

# Samantha's Silly-icious Sandwiches

## With love to my silly-icious parents—Tina Powell

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# Samantha's Silly-icious Sandwiches

by Tina Powell

Illustrated by Jenny Campbell





Samantha opened her lunchbox and peeked inside. “Not another salami sandwich!” she cried. Samantha slammed the lid shut. “Why do I always get the same old, boring sandwiches for lunch?”





Samantha looked around the classroom. Peter was sinking his teeth into a spicy sausage submarine sandwich. Andrew was sipping some steaming soup. Even Ms. Sweetwater, the lunchroom supervisor, was snacking on a spinach and strawberry salad. Everyone had a delicious lunch—everyone except Samantha.

That night Samantha's mother opened Samantha's lunchbox and peeked inside.

"Not another salami sandwich!" she cried. She slammed the lid shut.

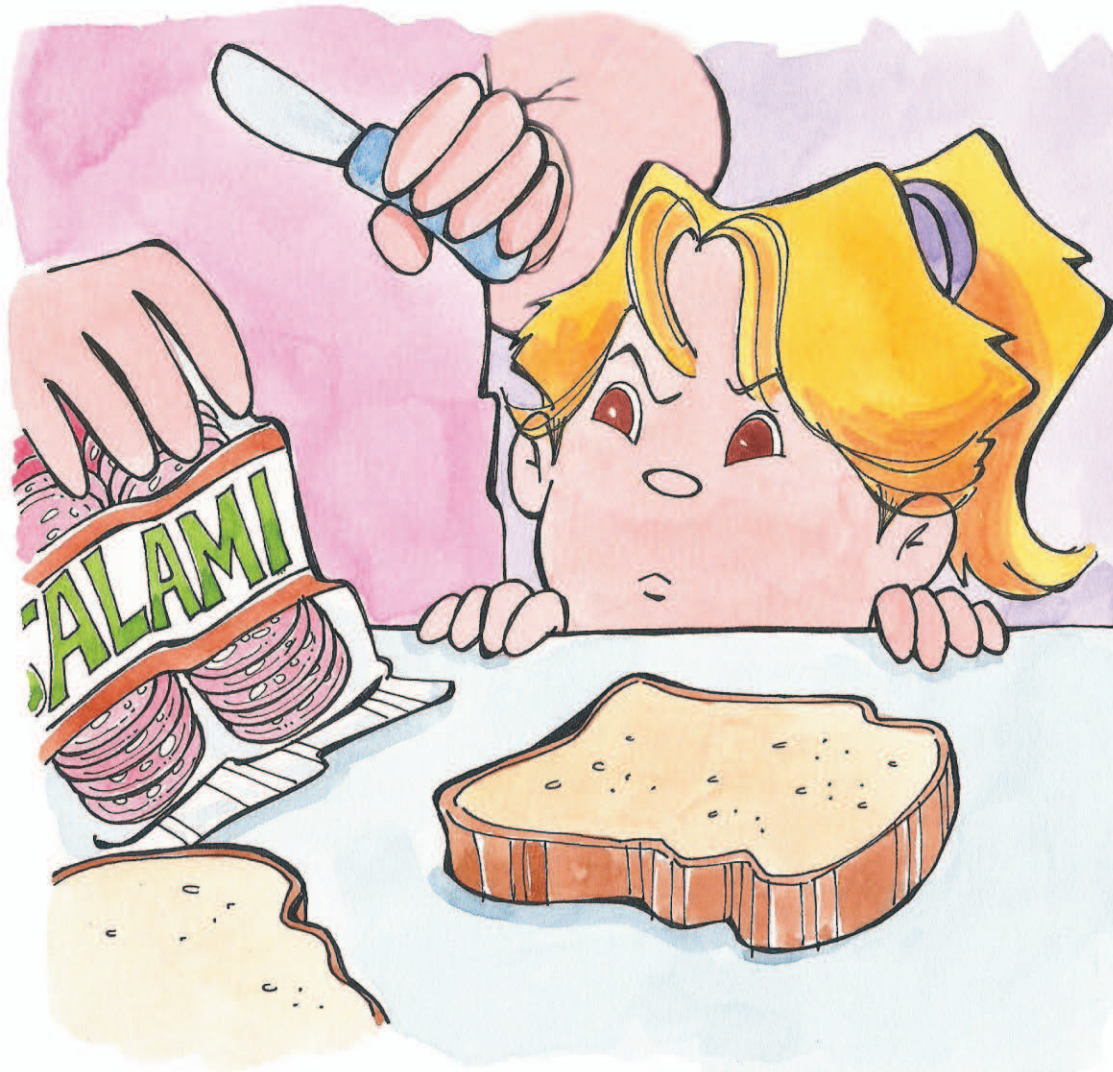
"Samantha! You didn't eat any of your salami sandwich! And yesterday you didn't eat your Swiss cheese sandwich. Or your salmon sandwich the day before."



"Sheesh!" Samantha exclaimed. "Salami! Swiss cheese! Salmon! I'm sick of eating the same old, boring sandwiches every day. All the other kids have lunches that are fun. All the other kids have lunches that are exciting."

Samantha's mother frowned. "I can be fun. I can be exciting. Watch this."





Samantha watched as her mother placed two slices of bread and a package of salami on the kitchen counter.

“Mom, that’s the same old, boring sandwich you made for me today,” Samantha complained.

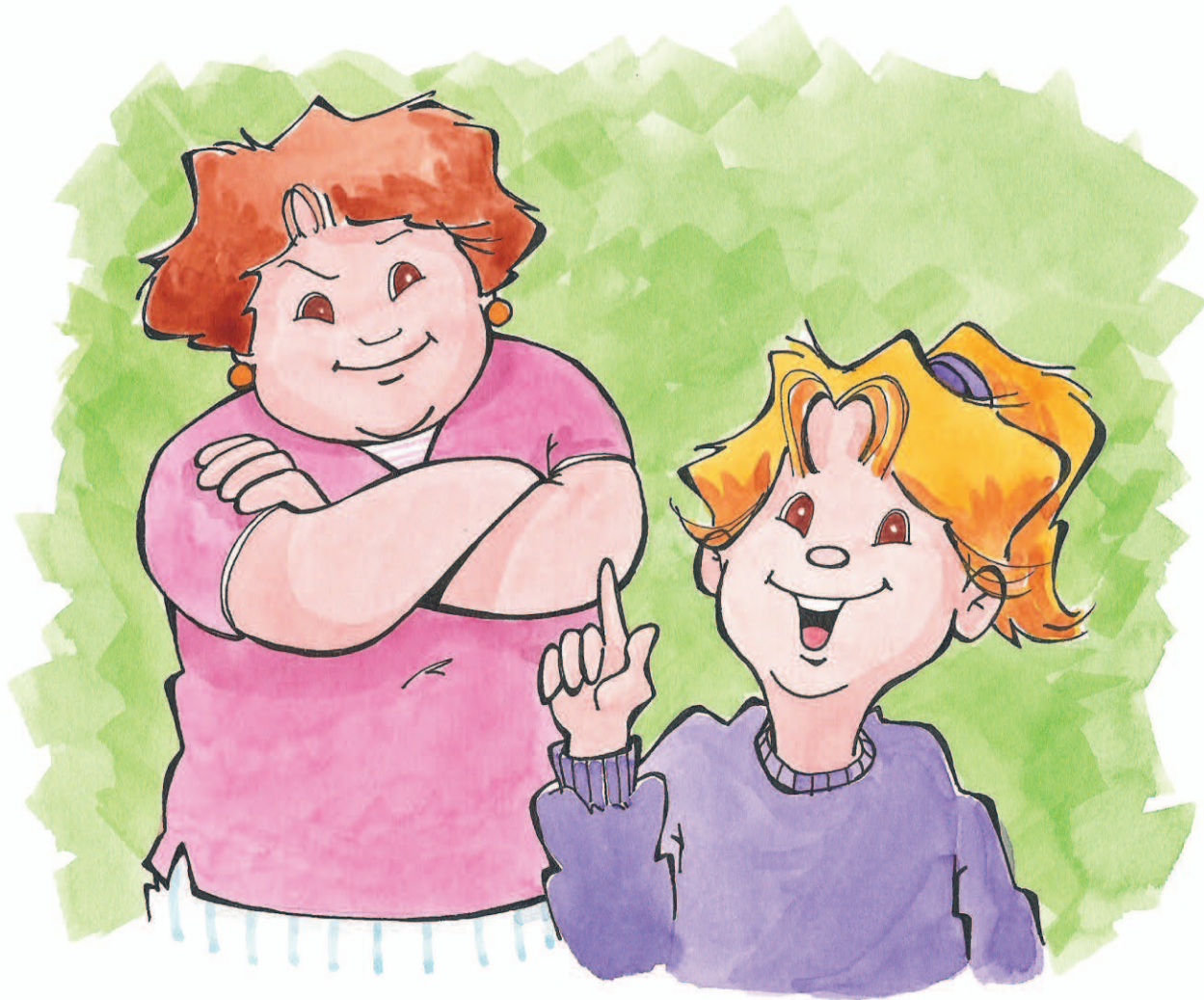


“Oh no it’s not.” Samantha’s mother smiled. “I’m going to put mustard on it.” Squirt! Squirt!

“Mustard? There’s nothing fun or exciting about mustard!” Samantha cried.

“How about ketchup?” suggested Samantha’s mother.





Samantha shook her head. “I bet I can make better sandwiches than that.” Suddenly Samantha had an idea. “That’s it! I’ll make my own sandwiches for lunch!”

“You can’t be serious,” Samantha’s mother said suspiciously.

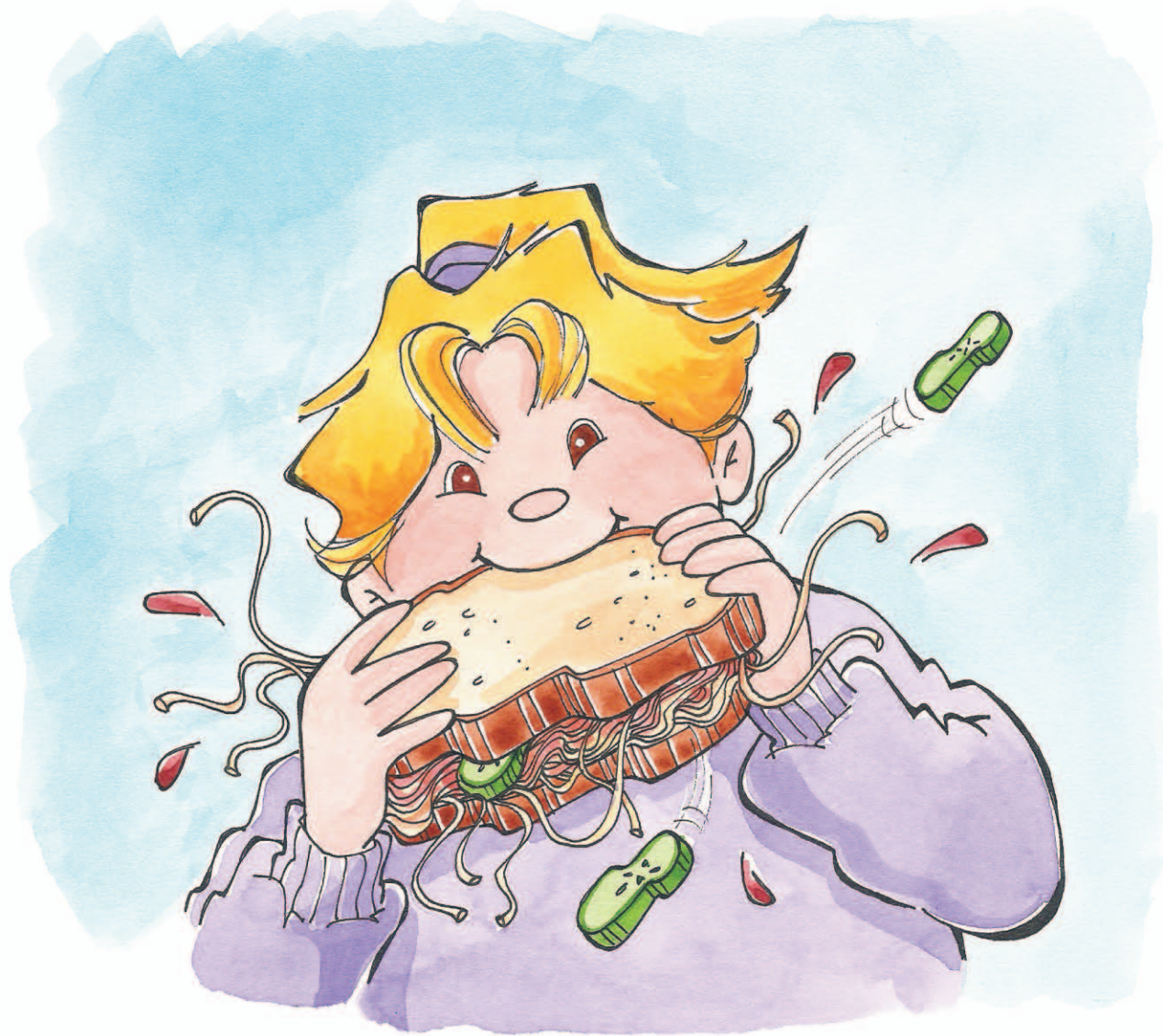
“Sandwiches are super simple to make,” said Samantha. “I know I can do it!”



“Well, I could use a break from making your lunch every day,” Samantha’s mother admitted. “And if you make your own sandwiches, you might just eat them.”

Samantha squealed with delight. “It’s set! From now on, leave the sandwich-making to me!”





The next day, Samantha brought a scrumptious spaghetti-and-sweet-pickle sandwich to school. She gave it a sniff. “Sure smells good,” she said. Samantha took a small bite. “Mmmmm, tastes even better.” Slurp! Scrump! Squish! Samantha munched on her sandwich.



Peter and Andrew sat down at Samantha's table. "Say! Is that spaghetti in your sandwich?" asked Peter.

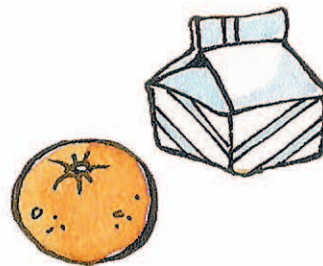
"And sweet pickles?" asked Andrew.

"Yes," smiled Samantha, "and this sandwich tastes delicious!"

Andrew stood up and shouted, "Hey, everyone! Samantha has a spaghetti-and-sweet-pickle sandwich!"

"Shocking!" someone shouted.

"Silly!" snickered someone else.





Samantha licked the spaghetti sauce from her fingers. “Say what you want, my silly spaghetti-and-sweet-pickle sandwich tastes delicious. In fact, it’s silly-icious!”





The following day, the students all lined up to see Samantha's new silly-icious sandwich. She proudly showed them her Salisbury-steak-and-scrambled-egg sandwich.





“What’s the red sauce smothered all over it?” asked Peter.

“Strawberry syrup,” giggled Samantha.

“And what are the crunchy bits?” asked Andrew.

“Sunflower seeds,” laughed Samantha.





“Would you like a taste?” she asked.

Peter took a tiny nibble. “Simply stupendous!” he shouted.

Andrew took a big bite. “Sensational!” he screamed.