



# Chapter 1

## Matt's Big Day

Matt springs out of bed. It is a big day for him. At last, he is ten!

He slips into his pants and top. He can smell brunch. He runs down the steps and past the hall with a yell.

“Yum!” he says. “Is that eggs and ham for me?”

His mom stands with a pan in her hand. She sets it down and hugs Matt. “Yes, this is for you. Grab a dish.”

“Thanks, Mom!” Matt says.

“My son is getting so big!” says Matt’s dad as he brings Matt a glass of milk.

“I want to get big quick as well,” says Liz.

Matt and Liz are siblings. Liz is six. She is fond of Matt and wants to be just like him.

Matt spots a stack of gifts in the den. He wants to dig into them.

“Not yet!” his mom says. “Finish your eggs and ham. Then you can get to the gifts.”

Matt gulps down his brunch. He sets his dish and cup in the sink.

Then he asks, “Can I go get my gifts?”

“Yes, Son,” his dad nods.

They all run into the den.

“Pick this gift,” says Liz. She hands Matt a big box with a red string. “It is from Mom, Dad and me.”

Matt rips into the box. It is a big black tank and a bag of blocks.

“This tank was at the top of my wish list!” he yells with a thrill. “Thanks, Mom! Dad! Liz!” He hugs all of them.

Matt gets lots of gifts. He unpacks all of them.

The last gift is a box from Grandma Deb. Matt thinks it will be the best gift yet. So he has kept her gift for last. Grandma Deb is rich. Plus, she sticks to the kids’ wish lists.

“Best for last,” Matt rips the box.

“What is in the box?” asks Liz.  
“What did Grandma Deb get for you?  
Is it a big black jet? An i-pad? Tell me,  
Matt!”

“Oh, it is... just a pen with a glass  
pot of ink,” he grunts.

This cannot be all of it. Matt checks  
the box. But there is not a thing left in  
it.

“Why did she get you a pen?” asks  
Liz. “What is up with Grandma Deb?  
Did you not send her your wish list for  
the gifts? Do not tell me that a pen was  
on your list.”

“Not at all,” says Matt. “Why did she  
get me a gift this bad?”

“There are no bad gifts,” says his mom. She picks up the pen. “This is an old pen. It must have cost her a lot.”

Matt is sad. He did not want a pen. But he stops to fuss.

“Well, I have got lots of things to play with,” he thinks.

He flings the pen down and forgets it.