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Donut Seeds

“Eric, come here,” Gary called from across the coatroom at school. “I want to show you something.”

Eric trotted over to the big fifth-grade boy. He knew who Gary was, but the big boy hardly ever paid any attention to a little first-grader like Eric. *What does he want to show me?* Eric wondered.

“Do you like donuts?” Gary asked.

Eric nodded.

“Then I have something you will

want,” Gary said, smiling. He took a small plastic bag out of his pocket. “These are donut seeds,” he announced, holding up the bag. “If you plant a couple of these in a big flowerpot, or even a big bucket, a nice big donut bush will come up. You can have all the donuts you want, any time you want them. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

Eric nodded. The donut seeds looked like miniature, unsugared donuts.

“I’ll sell them to you for fifty cents,” Gary offered.

“I don’t have fifty cents,” Eric said.

“Do you have any money?” Gary asked.

“Just the quarter Mom gave me for milk,” Eric answered.

“Well . . .” Gary hesitated. “Twenty-five cents is pretty cheap, but I guess I can let you have them for that, since

that's all you have."

Eric fished in his pocket and found the quarter.

"Thanks," Gary said. Gary grinned as he took the quarter and gave Eric the plastic bag. "Remember to water them often after you plant them," he said before he went to his classroom.

Eric put the plastic bag in his coat pocket and went to his own room. On the way home from school that afternoon he pulled the bag out of his pocket and opened it. The donut seeds had a familiar smell. Eric put one into his mouth. Sure enough! It not only smelled like a Cheerio, but it also tasted like one.

Are these really donut seeds? Eric wondered. *There's only one way to find out for sure,* he decided. *I'll plant some and see if a donut bush comes up.*

Eric found a big empty bucket in the

garage and put some dirt into it. He carefully dug a little hole in the dirt and dropped a few “seeds” into it. He smoothed the dirt back into place and poured water over it. He set the bucket in the corner so it would be out of the way, but close enough to be watered easily.

“Did you plant your donut seeds?” Gary asked at school the next day.

“Yes,” Eric answered.

“Good,” Gary said, grinning. “Let me know when they come up.”

Every day Eric checked the bucket of dirt, but nothing happened. After a long time he decided to dig into it and see if the seeds were sprouting.

“What are you doing?” Dad asked as he opened the door.

“Checking something,” Eric said, suddenly feeling foolish.

“I wondered why that bucket of dirt was sitting there,” Dad said. “What is it?”

“I bought some donut seeds from a boy at school,” Eric confessed. “He said if I planted some in a bucket, a nice big donut bush would grow up. But nothing has happened.”

“Oh, Eric. He was fooling you,” Dad said. “Donuts don’t grow from seeds. They never have and never will.”

“I thought the seeds seemed an awful lot like Cheerios,” Eric admitted, “but I tried it just in case. He was one of the big boys, and he made me believe it was true.”

“You will meet many people in your lifetime who tell you things that are not true,” Dad said. “It happens all the time. Slick salesmen like Gary try to make us believe what they have to sell is just what we always wanted; and all they want is