

"It's springtime!" shouted Mole. "\_\_\_\_\_!"

But my house is so \_\_\_\_\_," he said.

"\_\_\_\_\_. I need a mop. \_\_\_\_\_!"

\_\_\_\_\_ to dust a bookcase.

\_\_\_\_\_ to clean under it.

\_\_\_\_\_ the doorknobs!

"The kitchen is spotless!

The \_\_\_\_\_ are all washed.

\_\_\_\_\_, " said Mole.

Back and forth Mole scrubbed the floor.

"Ow!" he groaned. "\_\_\_\_\_. My arms are sore too."

Mole threw the scrub brush down. "Forget it!" he said.

\_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_ to the outside.

"Up we go! Up we go!"

Mole's head popped out of his hole.

"Wow, \_\_\_\_\_!"

Mole jumped out. "\_\_\_\_\_, " he said.

\_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_.

"This is so much better than cleaning!" said Mole.

\_\_\_\_\_.

"Stop!" yelled an old rabbit.

"You must pay six pennies to run through here!"

