

The three shoes shoes carefully **picked** me up and then tromped off to the center of town. “Where do ya live, kid?” asked the cigar-smoking combat boot **gruffly**. “Uh... down near Greenville.” I said **tearfully**. “Greenville?” said the flip-flop, startled. “That's miles away! How did you end up in Billinton?”

As we walked, I explained the long journey that had brought me, a little sneaker, to Billinton. More specifically, to Billinton's trash bin.

“Dat's awful!” said the sandal **unhappily**. “You poor dear!”

Soon we came to the **very** busy highway, where cars zoomed along **crazily**. “How are we going to cross?” I asked.

“Leave that ta me!” barked the combat boot. “Yo! Ernie and Bertie!”

Soon two dance shoes turned up riding a tricycle. “Yeah, mate? What do you need?” they asked as one.

“My little friend here needs to get to Greenville.” said the combat boot.

The dance shoes agreed to take me to Greenville, and I said goodbye to my new friends, who said to “visit when ya can, kid!” Then I hopped on the tricycle and began the **extremely** long journey home.