



PETER the PERSNICKETY

by Breckyn Wood



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Once upon a time in the
Kingdom of Gulp there
lived a prince whose name
was Peter.



Prince Peter only ever ate three things: a peanut butter sandwich on brown bread cut into four triangles of the exact same size, twisty noodles with only a little butter but no sauce of any kind, and a red



apple with the skin peeled off. If you tried to sneak him a green or yellow apple with the skin peeled off, as Cook often did, he would know with one sniff and clamp his mouth shut.

Oh, how the Cook tried to tempt him to try something else! On shining silver plates she brought him meal after meal—fried eggs with yolks like a sunrise, mouthwatering meatballs swimming in sauce,

golden toast bubbling with
gooey cheese, perfectly ripe
strawberries in blankets of
sweet cream. The long table
groaned under the weight
of these dishes, but Prince
Peter only ever pushed the
food around on his plate,



pretending the tiny peas were brave knights who had to climb Mount Meatball to save Princess Parsnip.

Many royal dinners ended this way, with Peter's mouth shut tight, the queen weeping on bended knee beside him,



and the king, red in the face,
trying very hard to not jab his
fork into the table.

The people of the kingdom
began to call him Peter the
Persnickety, which is a fancy
word for “picky” or “hard
to please.” Peter, of course,
thought he was very easy to
please, as long as Cook didn’t
run out of peanut butter.



One day a traveling
salesman from a distant



land came to Gulp to sell his famous pies. They were the most delicious thing anyone in the kingdom had ever eaten, and soon everyone wanted to try one. A guard posted outside the castle gates bought two as the salesman's wagon drove by. After just one bite, he ran into the castle, metal armor

clanking. “Your Majesties!
Your Majesties!” he shouted
through a mouthful of flaky,
buttery crust.

