“Good, Andrew. I’m glad to hear that. Now will you please pick up your chair and join your reading group? We’re all waiting for you.”

Andrew stood up in a hurry. His reading group giggled. Especially Sharon. He couldn’t stand that Sharon. She thought she knew everything! He picked up his chair and carried it to the corner where his reading group sat.

“You may begin, Andrew,” Miss Kelly said. “Page sixty-four.”

Andrew turned the pages in his book. Sixty-four … sixty-four. He couldn’t find it. The pages stuck together. Why did Miss Kelly have to pick him? Everybody else already had their books open to the right page.

Sharon kept giggling. She covered her mouth to keep in the noise, but Andrew knew what was going on. He finally found page sixty-four. Right where it was supposed to be … between pages sixty-three and sixty-five. If he had his own freckles he wouldn’t have to count Nicky Lane’s. Then he’d hear Miss Kelly when she called reading groups. And nobody would laugh at him.