

It's Foggy At Sam's New House

By Kathy
Warnes





The fog tiptoed in over night and covered Waterford Lake like a blanket. The fog pressed the edges of its blanket over Sam's house and tucked in the edges. The fog stood still and waited to see what Sam would do when he woke up and found it there.

Sam threw off the blankets and sat up in bed, but he couldn't throw off the fog blanket. It was too thick and too heavy. Sam touched the fog. It felt damp. Sam smelled the fog. It tickled his nose and his eyes. Sam sneezed.





The fog waited while Sam ate his breakfast. It swirled around Sam when he stepped out of the front door to explore his new home.

Sam knew that he had ridden in the car with David and his mother and father and sister to get to the new house, but he couldn't see the house.





The fog slapped damp fingers against Sam's cheek.

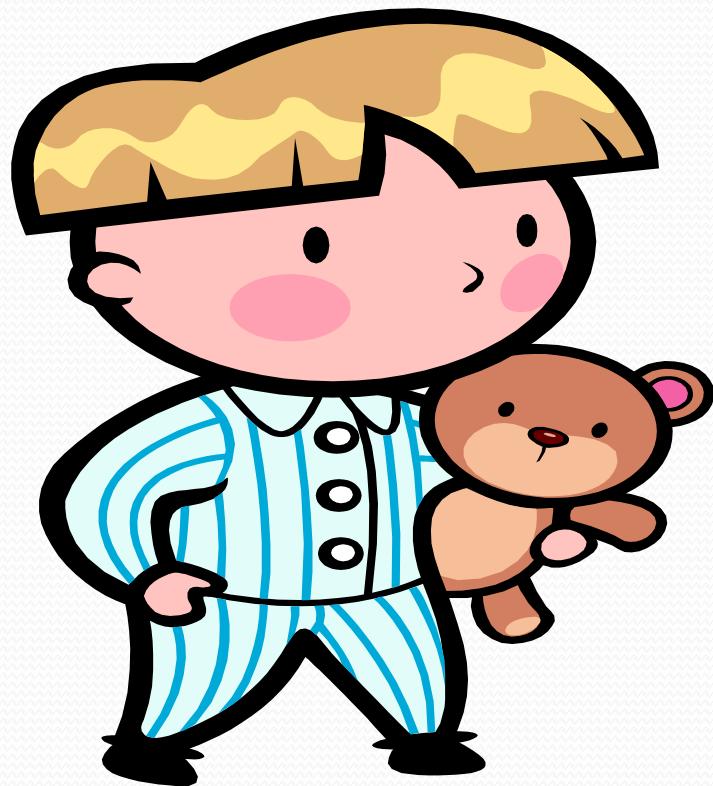
Sam's tears mingled with the fog tears .

"I don't want to go for a walk," David had told him. "I want to stay at home and sleep."

"I'll walk by myself, then," Sam said. "You are just lazy."

Sam looked around, but he couldn't see anything,
but the fog.





The fog crept closer and Sam shivered. He didn't want to walk around his new neighborhood. He just wanted to jump back into his warm bed with David. Was David mad at him now? Sam shivered again. He wanted the fog to go away.



“Go away, fog!” Sam shouted.
The fog crept closer.



Sam frowned at the fog. Why wouldn't the fog go away? Then Sam remembered. Sometimes David told Sam to go away, but Sam stayed right beside him because he wanted to be with David.

Then David would say, "Let's talk about it."

Sam smiled at the fog. "Let's talk about it," he said.



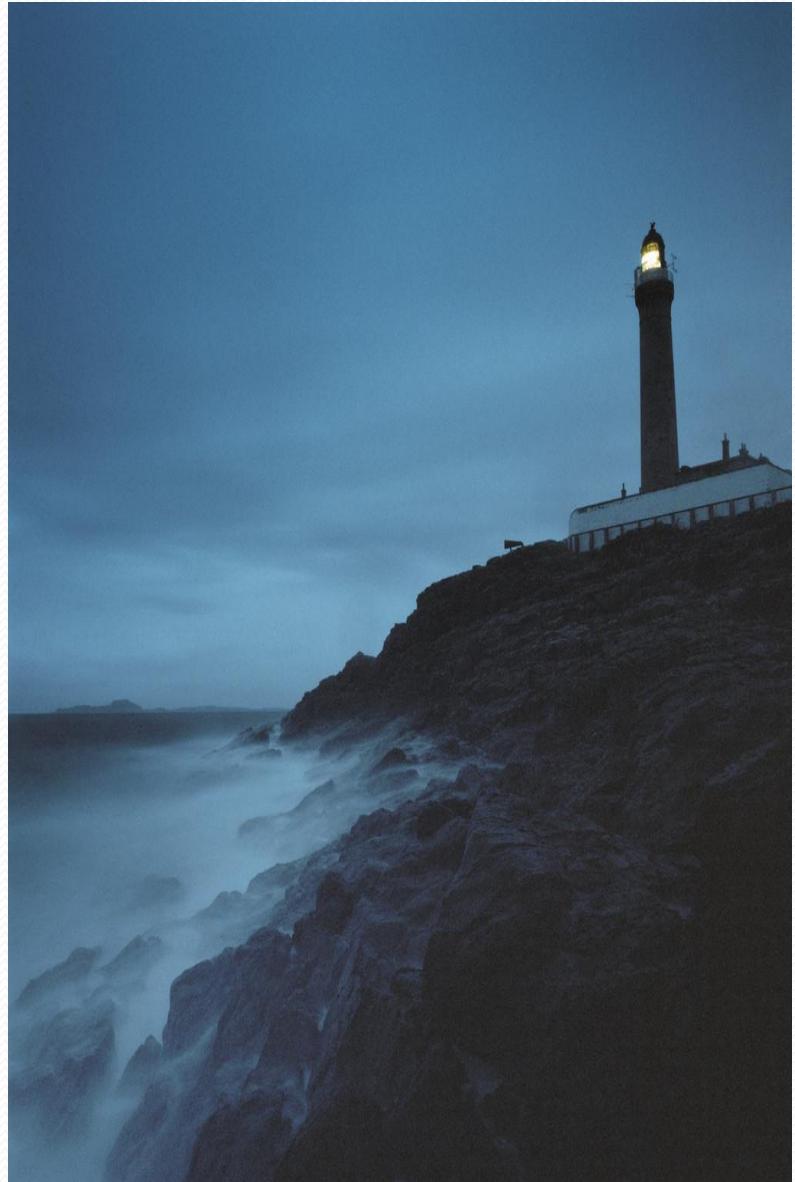
Sam talked to the fog. “I’m afraid of this new place and I miss my old house,” he told the fog.

The fog moved against Sam's face. It didn't feel like an elephant anymore. Was the fog listening?



“URGHHHHH,
URGHHHHHH!”

The noise covered Sam’s ears, but the fog didn’t cover him like a blanket anymore. He ran to the beach and looked around. The fog horn in the Lake Waterford lighthouse was blowing and the sun was beginning to peek through the fog fingers.

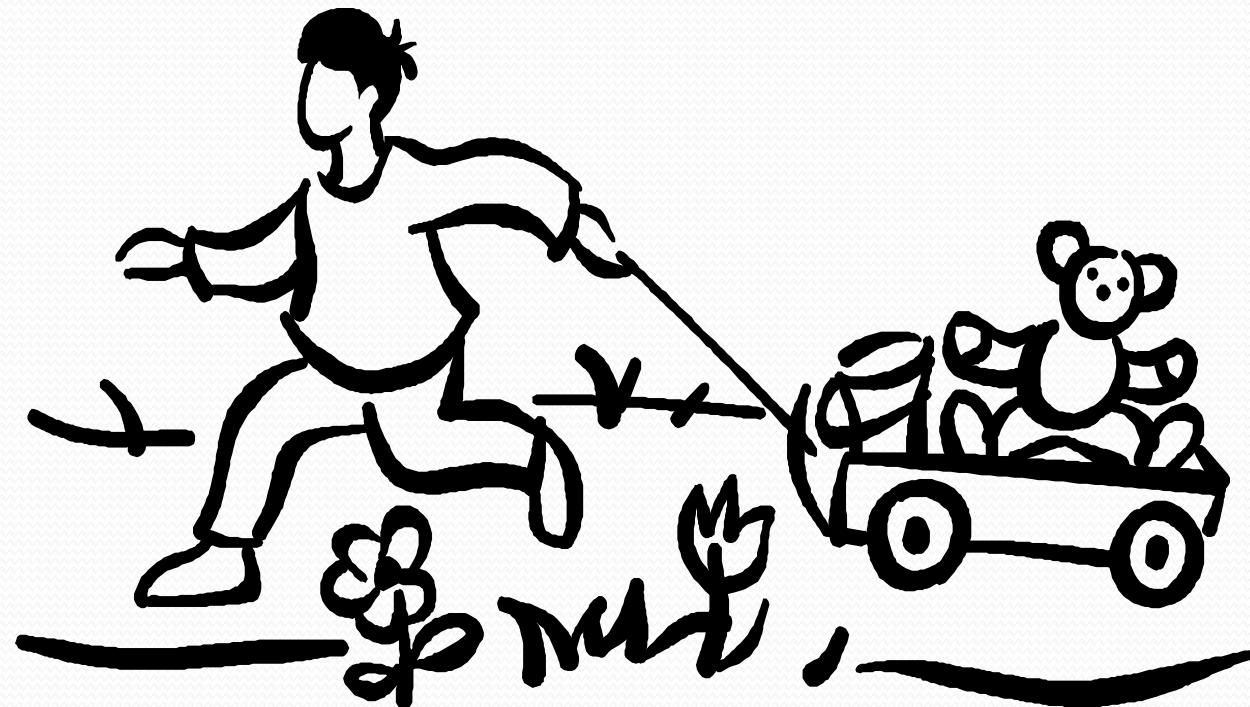


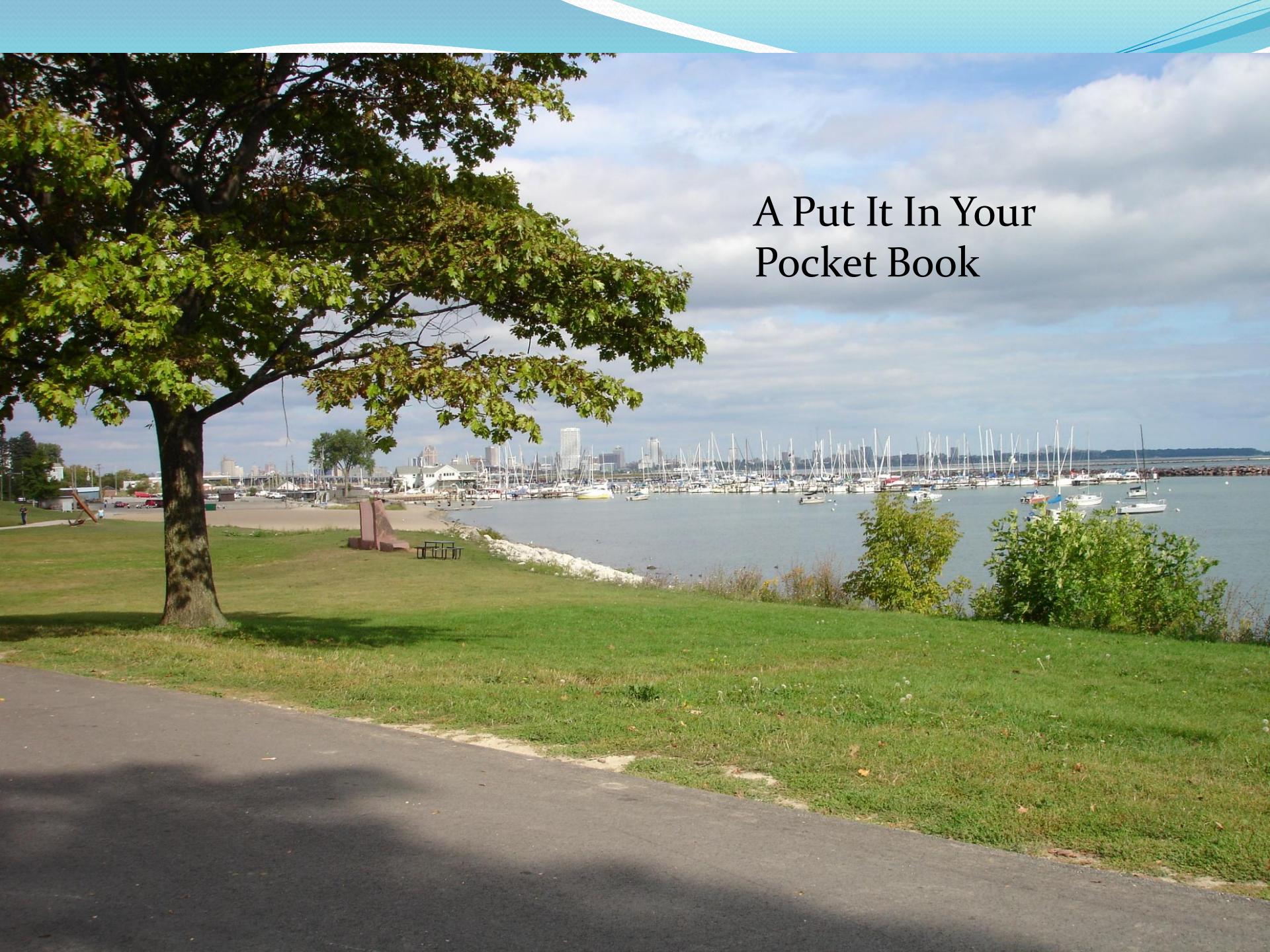
The fog fingers trailed across Sam's cheek in a goodbye wave, and then the sun came out and melted them away.

Sam heard David calling him.



Sam ran to David. “I’m sorry,” he said. “Let’s talk and then let’s go for a walk!”





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