

TWO TERRIBLE FEET



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai)

Emily skipped into the kitchen. Her dad looked down at her feet and shook his head. "Those two terrible feet," he said with a sigh. Emily giggled. "What's wrong with my feet, Daddy?" she asked. Dad pointed at them. "They're the most terrible feet I've ever seen," he said sadly. Emily looked at her feet. They seemed fine to her. She wiggled her toes. "But why are they terrible?" she wondered aloud.



"Your terrible feet run too fast," Dad said. Emily ran circles around the table. "They take you to school every morning," he continued. Emily nodded. "They carry you to your friend's house to play." Emily thought about visiting her best friend Sarah yesterday. "They even take you upstairs to bed each night," Dad added. Emily still didn't understand. Her feet helped her do fun things. Why were they terrible?



The next day, Emily watched her feet carefully. They walked her to the bus stop. They climbed the bus steps. They walked into her classroom. At recess, they ran and jumped. After school, they carried her to dance class. When she got home, Dad was waiting. "Those terrible feet again," he said softly. "They took you away all day." Emily saw something sad in his eyes. Now she was starting to understand.



Emily climbed into Dad's lap. "Do you really think my feet are terrible?" she asked quietly. Dad hugged her tight. "They're terrible because they take you away from me," he whispered. "I miss you when you're gone." Emily understood now. "But Daddy, my feet always bring me back home," she said. "Back to you." Dad smiled and kissed her forehead. "You're right. Maybe they're not so terrible after all." Emily hugged him back, her feet tucked safely underneath her.



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