



## *Irving gets his wish!*

Irving seems to have everything a professional inchworm could want: a beautiful wife, a good job, and even a classy red sports car...

Staring at himself in the bedroom mirror, Irving heaved a loud sigh. "If only I had...oh, how I wish..." he stroked his smooth, soft face.

"Irving, you'd better hurry. You don't want to be late for class!" his wife Irene called up the stairs.

"Coming!" Grabbing his suitcase, Irving inched down to breakfast...