

Peter's Chair

What is special about Peter's chair?

Peter stretched as high as he could.

There! His tall building was finished.

CRASH! Down it came.

"Shhhh!" called his mother. "You'll have to play more quietly.

Remember, we have a new baby in the house."

Peter looked into his sister Susie's room.

His mother was fussing around the cradle.

"That's my cradle," he thought, "and they painted it pink!"

"Hi, Peter," said his father. "Would you like to help paint Sister's high chair?"

"It's my high chair," whispered Peter.

He saw his crib and muttered,

"My crib. It's painted pink too."

Not far away stood his old chair.

"They didn't paint that yet!" Peter shouted.

He picked it up and ran to his room.

"Let's run away, Willie," he said.

Peter filled a shopping bag with cookies and dog biscuits.

"We'll take my blue chair, my toy crocodile, and the picture of me when I was a baby."

Willie got his bone.

