



Pea's STAND

by Scott R. Smith
Art by
Angela C. Hawkins



text © 2019 by Scott R. Smith,
art © 2019 by Angela C. Hawkins

TIMOTHY WAS READY to open for business when Penelope started asking questions.

“What are you doing?” Pea asked.

“I’m selling lemonade,” said Timothy.

“Why?”

Timothy rolled his eyes. “To make money.”

“Let me help.”

And there it was. She was trying to ruin things. “No,” said Timothy.

When she walked away, he thought he was rid of her. But minutes later she was back with their mother, who carried a card table to set up right next to his lemonade stand.

“What are you doing?” Timothy asked.

“Making my own stand,” said Pea.

Thistle! Thistle! I found
a sand dollar ...



I think Thistle has had
quite enough ...



Timothy watched as his sister walked around the yard carrying three plastic bags. She put a rock in one, a stick in another, and filled the last with water from a puddle. Then she set the bags on her table.

“You’re selling those dirty things?” he asked.

“They’re magic,” said Pea.

Timothy rolled his eyes. He made a sign with an arrow pointing to his sister’s table that read: Fake magic things. Do not buy.

A car stopped and a lady got out with a wild-haired little boy. She bought two cups of lemonade from Timothy for fifty cents each, then looked at Pea and laughed. “You’re selling fake magic things?” she asked.

“Yes.” Pea dropped her voice to a whisper. “Or at least that’s what some people would like you to think.”

“Is that so?”

Pea held up the bag with the stick. “What does this look like to you?”



“A stick,” said the wild-haired boy.

“It’s a wand,” Pea said. She took it carefully out of the bag.

The boy smiled, and Pea began talking directly to him. “It once belonged to the most powerful wizard in the world, who was so ugly he scared everybody. But one day he saw his reflection in a mirror and he scared himself so badly that he made himself disappear.”

The boy ran his finger slowly over the stick’s smooth bark. “How does it work?”

“I don’t know,” said Pea. “I’m not a wizard.”

Timothy rolled his eyes.

“How much?” the lady asked.

“Five dollars,” said Pea.

The lady paid and gave the stick to the boy.

Timothy could see that Pea was now ruining things, so he replaced his sign with a new one that read: Evil things. Do not buy.

A second car stopped and an old woman got out wearing an enormous pair of sunglasses. She bought a glass

of lemonade from Timothy, then looked at Pea suspiciously. “You’re selling evil things?”

“Yes, it’s true they have been used for evil,” Pea lamented. She held up her bag of puddle water. “Like these fairy tears.”

“Fairy what?”

“Fairy tears. Fairies almost never cry, but when they do, their happiness



Spider, I'll admit, I viewed your sudden interest in shells suspiciously—with doubt and mistrust—but I was wrong.



And you must admit, Spider, you lamented—expressed sorrow and regret—at telling Thisrtle you were a seashell expert. But now...



I'm on my way to becoming an expert!

falls right out of their eyes. These tears came from an evil queen who kept fairies just to make them cry. She'd drink their tears to cheer herself up when she felt badly about all the horrible things she'd done. Would you like to try them?"

The old woman took off her glasses and squinted at Pea.

"Just hold out your tongue."



She did. Pea sprinkled some puddle water. "Now, how do you feel?"

The old woman's eyes sparkled in the afternoon sunlight. "Better," she said

Timothy rolled his eyes.

"How much?"

"Ten dollars."

The old woman paid and took the bag of puddle water with her.

Timothy could see that Pea had officially ruined things, so he took down his sign. "OK," he said.

"OK what?"

"I've decided to trade you my lemonade stand for your magic stand." And without waiting for a response, Timothy got up, pushed Pea aside, and stood behind her table. He made a new sign that read: Magic thing. Buy!

Soon a woman approached walking a small dog that looked like a ball of stuffing. When she saw Timothy, she pulled her dog to a stop. "You're selling a magic thing?"

"Yes," said Timothy. "I'm selling this rock."

Where is that silly Spider?

It's nearly sunset.

Welp, we might as well catch one last wave.





“It’s magic?”

“Very. There was a magic stick that sold for five dollars and some magic water that sold for ten dollars, but this rock is so magic it costs twenty dollars.”

The woman’s dog growled in a miniature, fluffy way. “That’s a lot of money,” she said.

Timothy nodded.

“Well, you have a nice day,” the woman said. Then she bought a cup of lemonade from Pea and led her dog away.

Timothy swatted the rock to the ground and put his head down on the empty table.

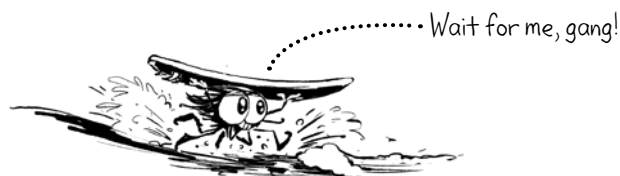
Pea poured herself a glass of lemonade. “I’d be more careful with that Starflower seed if I were you.”

Timothy rolled his eyes even though he knew she couldn’t see.

“It fell millions of miles out of the sky,” she continued. “If you take care of it, one of your dreams will grow inside.”

Timothy picked his head back up. “And what if I leave it on the ground where it belongs?”

Pea shivered and finished her lemonade. The shadows were spreading long over the front lawn. “I’m going inside,” she told him. She put her money in her pocket and started



back up the path to their front door.

Timothy leaned over the table, just to see where the rock had fallen. He spotted it in the fresh cut grass where it appeared to glow in the fading daylight. After checking to make sure Pea wasn't looking, he picked up the stone, tucked it quickly into his pocket and followed her inside. 🕷️

