

every afternoon after school, Carla loved playing outdoors. Her dad had torn down an old shed in the backyard last year. Now there was a big, wonderful patch of mud right where the shed used to be. That was Carla's favorite spot.

She liked to run right to the edge of the muddy patch and bend down close to have a look. The mud was not too wet and not too dry. It was just right for footprints! If she looked closely, Carla could see who had walked through the backyard that day.

> A deer's footprints looked like this.

> > Carla's brother's footprints looked like this.

Rover's footprints looked like this.

Squirrels left footprints like this.