

## Full House Fan Fiction

### I Scream For Ice Cream

By: Doug Fowler

*The BU Michelle, being less wild, might just buy something other than a mule like she did in "You Pet It, You Bought It." If she doesn't buy the mule, what then? Well, here is my idea. BTW, the "Dear Michelle" books are first person POV, and I thought about writing a P.O.D. book w/my own characters in first person, so I'm trying 1st person here. Hope I'm doing it well; it's hard not to make it too much "stream of consciousness." BTW+, the show name is "Good Morning, San Francisco" in the 2nd "Dear Michelle" book and I thought I'd mention why & why it isn't that in BU-A. (Besides they just wanted to change it :-)) Michelle doesn't have the child involved as a classmate in 3rd grade.*

*Samuel, BTW, is RKORadio's and my idea of what would have happened had Samantha of the Sam series of BU-A been a boy.*

#### I SCREAM FOR ICE CREAM

"Take good care of her," my dad, Danny Tanner, said as I walked out the door.

"I will," I answered with a grin. From back inside the house, I'm sure Dad chuckled a little.

I was walking to the candy store with Kimmy Gibbler. She's my oldest sister D.J.'s best friend. She's nice, but she can be dumb at times. And, she can do strange things if someone isn't watching her. D.J. taught me that. She's had to look out for Kimmy a lot.

This trip would be really fun. I love all kinds of treats. When I was in preschool, I tagged along with my older sister Stephanie and her class on a tour of a chocolate factory. Boy, did I ever stuff myself! I still remember that huge tummyache.

I promised myself I wouldn't do that this time. I had \$211 from my lemonade stand, mostly thanks to Kimmy's help in getting customers. Dad told me to buy something with my money. But, I said to myself, I'm twice as old as I was during that chocolate factory incident. I really like to behave now. I liked to back then, but I had what D.J. called a "bad attitude" sometimes. And, I not only got sent to my room, once I was so naughty, she made me sit in a chair in the corner, and look at a boring blank wall!

That's right, D.J. did. See, my mom died when I was a baby. So, D.J. and, at times, Stephanie could act just like moms. Dad let them help me quite a bit when I was little. But, that's not the coolest part.

Dad's best friend, comedian Joey Gladstone, moved in to help raise me. So did my uncle, Jesse Katsopolis. Uncle Jesse later married Becky Donaldson, Dad's co-host on his local talk show. They have twin boys, Nicky and Alex. So, that's like three dads, two of whom are like uncles.

One aunt who's kind of like a big sister, too. Sisters who can be a little like moms. Two cousins. And even a family dog, Comet. What a full house.

And yet, with \$211, I could buy something for everyone. That's what I wanted to do. They're always doing nice stuff for me.

Suddenly, I saw a man with a mule. Mules don't belong in San Francisco, I told myself. "What's a mule doing here?" I asked Kimmy.

"You know, squirt, I think you're right, it is a mule. For a minute I thought it was the ugliest girlfriend in the world."

"I learned a song in school last week. You know how in 'Goober Peas,' the line goes, 'when a horseman passes, soldiers have a rule. Shouting at their loudest, Mister here's your mule.' Can we shout that even if we're not soldiers?"

"Of course. He's here. He's a mule. And the sign says he's for sale. Want another pet?"

The man asked us, "How much have you got? Maybe you can buy him. He'd make a great pet."

"\$211," Kimmy answered.

I wrinkled my nose. This seemed a little weird. While I would have jumped at the chance to get another pet, part of me remembered that we already had Comet. There was something else, too.

I'd tried to take care of the third grade class pet once, and failed. It made a huge mess in the house. That was just a few weeks ago, at the start of the school year.

"Sorry," I finally said, shaking my head. "We already have a pet dog."

"Hey, come on, squirt, why don't you get another one? That way, whenever one of those loudmouths in third grade says, 'don't have a cow,' you can say, 'I don't need one; I already have a mule.'"

"Yeah, go on, \$211 is a real bargain."

I smiled politely at the man. If we hadn't been going for candy, I might have accepted. If D.J. hadn't worked with me so much on self-control, or that pet incident hadn't happened, maybe I would have, anyway. But, now, I would definitely say no. I could tell Kimmy would have jumped at the chance, though. "No, thank you."

"It's your loss," he said as we parted. I grinned. I figured D.J. would be proud of me for keeping us from buying a mule.

When we arrived at the candy store, I started looking at some of the prices. My mouth watered. It was just like the chocolate factory. If not for that tummyache four years ago, I might have gone crazy in there.

Instead, I tried to do some math in my head. Math isn't my best subject, though. So, it was hard figuring out just how much I could spend.

"How much for those buckeyes, Sir?" I asked. They had chocolate surrounding a caramel center. And, they looked like Ohio's state symbol. They also looked really yummy.

"One big package is \$3."

"Okay, so...how many could I get for \$211?"

The shopkeeper asked what I had done to earn that much money.

"She ran a lemonade stand. It was hot, and so was I. I combined the two, and she got lots of customers," Kimmy explained.

"Well, Miss, you could get seventy and still have a dollar left," the shopkeeper said.

My eyes grew wide, and my mouth flew open. My dad and the others have some of the funniest pictures of me in that pose. But, I think this would have been the best, if they'd had a camera there. I can't remember being more stunned.

"Seventy!" I cried. "I could buy twenty, then, and have...a lot left over," I remarked. "How much for these?" I pointed at another rack.

"Those are 99 cents. So, you could get a hundred and still have over a hundred left over."

The figures were amazing. I couldn't believe how much money I'd made. However, Kimmy was no help. I looked to ask what she would suggest, and all she could do was gaze at a boy carrying boxes. I knew that look from watching my older sisters. She thought he was really cute.

If candy was this inexpensive, I wondered if the fellow might be willing to sell me the store. Uncle Jesse had gotten a club last year, after all. They have good, clean entertainment that my dad lets me listen to or watch with no questions asked. Sometimes Joey even performs comedy there, or Uncle Jesse plays music there.

If he could do it, why couldn't I? "Sir, how much for your store?"

"I'm afraid that's a little out of your price range, Miss," he said with a gentle laugh.

I decided to pick out some treats for everyone, and extras for my sisters and for my best friends. I know just what they like. Then, after finding everything I wanted, I hurried up to the cash register. I had planned wisely, like my dad always tells me to do. I had stuff saved for later, as well as a treat to eat now. I felt like I'd been through two Halloweens with all the candy I picked out, though. And, I still had lots of money to spare.

"You know, squirt, you've got so much money left, you ought to go to the ice cream place next. Ice cream is pretty cheap, too," Kimmy said.

I smiled, and licked my lips. I hadn't thought of that. But, I love ice cream, too. That would make an awfully nice treat. So, I agreed. "Great idea," I said. "Let's go home and get your car. We can go to Baskin Robbins next."

Later, we got home from the ice cream store with large crates piled up in Kimmy's back seat and trunk. Kimmy and I walked in to see my dad, Uncle Jesse, and Aunt Becky looking quite shocked.

"Honey, you were gone two hours," Dad exclaimed. "What did you do, buy a life-sized chocolate replica of the Golden Gate Bridge?"

"No, Dad, I wouldn't waste that much money on chocolate. What does that receipt say, Kimmy?" I asked.

She pulled out the receipt. "\$31.23."

D.J. came downstairs at that point. I was all ready to tell her how I'd helped keep Kimmy out of trouble. However, two things stopped that.

First, Jesse said that he'd heard I had \$211. Dad explained that he'd told me to go to the store thinking I had a lot less. D.J. then complimented me on exercising some self-control. I was glad to be able to do that.

Things would have been fine if they'd stopped there. However, some men from Baskin Robbins started carrying more boxes into our house; they'd followed us home. Kimmy explained who they were by saying, "Guess what; Baskin Robbins is down to 29 flavors." She had asked them to help deliver the ice cream.

Everyone started staring at the boxes. I looked to make sure the boxes weren't leaking. They were okay. My family was just surprised to see so much ice cream at once. And, I guess I was, too. But, we had to have enough space to put it in, didn't we?

"Kimmy suggested we go there after we got all I wanted at the candy store. But, don't worry. I'll share it with everyone."

"Everyone where, on the San Francisco 49ers?" Danny asked, still stunned.

I started looking at all the boxes. I was really surprised. But, I knew we could eat it all. Even though we didn't eat like those huge football players probably did.

"No, for us. We're a team just like that. You're the boss, Dad. But, you all help raise me as a team. When you don't catch a problem, D.J. or someone else does."

Jesse stood and scoffed. "Yeah, well if we're a team, Kimmy's our version of that guy who got an interception against the 49ers and ran the wrong way, so instead of a touchdown for his team he got a safety for ours."

"Jim Marshall," Danny offered quickly.

"Boy, you sure are a geek when it comes to sports, Mr. T.," Kimmy said. Danny was a former sportscaster.

At that moment, Joey and Stephanie walked in the door from the kitchen. "Hey, what's with all the boxes?" Stephanie asked.

"We need to find a way to get rid of dozens of gallons of ice cream," Becky explained.

Stephanie continued to stare at all the boxes. Then, she nodded slowly and said, "Ooookay. Would I be too far off base to guess Kimmy had something to do with this?" Like I said, my whole family knows Kimmy can do weird things at times.

"She took Michelle to help her spend her lemonade stand money," Danny explained.

D.J. gave Kimmy a look I cringe at when she directs it at me. It's the, "We are going to have a long talk!" look.

Even though D.J. wasn't giving me that look, I was still a little worried at the adults' voices as they discussed the volume of ice cream. I lowered my head slightly and spoke. "I hope you all aren't mad I passed up the mule. But, after I couldn't handle the class pet, I didn't think you'd want another pet besides Comet."

"A mule?!" The entire family was surprised this time. Danny finally continued by saying, "Yes, yes, Michelle, we're all very happy you chose ice cream!" The others hastily concurred.

"Good," I said, brightening. "Because, there's enough for everyone."

Danny beckoned me over to him. He lovingly put an arm around me while saying, "Honey, that ice cream will be melting very fast."

"Don't be such a dork, Mr. T.," Kimmy said. She could be a little rude. Sometimes I think D.J. was so tough on my attitude so I wouldn't get as bad as Kimmy. Uncle Jesse could be a rebel, too, growing up, too. He's better now, but I imagine she wanted to make sure I didn't become like he had been, either.

Kimmy continued by saying, "Even I know that. Frank and Bubba made sure to use insulated containers for packing. We figured it wouldn't all fit in your freezer at once. It'll last a few days before it has to go in a freezer."

"Kimmy, that's not the point," D.J. explained, somewhat frustrated.

"Who are Frank and Bubba?" Stephanie was more anxious to know.

"Nobody you'd want to go with," Danny said speedily.

He turned to Kimmy and said, "The point is, it'll still take a while to find places to store all of this. And, it'll go bad eventually. There's no way we could eat \$170 plus of ice cream without some of it going bad."

"We could have a party," I said with a big grin. "Maybe we could raise some money. Then you won't have to change the name of your show." My dad's show's name is "Wake Up, San Francisco." But, he said they were thinking of changing it to "Good Morning, San Francisco."

"Yeah, Dad. Besides, it's not like people tease you about the name," Stephanie joked. Stephanie had wanted her name changed back in third grade because kids were teasing her. Luckily, it stopped pretty fast.

"Right. You should tell them the name's nice like it is. Just like you told Stephanie her name's pretty. And, every name can have jokes made about it." I liked both names. But, I didn't want them to change it if they didn't have to.

"Well...I'll mention that, I guess, Michelle. But, I don't know how much of an impact it'll have. As for the party, I suppose. I'll tell everyone at work about it, and tomorrow after school we can have it out in the back yard. Invite your class...invite the whole third grade. Come to think of it, with this much ice cream you could probably invite the whole school."

I decided to start calling my friends. Although, some of the kids I know eat a lot. And, when word spread, I figured I wouldn't have to tell anyone at school the next day.

I was right. Mrs. Ramirez' class was abuzz with talk about my impromptu ice cream party. Although, some other kids had very definite opinions on what they would have done with \$211.

"I would have bought really cool clothes," one said.

"You should have put it in the bank and saved for a really cool car when you're sixteen," Julia "bossy" Rossi told me. She can be rude sometimes; everyone calls her "Bossy" Rossi, and it's not to tease her. It's just the truth.

Jeff, our class clown, had a really silly idea. "I would have seen if I could rent the stadium scoreboard out, and put something really funny on it. Instead of telling everyone to clap, my sign would have told everyone to blow their noses all at once."

"Come on, Jeff," I said. "Renting a scoreboard would be cool, but I'd use it for something nice. Once when I was at a Giants' game, some guy even asked his girlfriend to marry him on it. I'll bet that made her feel so special!"

Louie Rizzoli knows how to make people feel special, too, sometimes. "Hey, Michelle, can anyone come?" I said they could. "Great, I've got this one friend I play football with, his name's Samuel. The guys and I, we try to do fun stuff with him. He's going to be adopted soon, but he's in foster care right now."

I remembered hearing about Samuel's case. My dad and Aunt Becky had a show on foster parents a while back, where they talked about needing families who want to adopt older children, and not just babies.. Samuel had wandered far from home at about three or so, and the parents hadn't known. They just asked the police to take him to daycare when they learned he was safe. Samuel had been pretty wild back then, and his parents eventually figured they couldn't take care of him at all, I figured. I was glad I'd always had such a loving family.

He was getting nicer now, though. I even thought if he'd been a girl instead, he'd have made a cool friend. Most girls I know are nicer and less wild than boys. "Sure, bring him over," I said.

Sergei Petrovich is in my class, too. He doesn't know much English, since he just came from Russia with his family. But, he understood the words "party" and "ice cream" well enough! And, he said he'd bring his whole family.

Once I got home from school, I told my dad we'd have several dozen kids over to eat all the ice cream. He was happy to know Samuel was coming. He loves hearing stories with happy endings.

Seeing Sergei's father was extra special, too. Although, when he saw how much ice cream there was, he turned white as a ghost and had to sit down.

"Are you all right, Sir?" D.J. asked him as she led him over to a lawn chair.

"Da, da," he said weakly.

"Why is he calling for his Daddy?" Nicky asked me.

I laughed. Three year olds like them can be so funny. "Nicky, 'da' is Russian for 'yes.' He's saying he's okay."

Alex gave me a confused look. "The Russian word for 'yes' is Daddy?"

"No, it's just...Aunt Becky, could you try to explain, please?" She started, and I walked over to Sergei and Samuel.

"My father..." Sergei tried to explain. He spread his hands really wide. "So many choices," he spouted before pointing to the ice cream.

Danny walked over and helped us all understand. "You see pumpkin, Russia is a very poor country. They still don't have a lot of choices in their stores. So, when he saw all this ice cream at just one party..."

"...It was too much," I finished.

"Same thing happened first time in grocery store...my husband passed out," Mrs. Petrovich said in very broken English.

"Yes, it's really quite common for some people who come to our country to be really shocked at how rich we are, compared to other places."

"Wow! Was it that way for Grandpa," I asked Uncle Jesse. His dad had come from Greece in his early twenties.

"No, but Greece was a much richer country. He was kind of surprised, but it was nothing like what Mr. Petrovich has experienced."

I was really amazed. Having a new kid in class was always fun, but I was learning more and more just how much fun a foreign student was. They probably had all sorts of interesting new experiences.

Sergei was having one with Samuel right now, as they had been tussling over Samuel's insistence on cutting in line. Then, Samuel was confused, because Sergei had begun shouting in Russian. "Whoa, hold it," I exclaimed. "Let's stick to one language, okay?" I thought it might be easier to understand then.

My dad smiled as he and Mrs. Petrovich walked over to Sergei. "It's okay, Sergei," he said in a calming manner.

While she talked to Sergei, and Louis tried to talk to Samuel, Dad told me about a documentary he saw once. "Most people, if they get really excited, will start talking in their native language. Which probably made things really confusing around Ellis Island a hundred years ago."

"Yeah, because now they speak English everywhere but New York and Britain, but they didn't speak it anywhere back then," Joey joked. Of course, they speak it in those places, too, but British English does sound very different. And in New York - well, it not only sounds different, but they have so many immigrants there, I guess lots of people are just learning it. That's how Joey explained that joke once.

After we got that dispute settled, I heard Jeff talking with someone from the TV station. "You know," he teased, "You should have a cooking show now and call it 'Bake Up, San Francisco.'" The station manager laughed politely. "Or you could have a gardening program right after it and call it 'Rake Up, San Francisco.'"

Jeff could be really funny with his rhymes. In fact, those jokes sounded a little like Joey's. The station manager wouldn't have paid attention to them.

However, Julia had overheard Jeff talking. And, from the look on her face, I could tell she was about to start complaining about something.

"I don't know about that 'Bake Up' stuff. But, when I hear 'Wake Up,' it sounds like I have to wake up. Don't you think your title should be a little friendlier," Julia complained. "I'd rather hear 'Good Morning.' That's what my mom says when she gets me up."

"Well..." I could tell the people in charge of the show were trying to be polite. But, this wasn't like Jeff's fun. This was more like Charlie Brown's friend Lucy in the comics.

"Besides, aren't the people who watch already awake? It doesn't make sense to tell them to wake up. And, if there's anyone who's not awake, they won't have the TV on to hear you say 'Wake Up, San Francisco.'"

I could tell Julia was getting to them. I walked over and tried to calm her down.

Stephanie came, too. "Julia, why don't you play frisbee with some of your friends, there's an extra frisbee here." She reluctantly agreed.

Stephanie has that effect on people sometimes; it's a way she talks that says she's being nice, but that Stephanie may have to make it an order next time. I know what that's like. And, so does Julia. She was extra bossy in Kindergarten sometimes. Stephanie had a couple long talks with her about that. I told her once I wished she had gotten Julia to stop being bossy at all, but Stephanie says I should be thankful she's as nice as she is. And, she has gotten better in the last couple years. I still wish she was even nicer, though, like I try to be.

Just like Lucy complaining about things, Julia was back over a couple minutes later. "Another thing I just thought of - what about people who are just getting off work. My dad knows someone who drives trucks. Sometimes he watches the show before going to bed."

I rolled my eyes. "Julia, come on. Let's..."

"Michelle! Samuel's up too high!"

I knew that voice. It was Mandy, crying out from the other side of the yard. Samuel was trying to climb on top of and walk on the twins' jungle gym. Luckily, my dad's really tall. As I ran over there, he helped to pull Samuel down. I breathed a big sigh of relief.

"Hey, Michelle," my other best friend, Cassie, called. "We're out of paper bowls."

"Oh...uh...Dad, can we use the good bowls a little. I guess I sort of forgot about making sure we had enough paper plates and bowls."

"We'll use a few, while Becky runs down to the store to get more."

We soon started to run low on several other things, because of the incredible crowd at my party. Thankfully, Becky figured we would. She said that's just the motherly instinct coming through.

I was a little disappointed I didn't have that yet. D.J. and Stephanie certainly seemed to have it.

As the party died down around supper time, there was nothing left but a big mess. Cassie and Mandy stayed behind to help clean it up, but I couldn't believe that what had been a yard filled with over a hundred people was now almost empty.

"Wow, that ice cream went fast!" I could tell what my dad was thinking - so did the money. I hoped he wasn't going to lecture me.

He didn't. He brought over the last couple scoops of ice cream remaining - we'd sent a few bowls home with people - and handed it to me. As I thanked him and started to eat, he simply said, "that was fun, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. I don't have any money left, though. And, I know your boss really started to think about the name change..."

"I don't think it'll be permanent; we're going to go with 'good morning' for a while to try it, though."

"Well, anyway, one thing Julia said made sense. I really should have put it into the bank and saved up for a Porsche."

"I Porsche. You have some expensive tastes."

"Well, it can be a used one." I smiled. "I'd be happy with anything, though. It doesn't have to be a sports car."

"Good. Because, I was going to say it would be best to just start using the twins' matchbox cars now, instead of waiting."

As we sat and gazed at the pretty flower bed in back, I started thinking. "It's just amazing that a party can cost so much."

"Well, let me ask this - is something you'll always have fond memories of?"

"Well, yeah. Of course."

"The time you invited the school over for ice cream. Michelle, that'll stick with you like today's senior class picture will for me. And, you can't always put a price on memories. I'd pay everything I have just to have more fun times with Mom, after all," D.J. said.

"Honey, you chose to do what you wanted with that \$211. The wise thing would have been to save it. But, there are times we have to have fun, too. What's important is to learn how to have a healthy balance between saving and spending."

"But Julia kept complaining about things, Samuel could have gotten hurt, and Sergei had problems because he couldn't talk with many people yet," I pointed out.

D.J. smiled at me. "But Samuel's okay, and Julia...you'll remember that just like I remember some of the silly things Kimmy has done. As for Sergei, sometimes the best part of friendship is just being there. And, he got to hang around us and see what a great friend was really like. And you learned some neat stuff, too. And next time, I'll help you figure out just how to save it and what you can spend it on, now that we had fun with all this," she said. I could tell she wasn't upset about this time, but she also wanted to make sure I know to save it next time. Thankfully, I did.

"Soooo, it was really worth it to have this party?"

"This time, it was. Next time you have a lot of money, will you put it in the bank?" I certainly would, I told him. "Then I'm not too worried. What you did was just like when you get a bonus at work, and take the family out for dinner at a really nice place. And, D.J.'s right. All those times I thought about saving a bonus, and decided to spend it on time with your mom instead; those are moments I'll never regret. Because, I can't use them for that now."

Stephanie came over from picking up trash, and my dad and sisters and I shared a big hug together. "I'm just glad we have the chance to have times like this now."