

Name: _____

Ben's Loose Tooth

by Donna Latham

"I'm *always* last," Ben sighed. "Last to learn to whistle. Last to lose a tooth."

Ben's older sister, Kate, was always bossy. "Jiggle your teeth," she said. "Find one that's wiggly and wobbly."

Tooth by tooth, Ben jiggled. He wriggled the last tooth. "It's wiggly. It's wobbly!"

"Tug it," Kate said.

"Uh!" Ben mumbled. "It's stuck in my gums."

"Hmmm." Kate scrunched her nose. "Munch that apple."

Ben took a bite. "Ouch! No luck."

"Hmmm," said Kate. She tapped her pinky against her chin. "I'll scare it out of you! That's how you get rid of hiccups. Maybe it works for teeth too."

Ben squeezed his eyes shut. He held his breath. He waited and waited. "Hey! When are you going to scare me?" He propped one eye open.

"How scary would it be if I told you?" Kate asked.

"Well—," Ben said.

"Boo!" cried Kate. She flapped her arms.

Ben's fingers flew to the tooth. He wriggled it. He jiggled it. "Blah! I'll never lose a tooth." He hung his head. "I'll never learn to whistle, either."

"Whistle? I can teach you!" Kate said. "Pucker your lips. Leave a tiny space."

Ben scrunched his lips together.

"Perfect." Kate smiled. "Now, shoot the air out. Hard."

With all his might, Ben blasted air. Out burst a high note—with his tooth!

