

## George Washington Carver Comes to My School

It was a cool, cloudy January day. It was first recess, and I was shooting hoops when I saw the Jessup wagon pull up. I knew it was the real Jessup wagon because I had pictures of it. I stood and stared when George Washington Carver got out and walked to the playground.

Dr. Carver walked up to me and asked where he was. I replied, "You're at Liberal Elementary School."

Dr. Carver said, "I left Tuskegee this morning driving north. I got caught in a storm. The rain was pounding and the sky was pitch black. I couldn't see the road. I don't know how long the storm lasted, but I kept driving. Finally, the storm stopped. I didn't know where I was but I kept driving north. I just stopped to ask for directions."

"That must have been a long storm because it's 2012," I chuckled. "I'll take you to our principal, but can I show you a few rooms in our school first?"

"I guess, but only a minute because I need to go," Mr. Carver insisted.

The first room we visited was the art room. He looked around the tables and chairs and asked, "What room is this?"

"This is the art room," I said. I knew he loved to paint. He taught me how to make paint instead of having to go to recess.

"What's this room?" Professor Carver asked as he looked at the keyboards.

"It's the music room," I said. "Would you like to see how the keyboard works, Professor Carver?" I asked. I thought he would like it because he liked to sing and play the violin.

“I would love to try,” said Professor Carver. “Do you have a violin that I could use? He carefully taught me how to play the violin.

“What’s this room?” he asked looking at the lunch tables.

“It’s the cafeteria,” I said. “If you have time, let’s see where they cook!”

Professor Carver said, “I might have a little time left. I will show you one of my sweet potato recipes in the kitchen.”

I felt excited to see him and help him cook. I couldn’t wait to tell my grandpa that I had cooked with George Washington Carver!

“I enjoyed seeing these wonderful rooms, but I must go!” he exclaimed.

He was in a hurry, but I was lucky to have shared my school with him. Just then clouds popped up into the sky. The sky turned dark, and it began to rain. “Run to the wagon and drive south!” I yelled. “Thanks again,” I said. I yelled louder, “Goodbye! Have a good trip!” The wagon could no longer be seen.

Just then the whistle blew. It was time to go in from recess. I had spent all day with George Washington Carver. It sure is a story to share, but nobody will believe me. Oh, well. They may never hear the story, but I’ll remember it forever!