



Chapter 21: A recipe for love (and disaster)

“A love potion!!!??” Jewel belted out so loudly that several of the other students passing her by veered off track and stared at her as if she had just yelled, “Let’s get naked!!!” Charlie was instantly happy he had chosen to delay telling her what the syrup was until safely out of Ms. Jitherburrs’ room.

“Yep. A love potion,” Charlie confirmed.

“That’s the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard!” Jewel shook her head in disbelief. Everyone knew love potions were not real, just myths made up in fairytales and warlock books.

“Is it?” Charlie shot back. “How else do you explain Mike Dirk’s behavior or Magda Havarti’s?”

“Well, I don’t know,” Jewel stumbled. “But a love potion? I mean, that’s impossible! Love potions don’t work!”

“Just like ants don’t talk?”

Jewel let out a large sigh, “Well, you got me there...gosh, we’ve got to tell Rock!”

She stepped into Professor Pethers’ classroom where he was standing at the entry handing out tablets. He smiled as he handed Jewel hers, “I’m sorry Jewel were you saying something to me?”

“Oh, no, sorry, I just, well, never mind,” Jewel blurted out, shocked to see the Professor standing at the door. He was usually busy at his desk or with the animals when she entered the room. She looked down at the tablet in her hand, with the annual class survey loaded up. In her excitement, and confusion, she had forgotten all about it.

“Ok then... take your time with the survey and then don't forget to hit submit at the end when you're done. Once you're done you can leave the tablet on my desk.”

Jewel mumbled a quick “thank you” and then found her usual seat. Some of the other kids were already busy filling out their questionnaires but Rock was not back yet. Jewel started hers. It contained all types of questions ranging from “Who, in your opinion, is the most enthusiastic student with the most school spirit?” to “What is the best cafeteria food?” to “Which teacher, on a regular basis, provides you with the most help?”

Jewel was barely focused on her questionnaire: her mind was much more concerned with other things. When she typed in, “Spencer Bluecraft” for outstanding sportsman of the year, she realized that she had better pay closer attention.

Jewel was still busy filling out her three favorite sports events when Rock came strolling in the door. Charlie spotted him first and nearly burst Jewel's ear drum yelling “He's here!” at the top of his lungs.

Jewel looked up quickly and pleaded with her eyes for Rock to hurry to his seat. Naturally, as luck would have it, Adam Reiter was still busy explaining to Rock how they were going to incorporate the Mix Master's latest move into their practice today. Rock just nodded in agreement and then pulled away from him as fast as he could.

Rock slid in next to Jewel seconds later. “I swear that boy must practice lacrosse shots even when he's peeing. He never stops! But he is good, so I'll give him that... what do you guys have to tell me?! From the looks on your faces, I know something has happened.”

“Ms. Jitherburrs just had us make a love potion,” Jewel spit out.

“That's nice Jewel,” Rock said, his eyes narrowing at her. “So who are you going to give it to?” He had no idea why Jewel would be so antsy (no pun intended) to tell him about some stupid love potion.

“Rock! You don't get it, do you?” Jewel screamed under her breath. She leaned her elbow on the countertop and covered her face with one hand, blocking the rest of the room from her view. “Ms. Jitherburrs had us make a love potion today that made everyone fall in love with *her*. Love Potion. Get it? LP? From the envelope?”

Rock looked at Jewel and Charlie puzzled in disbelief. “Okay guys. You need to get a grip. A love potion?

Come on. That's the most absurd thing I have ever heard."

"More bizarre than talking ants?" Charlie reminded Rock. "Listen, I know it sounds far-fetched but I swear to you the syrup Ms. Jitherburrs had every one make today was a bona-fide love potion. Just ask Jewel how everyone was behaving."

Rock tilted his head to the side and gave Jewel a "go ahead, get it over with, because nothing you say will convince me of a love potion" kind of look.

Jewel took a deep breath, "After he drank the syrup, Mike Dirk told me Unified Arts was his favorite class, that he *loved* it." She stared Rock directly in the eyes.

"Okay Jewel, you've got to come up with a better one than that. You and I both know Mike was livid that he had to take Unified Arts this semester, that he feels —"

"Cooking and domestic duties are for dung heads, not football players," Jewel rehashed Mike's actual locker room words for Rock. "So if you don't believe me, why don't you go ask Mike, right now, how he feels about the class."

"Jewel, I'm not wasting my time to go over to Mike and ask him a question to which I already know the answer. He's going to look at me like I'm the biggest space head on the planet."

"I don't care how you think you're going to look!" Jewel's voice rose in frustration. "You look stubborn to me right now and that doesn't seem to bother you and *I'm* your best friend not Mike."

The words hit Rock hard. She was right. If she truly believed that Ms. Jitherburrs had had them all make a love potion, the least he could do was investigate it a little bit.

Without saying another word, Rock got up from his stool and walked over to Mike Dirk. "Hey, Mike," Rock began in a whisper. "Did you put Coach Cranium down for teacher of the year or Professor Pethers?"

"Neither," Mike kept typing never looking up from his screen.

"What do you mean?" Rock's eyebrows furrowed. Rock knew that Mike thought Coach Cranium was the best teacher at the school.

“I mean,” Mike shook his head softly, “that I didn’t vote for either of them for teacher of the year. That’s generally what ‘neither’ means – ‘not either of them’.”

“Yeah, I got that, I’m just surprised, that’s all. You love the two of them. Who did you vote for then?”

“I voted for Ms. Jitherburrs of course,” Mike looked back down at his tablet.

Rock was dumbfounded. For a moment he thought that maybe he hadn’t heard him correctly. “But Ms. Jitherburrs is a substitute teacher. You can’t vote for her for teacher of the year, it has to be someone who’s a full time teacher at Fiercedale.”

“Yeah, well, she *should* be a full time teacher and nobody else comes close. So I voted her for *both* teacher of the year and substitute teacher of the year. She’s awesome man, totally juicy. You have to take Unified Arts next term.”

Rock was speechless. *Both* teacher and substitute teacher of the year. At first he thought Mike had to be joking, but he could see from his tablet that Ms. Jitherburrs had been typed into both spaces clear as day.

And then something else became clear as day.

Jewel and Charlie were right. It was a love potion and Rock now knew why.

Rock quickly made his way back to his seat. He looked at the clock, he had two minutes until the bell rang. He needed to finish his questionnaire but his mind was racing with excitement and questions.

“Okay. It was a love potion,” Rock said quietly as he picked up his tablet, “And I know why. Do you know if it’s connected to all the other weird stuff that’s been going on?”

“Yes,” Charlie chimed in before Jewel could answer.

Jewel was completely stunned. “Wait, you know *why* Ms. Jitherburrs had us make a love potion? And you know how it’s connected to all the other stuff?” Jewel looked at each of her friends in turn.

“Jewel, the why is completely obvious. What are you filling out?” Rock hands motioned to the questionnaire.

Jewel looked down at her sheet. Of course. It was blatantly clear. How could she have missed the obvious? Ms. Jitherburrs wanted to get substitute teacher of the year. If she won this year, it would be her third year in a row, which would secure her a permanent teaching position at Fiercedale. The first year Ms. Jitherburrs had won solely by default. There had been no other substitute teachers that year.

Last year Ms. Jitherburrs had basically won by default again. The two other substitute teachers that year had fallen ill with some unusual tropical fever during the second semester, causing both of them to become delusional within hours of each other. They were removed by ambulance and a quarantine was set up. However, it was quickly determined that the fever was caused by a parasite and not contagious. Jewel had always thought their illness was strange. But now, Jewel's mind was racing... a strange parasite was certainly less strange than a love potion.

This year, however, there had been a whole host of substitute teachers. Not only had the Unified Arts teacher been ill this year, but there had been extended periods with substitutes in French, English and Photography. Apparently, the substitute French teacher, age 25 with beautiful dark skin and long braided cornrows, was a leading contender with many of the male students this year while several of the girls thought Mr. Franklin, the photography substitute, was a worthy subject of their photos.

"She's trying to rig the voting?!"

"Why else would she conjure up a love potion today?" Rock confirmed.

"If she gets substitute teacher of the year again, she'll be a permanent fixture here at Fiercedale!" Jewel thought out loud, "And, if she gave that syrup to everyone of her students today that makes..." she paused only for a millisecond to do the calculation, "about 120 students who are going to vote for her. Minus me and Spencer—he spilled his syrup all over the floor. And with the other votes being split between Ms. Frenchie French and Dashing Derek, she's sure to win!"

Rock was about to respond, when the bell for dismissal rang creating a torrent of activity. Rock looked around him quickly. "What do you think we should do? No one's going to believe us that she made a love potion to rig the vote without more evidence, and the results of the vote are given in a few hours at the annual meeting."

"Well, you have some evidence," Charlie interrupted.

Both Jewel and Rock turned their attention to Charlie, but before he could say another word, Spencer appeared at the end of their counter. In a rare moment of bravery, he was wearing neither protective gloves nor a protective mask. He looked at them through his bottle-thick glasses.

“You may thank me later for saving you from drinking that syrup today,” he stated matter of factly.

“Wait, how do you know that I didn’t drink my syrup?” Jewel asked in amazement. Spencer was down on all fours cleaning up his spilt syrup when she had washed hers down the drain.

“One, because you are smart and therefore have the brains not to consume such a health hazard, and two, I saw you dump it down the drain as Ms. Jitherburrs was heading over to reprimand me for my apparent carelessness.”

“Of course, you are never careless are you, Spencer?” Jewel said cryptically.

“Never,” Spencer gazed directly back into her eyes. “However, I’m afraid that my, um, misfortune, has landed me another hour in detention this afternoon. I just wanted to inform you of my delayed departure just in case you were taking the same route home again today.”

“I’ve got lacrosse practice after school today and Jewel’s got soccer. You have nothing to worry about Spence.”

“-er,” Spencer finished his name off for Rock, he did not approve of people shortening it. “Good. Then I shall be less fearful on my way home.” He nodded slightly and turned to go.

Jewel stopped him. “Uh Spencer, can I ask you a question?”

Spencer turned back to look at her. He was not accustomed to people actually asking him his opinion or anything about himself. His unusual vigilance left him somewhat isolated from other people. He was instantly suspicious. “Sure. Although, it depends on what it is.”

Jewel tilted her head to the side, “Just between us, Spencer, what do you think of Ms. Jitherburrs?”

A puzzled expression came over Spencer’s face. He was not used to sharing his apprehensions with other kids, because most of them made fun of him for his unusual tendencies. This time, for some reason, he didn’t quite know why, maybe something in the way Jewel asked or perhaps because she had been in

detention with him yesterday, he felt he might be respected for telling Jewel his true opinion. He leaned in closer to them (but not too close just in case of germs), and lowered his voice. "Just between us?" he checked.

Jewel and Rock nodded in silent agreement.

"I think she isn't fit to be teaching, I don't think she knows a thing about cooking and mark my words, I think she's up to something."

Of course, Spencer was the king of suspicion. He had more fears and doubts than an ant has brothers and sisters. Under normal circumstances, Rock and Jewel would have ignored any conspiracy theories Spencer claimed. But today was different.

"Like what?" Jewel asked softly.

Spencer shifted his eyes again around the room, making sure no one was near enough to hear. "Like I think she could be working for a secret society of mind control experts—SoMiC—who are trying to infiltrate the school system to manipulate children so they can recruit and manage them by the time they reach adulthood. They think free thinking is a problem and so they use mind control techniques to stifle individuality. Fiercedale was specifically chosen as one of five central initiation stations, due to the makeup of its student body. There are students here with very important parents with sizable influence across the world." Here Spencer eyed both Jewel and Rock knowingly and then continued, "The global impact of SoMiC's operation here can not be underestimated. Ms. Jitherburrs has been placed in a very important role and she will stop at nothing to secure a more permanent position here."

Rock and Jewel were speechless. Neither of them said a thing. Both of them had not expected Spencer to be so far out on planet Neptune.

"Wow," managed Jewel. "That sounds pretty serious."

"It sure is. You have to keep your eyes open in this world. They're always people working against you, and I'm sure that Ms. Jitherburrs is one of *them*." Spencer emphasized his last word and nodded his head, "You noticed it too, Jewel, didn't you? Otherwise you would not have asked."

Jewel was still thrown. She didn't want to collude with Spencer's paranoia but she didn't want to hurt his feelings either. A guy with so many issues didn't need to feel like any one else was against him. "Uh, we

noticed she was acting pretty strangely," she conceded, "And I thought that syrup was pretty gross, so thank you for getting me out of it."

"My pleasure," Spencer seemed to relax a little. "It's just nice to know that I'm not the only one in this school who sees things. See you later."

"Bye."

"Bye, Spence-er," Rock added. The two of them were stunned into a momentary silence. Rock finally broke it. "Okay, well, I wasn't expecting *that*."

"Oh my word!" Jewel huffed. "I had no idea Spencer was so paranoid. I mean I thought he was mostly just preoccupied with germs and things. I had absolutely no idea how far out his paranoia extended."

"Yeah, that was pretty wild."

"Well, I'm not as certain that Ms. Jitherburrs is trying to take over the world, but she is trying to manipulate the vote and I think we have to try to do something."

Most of the kids were out of the room by now and Jewel was suddenly aware that her voice had traveled across the room to Professor Pethers. He looked up at her and smiled.

"Try to do something about what?" he asked.

"My insects," Rock said without missing a beat. "I don't think I gave them enough food and I was wondering if it might be alright if we just took a few minutes to give them food and water."

"Oh, of course. You'll have to be quick though. We are setting up for the annual meeting in a couple of hours and I've volunteered to help. Do you think you guys can find everything and then let yourselves out?"

"Sure, no problem. We'll be quick," Rock jumped off his stool and headed for his jar. Jewel followed.

"If anyone asks you what you're doing, just tell them I gave you permission and that they can find me either in the front office or the auditorium."

“Right.”

Professor Pethers left the room and Jewel walked back to Rock. “Okay, Charlie start talking. What evidence were you talking about and how in the world did you know that syrup was a love potion in the first place?”

Rock had the jar in his hand and Charlie was suddenly very happy that only he had the gift of being an Outerling. He would not have wanted Jewel and Rock to hear the foul things that were coming from that jar.

“I’ll tell you in a second,” Charlie said. “But first we need to fill these guys in on everything that has been happening.” Charlie nodded at the jar.

“Oh yeah,” Rock said. He had almost forgotten that Jessop, Gunther and XL had been waiting all day to tell them something about a manila envelope. Rock unscrewed the lid.

“WE SAW THE MANILA ENVELOPE!” blurted all three occupants at once. They then, of course, all started mouthing-off in different directions.

“What in tarnation did you think you were doing by keeping us locked up all day without communication????!!!” Jessop began.

“I should be usin’ yo to mop dah flooah, wid all dah brains you got in dere. Wha’ yo be thinkin’ ant boy?” XL’s head bobbed back and forth.

“Youuu werrreee suppoosed tooooo leeeett...” Gunther drawled, his five words coming out in the time both Jessop and XL had already spewed a sermon off each on how Charlie had not only violated their trust but had missed out on gaining important information earlier in the day.

“Hold up! Hold up!” Charlie tried to get his irate friends to settle down. “We know about the manila envelope guys, we’ve even figured out who had it, what was in it and why!”

“You did?” Jessop swallowed the other words that were about to come out of his mouth. “Well then, why didn’t you inform us? You acted like we were telling you what we ate for breakfast when you were in here this morning.”

Charlie remembered his “the man eats a cantaloupe” interpretation, and silently chuckled to himself at the use of Jessop’s words. He decided against telling him how right he actually was.

“Guys, we don’t have a lot of time. Listen up, so I can explain to everyone everything that is going on so far,” Charlie said.

“By the time we got to Jewel’s Unified Arts class...” he began.

“Uni- what class?” XL interrupted.

“Unified Arts... you learn skills to help—oh never mind. It’s not important. What is important is that we knew you guys had seen the manila envelope and I had this really strong feeling that I had seen the writing on Professor Fahid’s board before. Then the smell coming from the boiling pots on the stove also seemed familiar, when suddenly it struck me what it was. Jessop, do you remember the time I had a crush on Mitzi Millflour?”

“Do I remember? Come on, for weeks I couldn’t get you to talk about anything else but that dang girl, mind you, she *is* pretty cute.”

“Well, do you remember how shy I was about talking to her and then my Uncle Jaxx came to visit?”

“Sure, he was convinced that you should just talk to her. Made me go on a reconnaissance mission to find out what her favorite flower was so you could woo her with them.” Jessop smiled.

“Well, that’s true, but there was more to it than that. My Uncle Jaxx decided that we should make a love potion-“

“You’re joking!” Jessop spat out.

“Actually I’m not. We never intended on using it, and mind you we never did, but my Uncle Jaxx thought it would be fun to see if we could concoct it anyway. We pretended we were mad scientists, wore protective goggles, chanted— the whole bit. It was crazy but it totally took my mind off of Mitzi for the day. Anyway, the reason I asked you find to out what her favorite flower was is because for this particular love potion, you needed to add a pinch of something that your desired person loved—and I knew Mitzi loved flowers, I just wasn’t sure which one was her absolute favorite.”

“Oh my gosh,” Jewel interjected. “Now that homework assignment makes total sense!”

“What homework assignment?” Charlie asked, a sudden chill coming over him.

“The one I got detention for! Remember Rock? Ms. Jitherburrs gave us all a homework assignment to bring in hairs from our pets for some supposed house cleaning project. Everybody loves their pets!”

“Bingo. That would explain how she was able to individualize the love potion for everyone of her students...”

Jewel then gasped. Hector hissed but no one paid attention.

“What is it?” Rock asked.

“The triplets’ lady bug! They loved it! And I’ll bet you anything it was Ms. Jitherburrs who came in and took it. The Triplets don’t have any pets, so they hadn’t done their homework either. Ms. Jitherburrs was about to give them detention as well for not bringing in an alternative—threads from their favorite article of clothing, but then she overheard them swooning over their ladybug and she dropped the whole thing. I was so mad because she didn’t drop my detention.”

“So that explains the lady bug snatching,” Rock agreed.

“Yep. And the base of the potion is the same—which is what she had boiling in the pots all day because it takes several hours for the base to cook properly. But the best part is—guess what it’s made from?” Charlie looked at Jewel and Rock.

“Snail eggs and frog livers?” Jewel joked.

“Pickle juice, sugar and...” Charlie was just about to give the last ingredient when Rock cut in.

“Let me guess,” Rock said. “Castor oil.”

“Bingo again!” Charlie smiled. “And lots of it. That’s why all the supplies in the kitchen were missing along with Nurse Weatherbottom’s supplies. In order to make enough base for everyone of her students, she would have needed a large quantity of each—more than she had in the Unified Arts supplies at least, and ordering pickle juice, sugar and castor oil in such large quantities would certainly have raised some

eyebrows.”

“True,” Jewel agreed, “Although I doubt if anyone would have guessed a love potion.”

“True, except maybe the librarian. Remember, Janitor Jinkin was all in a huff because someone had knocked over all the books in the mythology and horticultural sections of the library?”

“Yeah,” said Rock.

“Well, that particular love potion is an ancient druid recipe,” Charlie explained.

“Druid? As in tree worshippers? Come on! Get out,” Jewel said incredulously.

“Yep. Now I can’t say exactly why Ms. Jitherburrs was looking in those books because she seems to have had the recipe all along. She was writing it over and over on Professor Fahid’s blackboard,” Charlie paused so that the significance of what he just revealed would sink in.

“The writing on Fahid’s board is the recipe for the love potion??!!” Jewel exclaimed.

“You got it.”

“But why keep writing it on a blackboard? And why in some ancient scroll?” Jewel thought out loud. “I mean, I guess the weird writing makes sense so that no one else can read it, but why bother putting it up on the board over and over again. Both Professor Fahid and Jinkins said it had been there several times.”

“It has to do with the potency of the recipe. The druids believed that repetition had power. Life goes through cycles—fall, winter, spring, summer—the cycles of the moon etc., so they also believe that when you repeat anything in a cyclical manner it gains power. By writing the love potion recipe over and over, Ms. Jitherburrs was trying to increase its power. She wrote in orange chalk, too, the druid’s color of the earth when it’s rich in nutrients and therefore energy—which all equates to... power,” Charlie explained.

Jessop, Gunther and XL were too stunned for words. None of them spoke, they just all stared at Charlie, Jessop secretly wondering if his friend was so brilliant he should be head of secret service in the army or maybe so crazy that he should be locked up by the secret service. He was vacillating between both.

To Jewel and Rock though, it all made sense. Once you have an ant talk to you in plain English, every

thing else strange is peanuts. Hector still hissed in the background, but Charlie was too busy getting the whole story out to stop and listen to what he was saying.

“By the way,” Charlie continued, “the druids also believed that writing was a sacred art. I’m not sure Ms. Jitherburrs chose to write it in that form, I think she had to. To change the recipe from its original form in anyway, would be to diminish the probability of it working.”

“How do you make it?” Rock asked.

“Carefully,” said Charlie. “It took us all day and we messed it up a couple of times. But from what I can remember you take the pickle juice—used because it is a preservative with cucumber extract. Remember the druids revere anything that grows from the earth while the sugar is used because everyone had a natural affinity, or love, for things that are sweet. As for the castor oil, well, frankly I have no idea about that part.

Then you add dried ground oyster, dove feathers because they represented love and peace to the druids, cloves and juniper berries. Finally, you need a pinch of the whatever your love interest loves. That’s the most important part, because the potion works by transferring the desire for the love object to you. You add the last bit of dry mixture and then repeat the words,

You and me, unto the trees
A few leaves, a few loves,
We are bound like the doves

For the day and three hours,
Your love blooms like a flower
And when at last time is gone
You will feel nothing wrong...”

“You will feel nothing wrong!?! Please! How could being in love with Ms. Jitherburrs not feel wrong?!” Jewel said with horror.

“Wait wait! There’s more...”

“Nothing wrong??!” Jewel continued, ignoring Charlie, “The whole thing is wrong! No wonder she never gave us the ingredient list for the syrup and made us all call her over to add the final bit of mixture! She

was chanting! Thank goodness I didn't drink it!"

"But didn't you say you never brought in anything? Isn't that why you got detention?" Rock asked.

Jewel's eyebrows furrowed in concentration. "Actually, you're right. But she was so intent on me drinking it, she was watching over me like a hawk."

"Maybe she found something else on her own for you, like she did for the triplets," Charlie offered.

"I'm sure she did," Jewel said slowly. "I just can't imagine what. She doesn't know me that well. I keep my mouth shut in her class and leave."

Instantly, Charlie remembered Ms. Jitherburrs getting her ring caught in Rock's hair and he knew immediately what Ms. Jitherburrs had used. "Love comes in many different forms," Charlie's mother always used to tell him. Of course, Jewel loved Rock. Not the boyfriend-girlfriend kissy-face, stars-in-your-eyes kind of love, but a friendship love, a love that you have just because you enjoy being around the other person, trust them and want the best for them.

Charlie was not sure he had enough time to explain this to Rock and Jewel without either one of them misinterpreting it and then feeling embarrassed. What he needed right now was for their minds to be sharp and focused on the problem at hand. He did not need them to be worrying about love—that was pretty much the best thing a person could have. He decided to let it go for the time being. "Well, it's not important now—you didn't drink it. What is important is that we figure out what we are going to do."

"That's for sure! We need to figure out how we are going to stop that woman from becoming a permanent fixture here at Fiercedale. The school assembly is less than two hours away!" Rock said.

Just then Hector let out the loudest hiss any of them had ever heard from him, shocking them all. Charlie suddenly focused in on what Hector had said.

"She's here!" Charlie said, almost more repeating what Hector had said than actually realizing the significance of it.

"Ms. Jitherburrs?!" Jewel cried.

Hector Hissed again. "Yes!"

“Right here.”

Discussion Questions: *Take time to read through all the questions first to find out which ones you feel will be right for you and your family. Not all will be suitable for all families since these questions were made to appeal to many different ages. And, of course, they are simply suggestions. Feel free to ask any questions that come to your mind and don't forget to get CURIOUS about the answers your children give! Ask questions related to their answers if you can.*

1. What are your first thoughts about this chapter? What surprised you? What did you already know?
2. Jewel had to answer these three questions in the survey: "Who, in your opinion, is the most enthusiastic student with the most school spirit?" "What is the best cafeteria food?" And "Which teacher, on a regular basis, provides you with the most help?" Answer them for you.
3. If you could make a love potion, would you? What would you do with it?
4. Jewel accuses Rock of being stubborn when he won't go ask Mike Dirk who his favorite teacher is. Are you stubborn sometimes? When do you behave/feel that way? When is it a good thing? When is it not?
5. Spencer doesn't like it when people shorten his name. Do you shorten yours? Do you have a nickname? Do you like it? Why do you think people use nicknames with other people? What does using a nickname do?
6. People sometimes make fun of Spencer. Is that okay? Why do you think people do that? Do you ever make fun of someone? What would you do if someone made fun of you? Of your sibling? Of your best friend?
7. Charlie once needed Jessop to find out Mitzi Millfour's favorite flower. What is yours? What is your mom's? Your dad's? Your grandmother's? Your grandfather's?
8. Charlie realizes that Ms. Jitherburrs used Rock's hair for Jewel's love potion because Jewel loves Rock: "Not the boyfriend-girlfriend kissy-face, stars-in-your-eyes kind of love, but a friendship love, a love that you have just because you enjoy being around the other person, trust them and want the best for them." What do you think of that statement? Do you have a friend like that?