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Illustrated by C.Johnson 2008

Rotten Egg



We are at the pond. We will swim. Pam sticks her leg in the pond.

“Last one in is a rotten egg!” she yells. She jumps in.

But I do not. I am thinking. Can I be a rotten egg? Rotten eggs smell bad.

Pam jumps up. “Get in the pond,” she calls. “You can’t be an egg.

You are a kid!”