

The Night the Potty Waited

CooCubby · English



Cubby is busy building.

Cubby was building the tallest tower in the whole house. Block, block, block. He did not want to stop.



Wiggle? Not now, wiggle.

His tummy went wiggle, wiggle. "Not now, wiggle," said Cubby. "One more block."



Uh-oh. A puddle.

Uh-oh. There was a warm puddle on the rug. Cubby's lip wobbled.



Papa Bear is not cross.

Papa Bear came in with his sleepy voice. "Puddles happen, little one. Let's get dry together."



Dry clothes feel nice.

Cubby put on dry pants with little stars. "Dry feels nice," he said. Papa Bear nodded.



Dilly has an idea.

Dilly the duckling peeked in. "When the wiggle comes, we stop and go. Even in the middle of a tower!"



Build, build, wiggle!

Cubby built again. Block, block... wiggle! This time he put the block down. "Potty time!"



Tinkle in the potty.

Tinkle, right in the little green potty. Cubby grinned so wide his ears went up.



The tallest tower ever.

Back he went, and the tower grew taller than Papa Bear's knees. Nobody had to stop to mop.



Trying is growing.

"Trying is growing," said Papa Bear at bedtime. Cubby yawned. "Tomorrow I'll try again." And he did.



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