

## Harry and Annie

Harry and Annie lived a mile from town, but they went there to school every day. It was a pleasant walk down the lane and through the meadow by the pond. I hardly know whether they liked it better in summer or in winter. They used to pretend that they were travelers exploring a new country and would scatter leaves on the road so that they might find their way back again.

When the ice was thick and firm, they walked across the pond. But their mother did not like that they walked across the ice this unless someone was with them. "Don't go across the pond today, children," she said as she kissed them and bade them goodbye one morning; "it is beginning to thaw."

"All right, mother," said Harry, not very good-naturedly because he was very fond of running and sliding on the ice. When they came to the pond, the ice looked hard and safe. "There," he said to his sister. "I knew it hadn't thawed any. Mother is always afraid we will drown. Come along, we will have a good time sliding. The school bell will not ring for an hour at least."

"But you promised mother," said Annie.

"No, I didn't. I only said  
"All right," and it is all  
right."

"I didn't say anything, so  
I can do as I like," said  
Annie.