



Miss Lily pushed out her chair. "We'd better get going," she said. "I need extra time to get you to the bus stop with these old legs of mine." She laughed. Kip didn't.

"I can walk by myself," said Kip.

Miss Lily said, "That's not what your mother told me. She asked me to walk you."



The walk to the bus was slow. Every time they came to a patch of ice, Miss Lily gripped Kip's arm. By the time they got to the bus stop, Kip's arm was sore. As the bus pulled up, she said, "Have a good day, dear. I'll meet your bus this afternoon."

"I am not your dear," thought Kip, as the bus drove away. He turned and saw Miss Lily walking slowly back home.