



The Weekend Dreamers and the Nut Room

KaySandra Hunt



The cozy kitchen is dusted with cocoa powder and sugar as afternoon sunlight streams through the window. Young Wendy stirs a bowl of warm, melted chocolate with intense focus. Beside her, little Willie stands proudly on a wooden stool, wearing a shiny stainless steel mixing bowl on his head like a helmet.



Wendy turns to her brother, wondering aloud if chocolate could be bold and brave instead of just sweet. Willie giggles, but as he tries to nod, the oversized bowl slides down over his eyes. He stumbles blindly into the table, sending a bowl of fresh raspberries tumbling across the counter.



Ignoring the playful mess, Wendy enthusiastically explains her latest culinary vision. She demonstrates how to stuff a ripe raspberry inside a fluffy white marshmallow, then submerge the entire treat into a deep pool of velvety dark chocolate.



Willie pushes the bowl up from his face and chuckles, imagining the marshmallows springing to life and swallowing the raspberries whole. Wendy laughs along, pointing out that his silly idea actually solves the secret of keeping the sweet filling hidden inside.



Wendy gets even more excited, her eyes gleaming as she imagines a team of tiny squirrels working alongside them. She describes the industrious little creatures opening hard nut shells with swift paws and sharp teeth.



Willie wrinkles his nose in skepticism, wondering out loud if having tiny furry rodents around the candy would be sanitary. Wendy simply ignores his hesitation, completely swept away in her vivid daydream of tiny squirrel confectioners.



Wendy points toward the wall, picturing a grand chocolate factory of the future. In her dream, the hard-working squirrels live right inside the factory in a magnificent, cozy sanctuary known as the Nut Room.



Willie bursts into laughter at the silly name, teasingly declaring that the squirrels would not be the only nuts in that room. The siblings share a hearty laugh, filling the flour-dusted workshop with warmth.



Wendy glances up at the old wooden clock ticking on the wall, suddenly realizing they only have two hours left before their father comes home. Willie thinks two hours feels like forever, but Wendy knows time flies when you are busy inventing.



Determined to make the most of every minute, Willie asks what grand treat they will invent next. Side by side, with cocoa on their cheeks and wooden spoons in hand, the two young dreamers dive back into their whimsical sweet masterpiece.