



Bret's Fat Suitcase



Bret was going on a cruise! He got his big red suitcase and set it on the rug in his den. He wanted to pack all the things he might use.



In went his swimsuit for the sun deck. In
went his best suit, just in case. Then in went
a pile of fruit and three jugs of juice.



Bret pulled the lid down, but it would not shut. He pushed on it with both hands. He sat on it. He even stood on it on his tiptoes.



The lid still popped back up, and Bret slipped off and bumped his toe. "What a nuisance!" said Bret, rubbing his toe. "I will miss the ship, and I will get a bruise as well!"



Just then his pal Chuck came in. Chuck looked at the fat suitcase and laughed. "Bret, a cruise ship has lots of fruit and juice," he said.



"Take them back out. You do not have to pack them." "But I do not want to let good fruit go bad," said Bret.



"Then we will have a snack," said Chuck with a grin. So the two pals sat on the rug to eat the juicy plums and grapes and drink every drop of juice.



Then Bret pulled the lid down one last time. Zip! The suitcase shut with no fuss at all. "Thank you, Chuck," said Bret. He picked up his suitcase and went off to catch his ship.