eye). I think I will hold off another year or two.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

seems like boys don't really contribute much to this series

By paristexas

most of the stories are for girls. seems like boys don't really contribute much to this series. after reading this my ten year old asked if girls were nicer and better citizens than boys are? When I asked why, he said, out of 100 stories, only 25 were from boys.

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I was amazed at what I saw. The last time I had looked at the salami, the hair on it was about an inch long and fuzzy all over. Now, the hair had grown another three inches, was a gray-green color and had actually started to grow on the surrounding area as well. You could no longer tell the actual shape of what the hair was covering. I looked at my mom. Except for the color, her hair closely resembled the hair on the salami: It was standing straight up, too! Abruptly she got up and left the room, only to return five seconds later with the broom.

Using the handle of the broom, she poked the salami. It didn't move. She poked it harder. It still didn't move. At that point, I wanted to tell her what it was, but I couldn't seem to make my mouth work. My chest was

squeezing with an effort to repress the laughter that, unbidden, was threatening to explode. At the same time, I was terrified of her rage when she finally discovered what it was. I was also afraid she was going to, have a heart attack because she looked so scared.

Finally my mom got up her nerve and pushed the salami really hard. At that same exact moment, the laughter I had been trying to hold back exploded from my mouth. She dropped the broom and looked at me.

"What's so funny?" my mom asked. Up close, two inches from my face, she looked furious. Maybe it was just the position of having her head lower than her bottom that made her face so red, but I was sure she was about to poke me with the broom handle. I sure didn't want that to happen because it still had some pieces of gray-green hair sticking to it. I felt kind of sick, but then another one of my huge laughs erupted. It was as if I had no control over my body. One followed another, and pretty soon I was rolling on the floor. My mom sat down&#151hard.

"What is so funny?!"

"Salami," I managed to get out despite the gales of laughter that I had no control over. "Salami! Salami!" I rolled on the floor. "It's a salami!"

My mother gazed at me with disbelief. What did salami have to do with anything? The object under the bed did not look like any salami she had ever seen. In fact, it did not look like anything she (or I) had ever seen.

I gasped for breath. "Mom, it's a salami&#151you know, one of those big salami sausages!"

She asked what any sane mother would ask in this situation. "What is a salami doing under your bed?"

"I bought it with my allowance." My laughter was subsiding, and fear was beginning to take its place. I looked at her. She had the strangest expression on her face that I had ever seen: a combination of disgust, confusion, exhaustion, fear&#151and anger! Her hair was standing on end, perspiration beaded on her flushed face and her eyes looked as if they were going to jump out of her head. I couldn't help it. I started to laugh again.

And then the miracle of miracles happened. My mom started to laugh, too. First just a nervous release, a titter really, but then it turned into the full-on belly laugh that only my mom's side of the family is capable of. The two of us laughed until tears rolled down our cheeks and thought I would pee my pants.

When we finally were able to stop laughing, my mom shoved the broom into my hands.

"Okay, Patty Jean Shaw, clean it up, no matter what it is!" I had no idea how to clean up something and not look at it or touch it. So, of course, I got my little sister to help me. I could get her to help with anything, as long as I bribed or threatened her. Since she didn't know what the object was supposed to look like to begin with, she didn't have much fear attached to helping. Between the two of us, we managed to roll it onto the evening newspaper (my dad never knew what happened to it). I carefully, carefully carried it outside and put it into the trash. Then I had my sister remove the remaining fuzz from the carpet. I had convinced her that I was too large to get into the small corner where it had grown. I ended up owing her my allowance for two weeks.

My mom never got mad at me for buying the salami. I guess she thought I had already paid a price. The salami provided a memory of shared, unrestrained laughter. For years to come, all I had to do was threaten to buy salami to make my mom laugh.

&#151Patty Hansen

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