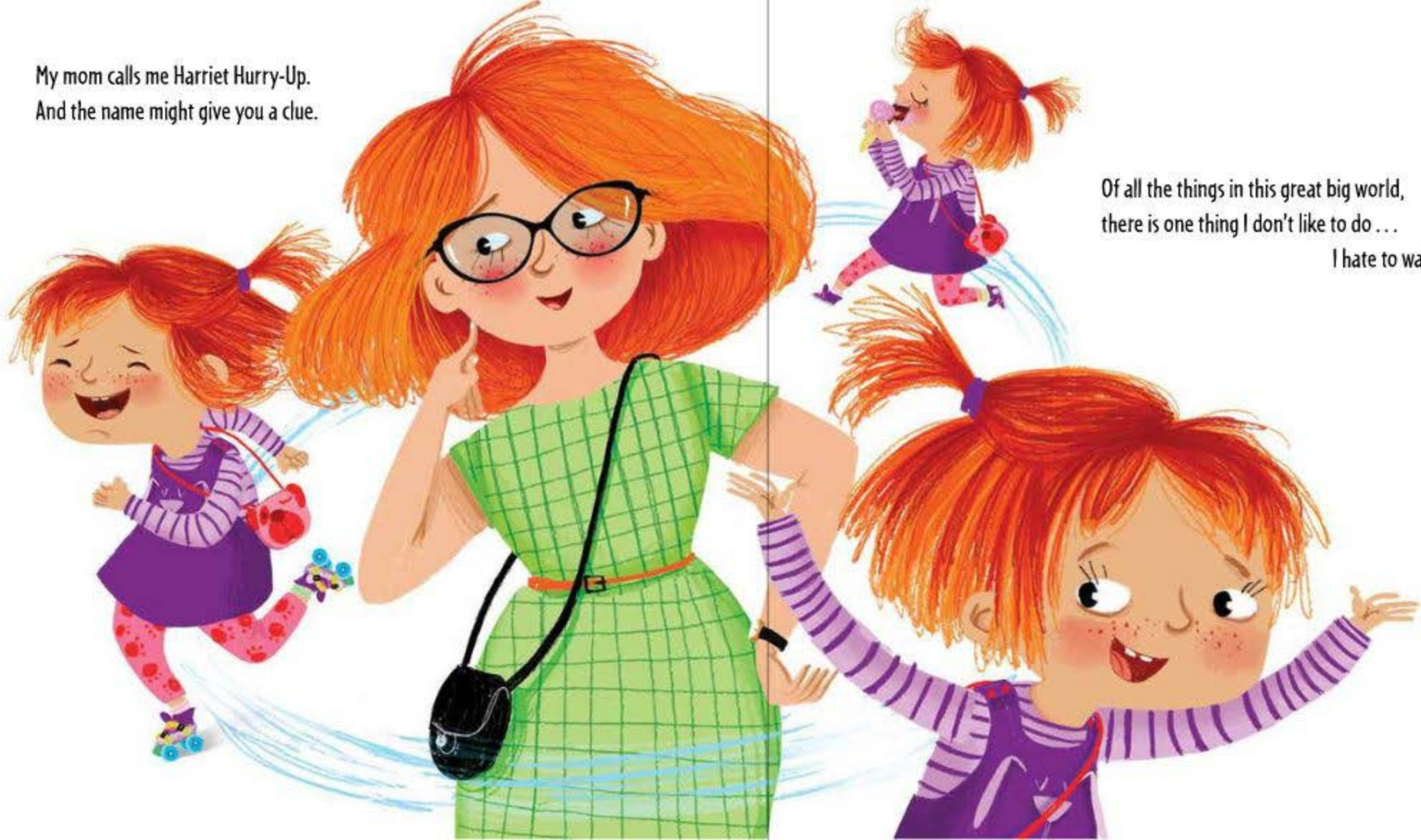
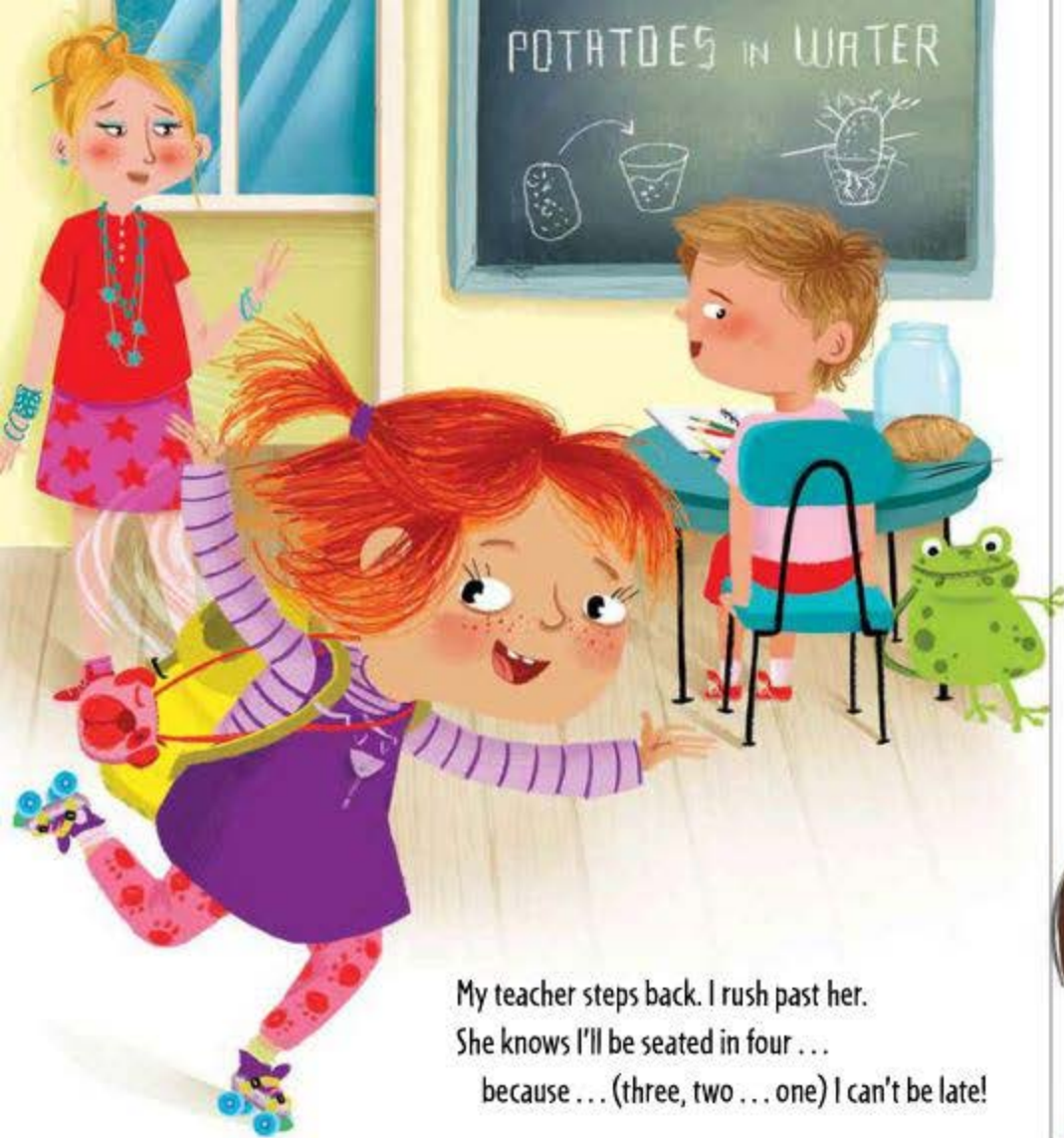


My mom calls me Harriet Hurry-Up.
And the name might give you a clue.



Of all the things in this great big world,
there is one thing I don't like to do . . .

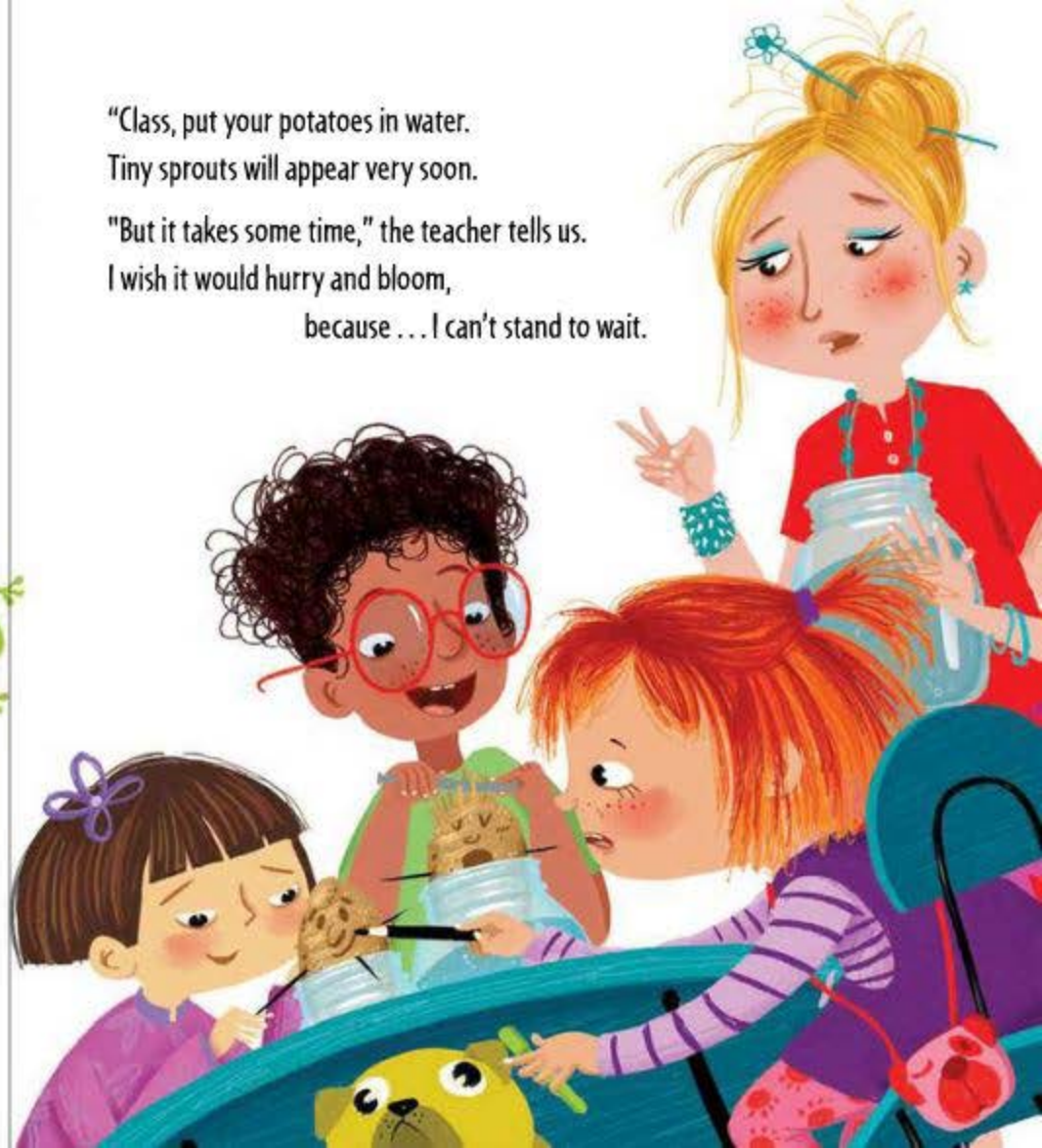
I hate to wait!

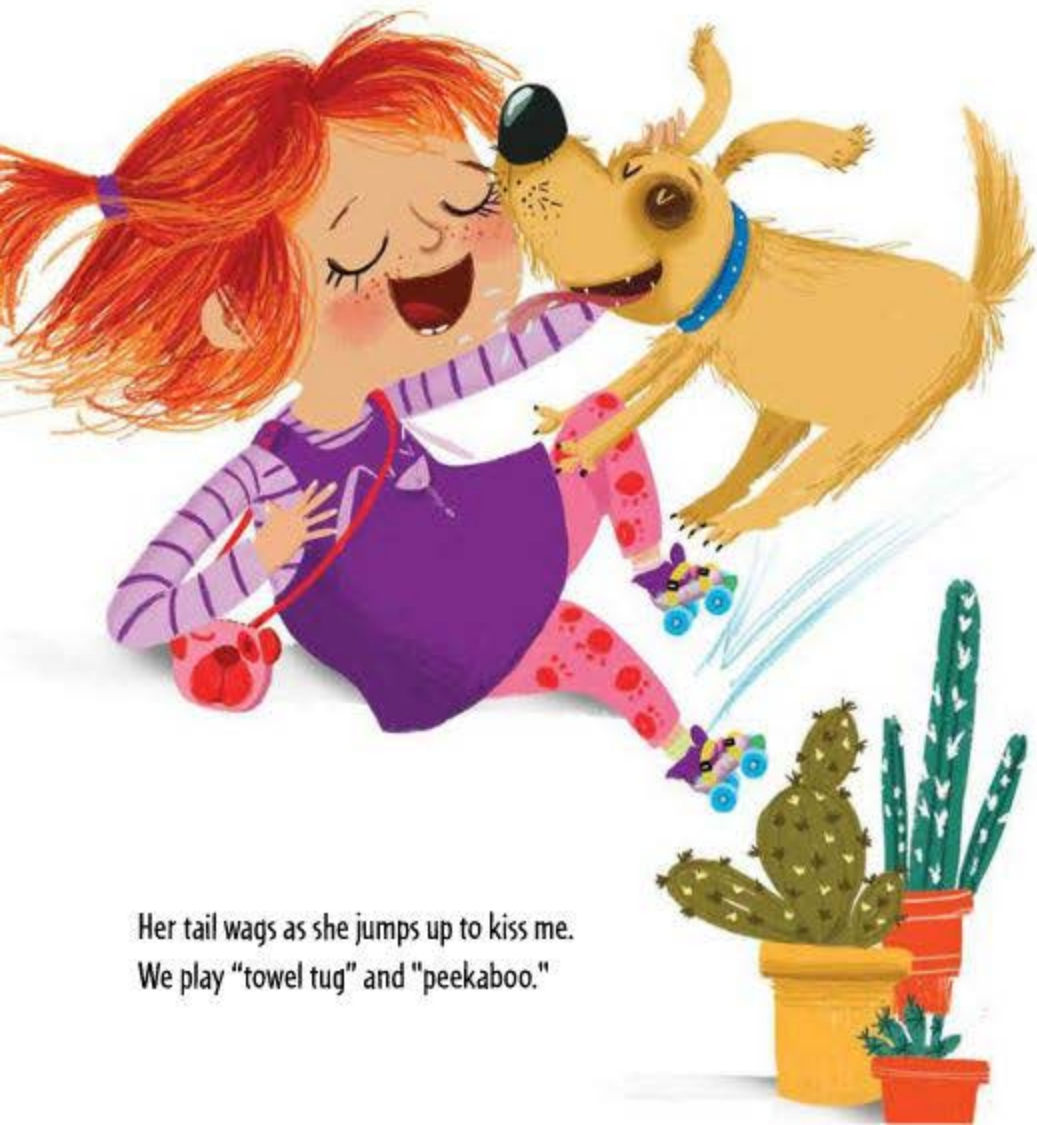


My teacher steps back. I rush past her.
She knows I'll be seated in four ...
because ... (three, two ... one) I can't be late!

"Class, put your potatoes in water.
Tiny sprouts will appear very soon.

"But it takes some time," the teacher tells us.
I wish it would hurry and bloom,
because ... I can't stand to wait.





Her tail wags as she jumps up to kiss me.
We play "towel tug" and "peekaboo."

I don't want this moment to end, now.
"Oh my," Mom says. "How time really flew!"

