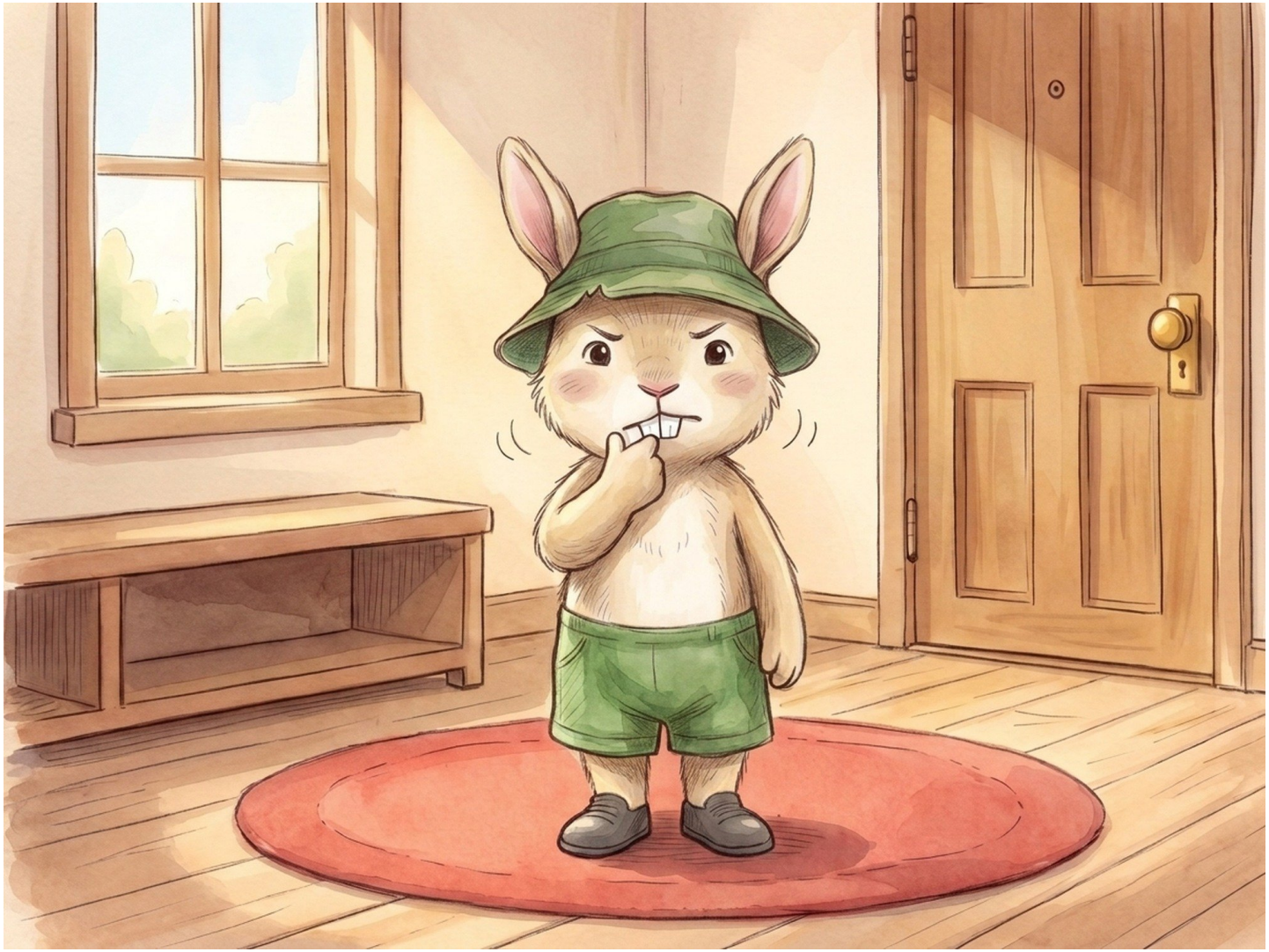


Stan's Loose Tooth



One of Stan's big top teeth was loose. When he put his thumb on it, it would rock back and forth. "I want it out today," Stan said.



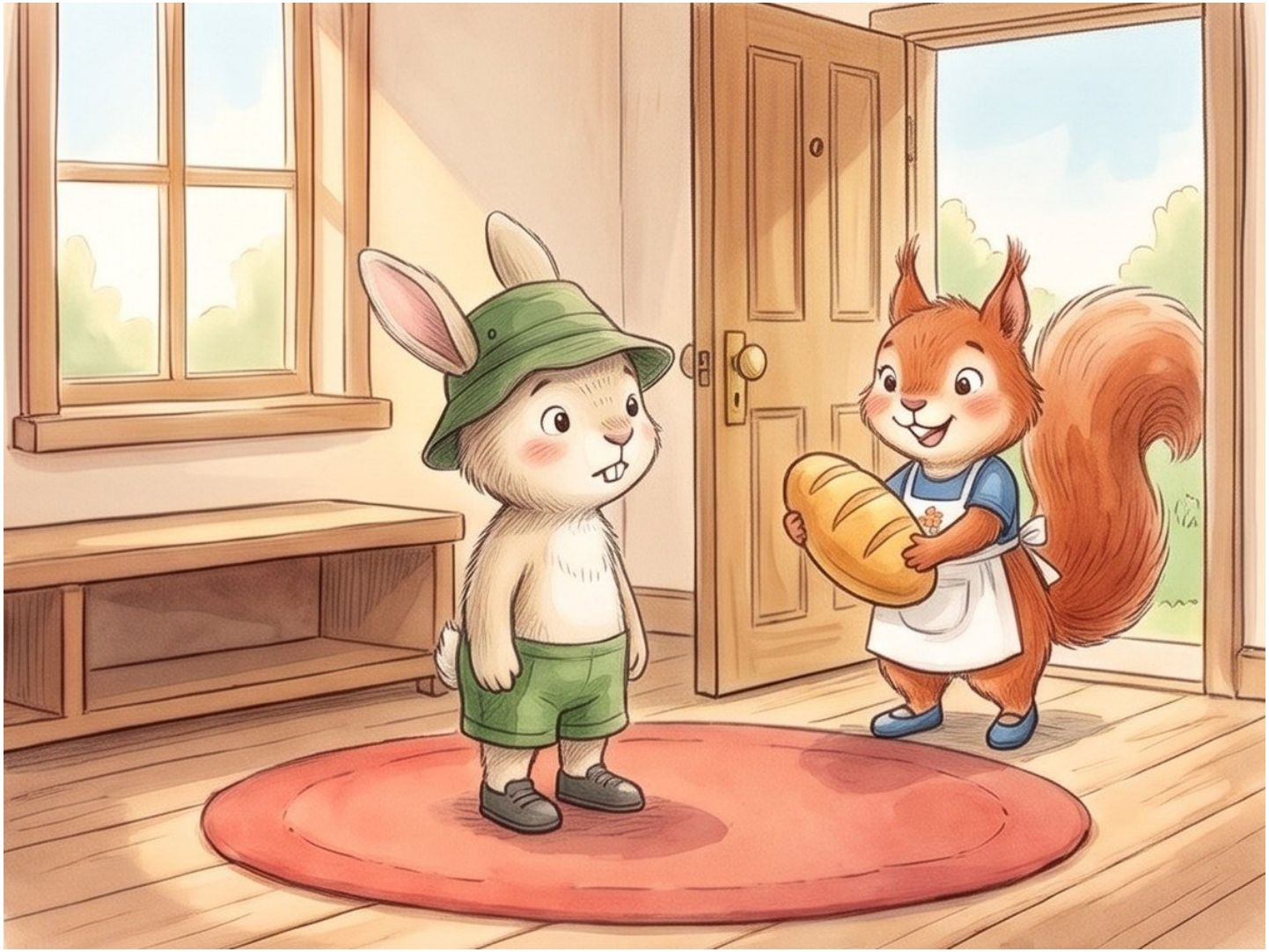
"Then I can keep it in my little box." Stan had a plan. "I know just what to do," he said. He got a long line and made a knot around the loose one.



He knelt by the door and wrapped the other end around the knob. Then, with a flick of his wrist, he made the door slam shut. Wham! But it all went wrong.



The knot slid right off. Then Stan tried his thumb. He would push and tug and pull until his lip was numb. Stan sat down on the rug with a sad face.



"I give up," he said. Just then, he heard a knock at the door. It was Kate. She held up a big brown crust. "It is thick, but it is very good," she said.



She gave it to Stan. He gave it a big chomp, and crumbs fell on the rug. Then he felt a pop! One of his teeth was stuck in the crust!



"Kate, you did it!" Stan said with a big grin. Stan got a pen and wrote a note: "One of my teeth came out in Kate's crust."



He wrapped the note around the one that came out and put it in his little box to keep.