



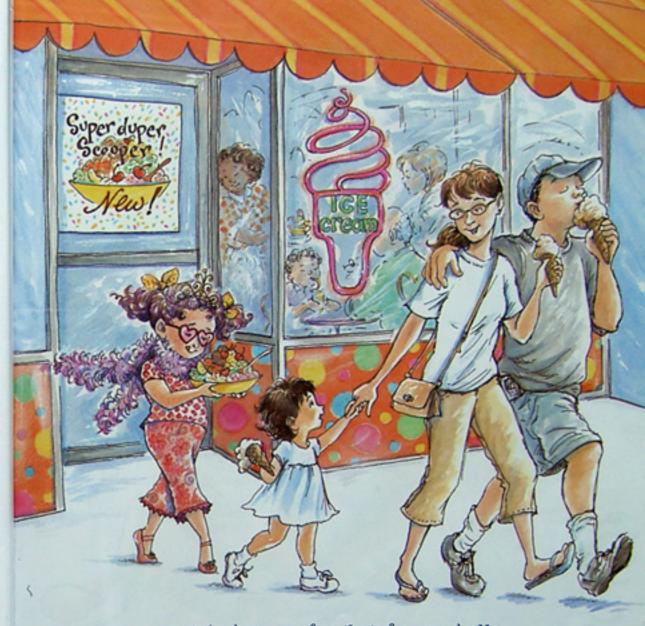


My favorite color is fuchsia.
That's a fancy way of saying purple.



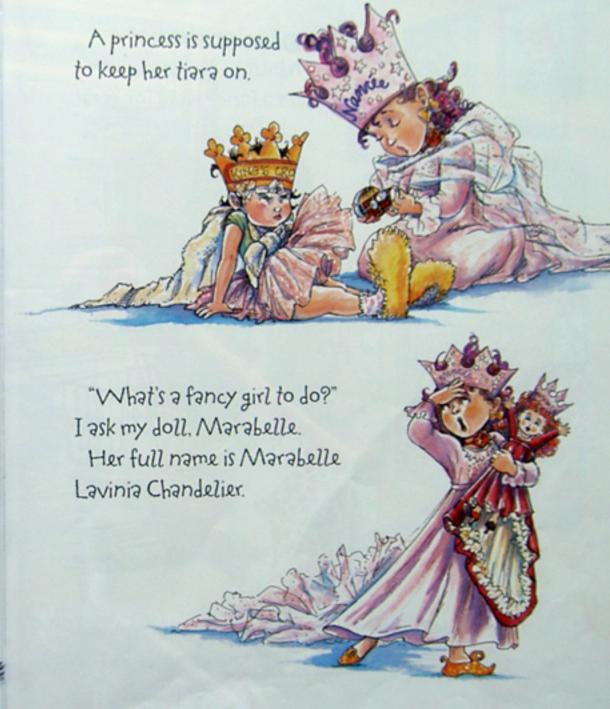
I like to write my name with a pen that has a plume. That's a fancy way of saying feather.

And I can't wait to learn French because everything in French sounds fancy.



Nobody in my family is fancy at all. They never even ask for sprinkles.





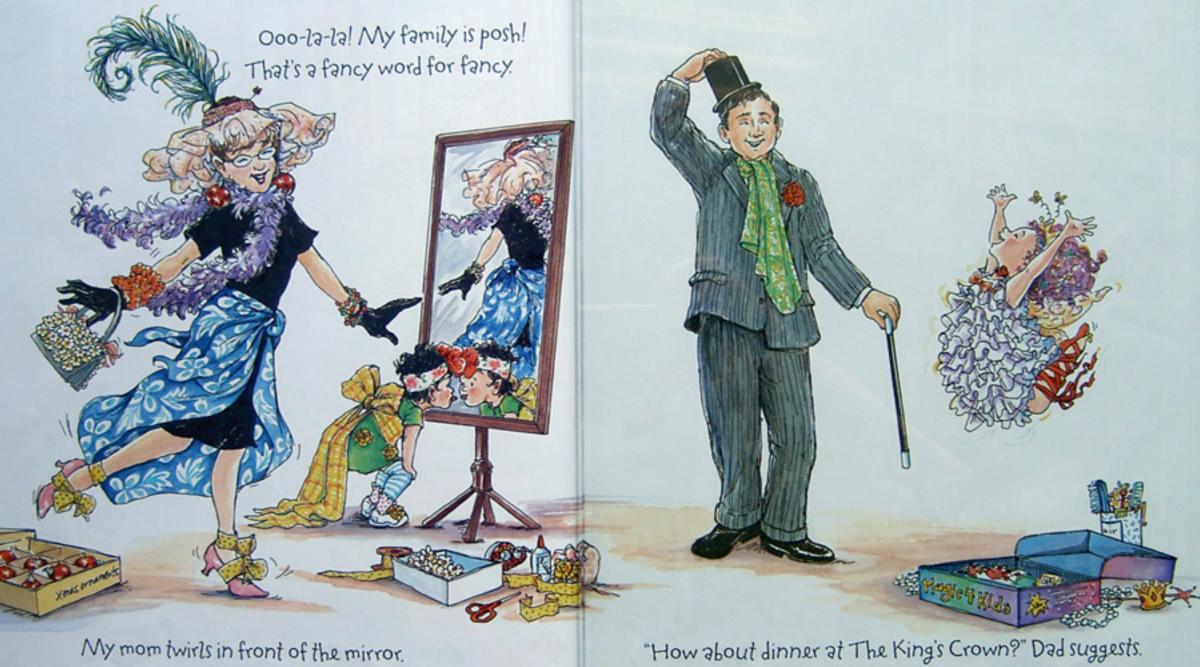




Maybe I can teach my family how to be fancy.
I make an ad and stick it on the fridge.

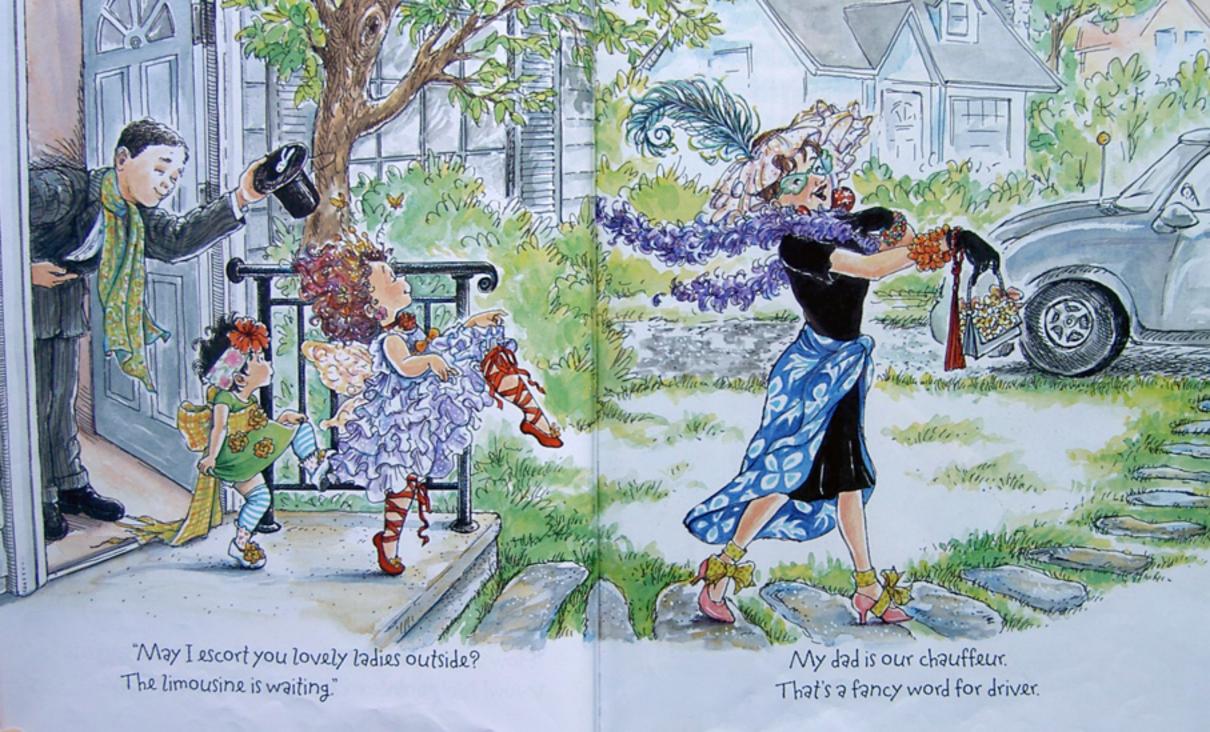






My mom twirls in front of the mirror.
"Why don't we go somewhere fancy tonight?"

"How about dinner at The King's Crown?" Dad suggests.
Wow! My parents are acting fancier already.







"For dessert, let's have parfaits," my mom says.
"That's French for ice-cream sundaes."



Amazing! My mother knows French!



When our parfaits are ready.

I curtsy and say. "Merci."

I carry the tray like a fancy waiter.



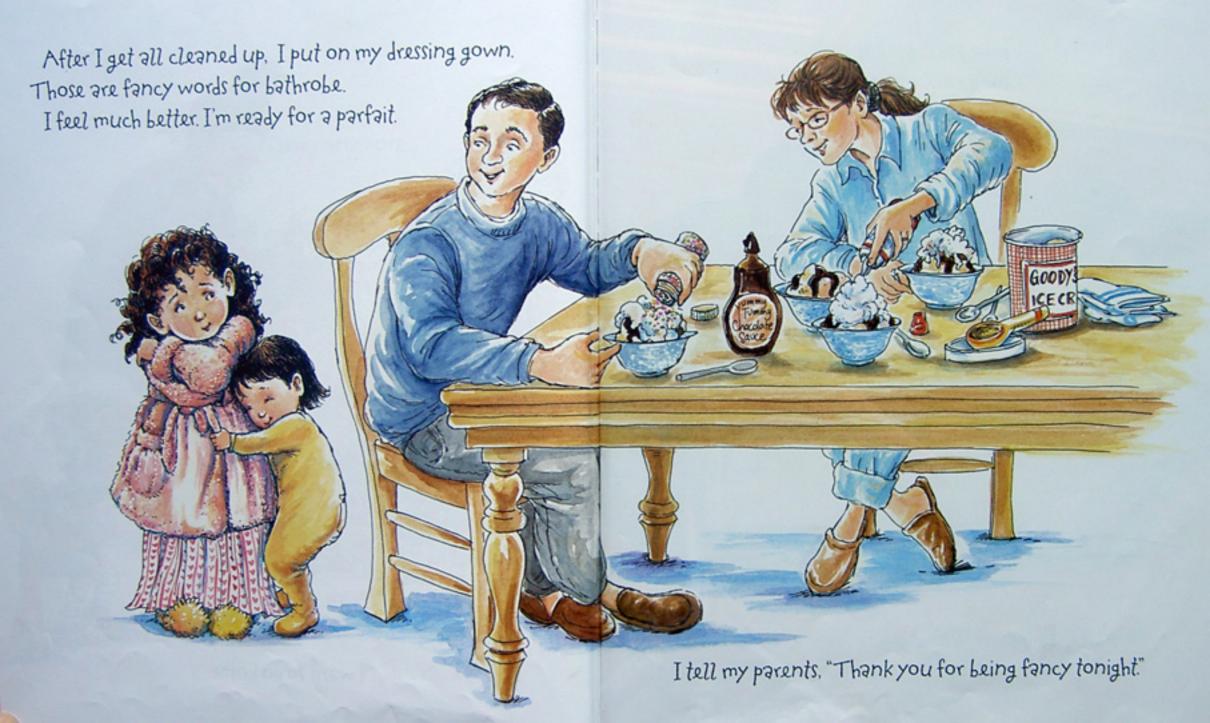
Oops! I trip. Islip.



I don't feel fancy anymore.







"I love you", my mom says.



And all I say back is, "I love you."

Because there isn't a fancy—or better—way of saying that.