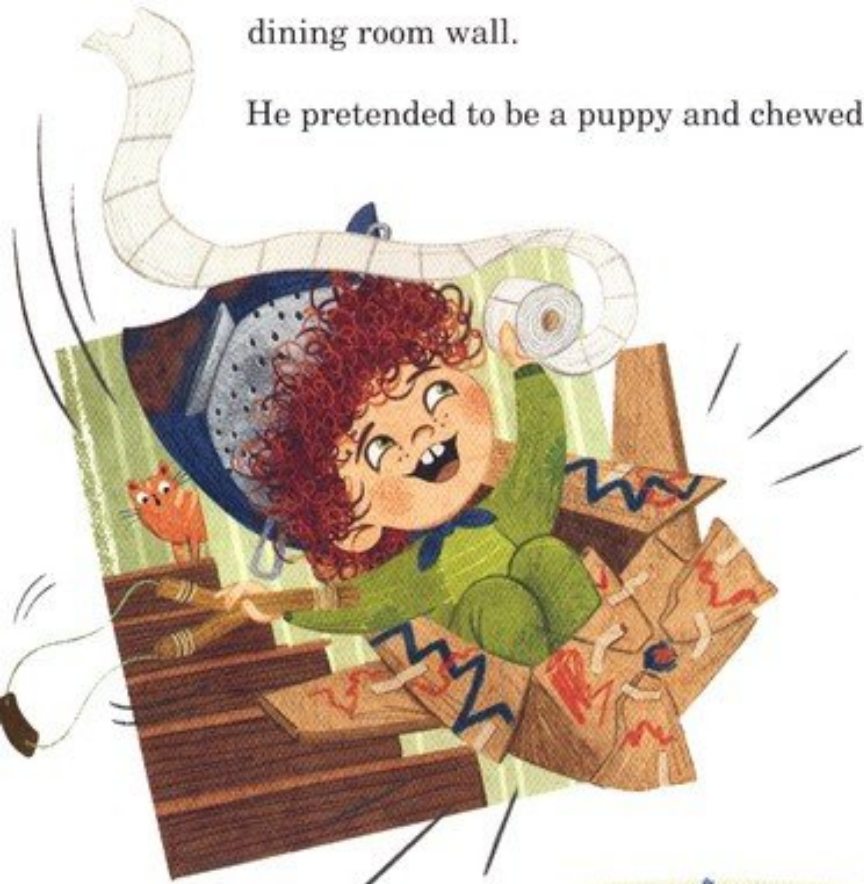


Eddie could make trouble.
He ate crayons. And ants.



He crashed down the stairs in a cardboard box. He stuck gum to the dining room wall.

He pretended to be a puppy and chewed up his daddy's slippers.



“Eddie is our wild child,” Daddy said with a sigh, while Eddie sat in time-out again.



Eddie had a big brother named Charlie. Charlie liked things to be orderly. He liked people to be orderly, too.

