

The Wisit of the Wuzzacs

or

a weekend in Chicago with Dad, Gaga and Gogo

June 23-27, 2011

What a cool weekend! Not nearly so hot as in Louville, Kaintuck... Dad drove wonderfully smoothly and carefully so that we could sleep all the way to Chicago on the Thursday evening. Friday morning we were refreshed and able to wake up Gaga even before it was light - she was so pleased to see us bouncing on her bed that she told us a story before we went downstairs to get out the toys to cover all the carpets. It was a long time later before those lazy grownups came down and gave us breakfast, but by then we were really hungry (but not at all grumpy).

Off we went to the Field museum to see the elephants and the dinosaurs and the aunts, and to have a snack in the restaurant. Home again, home again, jiggity-jig, to Gaga's, on the little train, and a ride on Dad's shoulders past the closed Borders' book-store - too bad it is closed - Gaga might have found a book for us.

After another snack, we could finally start sewing - we wanted to make two dolls - Bob and Jake - and Gaga was quite helpful in threading the machine and finding the materials, but then we showed her how much stuffing we could get inside each one - so they would not have to eat again for quite a while. Once we had sewed on buttons for their eyes, and made them buttoned cummerbunds, they became



alive
and
led
us



on lots of merry games...



When Gogo arrived he was surprised that we had already found the "happyberries" - oops, I mean raspberries, as the grownups seem to call them.

[Here are some they missed! - Ed]

But every time we looked we seemed to find more - some were not as dark red as others, but we ate them anyway..... Yum! Yum! Especially at teatime.

Saturday morning, Gogo was up before us,



but we found Gaga still sleeping. For breakfast, we ate more raspberries, and went to a store on 47th street with a scary policeperson, but she let us leave with Ava's flashing running shoes - so we had to go running and hiding in the Harold Washington

park.

In the afternoon, more happyberries, but we helped tidy up Gogo's garden - cutting the grass, pulling up "weeds". Then off to the O'Connor party - we were roller skating the whole time. Although Mrs. O'Connor looks very old (I think it was her fortieth birthday), she tried too.



Sunday morning we had a treat - off to Dad's favorite restaurant - the Medici - for brunch - we had to call Mom to tell her how good it was, and how much we missed her (you can just see the phone in the picture).



Gaga found some books for us (finally) at the nearby bookstore.

We went to the park on the way home, but not for long enough. So off we went to a better park... Ava on a bicycle and Tyra on a tricycle - we beat Gogo and Dad easily since they had to kick the soccerball all the way. We came back by the icecream store - yum, yum (then raspberries in the garden).



Gaga had prepared a super picnic in the garden with lots of roast beef - it all kind of tired us out - so we gathered raspberries for dessert - that gave us energy to build stepping stones in the pool behind the backyard - lots of fun - the grownups were a little suspicious about what we were doing, but they soon entered into the fun, and made sure no cars ran us over while we were playing - it was super-messy. I think Gogo took a movie that we might show to our cousins sometime.



Some friends of Gaga and Gogo arrived after supper - they were staying a few days to study the papers of "Grand-Em" (Dad and Gogo had cleaned the basement to find the buried papers). Apparently, Grand-Em is our great-grandfather who lived ages ago, and was very famous - even more famous than Henry Blake Fuller, a writer who used to live in Gaga and Gogo's house, also ages ago. Enough of that old stuff - what we really wanted to say is that we put on a super drum concert for them - using Gaga's new drum, and Gogo's old drum - it was fabulous, and we had to go to bed immediately afterwards.

Love to all you people who have read this really long story all the way to the end. From **Ava and Tyra**



P.S. It rained during Sunday night - and Wow! Our little pool had become a raging torrent of water - too bad that Dad said we had no clean clothes and we couldn't go in it - Besides, we wanted to get back to Louville quickly to see our Mom and tell her this story....