

I
Love It
When
You
Smile

By SAM McBRATNEY Illustrated by CHARLIE RUDGE

 SCHOLASTIC



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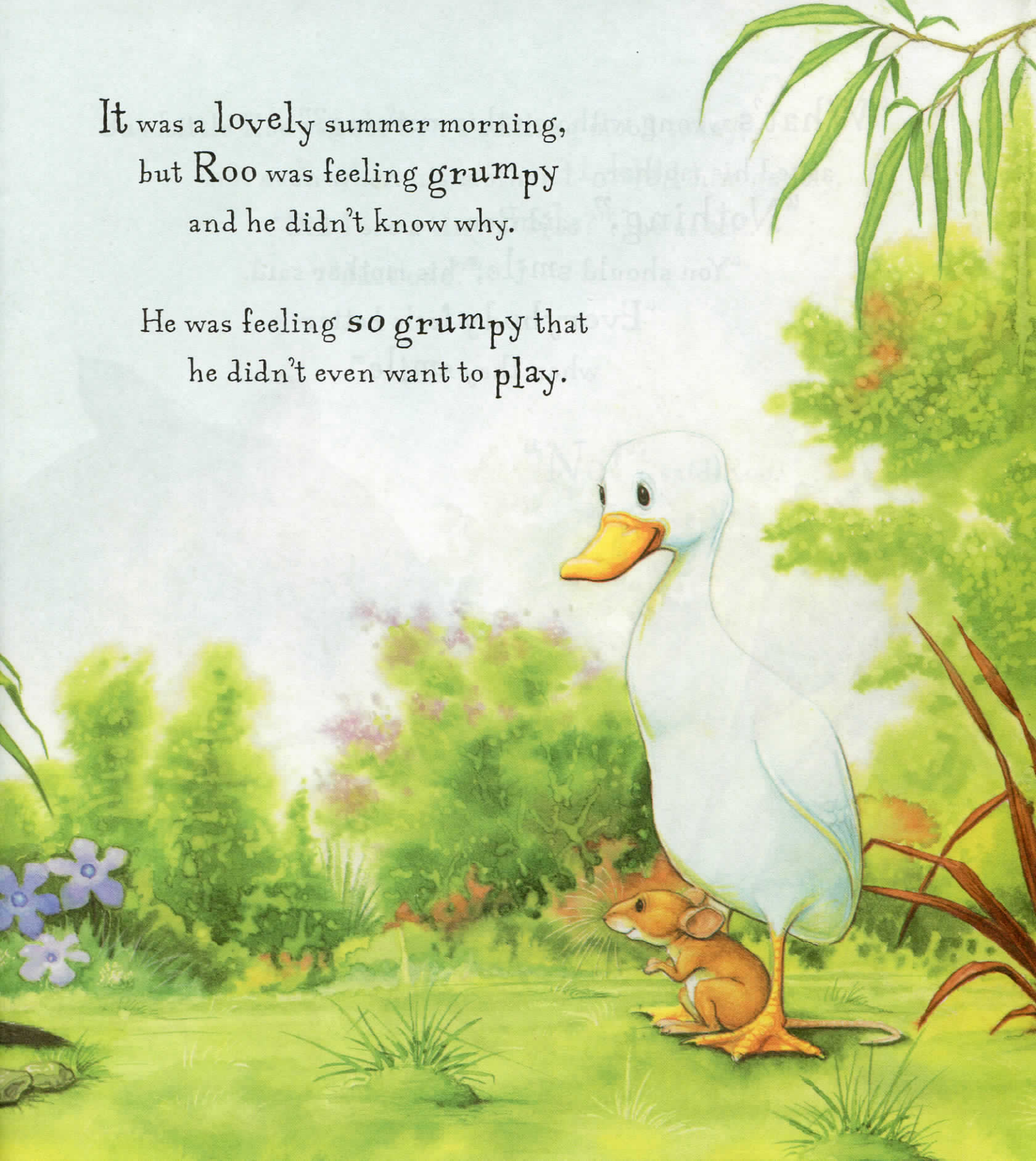
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It was a lovely summer morning,
but Roo was feeling grumpy
and he didn't know why.

He was feeling **so** grumpy that
he didn't even want to play.



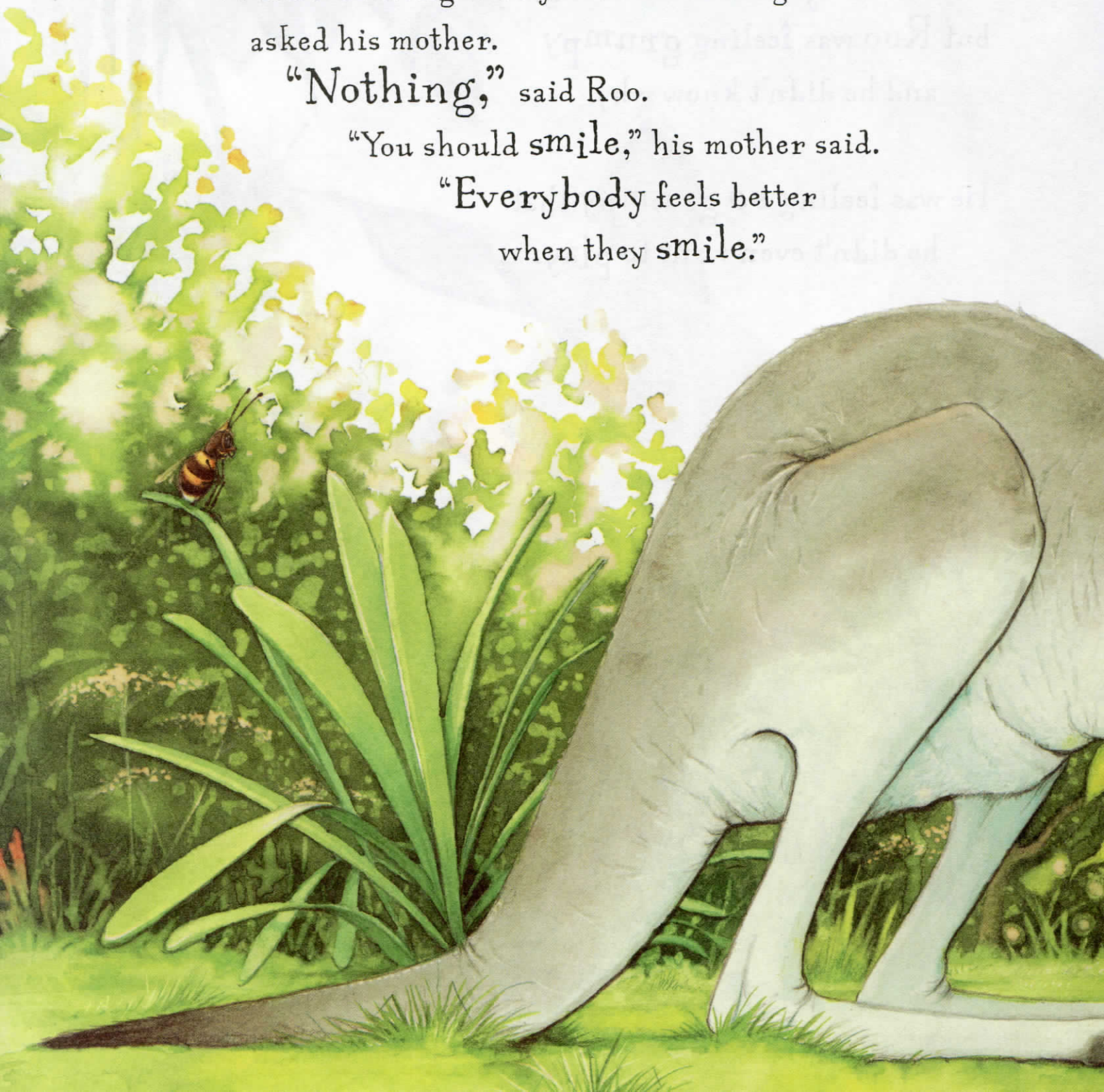
“What’s wrong with you this morning?”

asked his mother.

“Nothing,” said Roo.

“You should smile,” his mother said.

“Everybody feels better
when they smile.”



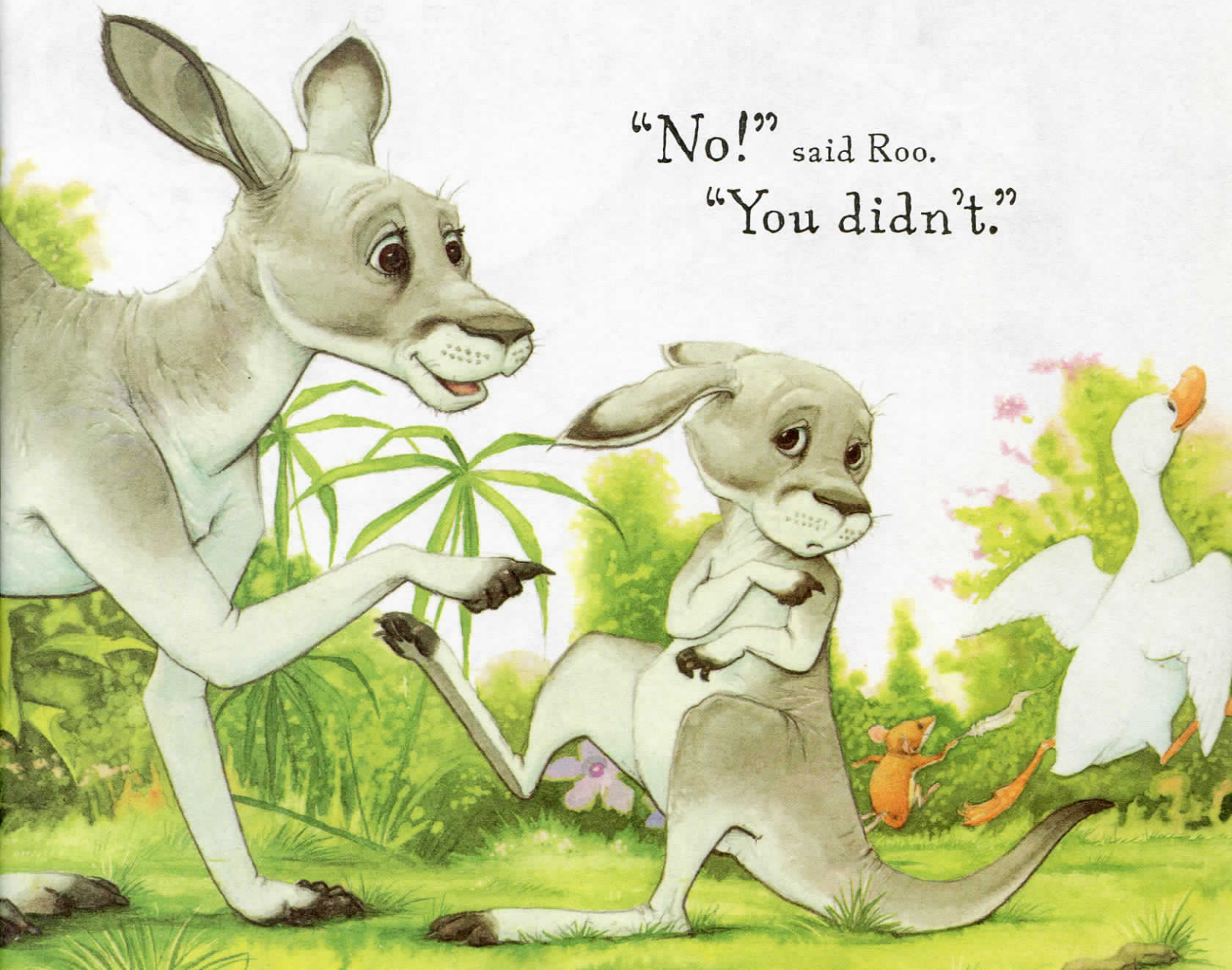
But Little Roo wasn't in a smiling mood today,
not even when his mother tickled him gently.

"Did I see a tiny smile?" she asked.

"Just one?"

"No!" said Roo.

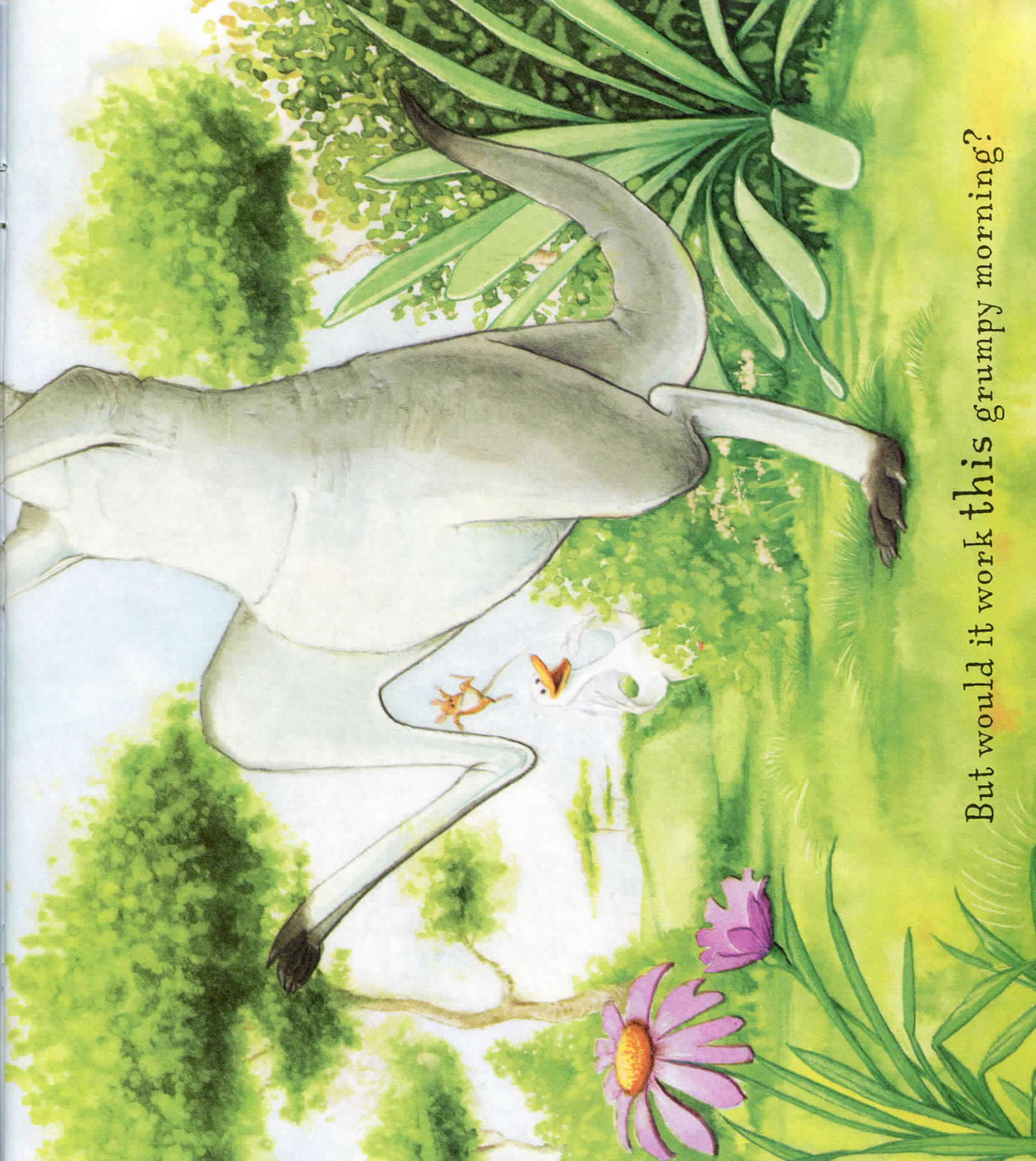
"You didn't."



His mom reached out
and **flipped**
him up
head over heels.



It was the
kind of game that
little kangaroos
love to play!



But would it work **this** grumpy morning?



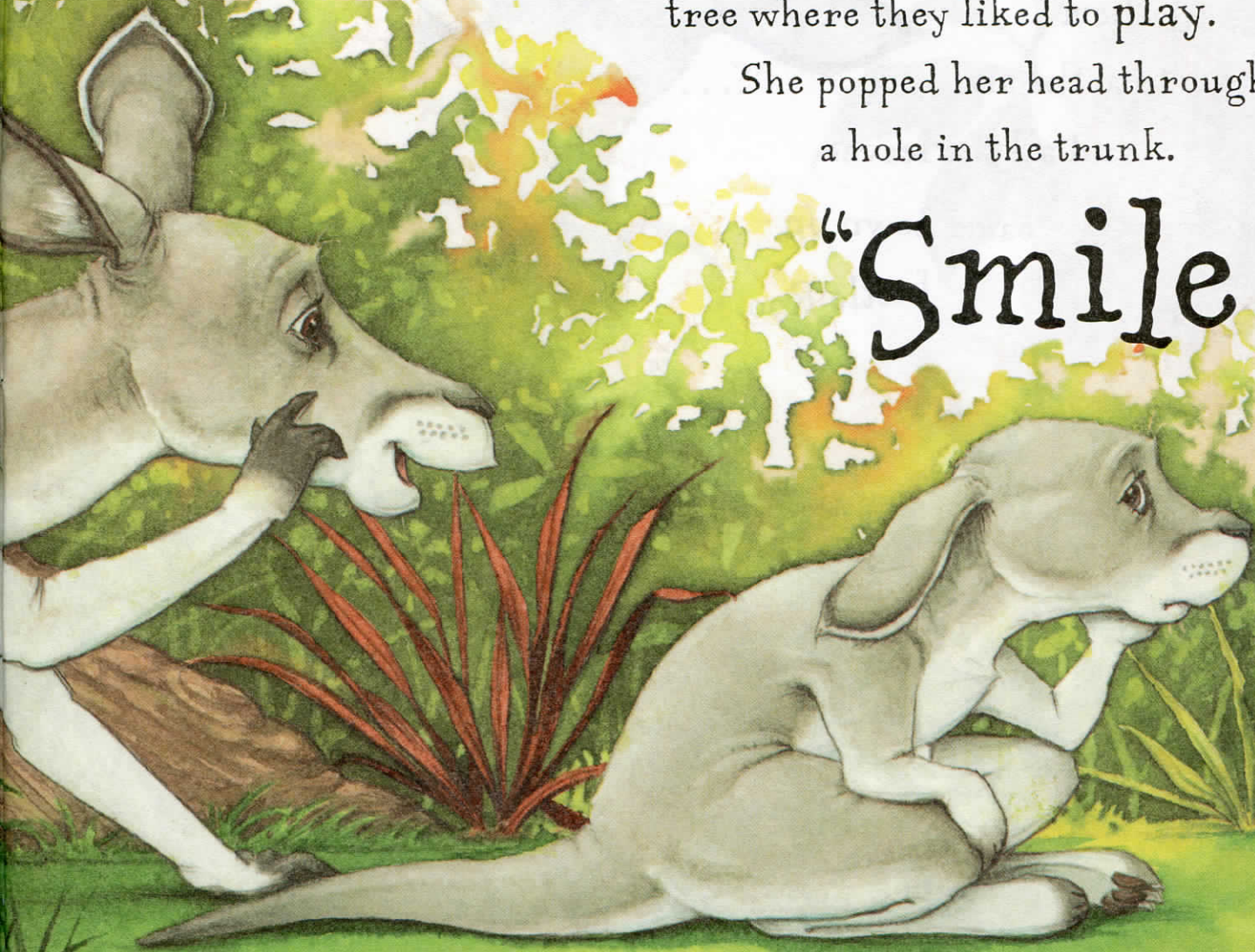
No. Little Roo did not smile.

Not even a teeny-weeny bit.

His mother skipped into a hollow tree where they liked to play.

She popped her head through a hole in the trunk.

“Smile!”



“I still don’t want to,” said Little Roo.

“Oh dear,” said his mom.

So she gathered up

some dry leaves,

tossed them

into the air,

and all the leaves

came down on

Little Roo.



He looked **so** funny!
“I think I can see a **smile** this time,”
his mom said, and **laughed**.

“Just a little
one . . . ?”



“You don’t,” said Roo. “I’m **NOT** smiling.”

“Oh well,” his mother said with a sigh.

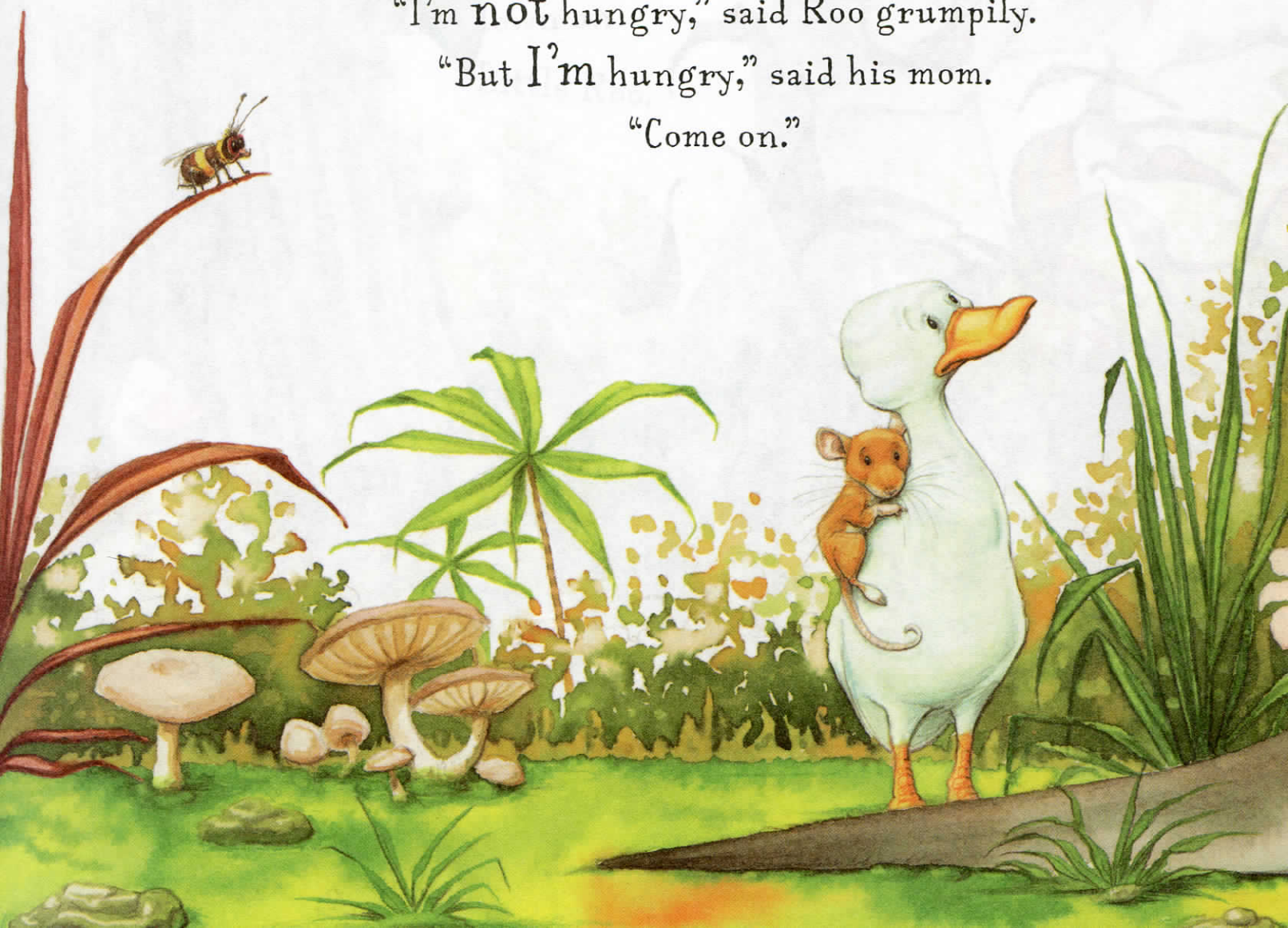
It was time for breakfast.

Little Roo’s mom lifted him up. “Let’s go down the hill together and find something to eat.”

“I’m **not** hungry,” said Roo grumpily.

“But I’m hungry,” said his mom.

“Come on.”

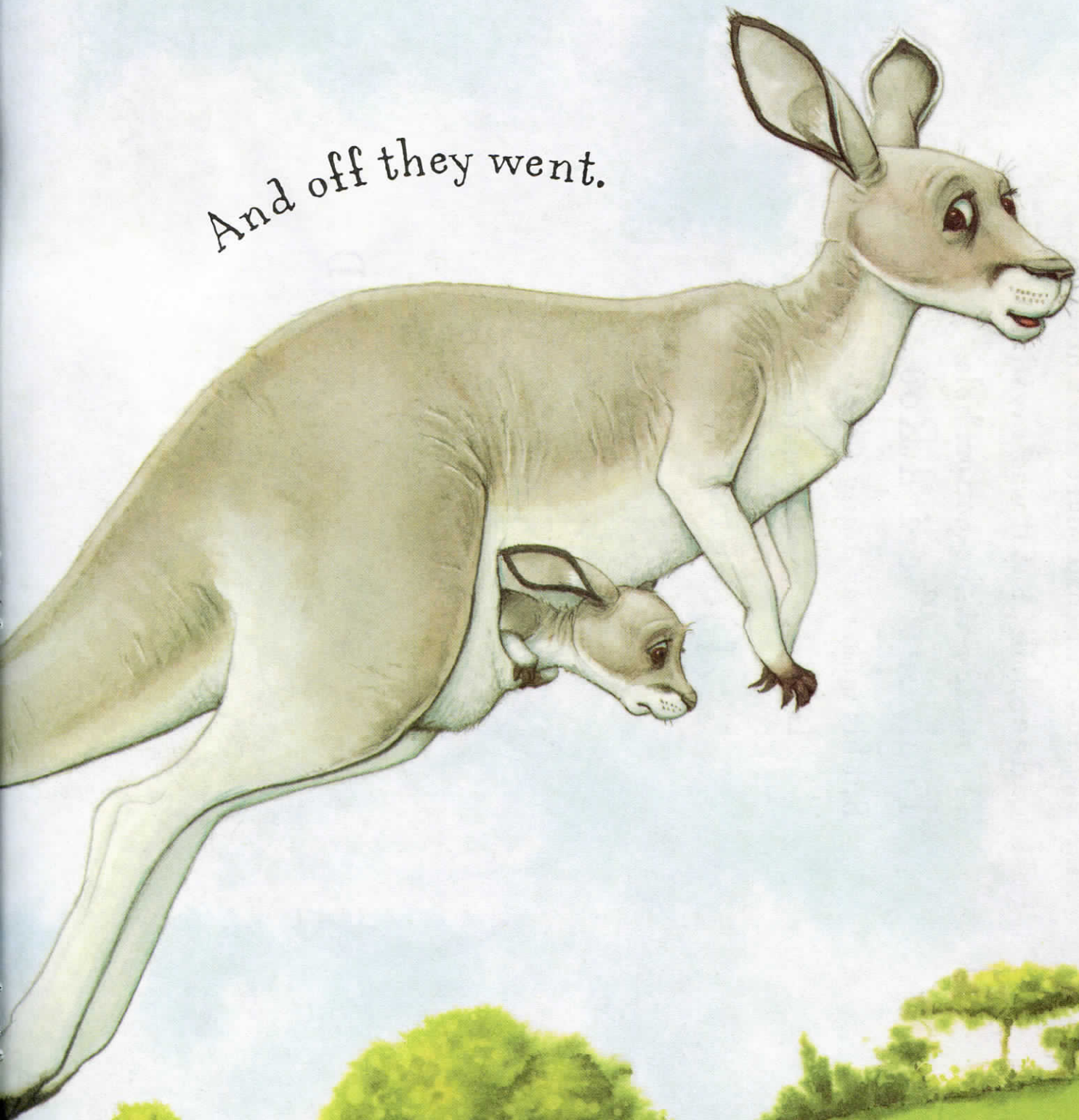




"Hold on tight!"



And off they went.



Halfway down the hill there was a hole.
It wasn't a deep hole, but it was a wide hole,
and a **muddy-at-the-bottom** hole.
“Look out!” cried Roo.

But his mom was doing silly hops
from side to side instead

of looking

where

she

was

going

AND . . .





...slippity



...slippity

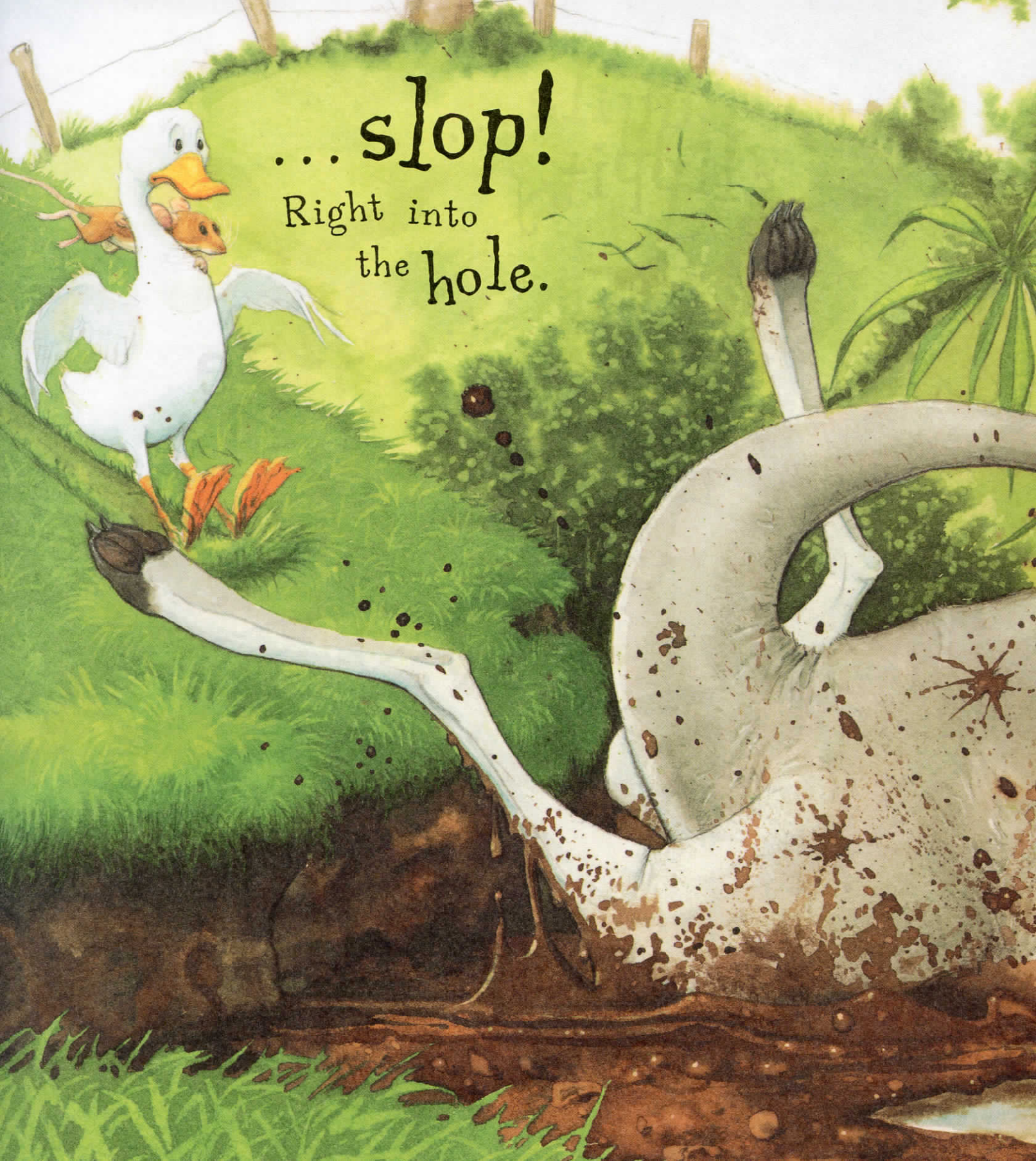
...slide

and...



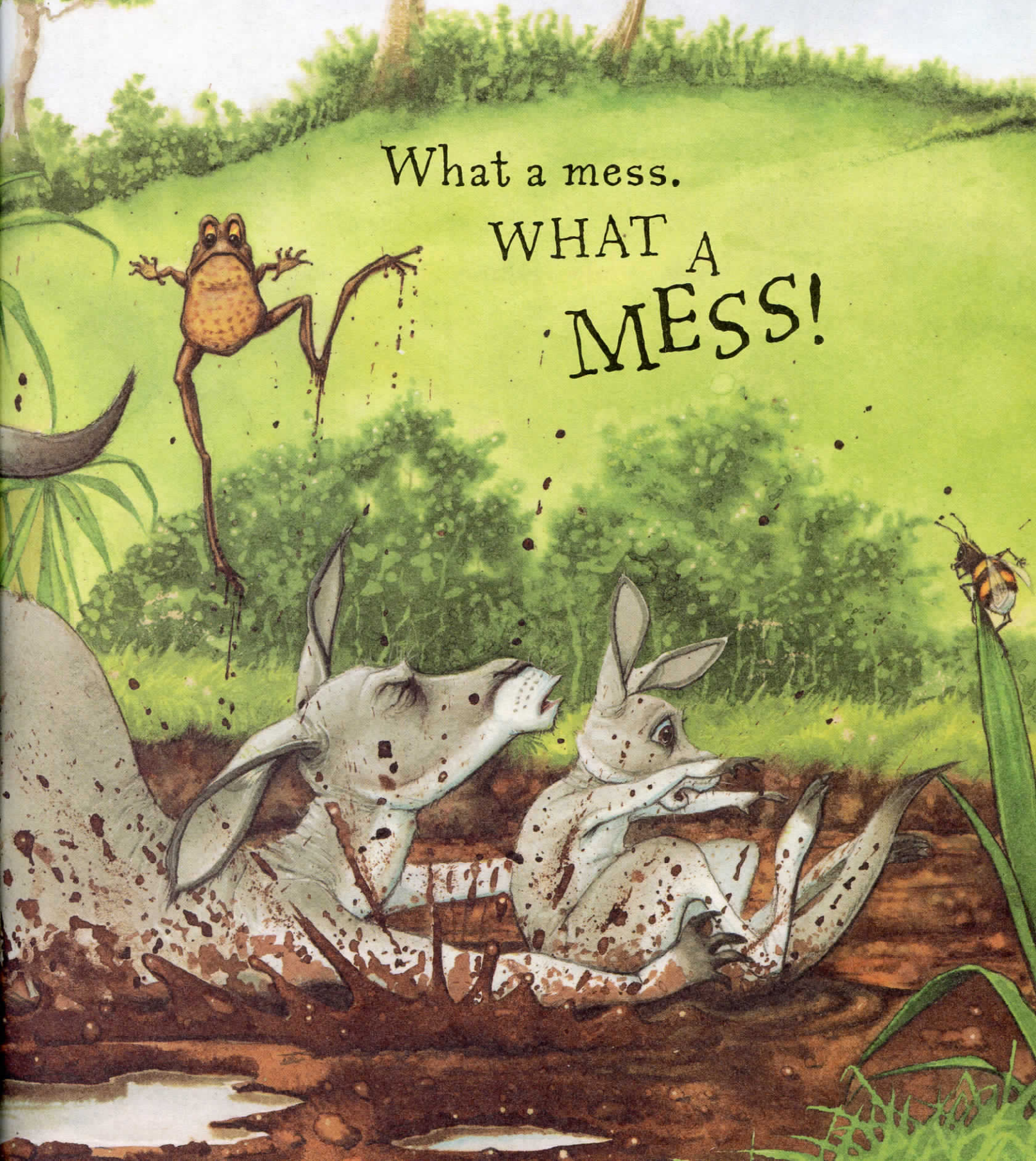
...slop!

Right into
the hole.



What a mess.

WHAT A
MESS!



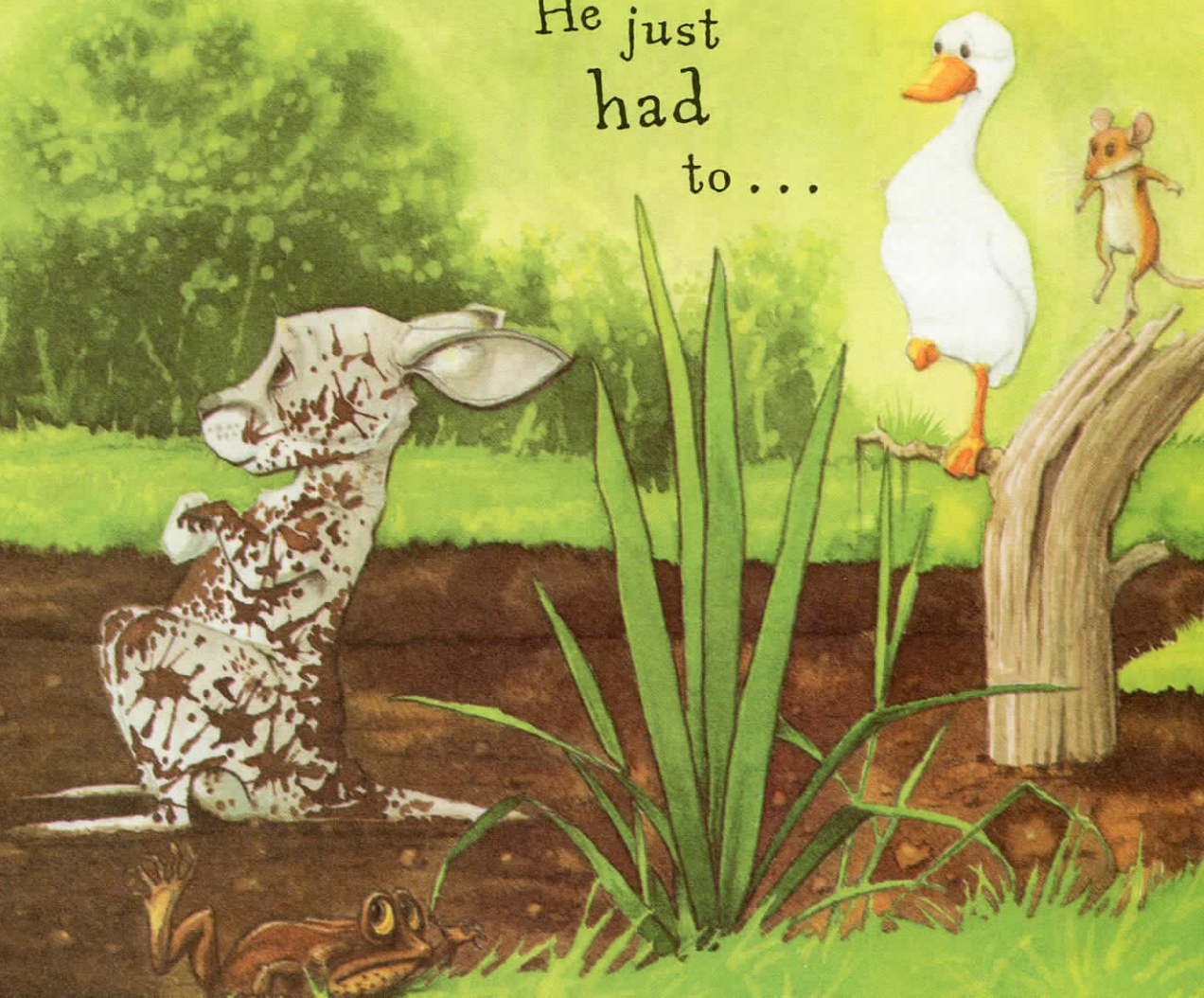


Roo himself was muddy all over.

Then he looked at his mother, who was soaking wet and slimy from the tops of her ears to the tips of her toes.

And Little Roo couldn't do anything else.

He just
had
to . . .





... smile!

“I love it
when you
smile.”

