Picture Book 4-7 year olds 746 words

Betcha I Can Roll That Dime All the Way Down the Guggenheim!

[Setting: Central Park playground with the Guggenheim visible in the distance]

It started with a dime.
Kit should've kept it in her pocket to begin with.
To end with—
Well, you'll see.
Kit held up the dime. "Hey, look how far I can roll this!" she said.
"Big deal," said Jazz swiping the dime. "I can roll that dime all the way across the table."
It rolled across in one try.
"Well, betcha I can roll it over to the swings," Kit said. She stood up. Her dog stood up too.
Clementine likes to do whatever Kit likes to do.
Jazz shrugged and said, "Betcha I could roll it across the whole entire playground."
That's when Kit should've said, "No way you or anyone else on this whole entire planet can do

that." But instead, Kit said –

"Betcha I could roll that dime all the way down the...

Guggenheim!"

Before Kit could even think how crazy that was, she was shaking hands making a real kind of bet where if she won she'd get Jazz's mitt. But if she lost, Jazz would get her sneakers.

Seemed fair. At the time. Jazz had snazzed up her mitt with beads, and Kit had glittered up her sneakers.

Jazz got on her bike, looked back, smiled a mean smile, and told Kit –

"See you tomorrow at the Guggenheim. Bring your dime!"

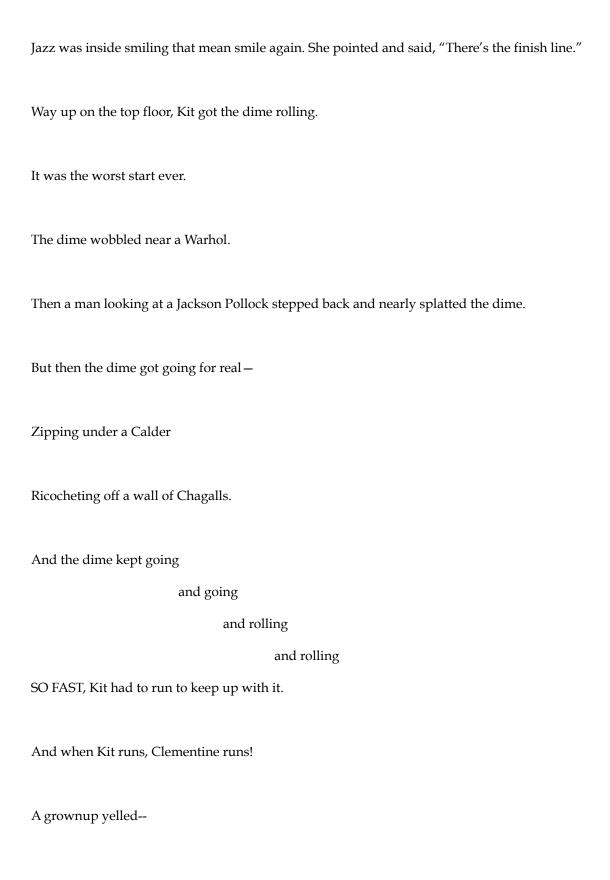
Kit looked down at her sneakers. She sure wished her bet was make-believe. No person on earth could roll a dime down a super long, spiral ramp.

Things had been going so well for Kit at her new school. She had gotten used to the long subway ride from the Bronx to get there. She just made the softball team. Her new best friend, Jazz, with her cool mitt, was the pitcher.

Next day felt like the worst day ever.

Sideways rain made the museum look like a big, gigantic tornado.

Kit spun through the doors.





down,	
and even m	ore
â	and more,
	DOWN.
Then, right abou	at the very last loop of the ramp, for one single second, Kit and Jazz couldn't see
the dime.	
And the guard c	couldn't see Clementine.
Then,	
all	
of	
a	
sudden –	
	ped out from under a crowd looking at Pop Art by Roy Lichtenstein and headed
straight for the f	inish line.
And the dime ro	olled right behind!
Then, just as the	e dime was about to cross the line —
For real, RIGHT	EXACTLY AT THAT VERY SECOND –
A man reached	down, picked it up, and put the dime on a Jenny Holzer sign.
You bet that got	the guard mad.
9	-

But Kit was fine with it because that sign and her dime were on the other side of the finish line.

Jazz didn't even argue. She just handed Kit her mitt.

Kit cartwheeled right outside the exit doors. Clementine circled around her. You know, the way dogs do when they're really happy.

Kit gave Jazz her mitt back. It wasn't a real kind of bet after all. Not really and truly.

Kit would never ever want her best friend's mitt for keeps.

Kit ended up jazzing up her own mitt with ribbons.

"I can't wait for the next softball practice," Kit told Clementine. "Betcha everybody's really gonna like my mitt."

[Postscript: Once illustrated, grownups reading the story will recognize the connections to The Wizard of Oz: coveted glittery red shoes, Jazz as the Wicked Witch on her bicycle, Clementine as Toto, the Guggenheim as tornado on a stormy day, and the blurring of real and make-believe.]