

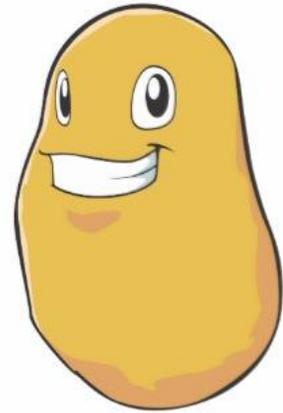
A Potato Problem

Be Proud

The Starch Family lived a simple life just within the Idaho border. There was Papa Starch, Momma Starch, and their only sprout, Bud.

Bud was a young potato, but he had big plans for his future. One day he said to Papa Starch, "Dad, when I am ready to be served, I want to be a dinner potato. Not just an ordinary dinner potato, but one of those twice baked potatoes served with a fancy dinner."

Papa Starch rubbed his eyes for a second and then said, "Bud, you have to understand something very important. We are a middle class kind of potato; we are French Fries. As a matter of fact your Grand-Tater was a French Fry; your Great Grand-Tater was a French Fry; heck, even your Great Great Grand-Tater was a French Fry!"



Papa Starch confused Bud. "That means I have to be a French Fry too?" Bud asked. Papa Starch replied, "Bud, in the potato world potatoes are served according to how wealthy they are."

Bud's father went on to give examples of the different classes of potatoes. First there are the types of potatoes that are frozen, such as hash browns and tater tots. They are the cheapest of potatoes and cost the least.

Next, there are potatoes that are dehydrated and put in boxes like mash, scalloped, and au gratin potatoes. They are a little bit better off than the frozen potatoes, but they are lower than fast food kinds. Papa Starch painted a pretty bleak picture for Bud and his future.

After hearing his father, Bud was sure he was missing something. He thought that just because his family is French Fries, that doesn't make him any less of a potato.

Bud wanted to learn more about different potatoes, so he went online to his favorite website, www.potatoproblems.com. It's a website where potatoes from all over Idaho discuss all things POTATO.

Bud read about many different potatoes and their problems. One potato in particular had a problem very similar to Bud's. It was a sweet potato named Yammy; she was just as confused at Bud about why potatoes were treated differently. Bud decided to send her an email and get her thoughts.

Yammy got back to Bud right away. She emailed him the following: Dear Bud, One thing I have learned is that some potatoes just don't see the big picture. Just because your family are French Fries doesn't make them any less tasty than other potatoes (especially twice baked potatoes ☺). A potato is still a potato regardless of how it is served!"

Bud smiled at Yammy's reply and he was proud to be a potato, because he finally came to the conclusion that we are all just potatoes!

In the Garden

Be Proud



There once was an abandoned garden, forgotten and unattended. It was filled with a variety of things, but mostly overgrown bushes and weeds, but out from between a load of grass and weeds, there appeared, as if from nowhere, a single white rose. It was as white as snow, its petals looked like velvet, and the morning dew shone from its leaves like crystals. The white rose was unable to see herself, therefore she had no idea how beautiful and stunning she was. The white rose spent her life thinking she was one of the weeds or overgrown grass, not knowing her true self.

One hot, sunny day, a girl was strolling near the garden, when she suddenly saw the white rose in that forgotten part of the garden. The rose was beginning to fade and wilt due to the intense heat.

"It's days since it rained," she thought, "if the rose stays here till tomorrow it'll be totally withered. I'll take it home and put it in the lovely vase I got as a present."

With all her love she put the wilting white rose in water, inside glass vase, and placed it by the window.

"I'll put you right here," she thought, "so you can get some sun."

What the young girl didn't realize was that the reflection from the window meant that, for the first time, the rose got to see herself and what she looked like.

"Is that me?" thought the rose. "Wow, until now I hadn't realized who I was, how could I have been so blind?"

The rose came to realize she had spent her days without appreciating her beauty, unable to see herself, unable to know who she really was.

Point: If you really want to know who you are, forget everything that's around you, and be proud of the qualities you have and don't give up on your hopes and dreams.

