



The Fry Friends

by kristy t



In Sunny's Snack Shack, nestled on a sunny street, lived a basket of French fries. Curly loved to twist and twirl, Shoestring was always speedy, and Waffle was large and lovely. Then there was Crinkle, who liked things calm and quiet, often taking extra time to think.



Curly bounced with energy, eager to play ketchup tag, but Crinkle gently shook his head. "It's too loud for me," he said. Shoestring frowned, but Waffle offered a kind solution. They understood that everyone had their own pace and preferences.



The fries spent their days chatting and laughing, each bringing their unique qualities to the basket. Curly's twists brought joy, Shoestring's speed was helpful, Waffle provided a comfy place to rest, and Crinkle's thoughtful nature helped them solve problems.



One blustery day, a strong wind swept through the diner, scattering the fries across the counter! Panic surged as they realized they were separated from their cozy basket and each other.



Shoestring cried out in worry, "We'll never get back!" But Crinkle took a deep breath. "If we move one at a time, we can make a fry chain," he suggested, his voice calm and steady.



Working together, Curly twisted around a straw, Shoestring led the way, Waffle lifted the smaller fries, and Crinkle guided them home. They cheered when they were back in their basket, understanding that their differences made them stronger, a family of fries.