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The Hot Day

by Maggie Bridger

illustrated by Meredith Johnson



Sam and Jesse Series

The Hot Day

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The Hot Day

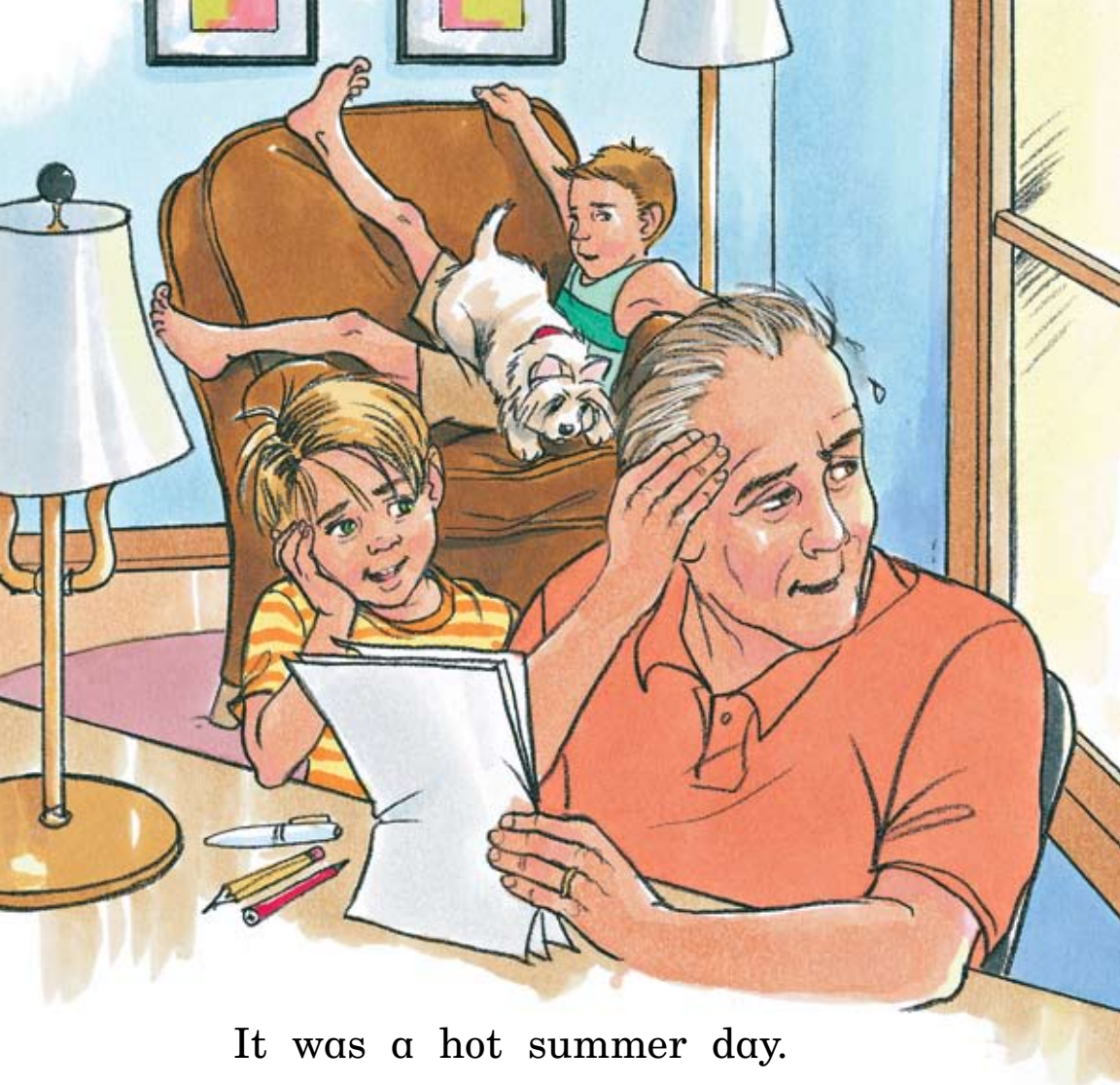
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Sam



Jesse



It was a hot summer day.

Papa had a stack of papers in front of him. "It's hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk!" he said.

"Really?" Jesse asked.

"People just say that when it's really hot," Sam explained.

"You boys keep yourselves busy while I finish this work," Papa said. "Then we'll do something fun together to cool off."

It was too hot to ride bikes. It was too hot to climb trees. Sam sat on the floor of Papa's office and looked at baseball cards.

But Jesse left.



He came back a few minutes later.

“Actually,” said Jesse, “it isn’t.”

“What isn’t?” Sam asked.

“It isn’t hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk,” Jesse said.

Papa looked up from his work.

“Did you try to do that?” he asked.

“Yes, but the egg just sat there.

It didn’t cook. It didn’t even turn white around the edges,” Jesse said.

Papa looked at his stack of papers.

“I need to work just a little longer, boys, and I’ll be done.”

“Show me the egg, Jesse,”

Sam said.

As Sam and Jesse started to leave,

Papa asked, “Are there any eggs left?”

“Two,” said Jesse.

“That should be enough,” Papa said. “And Jesse, stay out of the refrigerator, all right?”





The egg had not changed a bit. It looked like a yellow eye surrounded by goo.

“Can you think of a hotter place than this sidewalk?” asked Jesse.

“We could try again.” Jesse held up the last two eggs. “I had them in my pocket,” he said.

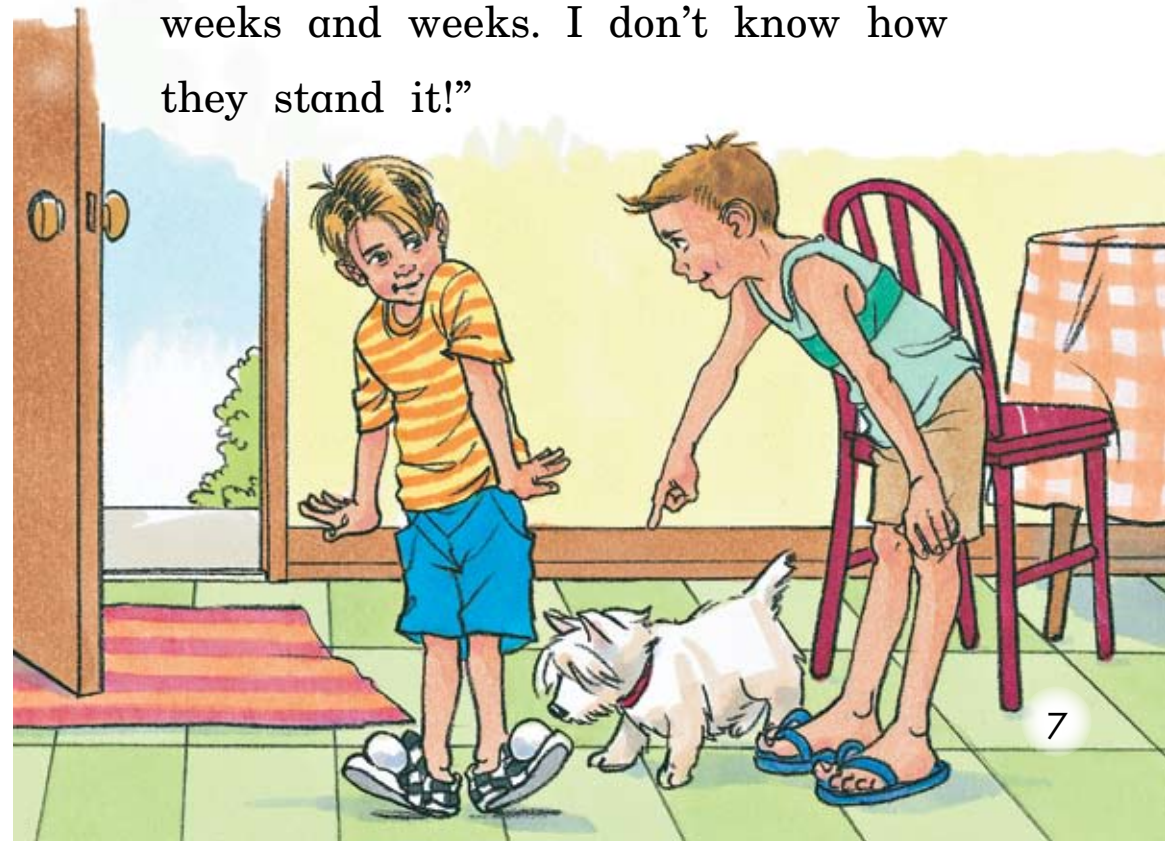
“I think Papa wants those eggs,” Sam said. “You should put them back.”

“I can’t put them back,” Jesse said. “Papa said to stay out of the refrigerator.”

“I’ll put them back, then,” said Sam. “Come on.”

Sam went through the back door into the kitchen and waited. Jesse took a long time to get there. As soon as Sam saw Jesse, he said, “**What** are you **doing?**”

Jesse had the two eggs set on top of his sneakers. He was taking tiny steps. “Actually, I’m pretending that I’m a penguin,” Jesse said. “Father penguins carry eggs this way for weeks and weeks. I don’t know how they stand it!”



Sam grinned. "At least it's cold where they live."

"I know," Jesse said. "They live in Antarctica. That place is covered with ice." He looked at the refrigerator. Then he started shuffling toward it.

"Papa said to stay out of the refrigerator," Sam warned.

"Actually, I **am** staying out of the refrigerator," Jesse said. "I need something in the freezer instead."

Jesse opened the freezer door and reached for the bin of ice cubes. He tipped all the ice cubes out and made a little nest around his feet.

"Ah," Jesse said. "That feels cool."



“Penguins are lucky,” Sam said. “They don’t have to worry about hot days.”

“Actually, I think penguins have a lot to worry about,” Jesse said. “They must worry about sea lions. Sea lions eat penguins.”

“Well then,” Sam said, “I’m a sea lion.” And he threw himself down on the floor. He rolled toward Jesse, moving like a sea lion.

Jesse laughed and shuffled away as fast as he could.

Ice cubes scattered.

Sam roared like a sea lion.

Jesse tripped.

And splat went the eggs!



“Oops!” said Jesse. He giggled.

“Oops!” Sam said. He laughed.

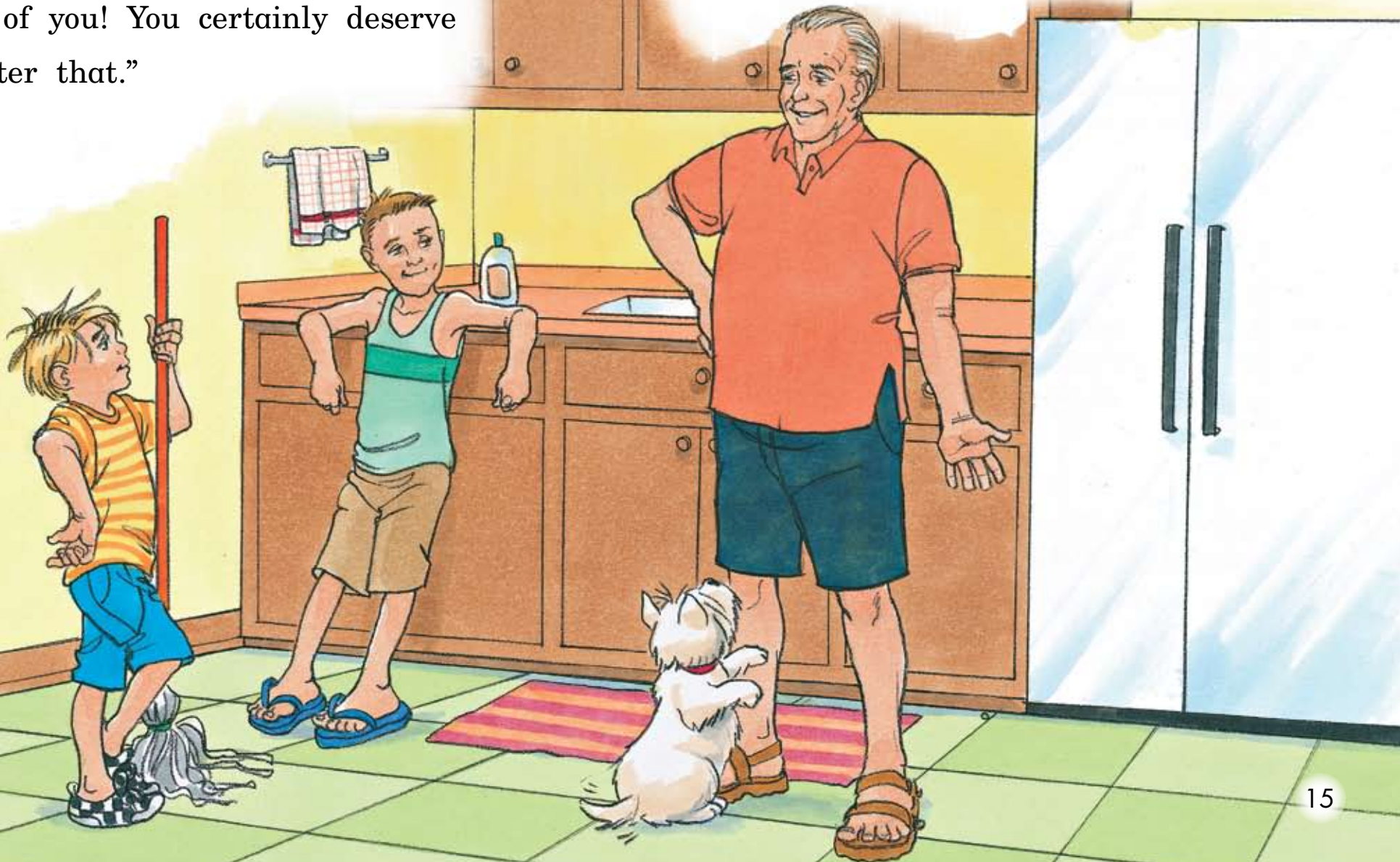
Then he looked around and said, “We’d better clean this up.”



They had just finished cleaning when Papa came in.

“I’m all done now,” he said. “Let’s . . .” Then he stopped. “Well, boys, you washed the kitchen floor. How nice of you! You certainly deserve a treat after that.”

“Let’s make some homemade ice cream,” Papa said. “That will help us stay cool! Sam, you get the eggs. And Jesse, will you please get that big bin of ice cubes that’s in the freezer?”



Uh-oh!

