

## Visiting Dad

“Hi, Dad,” I said.

“Hi!” my dad said.

“We’re – ” Huey said.

I didn’t trust Huey. I stepped on his foot.

“We’re on a hike,” I said.

“Well, nice of you to stop by,” my father said. “If you want, you can stay awhile and help me.”

“O.K.” we said.

So Huey sorted nuts and bolts. Gloria shined fenders with a rag. I held a new windshield wiper while my dad put it on a car window.

“Nice work, Huey and Julian and Gloria!” my dad said when we were done. And he sent us to the store across the street to buy paper cups and ice cubes and a can of frozen lemonade. We mixed the lemonade in the shop. Then we sat out under the one tree by the side of the driveway and drank all of it.

“Good lemonade!” my father said. “So what are you kids going to do now?”

“Oh, hike!” I said.

“You know,” my father answered, “I’m surprised at you kids picking a hot day like today for a hike. The ground is so hot. On a day like this, frogs wear shoes!”

“They do?” Huey said.

“Especially if they go hiking,” my father said. “Of course, a lot of frogs, on a day like this, would stay home. So I wonder why you kids are hiking.”

Sometimes my father notices too much. Then he gets yellow lights shining in his eyes, asking you to tell the whole truth. That’s when I know to look at my feet.

“Oh,” I said, “we like hiking.”

But Gloria didn’t know any better. She looked into my father’s eyes.