

Good Relayshunsips

A Short Tale

By Tygo Lee

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Hey, there comes my good friend Katy the Kid walking up the street.

Hi ya, Katy, what's up?

"Broccoli, Tygo. Broccoli!"

Huh?

"My mommy made me eat *broccoli* for lunch!"

So?

"Yuck! I mean, *yuck*, Tygo!"

Oh yeah. Okay, I gotcha on that one. I don't like it much either.

But look, Katy, all the little kids have to eat lots of veggies, so as they say, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

"Huh? Uh, okay. Yeah."

"I like to *roam* around the neighborhood a lot and play with the other kids, and talk to you, and stuff like that. So I must be a ro-kid, right!"

Huh?

"Come on, Tygo. don't you get it! I *can't* be a roaming-man, so I must be a roaming-kid. A ro-kid!"

Well, good one, Katy. Actually, yeah, that's pretty creative!

But what it means is that what other people do, you sort of have to do at least some of the same things, or behave at least a little in the same way, so you can fit in.

"Fit in?"

I mean, have good relationships with everybody. You know, be friends with.

"That's great, Tygo!"

Uh, well, of course it is. But it's just an old proverb that...

"You eat lots of *desserts*, right, Tygo? I mean cherry pies, and chocolate cakes, and really good stuff like that."

Sure, Katy. I *love* desserts!

“So that’s it!”

Huh?

“I’m gonna go tell my mommy that you said I’m a ro-kid and that you’re a ro-man, so I need to eat pies and cakes *all the time too* so I can have good relayshunsips with you and everybody on our street. Hooray!”

Katy, well, no. That wouldn’t be a good idea. The deal is...

“See ya, Tygo!”

Katy, no. No! Come back, Katy!

Katy, you *can’t* tell your mommy that, okay?

Katy? Katy!

Kaaaaaaaaty, come back!