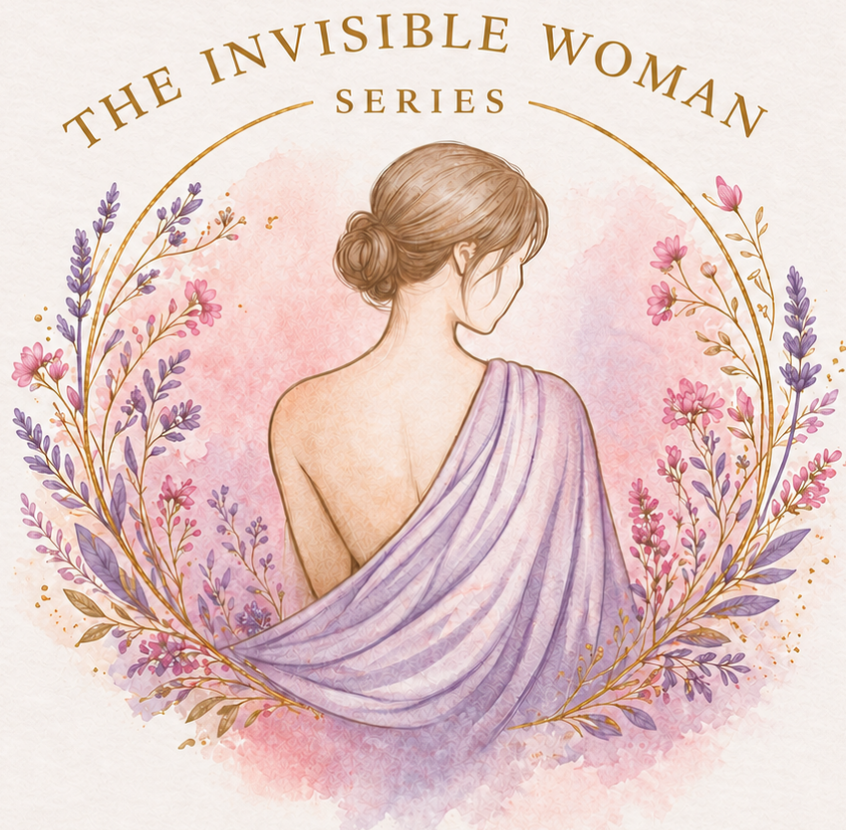




by *Brittany Molenaar* + illustrated by *AI*



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Betty the Baddie

A Story in Rhyme



Have you heard of a van so cool, so fine,
That she practically *glitters*, and she practically *shines*?
Silver and *sassy*, with *style* all her own,
Meet **Betty the BADDIE!** The best ride in town!



She's a 2011 Sienna, she knows she's a gem,
With five rambunctious riders who all ride with them:
A mama up front with a hand on the wheel,
And the coolest young girl you have ever seen, real.



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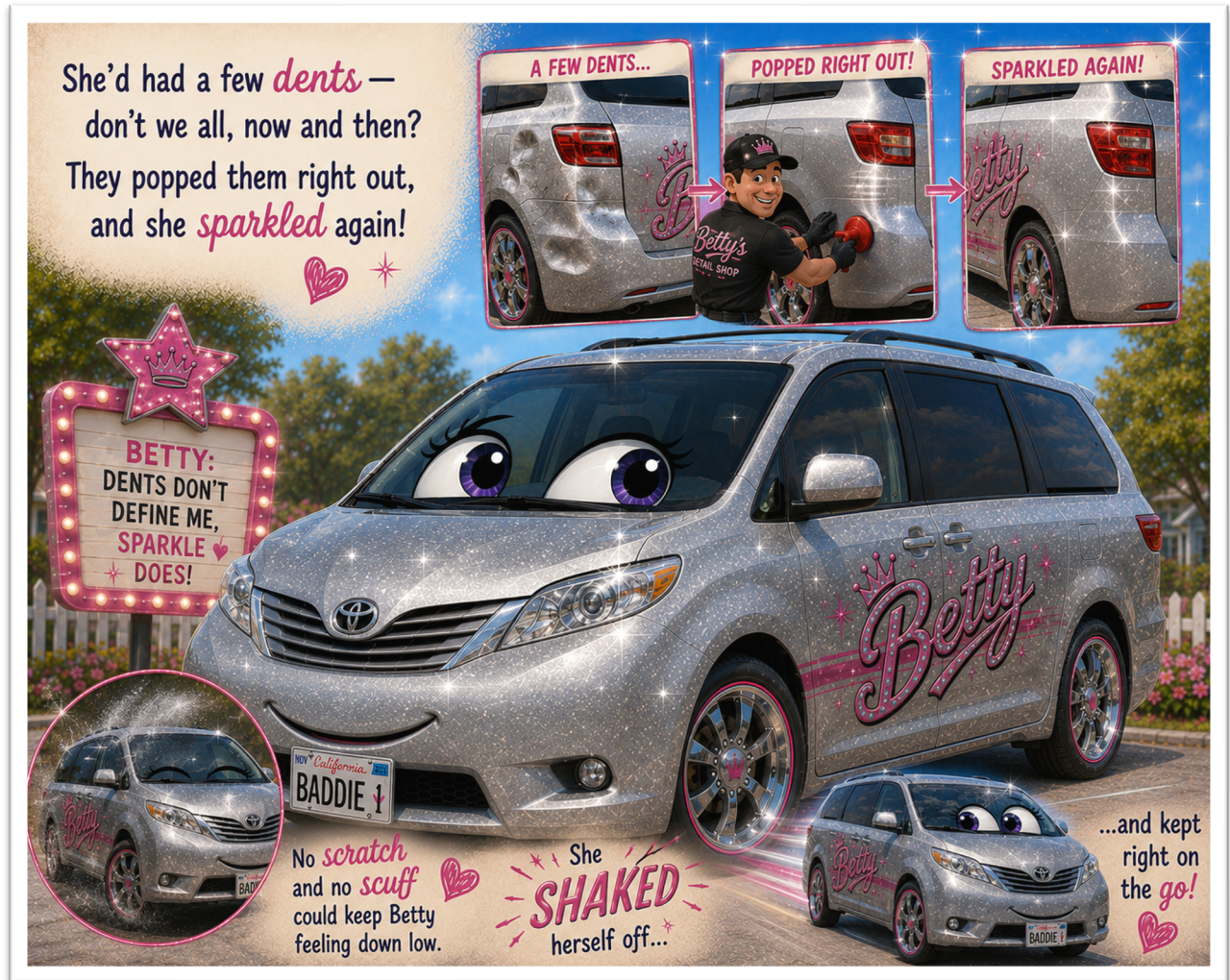
"That's **Betty**," she'd say, with a lift of her chin.
"She's my van. She's my girl. She's a ten out of ten."



Now Betty had quirks — yes, a few, maybe more.
(The very best rides always have them in store.)



That big sliding door on the left? Well, it stuck.
They patched it with duct tape, now **that's** some good luck!
The tape did its best, and it held for a while,
And Betty just rolled on with her signature style.



She'd had a few dents, don't we all, now and then?
They popped them right out, and she sparkled again!
No scratch and no scuff could keep Betty feeling low.
She shook herself off and kept right on the go.



And those back windows?
Oh... you should see them.



Covered in stickers from bottom to top:
Unicorns, rainbows, there wasn't a spot!
Hearts, stars, and kittens in pink, green, and blue,
Sunshine and smiley faces, through and through.



Five rambunctious riders had stuck them on there,
With giggles and arguments, “No, put it **there!**”
They stood back and looked, and they all had to say:
“Betty looks **slay**, y’all. She looks **slay**.”



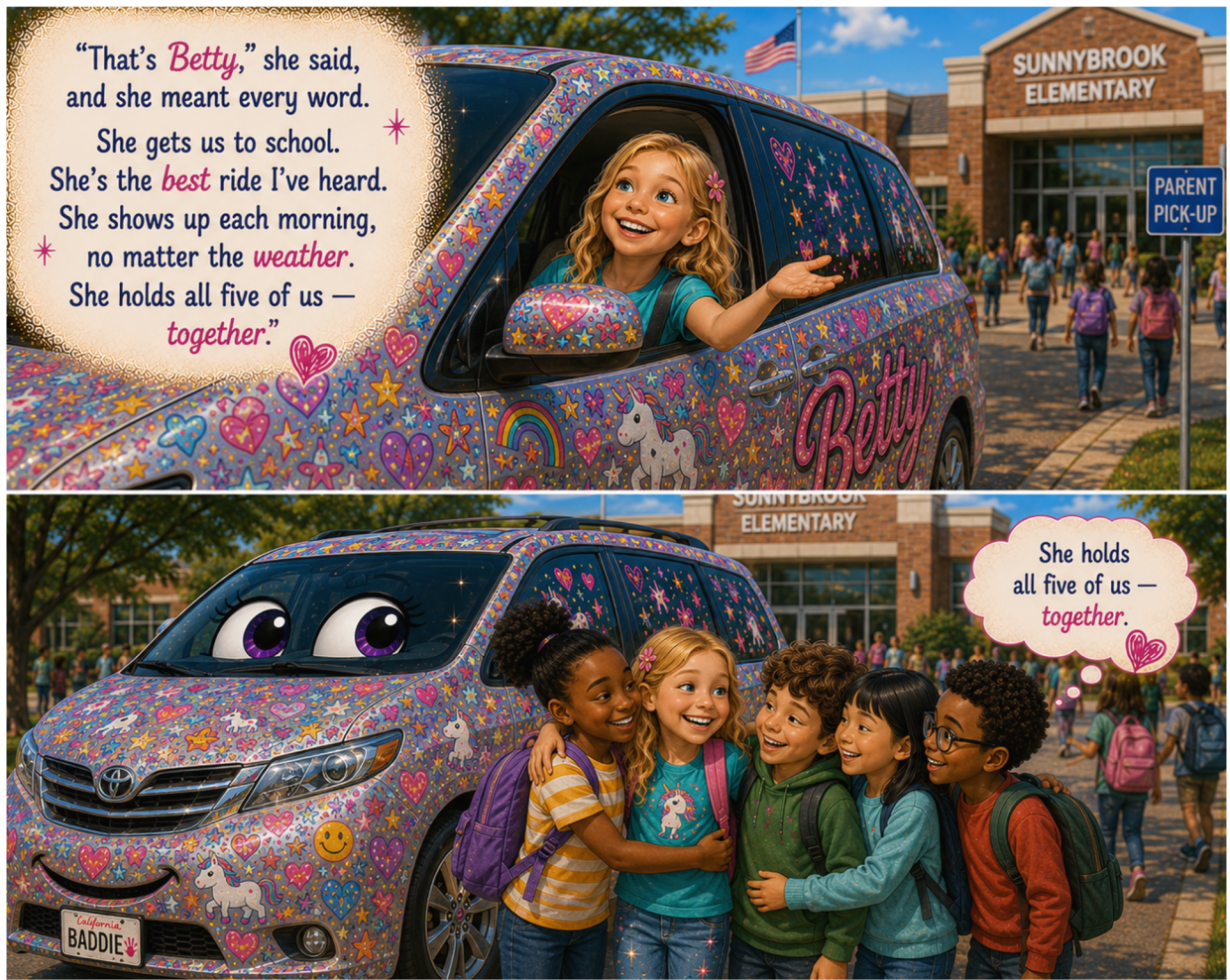
Now, down at the school, there were shinier things.
New vans with big screens and those automatic rings.
Sleek cars that beeped and that opened on cue,
With seats soft as pillows and paint fresh as dew.



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Some kids would point. Some kids would stare.
"Is **that** your old minivan? **Whaaat?** No fair!"

But the girl in the front seat just smiled widely and brightly.
She didn't look down. She looked **up** — just right.



— — —

"That's **Betty**," she said, and she meant every word.
"She gets us to school. She's the best ride I've heard.
She shows up each morning, no matter the weather.
She holds all five of us **together**."



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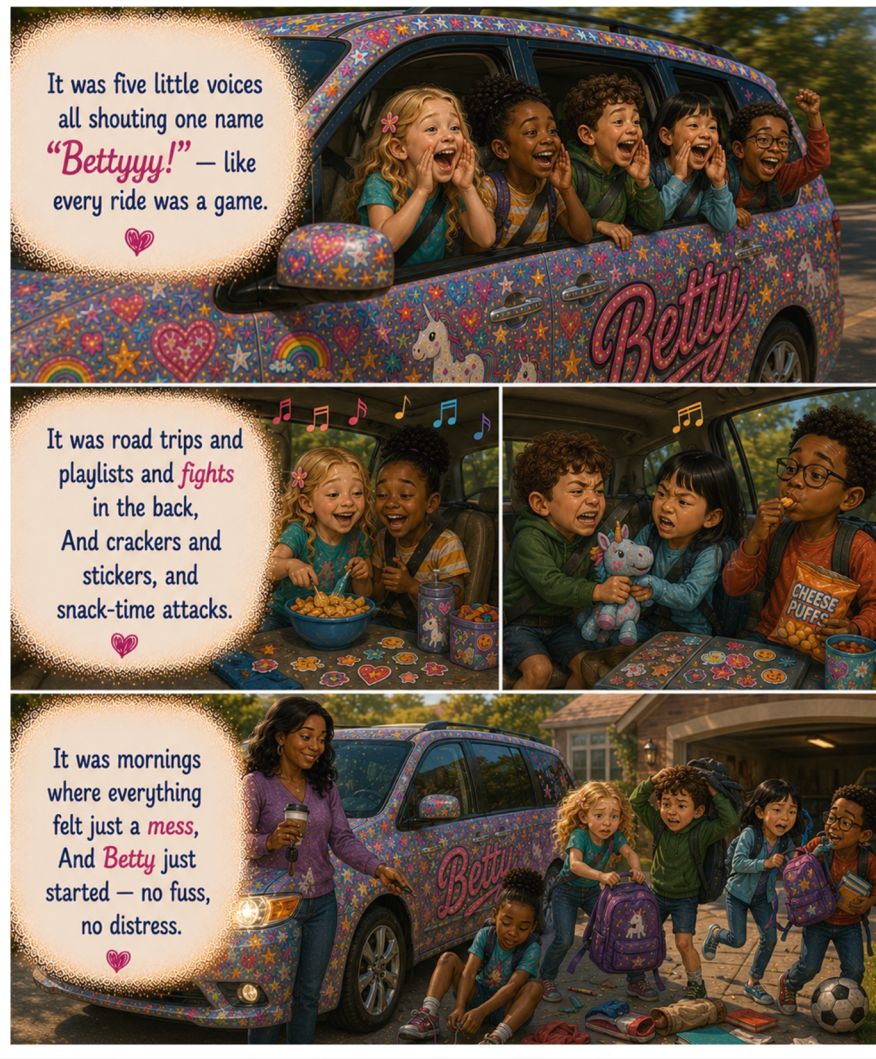
Mama smiled softly from the driver's seat there.
She reached back her hand, and she smoothed down her hair.

"Baby, you're right. And you know what is true?
It isn't the shine of a thing that gets you through.
It isn't the price tag or how new something looks,
It's love. It's the heart. **That's** what isn't in books."



Because Betty had something no showroom could sell,
A something so special — could **you** even tell?

It was spilled apple juice on a long Wednesday drive.
It was singing one song just to feel more alive.
It was muddy cleats tracked in from soccer at eight.
It was *piling in, laughing*, when Mama ran late.



It was five little voices all shouting one name
“**Bettyyy!**” — like every ride was a game.

It was road trips and playlists and fights in the back,
And crackers and stickers, and snack-time attacks.

It was mornings where everything felt just a mess,
And Betty just *started* — no fuss, no distress.



So here is the secret that Betty knows well,
The kind of sweet truth that a minivan tells:

It's not what you're wearing.

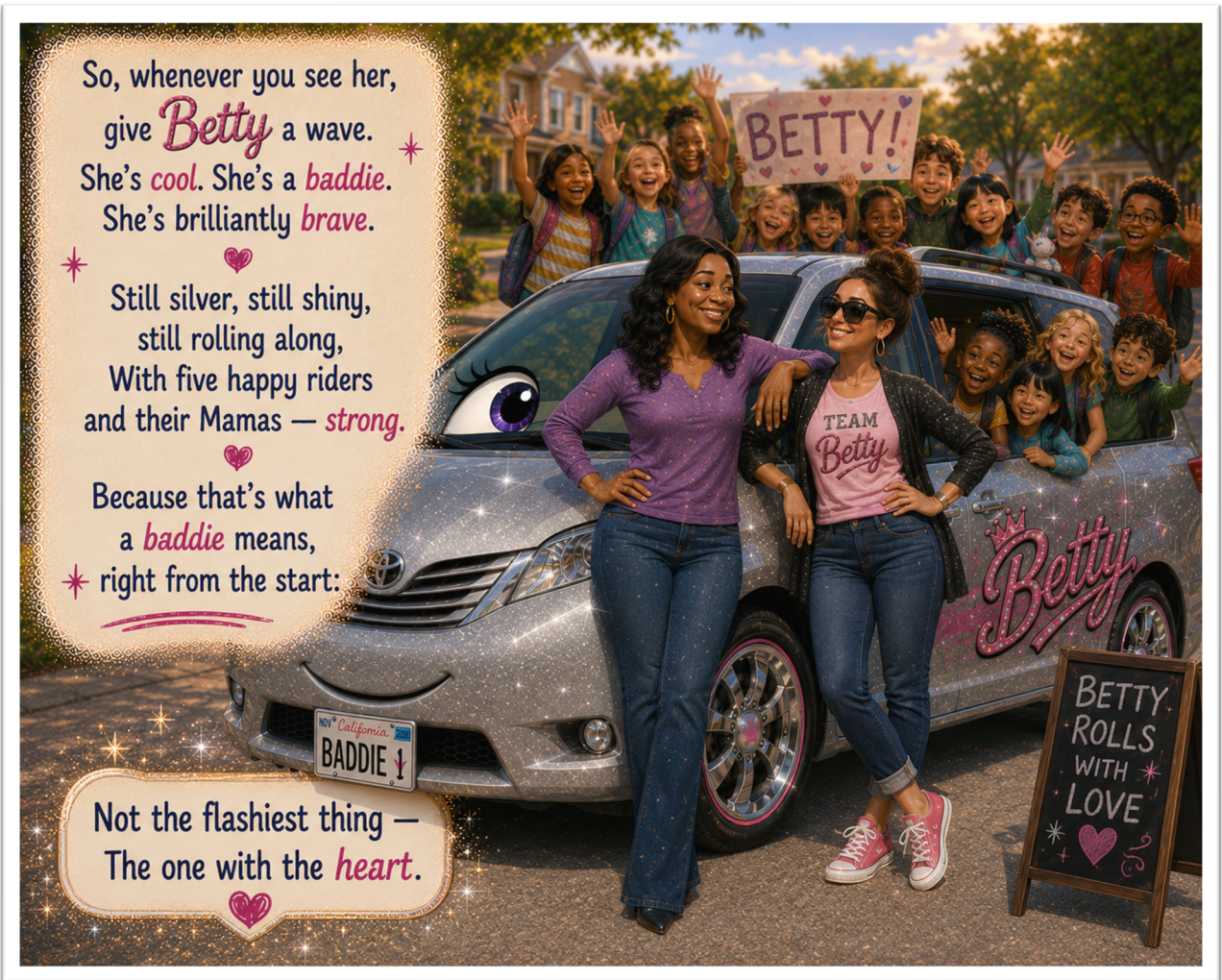
It's not how you shine.

It's not if your paint job is perfectly fine.



It's the **smile on your face** when you open the door.
It's the **love that you give**, could you ever give more?
It's the **kindness inside you**, the light that you bring,
The way that you turn every small, ordinary thing

Into something so beautiful, something so good
Like a silver old Sienna in the neighbourhood,
With a door that says "**Nope**" and some stickers out back,
And a whole lot of love filling every last crack.



So, whenever you see her, give **Betty** a wave.
She's cool. She's a baddie. She's brilliantly brave.
Still silver, still shiny, still rolling along,
With five happy riders and their Mamas — strong.

Because **that's** what a baddie means, right from the start:

Not the flashiest thing —
The one with the heart.

The End.