

Holly sat on her chair and poked pieces of pancake in syrup with her fork. She loved maple syrup with her pancakes—but not how sticky it was.

If she was careful, she wouldn't get sticky syrup on her hands. But then she missed a piece. Her hand touched syrup! Holly squirmed and shook her hand in the air.





“What do you want, Holly?” asked her sister Noelle.

Holly groaned.

“Use your words,” said Mom.

“Dishcloth!” Holly said.

“How do you ask nicely?” asked Mom.

“Please,” said Holly with a frown.

Mom gave her a wet dishcloth.

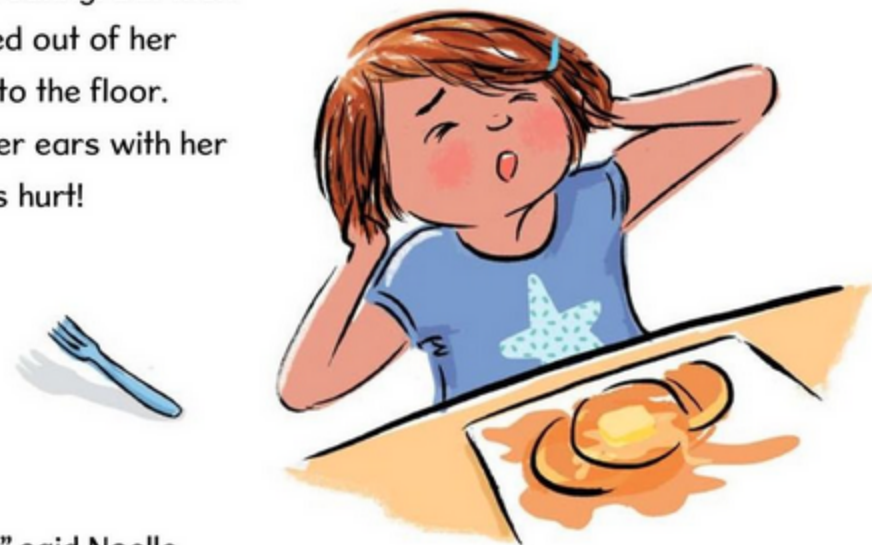
Holly wiped her hand.



The sticky syrup made Holly remember her science class would be making slime today. She worried slime would be sticky too. Maybe she wouldn't have to go to school if she ate slowly.

Holly continued eating. But then Noelle's fork slipped out of her hand and crashed to the floor.

Holly covered her ears with her hands. Loud noises hurt!



"I'm sorry, Holly," said Noelle.

"It's okay," replied Holly, like Dad taught her.

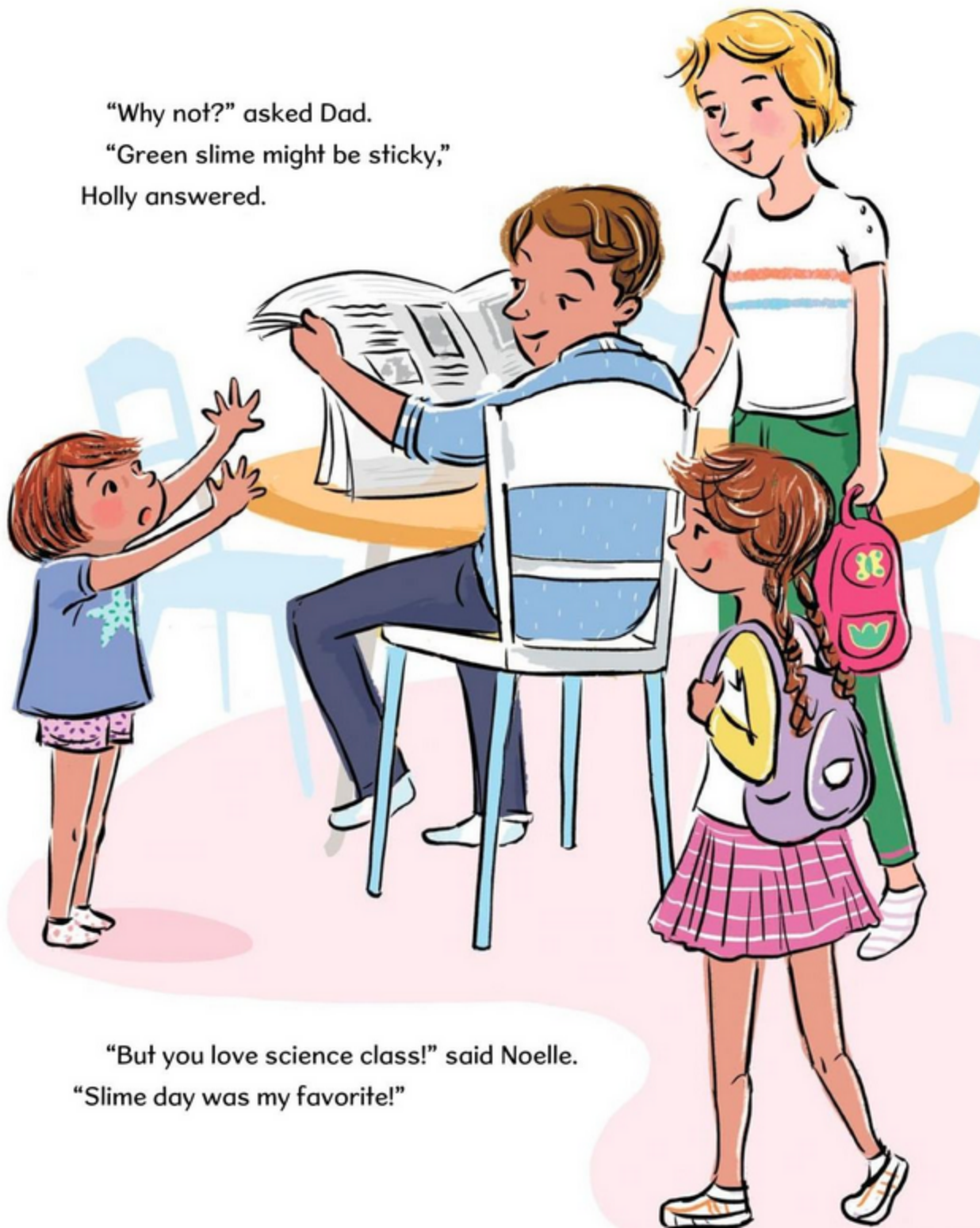


“Time for school,” said Mom,  
holding out Holly’s backpack.

“I don’t want to go to school,”  
said Holly.



“Why not?” asked Dad.  
“Green slime might be sticky,”  
Holly answered.



“But you love science class!” said Noelle.  
“Slime day was my favorite!”

“I like experiments. But slime is made with glue, and glue is sticky. I don’t like sticky things,” said Holly.



“Let’s ask Miss Joy if she’ll let you wash the slime off your hands,” said Mom.



“All right,” said Holly. She reached for her backpack. Slime might be okay if she could clean her hands.