Read the story and answer the questions.

My old shoes were great. Even though they had holes in them, were dirty, and squeaked, my feet always felt good in them. Yesterday, Mom came home with some new shoes. She threw my old ones in the trash. She shouted, "Hooray, they are gone at last!" "Look what I have for you," she said as she handed me that awful pair of new shoes. They felt so funny when I tried them on. They were stiff and tight. They didn't even squeak. "The kids at school will laugh at these bright hard things," I told my mom. She just kept on cooking. After everyone was asleep, I started digging in the trash. "There you are! I found you! We're back together!" I thought. At school the next day, no one laughed at me. All they saw were the same old squeaky, torn up shoes as before. "I'll just put these new ones on before I get back home," I thought to myself.

- 1. Did I like my new shoes? How do you know?
- 2. Did Mom like my old shoes? How do you know?
- 3. How did I feel about the new shoes?
- 4. Did Mom care that the kids at school would laugh at the new shoes?
- 5. Did I have on my old or new shoes at school the next day?