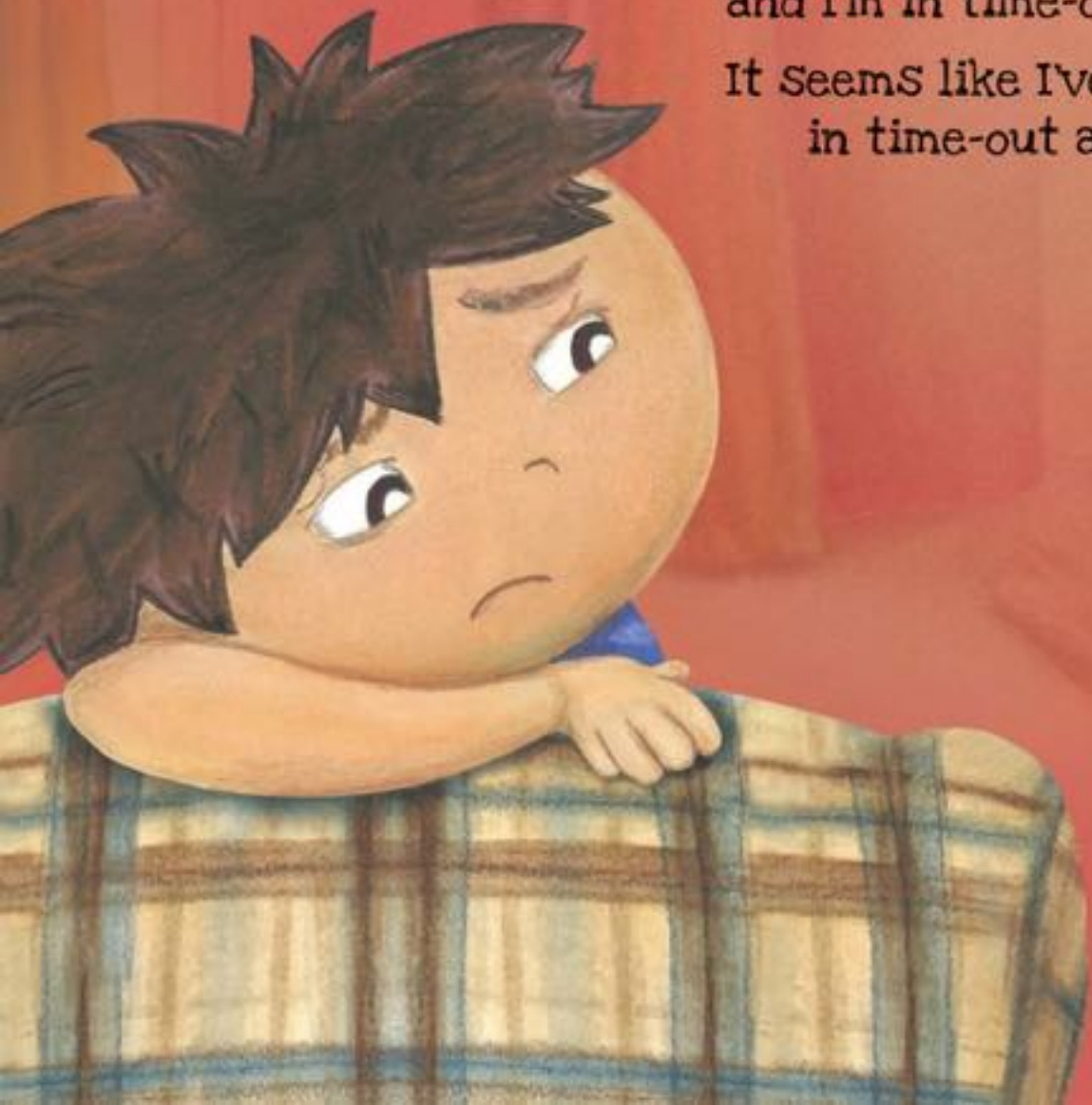


My name is RJ,
and I'm in time-out again.
It seems like I've been
in time-out a lot lately.





Friday after school,
my best friend Sam and I decided
we didn't want to ride the bus,
so we walked home instead.



On the way home, we had
a rock-throwing contest in the field.



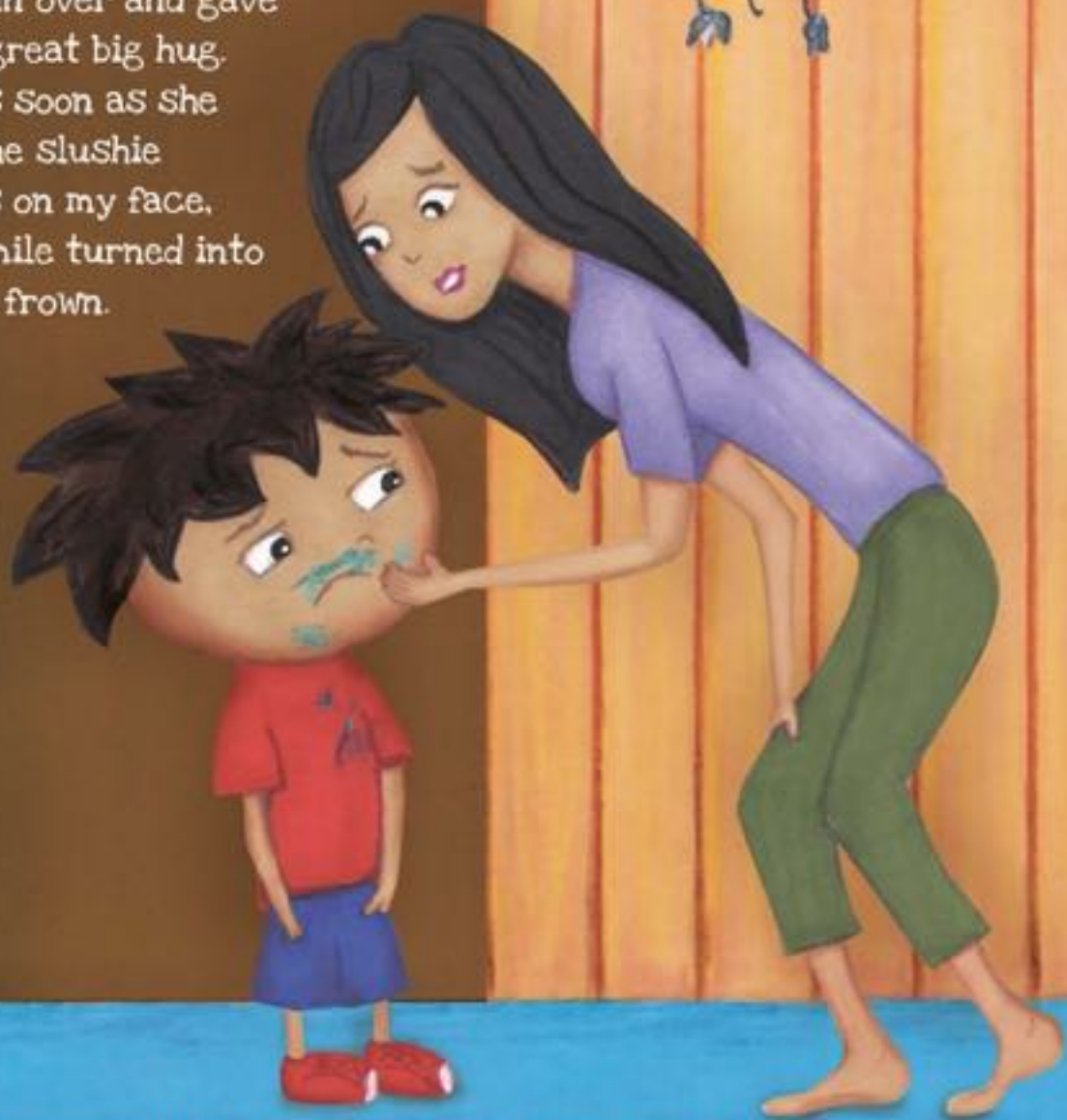
We took our shoes off and went wading in the frog pond -
but we didn't catch any frogs.

Then, we stopped at the
corner store and bought slushies.

I got bubblegum blueberry
and Sam got grape.



When I walked into my house, my mom looked worried. She smiled and ran over and gave me a great big hug. But as soon as she saw the slushie marks on my face, her smile turned into a mad frown.



“Where have you been? I was so worried about you,” she said.

“Well, Sam and I decided that we didn’t want to ride the bus so...”

“You walked home?”

“Yes, and on the way home we had a rock throwing con...”

“RJ! You can’t just decide not to take the bus!

You have to ask for permission!

We just spent the last two hours looking for you!



Your teacher was worried.
The bus driver was worried.



Sam’s mom and dad
were worried.

And your dad and I
were worried sick!”

