

SMASH! The red fence blasts into pieces. Geez! Out busts Moby Mutt with NO leash! "Ruff, ruff." Says Moby, as he runs loose, chasing Sammie!

Trevor Gribben reaches to grab him but lands flat on his chin. Ouch! "Sit Moby. Sit!"

But Moby doesn't **listen** to Trevor one bit!





Moby wins the race!  
Finishing their game of chase  
with open paws and a long, stinky dog tongue.  
Yum. Yum! Licking his friend until his purple hair  
lays flat on his head.

But Trevor's face is red!  
"Listen up Moby Mutt!  
Mom says I gotta take  
**responsibility** for you.  
You're not a gorilla  
and our house isn't a zoo!  
Why wont you **listen** to me?  
Man. What am I gonna do?"



That's Bethany Butterfly's cue. "Coming down. See ya in a few." She leaps off her porch with every intention of flapping her wings. Hitting the ground but gets right up to sing.

"Looks like we've got ourselves a story.  
A SIDEWALK STORY. Sing with me?"

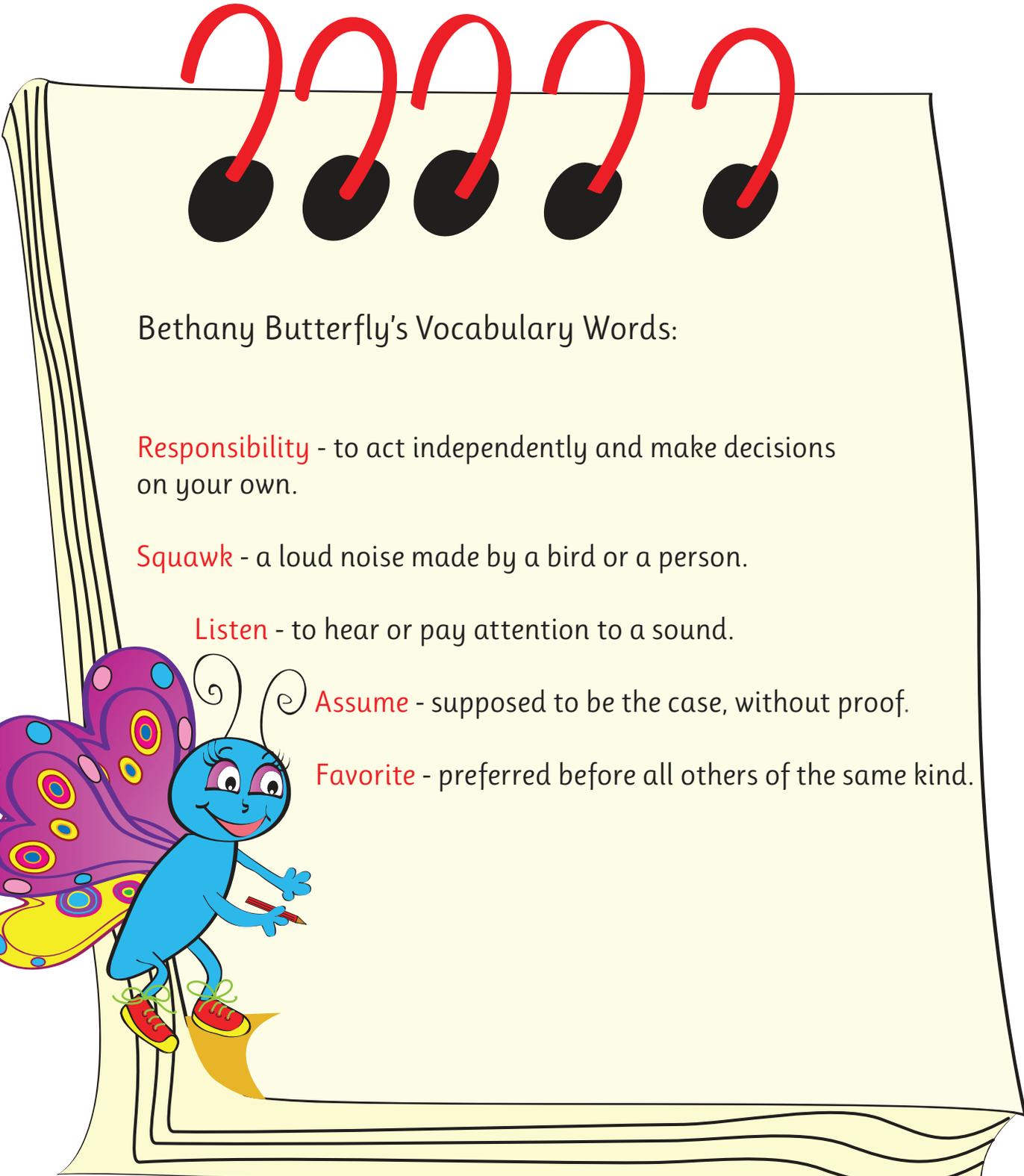
It's been in your front yard and you didn't know it.  
It's just about time and we're gonna have to show it.

**It's the Sidewalk Stories.**

The life of plants and dogs and everybody talks.  
There's a squirrel and a tree and flowers that believe.

**In the Sidewalk Stories.**

Magical, you will see. Magical for you and me.  
Sidewalk Stories!"



Bethany Butterfly's Vocabulary Words:

**Responsibility** - to act independently and make decisions on your own.

**Squawk** - a loud noise made by a bird or a person.

**Listen** - to hear or pay attention to a sound.

**Assume** - supposed to be the case, without proof.

**Favorite** - preferred before all others of the same kind.



Back to the Sidewalk Story of Meet Moby Mutt...  
maybe soon he will listen up.

"Trevor!" Bethany cheers. "My favorite person on earth. Sounds like you're in a pickle. I'm ready to work!"

"Ruff, ruff." Trevor leashes up Moby Mutt. "That's exactly it. Being a dog owner is so much work! I have to fix the fence... again. How can I take **responsibility** for Moby when he won't **listen** to me."

Sammie enjoys a snack after a mad dash. He mumbles with a mouth full of sandwich. "It's true. That pooch doesn't **listen** to a word coming out of your mouth. Ouch!" Sammie **squawks**. He bit his own tongue while he talked.

