

Harry's Splish Splash

A Mini Mini Story by Skipper-Bloo

Harry had been playing outside all day.
He felt hot and sticky.

“Harry,” called his mother, “time for a bath!”

“No!” thought Harry. “I don’t want to take a bath.
I want to keep playing!”

He fussed and fussed, but his
mother insisted.
There would be no more playing
until he was clean.



Sighing, Harry trudged to the bathroom.

He peeked into the tub. Beautiful bubbles floated on the water, and the soap smelled like flowers.

Well, maybe just a little bath, he thought...

Once inside the bathtub, Harry began making bubble tunnels and spinning in circles.

“Splish! Splash!” he cheered, laughing at the bubbles.

He was having so much fun that when his mother said bath time was over, he even felt a little sad.

“Don’t worry, Harry,” his mother said. “You can take another bath tomorrow.”

Harry smiled.
He could hardly wait.

