

## The Red Dish

The next day, Kay has dinner with Martez and his parents.

They have a Mexican dish with peppers, corn, and rice all mixed up. There are two dishes of it sitting side by side. One dish is red. One is green.

“Are the two dishes the same?” Kay asks.

“Nope,” says Martez with a smile. “The stuff in the red dish has lots of hot peppers. The stuff in the green dish has just green peppers, which are not hot.”



Mar·tez points at his dad and says,  
“My dad likes hot pepp·ers.”

His dad smiles and nods.

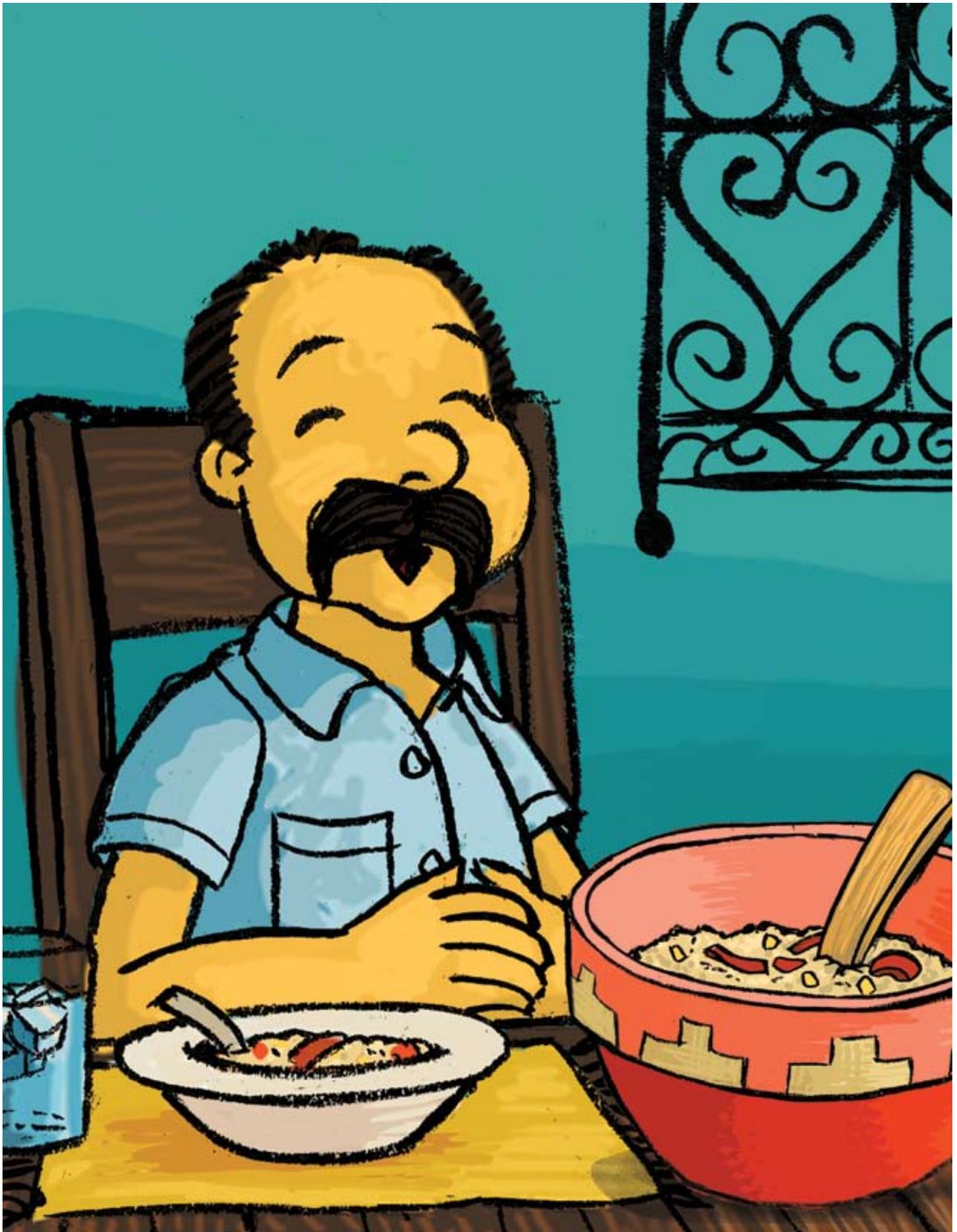
Mar·tez asks Kay, “Do you like hot  
pepp·ers?”

Kay shrugs. She has nev·er had hot  
pepp·ers.

Kay has some food from the green  
dish. She likes it a lot. She says, “Could  
I have some from the red dish?”

“You can, but it’s hot, hot, hot!”  
says Mar·tez. “We have a say·ing in our  
house: *He is a brave man who licks dad’s  
red dish!*”

“Brave or per·haps fool·ish!” says his  
mom.



**Kay** is brave – or perhaps foolish. She takes a bite of the peppers from the red dish. Mar-tez looks at her. His mom and dad look, too.

“Do you like it?” asks Mar-tez.

**Kay**'s face starts to get red. She yells, “Hot!”

Her face gets redder and redder.

Mar-tez sees that **Kay** is in pain. He brings her ice cubes. **Kay** stuffs some in her mouth and chomps on them. The ice cubes help cool down her mouth.



“Ug!” Kay says, push·ing back her plate. “Those pepp·ers in the red dish are too hot for me! I need to stick to the green dish.”

“Still,” Mar·tez says, “to·day you joined the club.”

“What club?”

“The I-ate-from-dad’s-red-dish-and-am-still-liv·ing-to-tell-the-tale club!” says Mar·tez.

