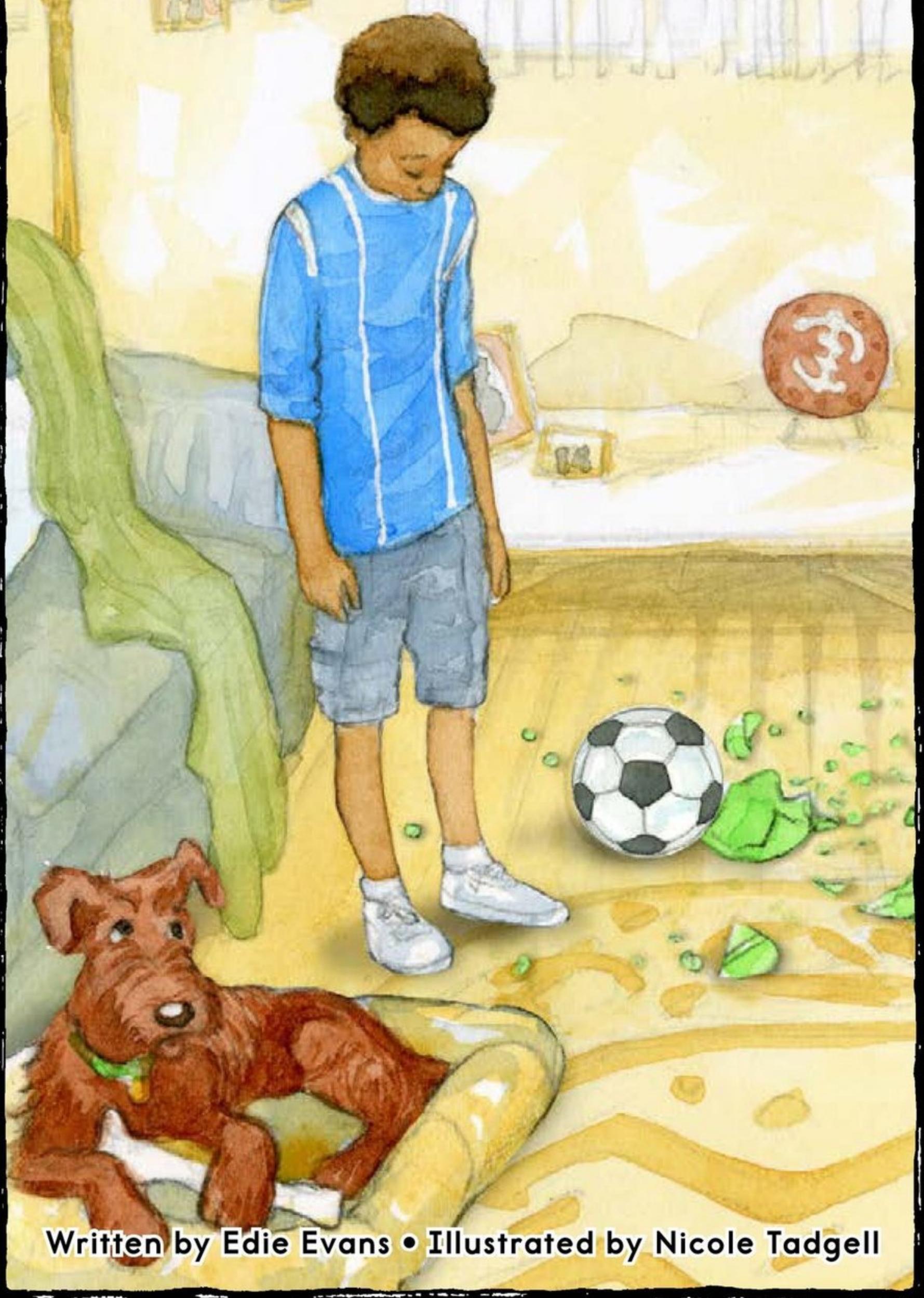


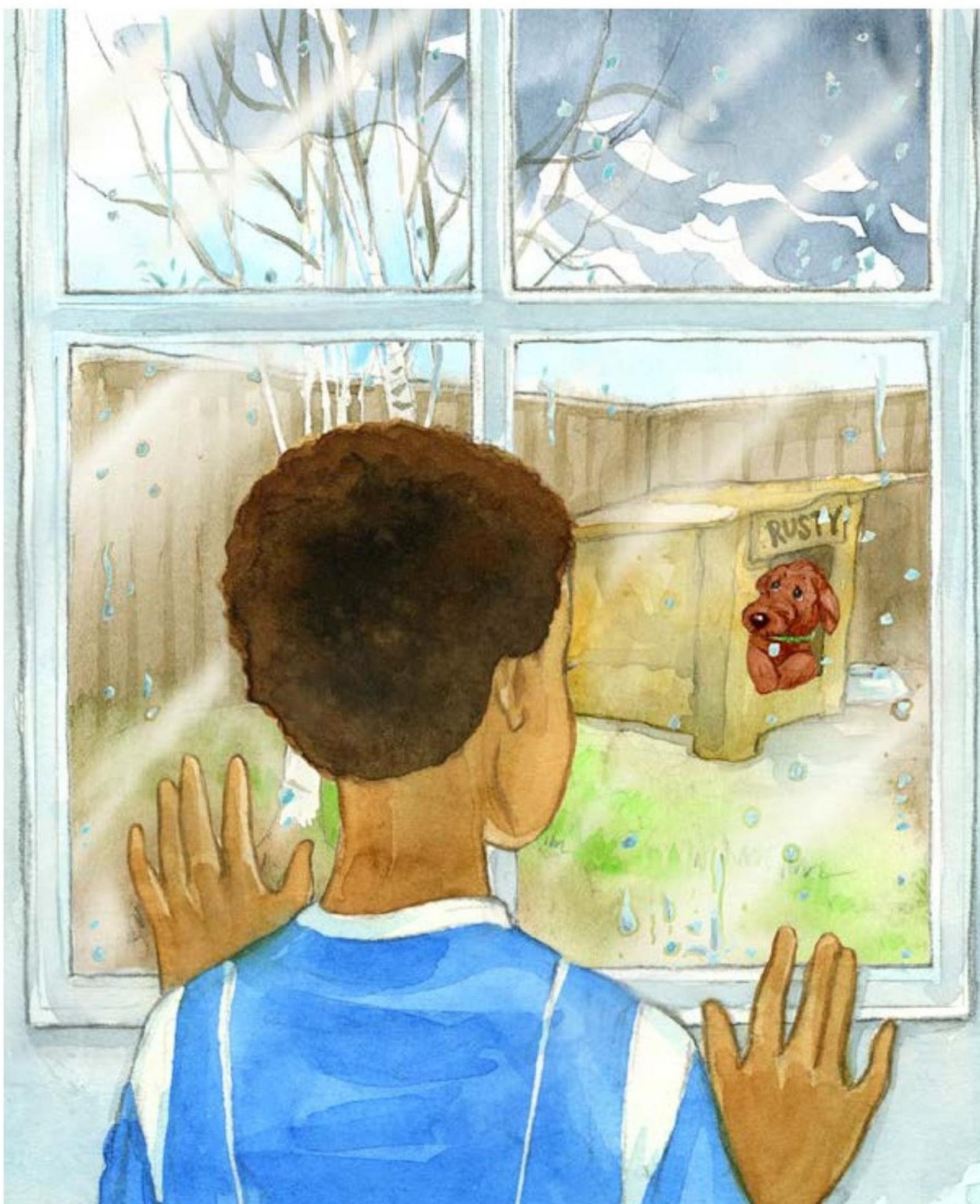
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I Broke It

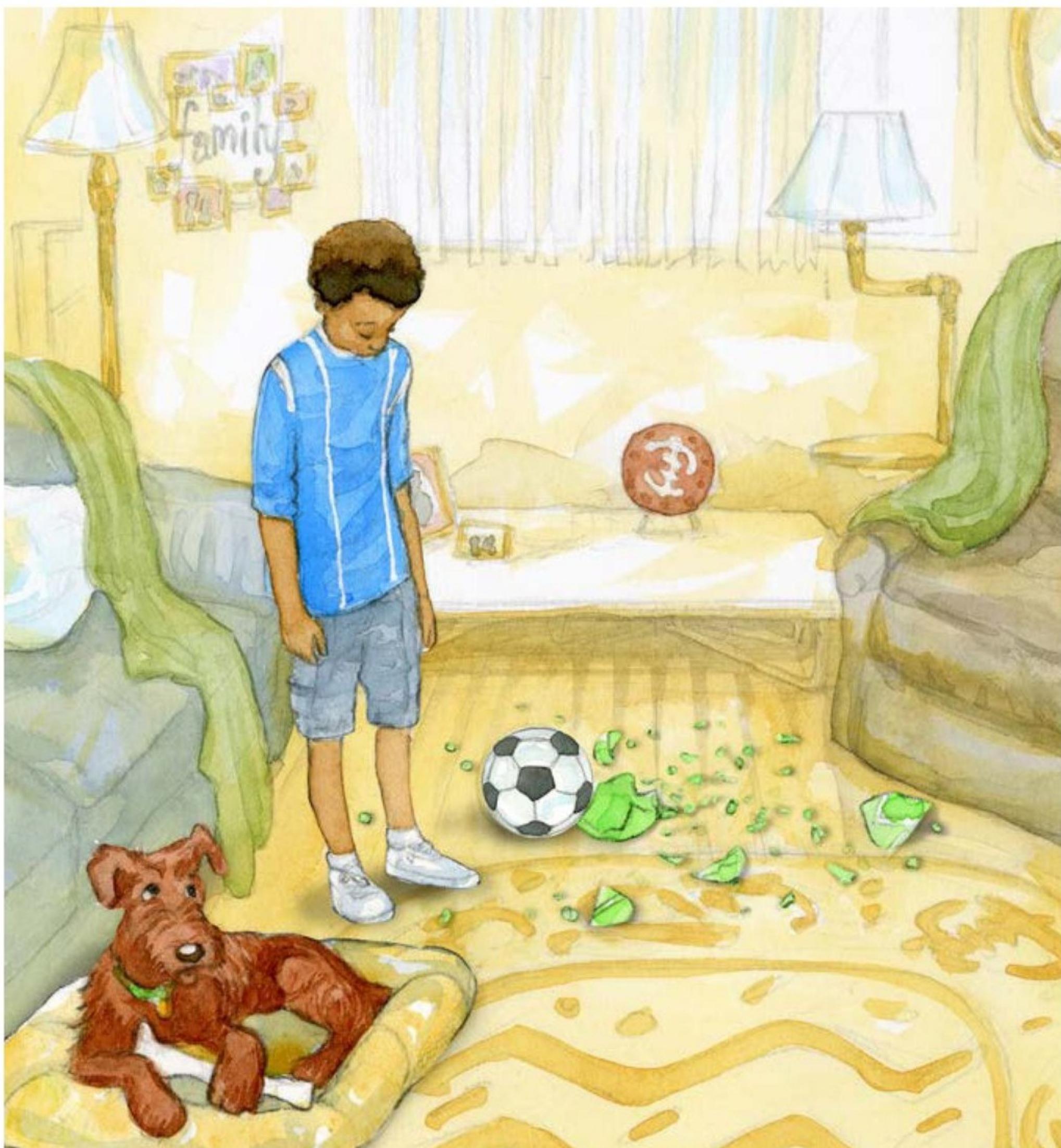


Written by Edie Evans • Illustrated by Nicole Tadgell

I Broke It



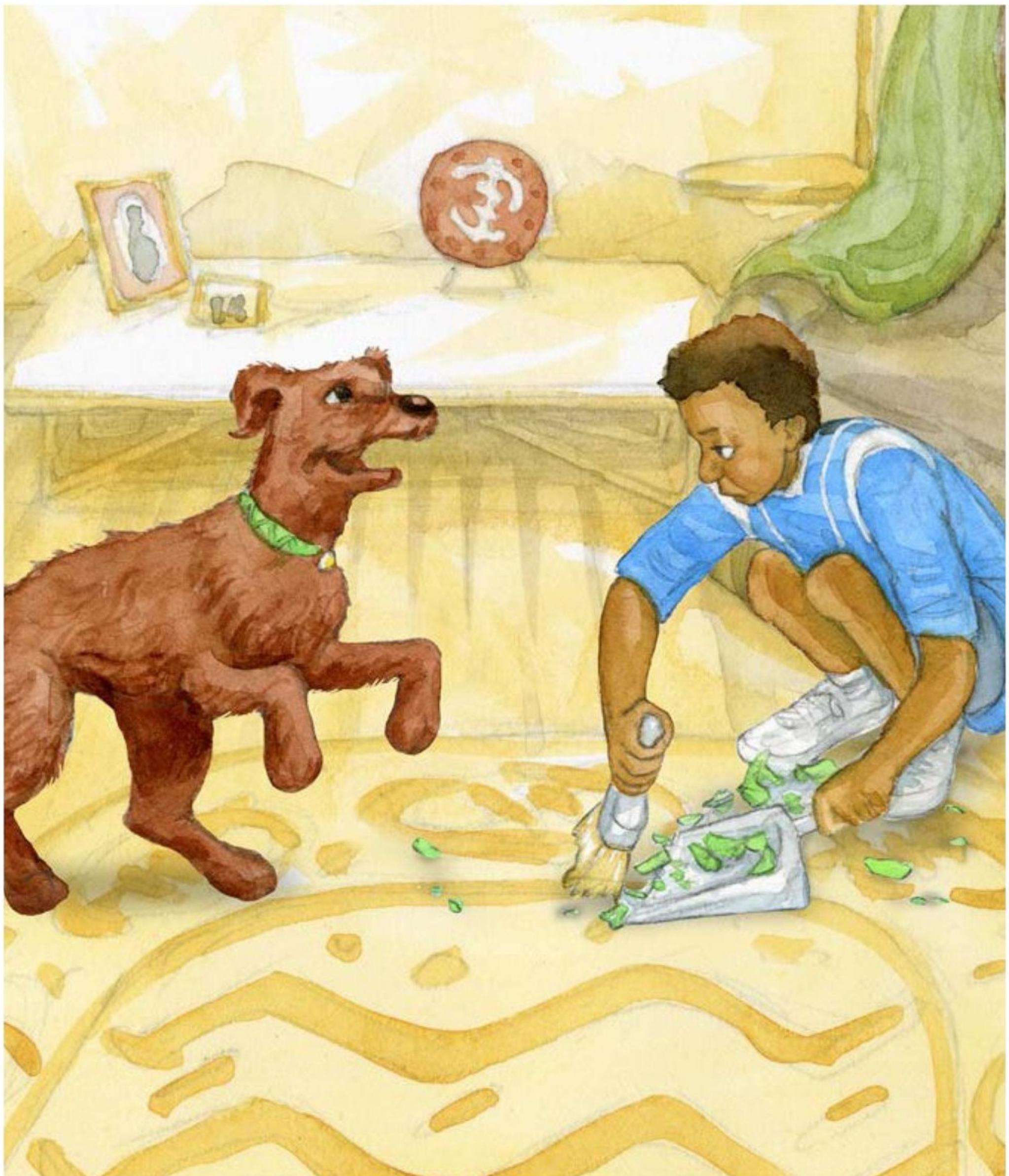
Written by Edie Evans
Illustrated by Nicole Tadgell



I stare at the broken vase
on the floor.
It was Mom's favorite.
Now it's in a million pieces.
It was silly to play soccer inside
with Mom away.



I wasn't thinking about that, though.
Saturday is my team's final match.
I just wanted to practice a
little more.
Now I'm in big trouble!



Rusty thinks I am playing—
not cleaning up the vase.
He jumps up and down,
barking happily.
This gives me an idea.



I hear a key turn in the door,

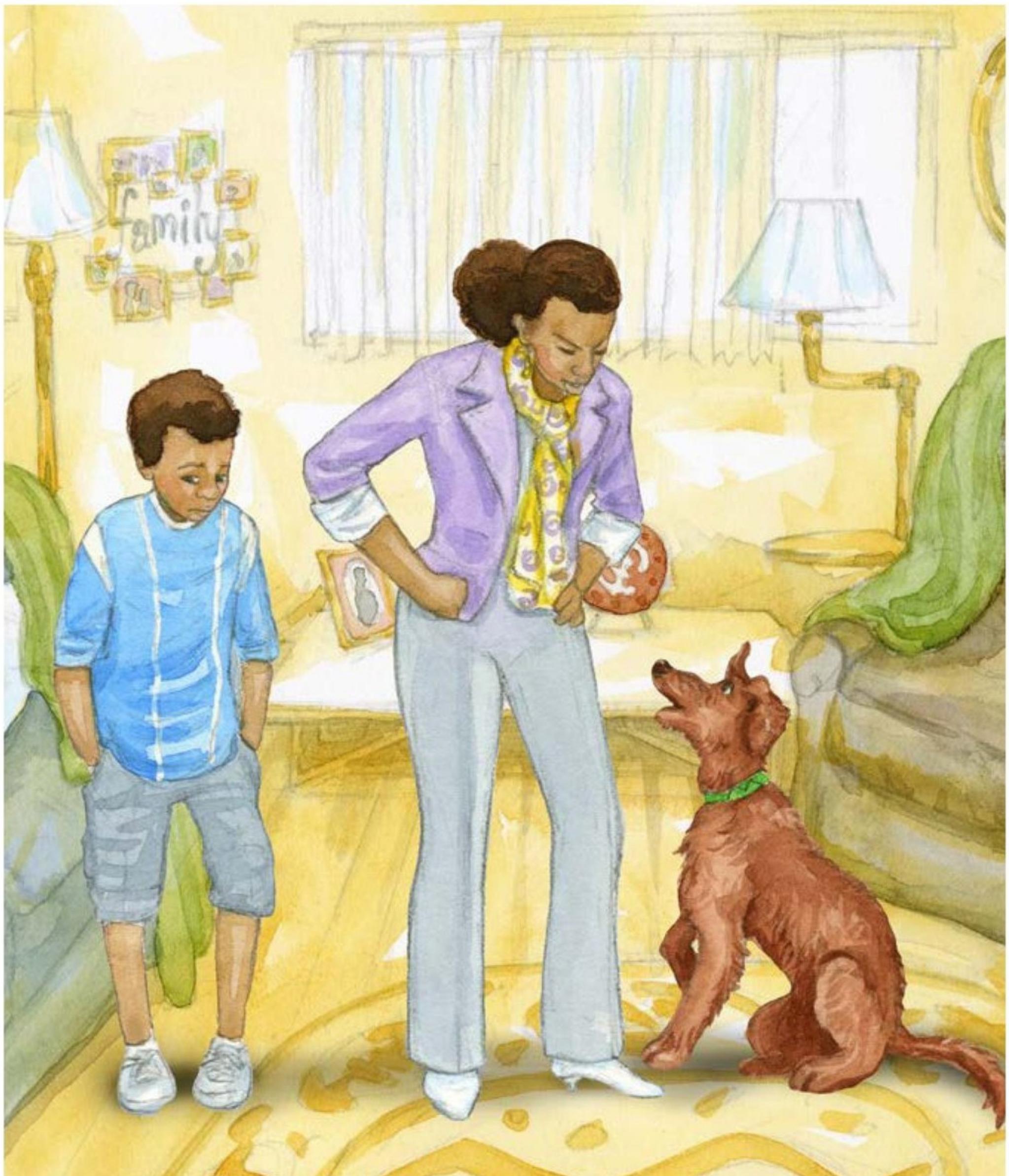
and Mom walks in.

Rusty jumps up to greet Mom,

his tail wagging.

“Hi, Rusty. Are you a good boy?”

she asks, patting him on the head.



“I’m sorry, Mom, but Rusty broke
your vase,” I lie, looking at my feet.
“Rusty, you bad boy!” she **scolds**.
Rusty whines.
A sick feeling rises in my belly.



Mom says, “No treats for you!”

Rusty curls his tail between his legs.

“You go outside,” says Mom.

Rusty hangs his head in **shame**.

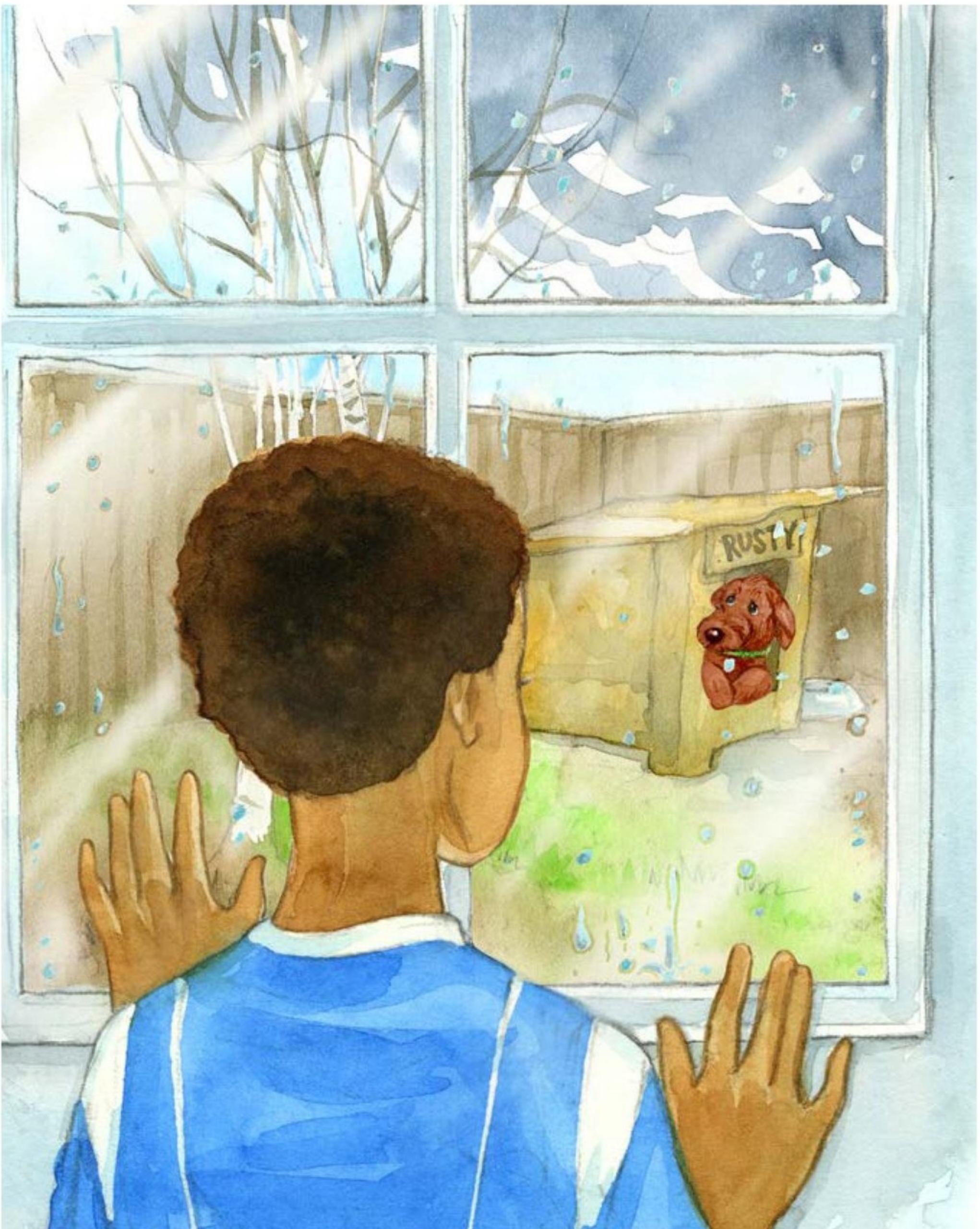
“Go to your doghouse, Rusty,” I say,
holding the door open.



Rusty **slumps** to his doghouse,
looking sad.

I close the door and try to think
about something else.

Then it begins to rain—hard.



I can't help but look out
the window.
Rusty shivers in his doghouse.
That sick feeling in my belly grows.



Rusty peeks out.

Rain falls down his nose, as if
he is crying.

What have I done? I ask myself.

Rusty is in trouble because of my lie.



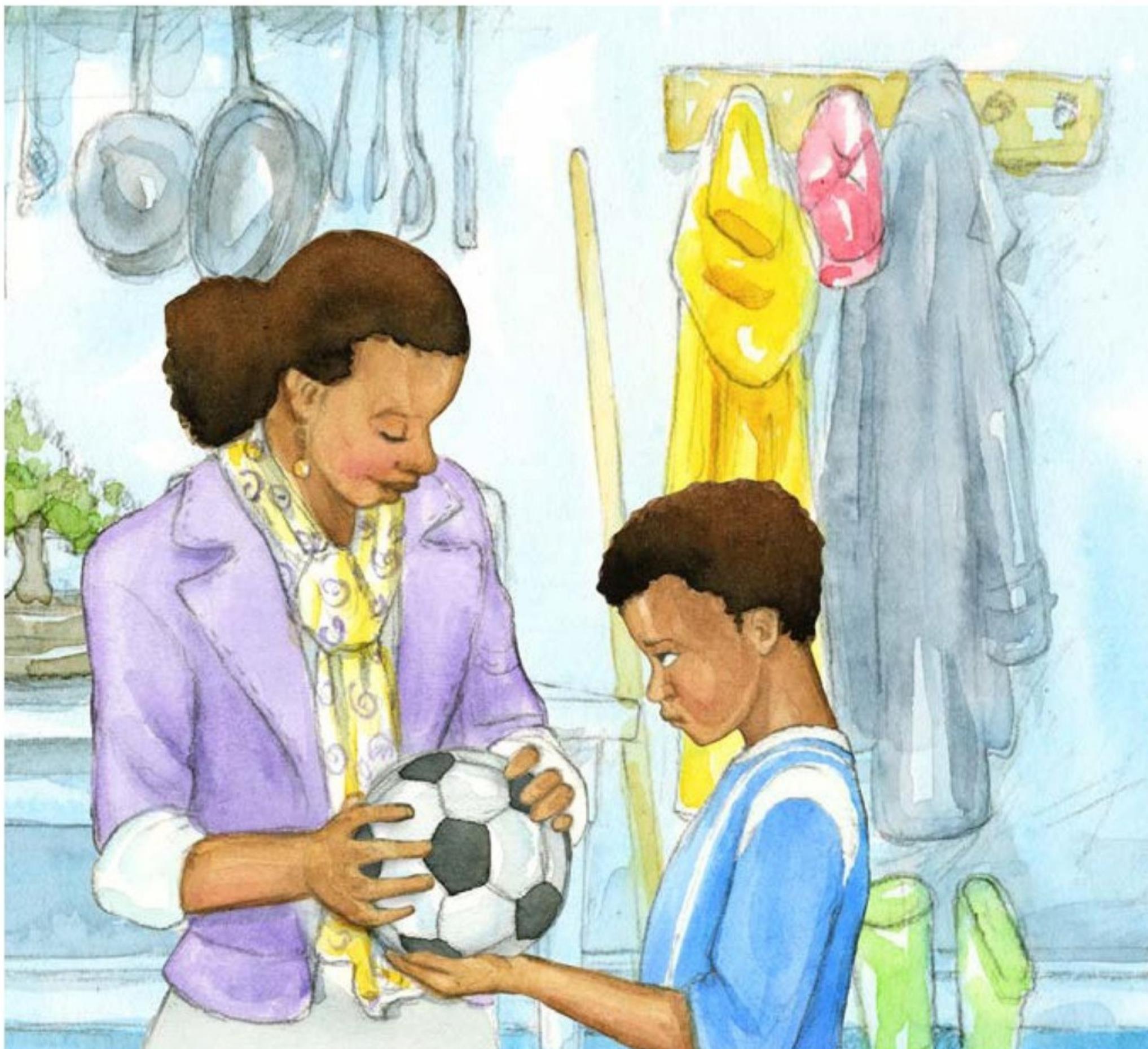
I know Mom would tell me I should **fess** up.

I say, “Mom, I have something to tell you.”

“I was playing soccer in the house, and I broke the vase,” I quietly explain.

“**Blaming** Rusty for your mistake was wrong,” Mom says.

“Thank you for being honest,” she adds.



"Let Rusty back inside now," she says.

"As a **punishment**, you can't go to
the soccer match on Saturday,"
she says.

I think about arguing, saying it's
not fair, but it is.

I made a mistake.

I have to accept my punishment.



I open the door, and Rusty
runs back in.

He shakes the rain off his fur,
right onto me.



He jumps up and gives me
a big lick.

Suddenly, my belly feels fine.
So does the smile on my face.

Glossary

- blaming** (v.) believing or saying someone is responsible for a mistake or problem (p. 12)
- fess** (v.) short for “confess”; to admit or state that one has done something wrong (p. 12)
- punishment** (n.) to pay a price for breaking a law or doing something wrong (p. 13)
- scolds** (v.) to speak in an angry way to someone who has done something wrong (p. 7)
- shame** (n.) a strong feeling of regret, sadness, or guilt caused by knowing or believing one has done something wrong (p. 8)
- slumps** (v.) sits, stands, or walks with a stooped or rounded posture (p. 9)

I Broke It
Level J Leveled Book
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Illustrated by Nicole Tadgell

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