

When I met Henry,
he was melancholy blue,
because he didn't Know how
to tie his own shoe.

He tripped and he fell at recess each day, as the bows his mom tied began to give way.

The next day she tied them in a double Knot.

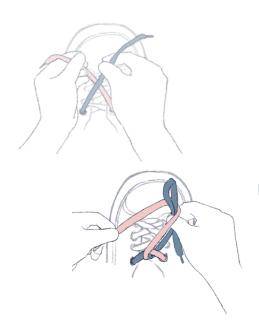
There was no time to teach him what her mom had taught.

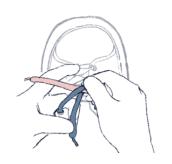
There was work, there was dinner and homework after school, so she couldn't teach him the bow-tying rule.

But then Henry came home with tears on his face.
The classroom bully had made him a disgrace.

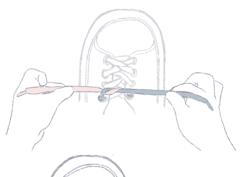
He'd gone under his desk and tied his strings in a bow. When Henry got up, his feet wouldn't go. He tied them together to Keep Henry in place, to Keep him from winning the one-hundred-yard race.

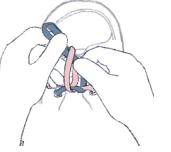
Henry's mom made a promise: this won't happen again...



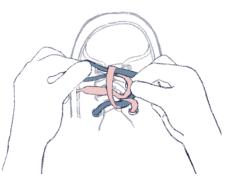


End over end, let the lesson begin.

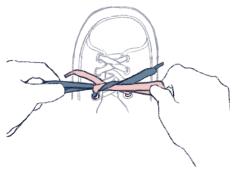




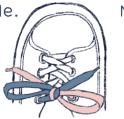
Take this bunny-eared loop between your fingers and thumb.



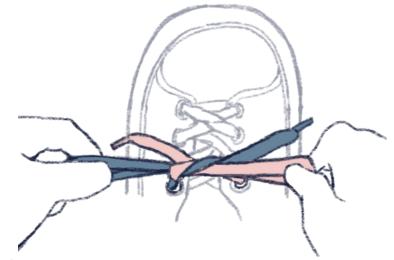
With the other, form a circle as round as a plum.



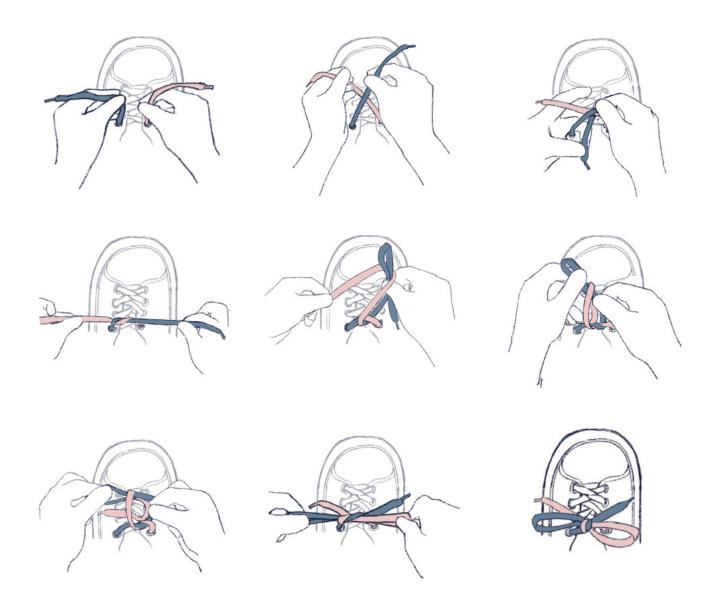
Poke the lace through the circle.



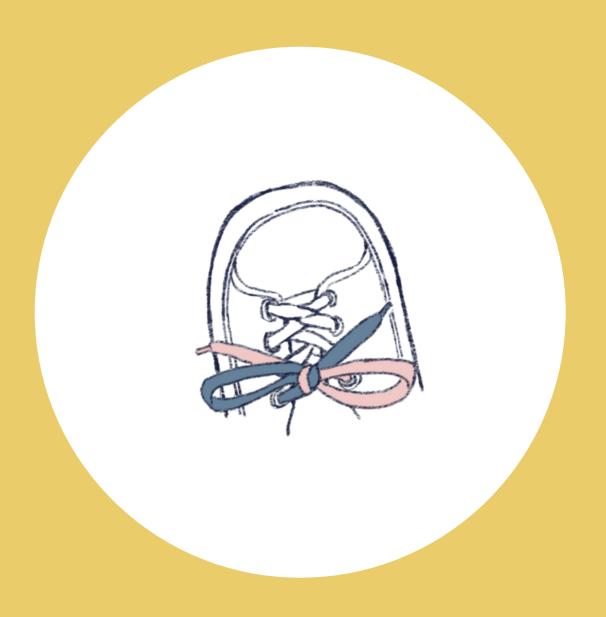
Now give each end a pull.



Then Henry transformed from melancholy blue to the color of sunshine when he tied is own shoe.







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