**Today, you will read about a girl who finds some unusual shoes. As you read the story, think about the details the author uses as you will be asked to write your own story.**

Read “Those Wacky Shoes.” Then answer the questions.

*by* Julie Parker Amery

1. **1** I *thought*it was going to be an ordinary Saturday—but, boy, was I wrong.
2. **2** I bought some shoes at a thrift shop downtown. They were blue-and-red-checkered slip-on sneakers. Unusual. I liked them.
3. **3** I put them on outside the store. I got ready to turn right, toward home . . . but my feet turned left! It was as if those wacky shoes were in control. I tried to stop to take them off, but my feet wouldn’t let me. I quickly realized that those shoes were going to take me wherever they wanted.
4. **4** The shoes walked me up Main Street, nice and slow. After a few blocks, they turned my feet left up Pine Street. They started picking up speed. I passed a woman walking a beagle. She looked at my shoes and said, “Did you get those at the secondhand store downtown?”
5. **5** “Yep.” I hurried along at the pace of a speed-walker.
6. **6** “I was stuck in those shoes once,” she said. “They took me all the way to Vermont!”
7. **7** “How do I get out of them?” I shouted over my shoulder. By now I was running.
8. **8** “You have to outsmart them,” she yelled back. And she said something else, but by then I was too far away to hear.
9. **9** *Great,* I thought. *Someone tells me to outsmart a pair of shoes, and I can’t* . *This doesn’t speak well for my brain.*
10. **10** We turned up a dirt path, heading straight for a huge oak. I put my hands over my face, certain I’d smash right into that tree. But my feet started climbing*up* the trunk! I grabbed the trunk with both hands to keep my balance. We went higher and higher.
11. **11** Did I mention that I don’t like heights much? I tried not to look down. I kept going, my heart pounding like a giant hammer in my chest, when—suddenly—my feet slipped.
12. **12** So those shoes weren’t perfect, after all.
13. **13** I grabbed a branch with both hands and hung. It sure was high up there.
14. **14** Somehow, I managed to pull myself up to sit on a branch. My feet were still. It seemed that when they weren’t on something solid, those shoes weren’t quite so tough. I tried to pull one off, but it was latching on with all its might. Now what should I do?
15. **15** The good thing about being stuck in the tree was that I had time to think up a wild idea.
16. **16** I started yelling. Since I was in the middle of nowhere, I had to yell for what seemed like a hundred years. Finally, a kid rode up on his bike.
17. **17** “Can you do me a favor?” I called. “Can you get someone to bring a big bucket of wet cement? It would really help me out.”
18. **18** “We’ve got cement mix in our garage,” he said. “I can make some and bring it to you.” And off he went, just like that. I like a kid who doesn’t ask a lot of questions.
19. **19** Eventually the kid came back, walking this time, and pulling a rusty wagon behind him. The wagon was filled with wet cement.
20. **20** “Hey, thanks!” I said. “Now, I’m going to start coming down the tree. I want you to put the wagon right under my feet when I get low enough to jump. Got it?”
21. **21** He nodded, and I set to work on shimmying from branch to branch, careful not to let my feet touch anything. I didn’t want the shoes to take over again.
22. **22** When I was on a lower branch, I jumped. My feet went *luuuurrrrp* as they hit the wet cement.
23. **23** “Now, can you find a couple of strong people?” I asked. I stood there in the cement while he was gone, my stomach feeling all twisty. I was scared and excited at the same time.
24. **24** The boy returned with a boy and a girl. They looked at me strangely, but I just said, “Could you yank me out?”
25. **25** They grabbed me under my arms and pulled.
26. **26** My plan worked! The cement held the shoes in place, and I came out of them. I was free!
27. **27** “Thanks, guys!” I said.
28. **28** “I guess your shoes are stuck in there forever,” the girl said.
29. **29** “It’s OK. I was done with them anyway.”
30. **30** Then the wagon started rolling down the path. It gathered speed, took a left when it got to the road, went steadily up the hill, and was soon out of sight.
31. **31** I sure hope those wacky shoes know how to drive.

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