



Jim's Little Knock



Jim wrote a note to his pal Jane. "Come out and play with me," he wrote. He held the note in his hand and ran all the way to Jane's home.



Jim was very little, and Jane's door was very big. He knocked on it. Knock, knock! But his hand was so small that Jane did not hear the knock. "I know what to do," said Jim.



"I will climb up to the knob." He gripped the side of the door and tried to climb. He got up one inch, then slid back down and bumped his knee.



He tried again and hurt his thumb. The knob was just too far up. Jim sat down and rubbed his knee. Then he looked at the note in his hand.



He looked at the thin gap under the door, and he grinned. Jim knelt down and slid the note into the gap. He gave it a push with his thumb.



Jane picked up the note and read what Jim wrote.
She opened the door with a big grin. "Yes, I will come and play!" said Jane. "But I do not want you to get stuck out here again."



She got a long rope and made a fat knot at the end. She put the rope on the knob so the knot came all the way down to Jim.



Jim hit the door with the knot. Knock, knock!
"Now you can always knock," said Jane. Jim
laughed, and the two pals ran off to play.