

Will Mya Try a...?





Mya heard her mom clattering in the kitchen and knew what was coming. Her mom was often a bit too creative when it came to preparing food. She liked to spice and slice; sauce and toss; mix, marinate, and mash ingredients that Mya couldn't even pronounce. This particular evening, when Mya came to the dinner table, her mom proudly presented a beautiful, colorful, mound of a meal that Mya wouldn't touch.

"Mom, it's just...too...different," said Mya as she pushed a pink parsnip pilaf around on her plate. "May I please have some chicken nuggets?"

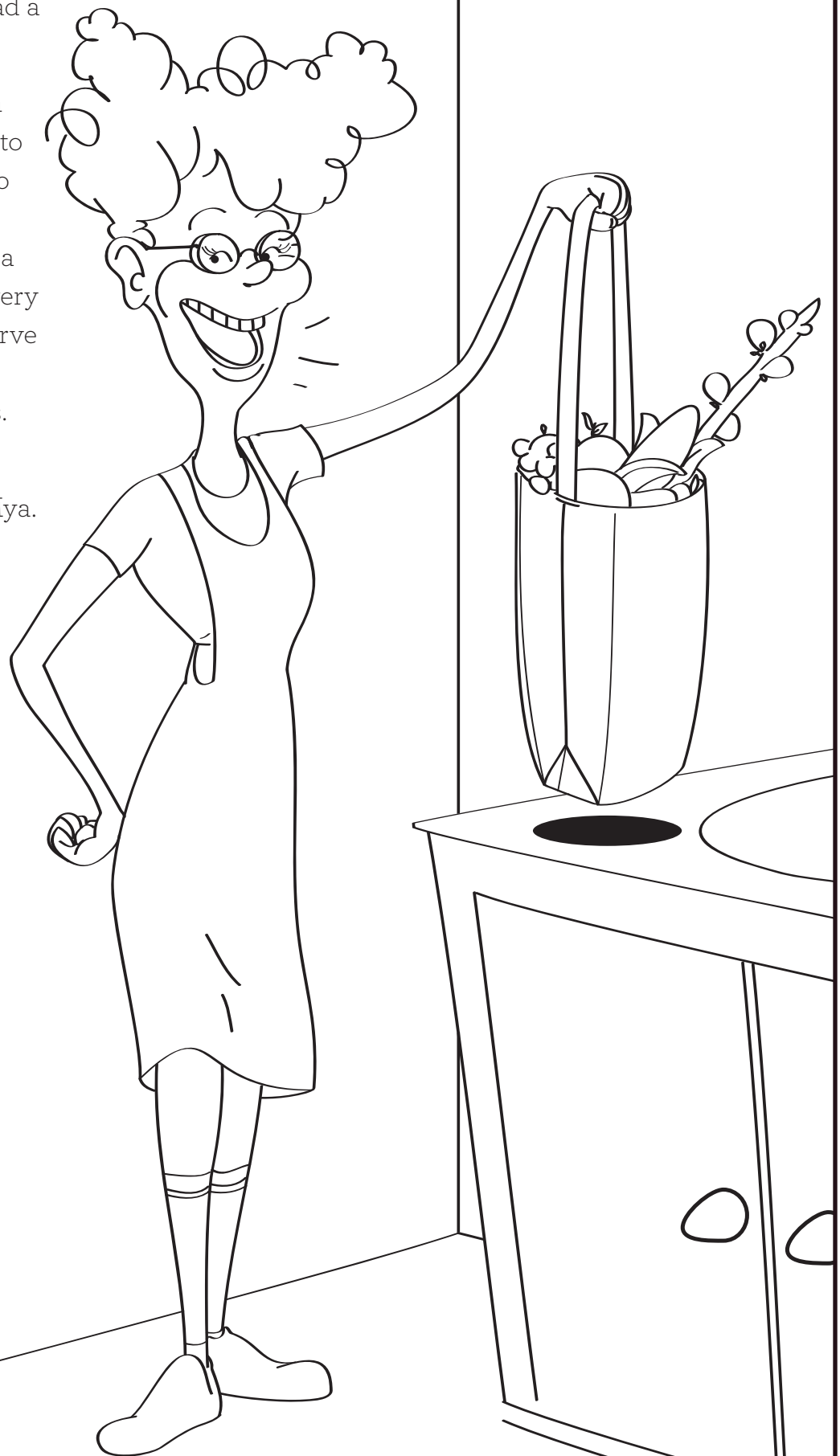
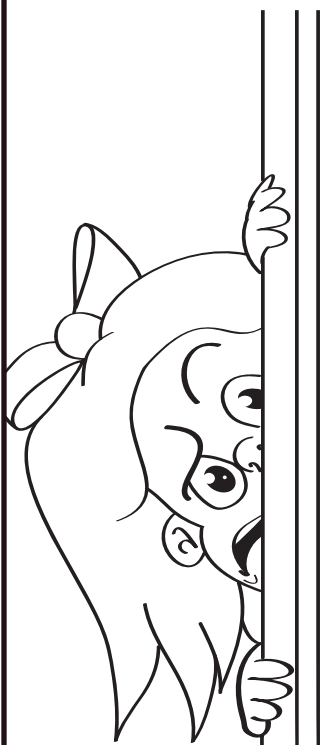
"Hmmm," grumbled Mya's mom. "Different is good, Mya. Color and variety in food is healthy. You can't eat the same thing every day!"

"Why not?" asked Mya.

Just then, Mya's mom had a neon bright idea!

"You want to eat chicken nuggets, and I want you to eat colorful new foods, so that is exactly what we'll do. If you promise to try a different colored food every day of the week, I will serve the new food with your favorite chicken nuggets. OK?" asked her mother.

"O-kayyy. I'll try," said Mya.

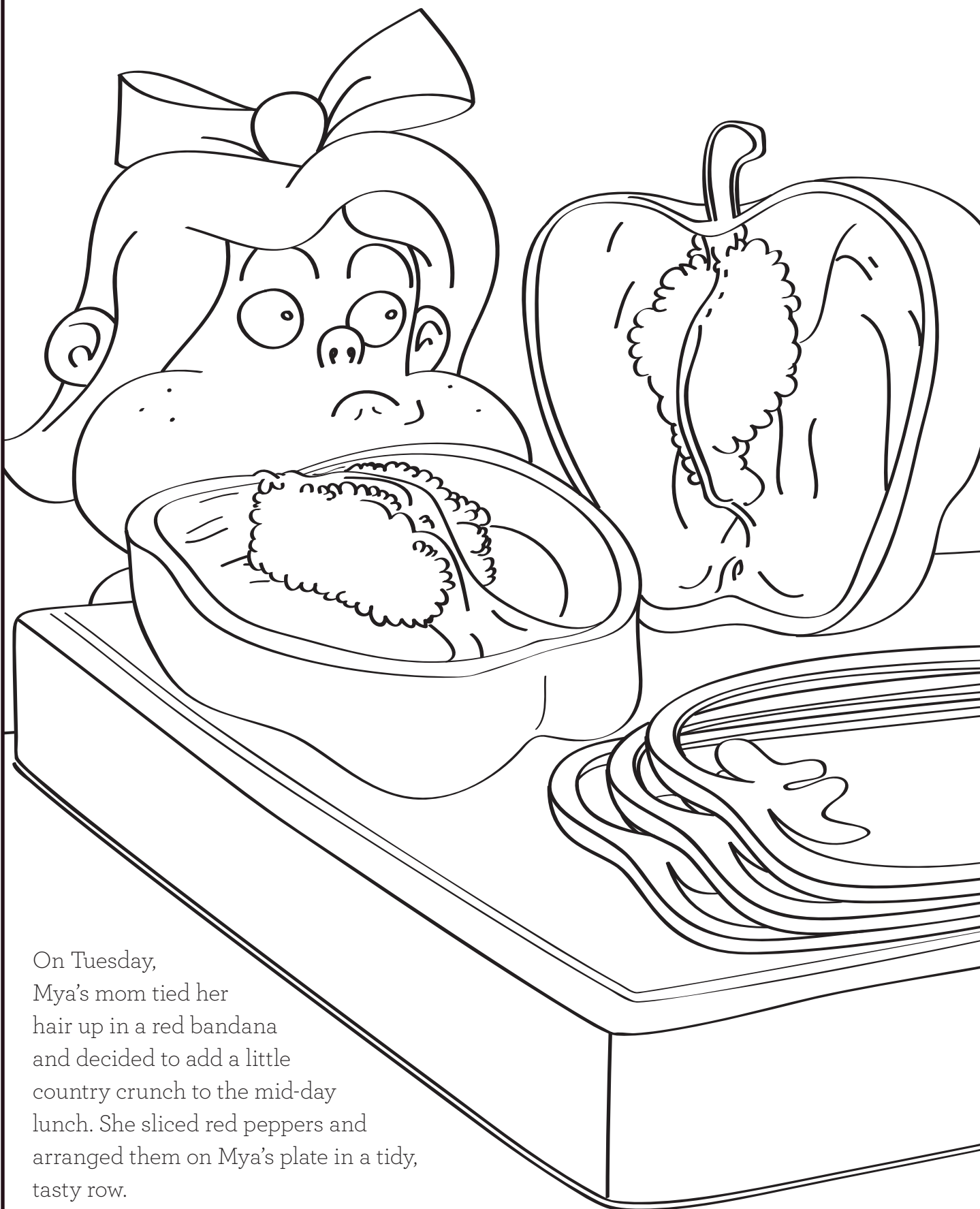


On Monday, Mya's mom dressed in her most royal blue outfit and made a big fuss over a meal that included her favorite blue food.



"Mya, try a blueberry," said her mother.

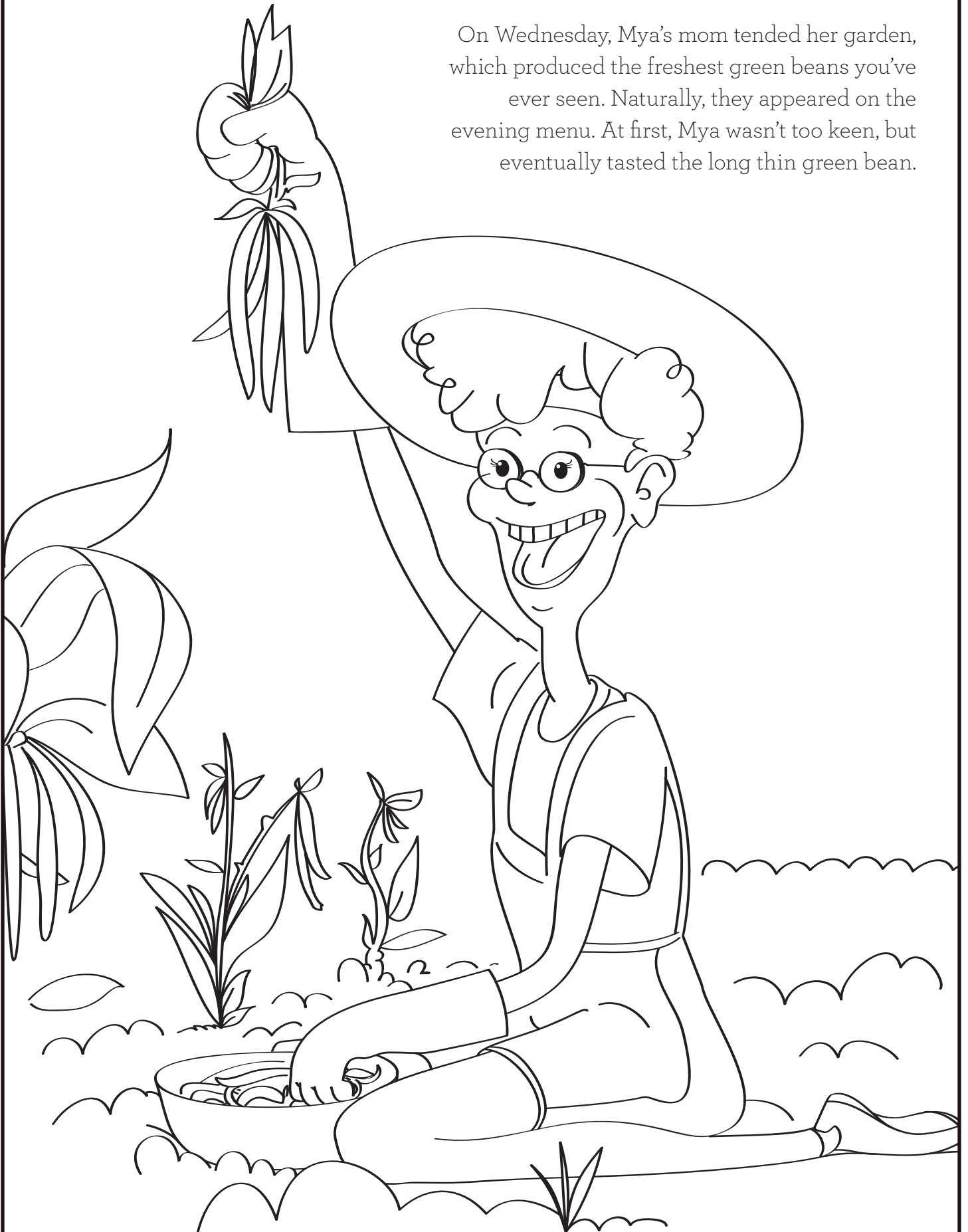
Mya tried a few. Would you?



On Tuesday,
Mya's mom tied her
hair up in a red bandana
and decided to add a little
country crunch to the mid-day
lunch. She sliced red peppers and
arranged them on Mya's plate in a tidy,
tasty row.

Mya was a bit unsure, but took a little munch.

On Wednesday, Mya's mom tended her garden, which produced the freshest green beans you've ever seen. Naturally, they appeared on the evening menu. At first, Mya wasn't too keen, but eventually tasted the long thin green bean.





On Thursday it rained. Feeling the opposite of dreary, Mya's mom cooked up a meal that was funny and sunny. She put slices and dices of orange on display in a burst of sunshine and smiles.

"Give it a try, honey," urged Mya's mom.

Mya thought it was yummy!

On Friday Mya was yellow with fear. Her mom had started to sauté some squash that was a sickly pale color, perfectly matching Mya's pallor.

"Mya, give it a chance," said her mother.

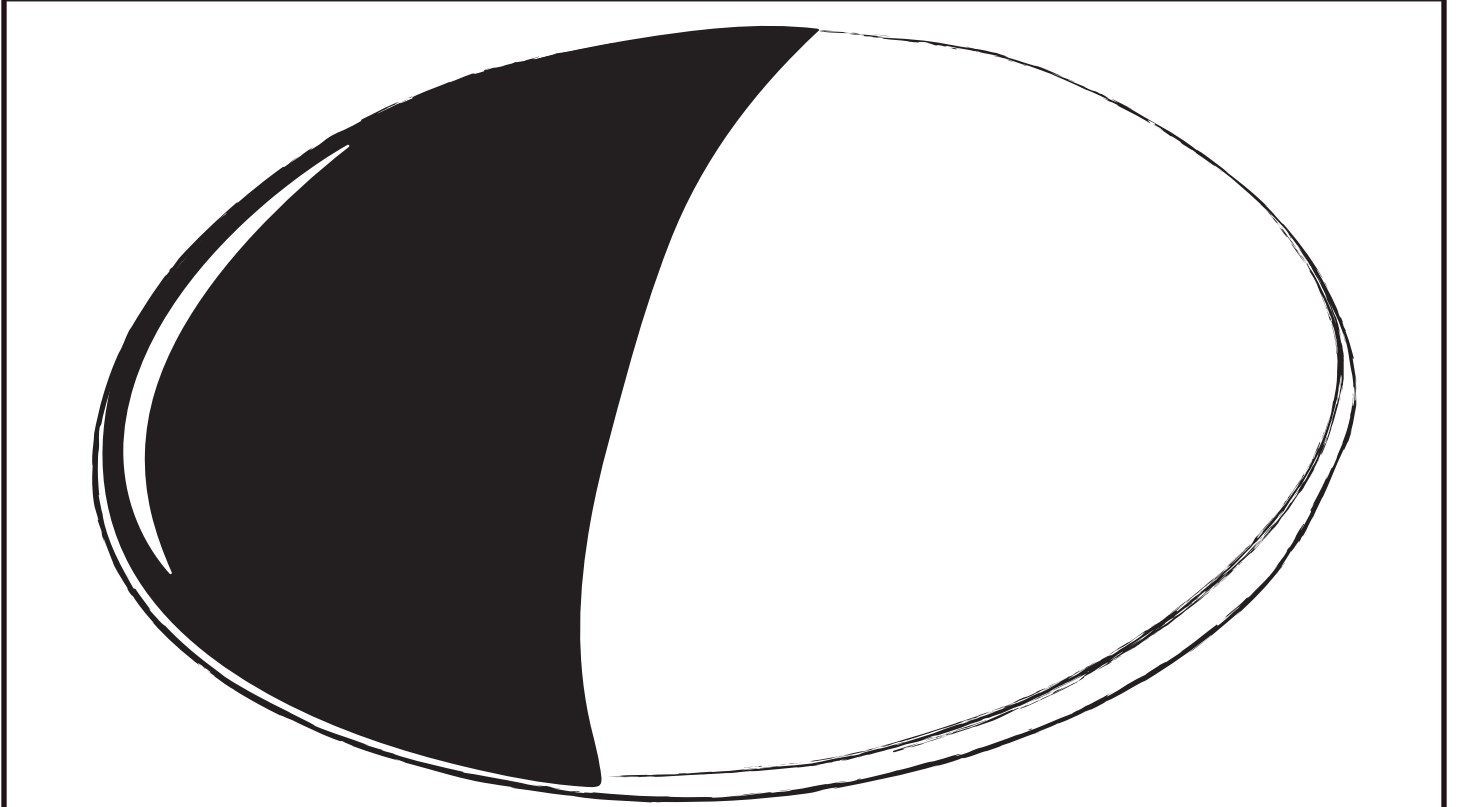
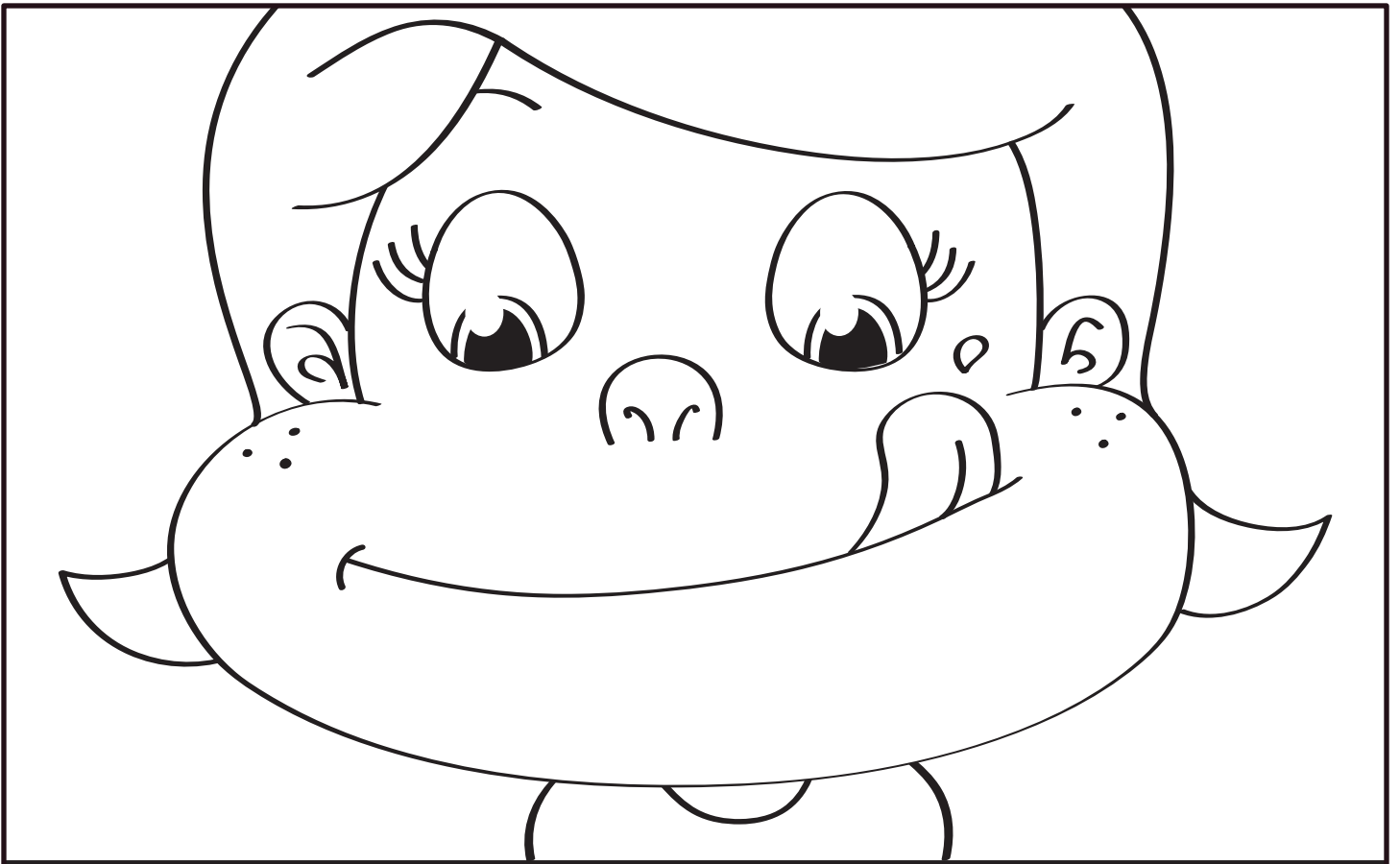
Mya looked at it askance. But when she nibbled the tender yellow fare, her mom did a dance!



On Saturday, Mya's mom woke up with a passion for purple. She lathered up with lavender soap, donned her deepest shades of plum apparel, put violets in a vase and pondered what form of purple to put in Mya's porridge. She settled on grapes...and so did Mya!



That night, she even ate a purple potato with her chicken nuggets. This color wheel deal she had made with her mom wasn't so bad after all.



On Sunday, Mya's mom served a special black and white dessert to celebrate Mya's successful week of trying colorful new foods. Mya's favorites were the black and white cookies and the blackberries and cream. Mya's mother just beamed!

That evening before bed, Mya's mom mentioned how pleased she was that Mya had tried so many healthy new foods.

"I am so excited about next week's menu of rainbow delights!" exclaimed Mya's mom. "You'll try all kinds of interesting new bites."

Mya almost put up a fight, but then she realized something. As long as she could count on regular servings of her favorite chicken nuggets, trying new foods would be more than all right. With that thought, she kissed her mom good night and out went the lights.

