“Jim, come home,” yelled Mom out the window. “It’s getting chilly.”

After a windy, rainy day, the weather was better. So Jim and some neighborhood kids played football on a sloppy, muddy field. When Mom called, Jim ran home. “I’m home, Mom!” Jim yelled as he stepped inside.

“Dinner will be ready soon,” called Mom from the basement. “Better get cleaned up.”
Jim was so thirsty! Without removing his dirty sneakers, he grabbed an icy drink from the fridge. Jim’s enjoyment of his drink ended when he turned around and saw messy, dirty footprints on Mom’s shiny tile. “Yikes! I did that!” said Jim to himself. He felt selfish and foolish.

Jim grabbed a mop and a bucket of soapy water. He had to clean those slimy prints before Mom saw them. He had better make it snappy!

Jim wiped the tiles by the fridge. Soon they were clean. That was an improvement! Then Jim turned around. There were fresh sticky, dirty footsteps on the tile! How did they get there?

Gloomy Jim wiped away those prints too. As he wiped, he backed up to the fridge. When the tile before him was clean, he exclaimed. “I am finished at last!”

But that statement was not true. As Jim turned around, he saw more darkish, muddy prints by the fridge! How? Why?

Then Jim looked down. To his amazement, he had forgotten to take off his sneakers! He kept making new messy prints.

Then he saw Mom looking at him. “This will be one of my favorite stories of your childhood!” she said with a big grin.

Jim looked at his feet. This was funny!