

# NOTES FROM MY LUNCHBOX

By Katie Maule

Dear Kid,

I saw you right away  
At the store that day.  
Getting ALL your school supplies —  
Like sticky notes in EVERY size!

When you put me in the cart,  
I was ready for my job to start!  
What grade are you in this year?  
No worries! It'll soon be clear.

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

I'm in the kitchen — and ICK!  
Your dog just gave me a lick!  
I'm sitting by the garbage bin —  
It stinks, but I can listen in.

Everyone is talking about school  
Except the dog, he just drools.  
It sounds like there's lots to remember  
Get ready, school starts in September!

Love, Lunchbox

P.S. I heard you ask if you could bring your blankie  
I'm not sure ... but I can hold a napkin or a hankie.

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Dear Kid,

Today's the day! The bus comes soon!  
You'll probably unzip me around noon.  
Your mom filled me with your favorites last night  
A peach, chips, and a sandwich — tucked in tight!

But wait! Your mom forgot ice, I think ...  
Without it, your tuna sandwich may stink!  
Don't worry, I'll throw myself on the floor  
I'll get her attention before you walk out the door.

Love, Lunchbox

P.S. I know you're in kindergarten — YIPPEE!  
(Don't be mad, Backpack told me.)  
Making new friends can be tricky  
Like finding a seat that isn't sticky.

Lunch should be a fun break in your day,  
But it may not always feel that way.  
If you ever feel nervous or shy,  
Just squeeze my handle, I'll know why.

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Dear Kid,

Congrats — your first day is done!  
Now you're ready for another one.  
I'm glad you found a place to sit,  
And a trash can for your peach pit.

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

It's been a few weeks, and we're in a groove!  
I like how you're always on the move —  
One day, you sit with Leo and Stephanie  
The next, Rose and Max keep you company.

I do have a favor to ask, if I may ...  
Can you please throw ALL your garbage away?  
Carrying a ripe, yellow banana to school is easy.  
But messy, mushy leftovers make me queasy.

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

Your grandparents packed me today  
While your mom and dad are away.  
They packed me with love, trying their best  
But today's lunch is ... different from the rest.

My advice? Say thanks for what they made you,  
And be grateful you have food to chew.  
Now, at least try the broccoli bites — they ARE homemade ...  
Or maybe see if one of your friends wants to trade?

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

Today was pretty hard, I'm not going to lie.  
If I wasn't a lunchbox, I'd probably cry.  
I saw you skip out the door without me.  
I wanted to stop you, but I knew it was meant to be.  
(How'd I know? It was a school day, and I was EMPTY!)

You bought your lunch, plus milk and a snack  
Carrying a tray, not ME, your beloved lunch sack.  
The cafeteria had soup and grilled cheese  
Served with a sugar cookie and buttered peas.

(I wasn't spying — of course not!  
Backpack is a talker and tells me a lot.)  
Okay, okay ... I'm glad you tried something new  
I support you. Go for it, Kid. Eat! Drink! Do!

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

A jar of peanut butter, a spoon, and chips  
Half a carrot and three different ranch dips.  
A brownie, gummy worms, and a thermos of Kool-Aid.  
Congrats, Kid! Today was the first lunch YOU made.

Love, Lunchbox

P.S. Nice job including all the BEST food groups to eat:  
Crunchy, chocolatey, sticky, and sweet.  
Don't be sad if you can't make your lunch again, though —  
Some parents just like running the show.

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Dear Kid,

Now I'm cold inside and out —  
It's winter, no doubt.  
Once a week now, you buy lunch at school  
It's all good, Kid, I'm keeping my cool.

When you're away, I stay on the pantry shelf  
Relaxing, airing out, and taking time for myself.

Sometimes I chat or play games with the glassware  
Other times I daydream about future lunches we'll share.

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

When the new boy needed a seat  
You jumped right to your feet.  
With a smile, you said, "Want to sit here?"  
And made sure the spot next to you was clear.

I'm sure he enjoyed lunch, no matter what he ate  
Thanks to you for being a nice classmate.  
I see how much you love being good to others  
I like you, Kid, and I see your true colors.

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

I have to go home right away,  
Please, no stops after school to play.  
Thermos had an accident, you see ...  
I swear, I'm wet from soup, NOT pee!

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

Can you please put me back where I belong?  
When I'm left on the floor, things go wrong ...  
Your fluffy white cat slept on me ALL night!  
You DO have a heavy-duty lint roller, right?

Love, Lunchbox

P.S. Can you tip me and see what falls out my backside?  
I hear jingling and suspect your cat's ball is inside.

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Dear Kid,

The birds are out, the weather is turning  
Kids have decided they're done learning.  
I'm getting a little frayed around my zipper  
But my spirits are high, my attitude chipper.

Let's end the year with a proper celebration —  
Candy, treats, goodies, and every temptation!  
We'll picnic outside in the shade of the trees  
Just me, you, your friends — and probably some bees.

Love, Lunchbox

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Dear Kid,

I don't know what next year will bring ...  
Another year together or the next new thing.  
I think I have more life in me yet —  
After a spin in the washer, I should be all set.

Either way, Kid, you've got this — I know you do  
Backpack and I believe in you.  
I have one last favor to ask, for my own placation.  
In the humble interest of self-preservation.

DON'T let me be passed on to your brother  
If this is the plan, please talk to your mother!  
Preschoolers don't use spoons; they're a bit wild —  
I'd be one yogurt away from ruin in the hands of that child.

Love, Lunchbox

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## **TWO MONTHS LATER**

Dear Lunchbox,

Hi! I'm going into first grade now! Remember me?  
I want to thank you for being my buddy.  
Now, you aren't going to like what I have to say ...  
I found out this year, I have to buy lunch EVERY DAY.

I was upset when I heard the news.  
Believe me, I tried to refuse.  
My parents said it makes sense for us right now  
So ... I guess I have to make it work somehow.

I'll make you proud and kindly accept their decision  
But lunching with you again is my secret mission.  
For now, hide from my brother behind the pantry door —  
Until my parents let me pack my own lunch once more.

Love, Your Kid

P.S. When I made my first lunch, I sure was a klutz!  
I forgot the bubble gum AND the donuts!  
I've learned so much since then —  
I won't be making mistakes like that again.

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