



Early one morning Lilmaude opened her eyes and thought, *Wouldn't it be great to have a tasty blackberry cobbler for breakfast?* The oldest of six sisters, Lilmaude took her job seriously and kept an eye on all of her siblings. She sat up and nudged her sister, Pasadean, who was fast asleep next to her.

“Leave me alone, Lilly,” Pasadean groaned. “I’m sleeping.” Pasadean was the second oldest and was sure no one was as smart as she was.

Lilmaude nudged her again, whispering, “Blackberry cobbler!”

Pasadean tossed off the crazy quilt. “Count me in!” She nudged her sister Fanamae, who was sleeping beside her.

Fanamae slowly raised her head, annoyed that her sisters had awakened her from a wonderful dream. “What are you guys talking about this early in the morning?”

“Blackberry cobbler!” They both grinned.





“Let’s go!” Said Fanamae as she pushed her mass of hair away from her brown eyes and jumped out of bed.

“Wait! Wait!” Lil said. “We need some more help. Let’s get the other girls.”

They quietly walked down the hallway and into the next room. “Blackberry cobbler!” Mugsy, Alfamae, and Smudge said in unison, “Ooh, that sounds so good!”

Mugsy always wore her hair in a ponytail because she was athletic. She leaped over Alfamae, who was bent over putting on her shoes, to join the other sisters. Then there was Smudge, the youngest. She was short and bossy and wasn’t scared of anyone because she knew she had older sisters to back her up.

“Be very quiet. We don’t want to wake up mother,” Lilmaude said.

The youngest girls quickly jumped into their clothes, and everyone crept down the stairs toward the kitchen.





Just as the girls reached the kitchen doorway, they heard a cough behind them. They turned to see their mother standing with her arms folded, a quizzical look on her brow. “Just where are you ladies off to this early in the morning?”

The sisters looked at Lilmaude because she was the oldest, and it was her idea to boot.

“We were on our way to pick berries for one of your yummy blackberry cobblers,” Lilmaude said.

The other sisters chimed in, nodding and explaining all at once. Even though Lilmaude was the oldest, the sisters had to stick together.

“What a wonderful idea, girls,” Mother said, smiling her big, beautiful smile. “After you get back, we will make the cobbler together. Just be careful, and look out for Smudge.”

Lilmaude nodded, grabbed the pots, and handed them to her sisters. “Okay girls you know the drill,” Lilmaude said. “Who can do it?”

“We can do it!” they responded, and yelled, “Sisters!!” and fist bumped.





“Let’s roll, girls,” Lilmaude said, and they headed for the berry patch behind their house.

It was early morning with the slightest chill in the air. Just the right morning for berry picking.

“Brrr!” Alfamae said. “It’s a little cold out here.”

“Once you start picking berries, you’ll warm up,” Lilmaude said.

“Why did we have to get up so early anyway?” Pasadean asked. “We could have waited until later.”

Lilmaude said, “Because we want to eat them for breakfast. Just imagine that black-berry juice rolling around on your tongue, sweet and buttery, and oh so delicious.”

“I can taste it now.” Smudge said as she licked imaginary juice from her lips.

“Well, none of us will be tasting anything if we don’t hop to it,” Lilmaude said. “Mother is counting on a good amount of berries for the cobbler, so don’t eat the berries! Pick the berries!”

