



just empty wishes and which dreams may turn into inventions.”

“Okay,” Leonard said and left the room.

Grandmother Esther was talking to herself about dreams. “Where would we be without dreams? The inventor must have them. And who is to say that a dream is crazy? It was a crazy dream to have lights that ran by electricity or machines that could add and subtract. It was a crazy dream to . . .”

🌻 Leonard was 🌟 ready to forget about being an inventor. But then something happened that changed the way he looked at the

problem. As he walked into the kitchen, he noticed that he had mud on the bottom of his shoes. He hadn’t noticed it before. Now it was too late. He had made tracks all over the house. If only he had noticed that his shoes were dirty. For a moment, he felt very dumb for tracking mud all over the house. He could almost hear what his mother was going to say: “You should always check your shoes before coming into the house.”

Leonard tiptoed over to the outside door and took off his 🌻 muddy shoes. He got some paper towels and started to clean up the mess. Then,