The great pickle predicament

As Olivia took a bite out of her sandwich, she felt something was missing. Pickles. The school was in charge of the lunches, so she complained to her principal, Ms. Lither.

“Miss, why is there no pickles in the school lunches? There used to be lots but now no one has a single piece.” she complained.

“Well, we were on short supply of pickles because the mayor declared that in the middle of the night, someone hid our stash somewhere and they are investigating who committed the crime. Sorry.”

Olivia rounded up her friends who were all fellow victims of the thief of the missing pickles. They decided to search for clues in the town. They looked everywhere but all they could find was cucumber peels scattered all over the town. Olivia thought it was odd as she knew that pickles were basically refined cucumbers.

Suddenly, she spotted a run-down poster that said “Join the Crunchy Cukes Rev. For more information, go to nopickles.com” Olivia thought it was weird, but she took out her trusty desktop and began browsing. It said that in order to sign up, they had to go to a location at midnight every fortnight. She told her fellow friends about it, and they reported that there was a familiar scent of pickles wafting through the air while they were walking by the mayor’s office. Then, an idea struck up in her head. While the mayor was gone, they could sneak inside and steal all the pickles he stole. They raced to the mayor’s office, and they found a stash of pickles on his desk.

As they zoomed to the town square, a familiar face was holding a microphone. It was the mayor, and he was the mastermind of all this.

As he started to speak, Olivia yelled “Wait! We have the pickles! You can choose which one, to have a new habit, or to keep it.”

Then, the principal of her school walked up and grabbed another microphone. “Why waste time to choose if one party is unhappy in the end? Let’s make both happy and satisfied and celebrate both!” Now the town had broccoli, strawberries and cucumbers but no one forgot pickles. There was a variety of fruits and veggies in everybody’s lunchboxes. But Olivia? She still prefers plain pickles.