Drip Drop

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illustrated by Jess Golden

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Gran looked out. She saw many new buds. “The buds want water,” she said.
Gran grabbed the hose. But no water dripped from her hose. Not a drop.
Many people went by. They saw Gran grip her hose. “Where is Greg? Greg can fix it,” the people said.
Greg got there. “My hose is not dripping. Not a drop!” Gran said.

Greg grabbed the hose and looked at it.
“Greg can do it,” the people said.
“Greg can fix that hose.”

The hose did not drip. Not a drop.
Greg gripped it and dragged it.
Then Greg got it! Many drops of water dripped.

Drip, drop. Water fell on many buds. Drops got on many people.

Greg grinned. Gran grinned. Greg had fixed the hose.
But then, it gushed! Gran got wet.