

MISCHIEF

by Anne Sloan

My goodness! Will you look at what you've done!

Is that all you have to say for yourself?

Sorry isn't going to cover it this time, young man.

Come Christmas, Santa is going to hear about this escapade.

How did you manage to get the lid off of that paint?

I don't how in the world we will EVER clean up this mess.

Every inch of this carpet will have to be removed I suppose.

From this day on, Mister, you will never go into that storage room again!