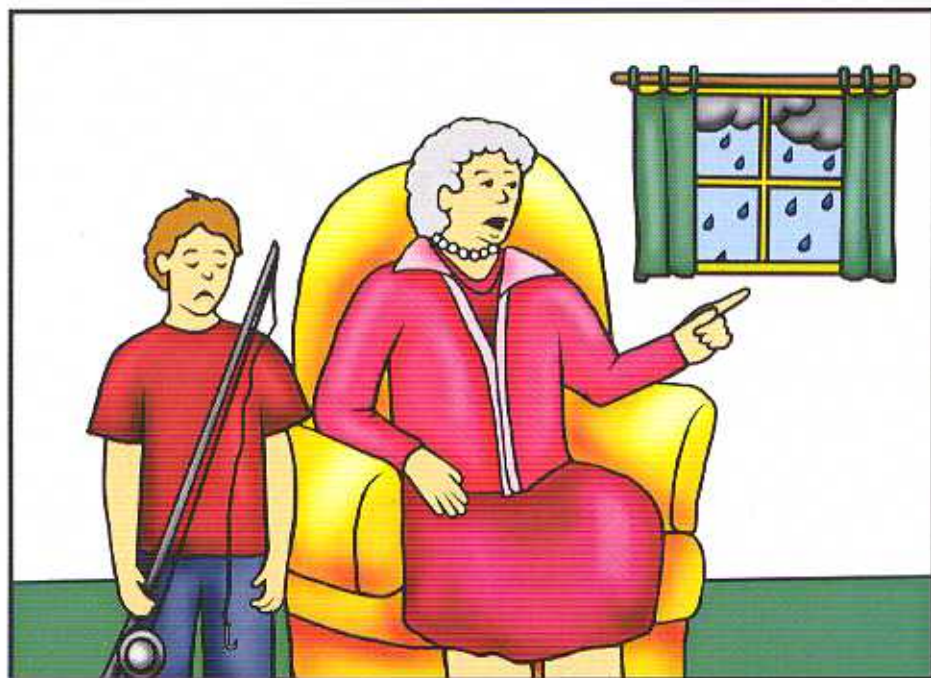


Blaine in the Rain

Blaine got up at six so he could go fishing. But there was rain, rain, rain! Gran would not let him go in the rain.

“Wait ‘till it stops,” said Gran.



Blaine had his bath and fed the dog, but there was still rain, rain, rain!

Blaine went to the den and said, “Hi Gran.”

“You cannot go fishing in the rain, rain, rain!” she was quick to say. “Did you make your bed?”

“No,” said Blaine.

“Well, I am not your maid,” said Gran. “You must make your bed and clean up your stuff, and then the rain may stop.”

So Blaine went to make his bed. Well... he laid back in it for a while and then he made his bed. Then he had to pick up his junk.

“Gran will faint if she sees this mess,” Blaine said to himself.

“What should I do with this stuff? Use your brain, kid,” Blaine said to himself.

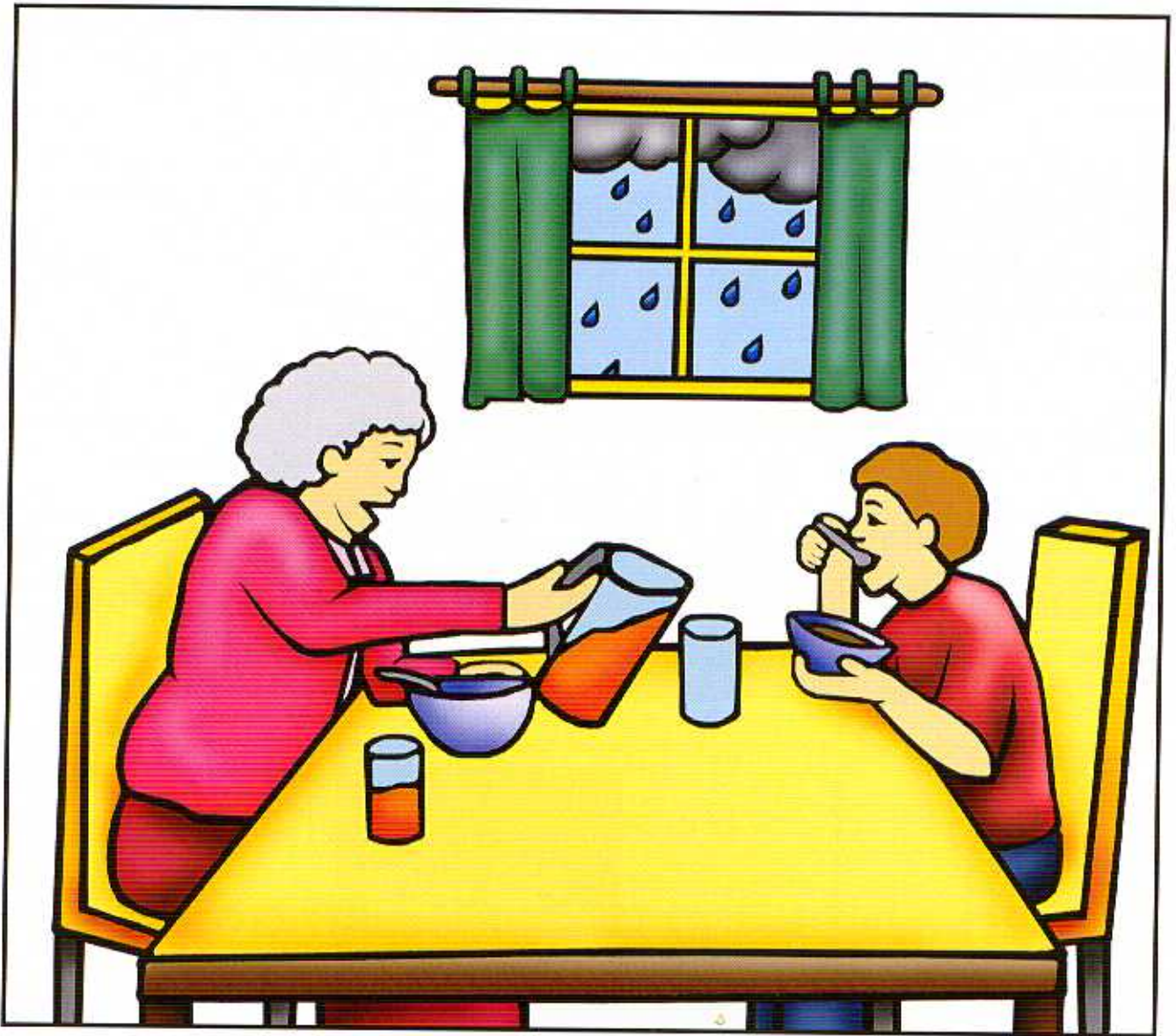
He hid his stuff under his bed, and when Blaine was done, there was still rain, rain, rain.



"This is a real pain," he said.

He gave a yell, "My day is in the drain!"

Gran made a whole grain cream of wheat, and they ate.



"The rain will stop," said Gran, "Just wait and see."