

## If George Washington Carver Came to my School

One day I was reading a book about George Washington Carver. I looked up and saw a strange man in the doorway. I said, "Hey I know you. You are the person from my book."

"That's me," he said.

Right then I started asking questions.

"Whoa! No more questions. You're going to take all the smart out of me!" he said. "Start with one question at a time."

So I asked him the first question I thought, "What are you doing here at Liberal Elementary?"

George told me that he was going to substitute today because our teacher was sick. I couldn't believe this because I know George died in 1943. This had to be a dream. I must be asleep. I pinched myself to see if I was asleep but I wasn't dreaming. Okay, I thought I am going to show him around and find out more information about George Washington Carver.

We started a tour of the school in the cafeteria. Mr. Carver was very interested in the big dishwasher and he was amazed at how many dishes it could wash at once. He couldn't wait to see the food that was prepared for our lunch. He was happy to see that

peanut butter sandwiches were offered to students as a choice if they don't choose the regular tray. He explained how he created over 300 items from peanuts and told me how he made a whole meal out of peanuts.

I couldn't wait to show Dr. Carver the computer lab. He felt like he was stepping into a magic show. I told him that I could talk to someone on the other side of the world and they could talk back right now as we were sitting at the computer screen. Mr. Carver almost fell out of his chair when I "skyped" a family in Japan.

Mr. Carver shook his head in awe because he couldn't believe his eyes. He told me all about when he started teaching in Tuskegee and he had to build his own building and make his equipment from stuff he found in a dump. George was not upset about having to build it because he said "we all have two arms, two legs, and a brain to use."

I decided to take Mr. Carver to the library and he gasped at all the books. He asked, "Do all these books belong to the kids at this school?" He told me that when he went to elementary school they didn't have many books because there were over 70 boys in a one room school and the teacher didn't have much education.

At the end of the day the bell rang and Dr. Carver had to go. The bell rang and rang and suddenly I realized that it wasn't the

school bell - it was my alarm clock. I had DREAMED that George  
Washington Carver came to my school! Or was it a dream?