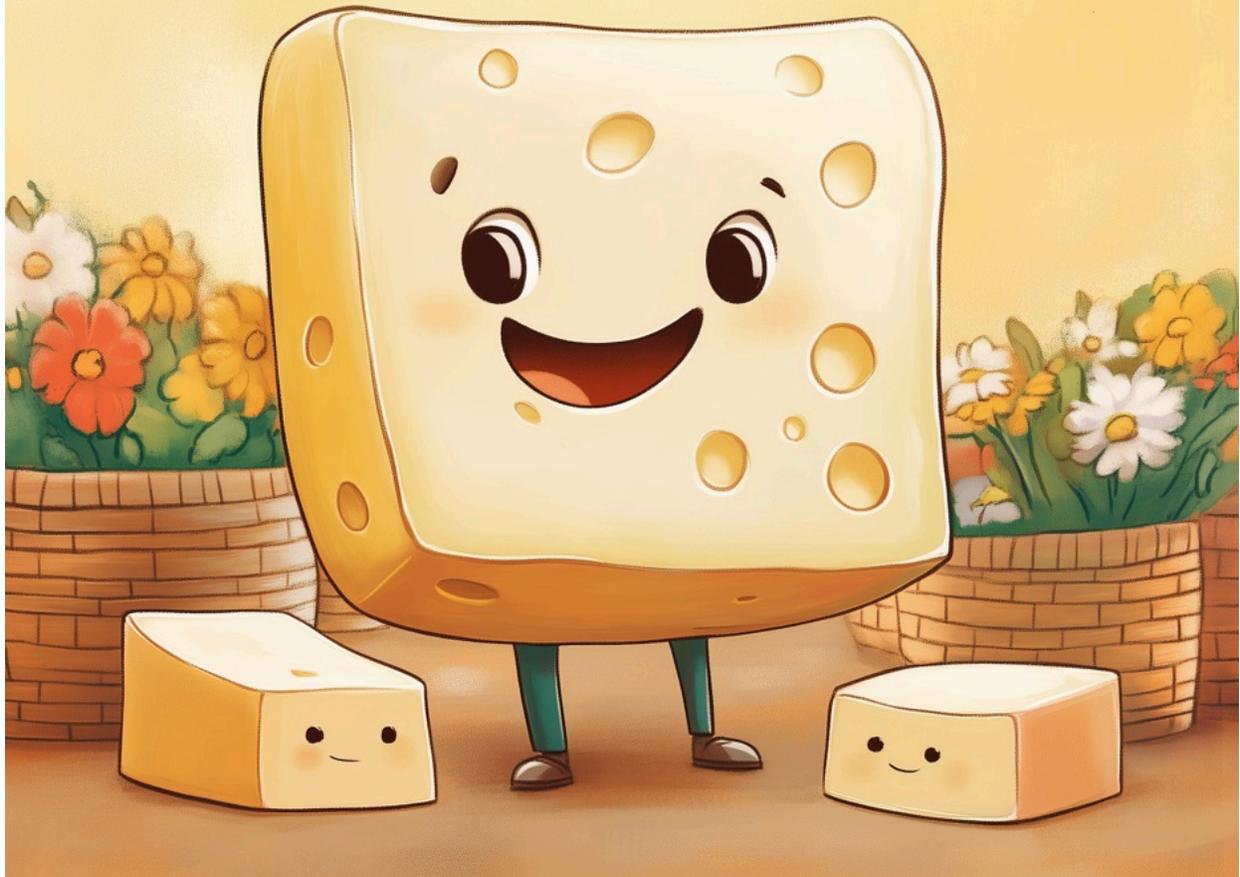


Halloumi Squeaks

Written by Delfina Wright





For Beckett, Isa, G5, and cheese lovers everywhere.

The farmers market bustled bright,
With scents and sounds—a pure delight.
In a wicker basket, snug and round,
Six friends of cheese were tightly bound.



Halloumi squeaked, "What a perfect place!
With sights and smells—and friends to
embrace!"

Cheddar smiled, "You're one of a kind,
A squeaky cheese, so rare to find."

But Halloumi paused, unsure what he meant,
"Is squeaky good?" His thoughts were bent.



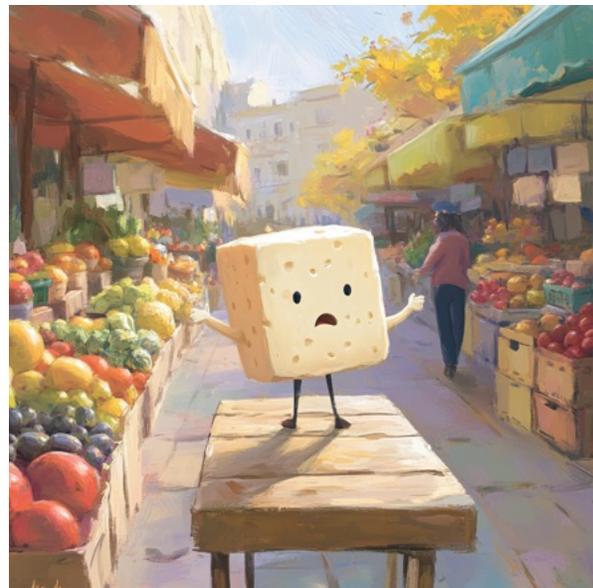
The people passed, their voices near,
Their comments rang for all to hear:
"Too stinky!" they scoffed, pointing at
Raclette.
She sniffed herself. "Well, I'm not upset!"



“Too old!” they muttered at Parmesan’s side,
But he just laughed with a knowing pride.
Blue Cheese tried hiding his spotted mold,
While Swiss asked, “Are my holes too bold?”



Halloumi squeaked when a shopper walked
by,
“That squeaky sound? Oh no, not I!”
Cheddar nudged him, “Don’t feel so small.
They’ll see your worth—you’re loved by all.”



Through the day, the baskets grew light,
As cheese after cheese vanished out of sight.
Cheddar's cousins—sharp and mild,
Were chosen quick and left in style.



Cheddar turned with a happy glow,
"I'll miss you all, but it's my time to go!"
Halloumi smiled, but deep inside,
He felt a tug he couldn't hide.



“Why not me?” he thought, head low,
“Am I too squeaky? I’ll never know.”
The friends grew quiet, their joy replaced,
With doubt and fear, each felt displaced.



As evening fell, the market slowed,
But then appeared, in curious mode,
A chef with eyes that sparkled bright,
Who studied cheeses left and right.



“This one’s bold, with a daring smell!”
She pointed at Raclette, who started to swell.



“And Blue’s just perfect, spots and all,
For salads grand, both big and small!”



“Swiss with holes? A playful treat!
And Parmesan’s age makes him elite.”
Then to Halloumi, she softly said,
“Your squeak’s a charm—be proud instead.”



At the chef’s big feast, the cheeses amazed,
Each with a role, uniquely praised.
Halloumi was thrilled for all ahead,
New recipes waiting where he’d be spread.



And Halloumi knew, with all his heart,
That being himself was the place to start.



The End

