



So Willa leaned over and looked under the bed.

"What do you see?" asked Willoughby.

"I see my chicken slippers," said Willa.

"That's right," said Willoughby.

"And do you know what your chicken slippers are doing?"

"No," said Willa. "I don't."

"They are waiting, just waiting, for nobody's feet but yours."

"Good," said Willa. "That's happy. What else?"