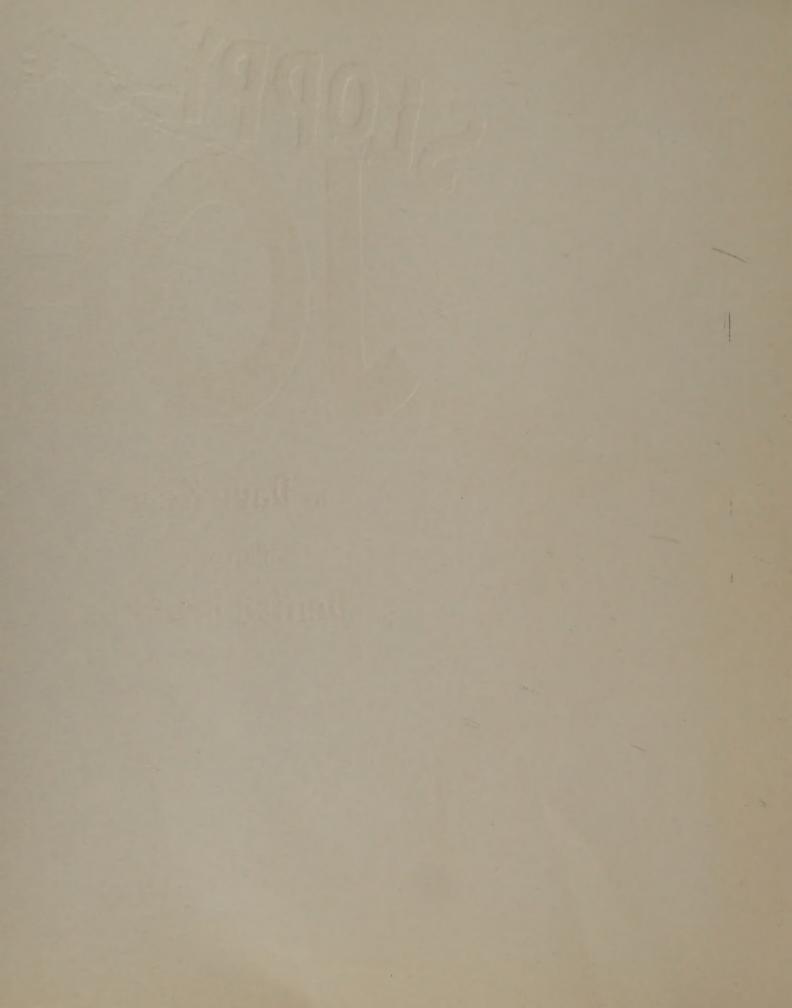
by Dave Keane

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illustrated by Denise Brunkus



by **Dave Keane** illustrated by

Denise Brunkus

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For my six sloppy brothers—Bird, T-Roll, Crust, Snowy, Gumby, and Slim —D.K.

For Rosemary-a neat inspiration

-D.B.

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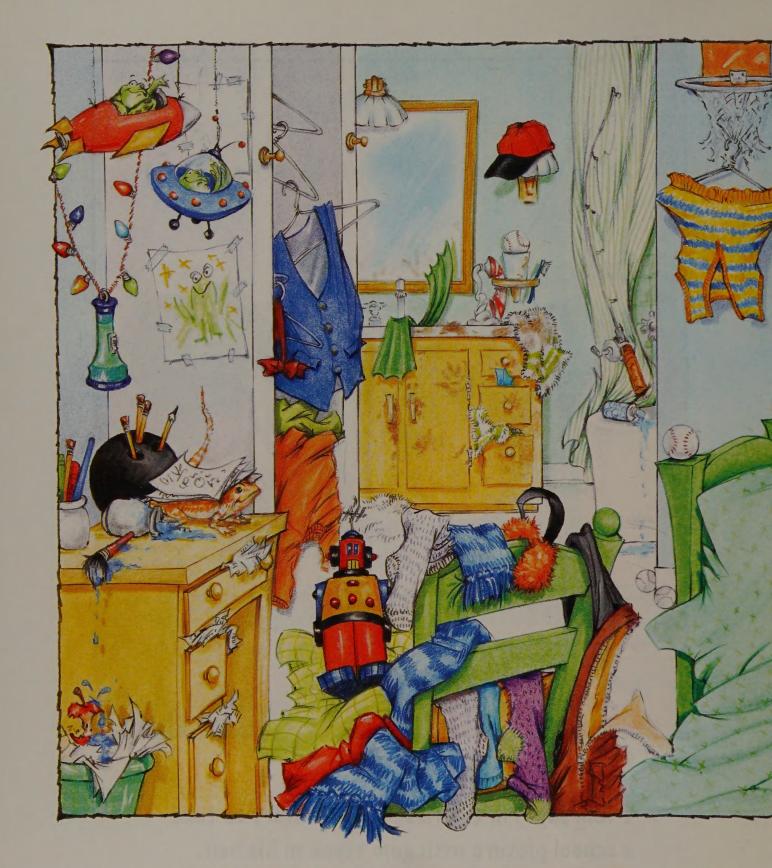
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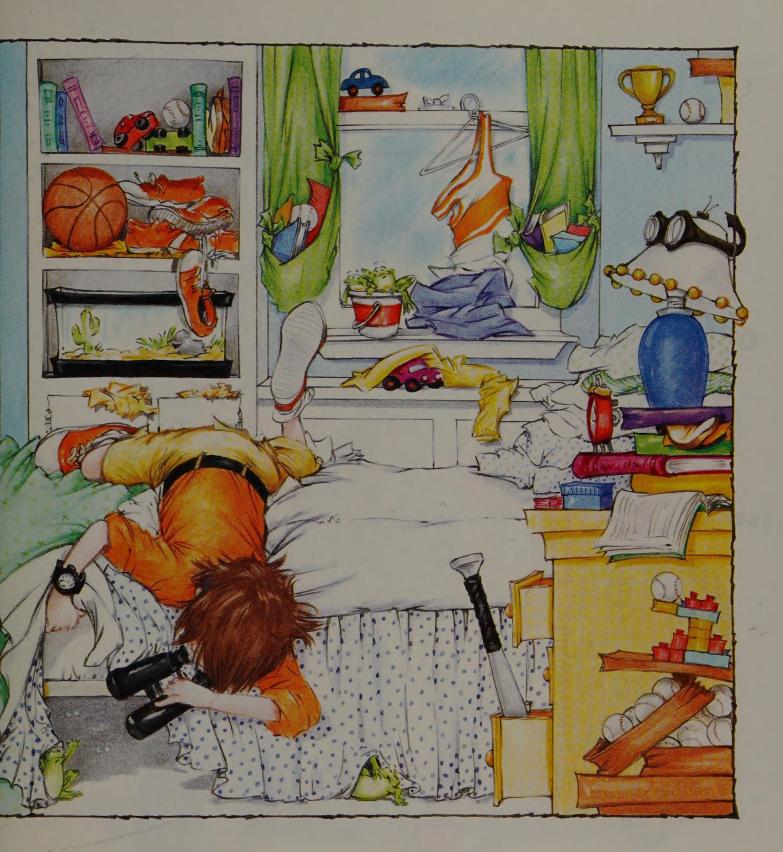


Mom says I'm the first kid in history to take a school picture with gum stuck in his hair.

You can barely notice.



My room looks a little bit messy, but I know exactly where everything is . . .



... everything except my bearded dragon, a few of his crickets, and a grilled cheese sandwich I lost last summer.

When you're sloppy, people are always telling you what to do.



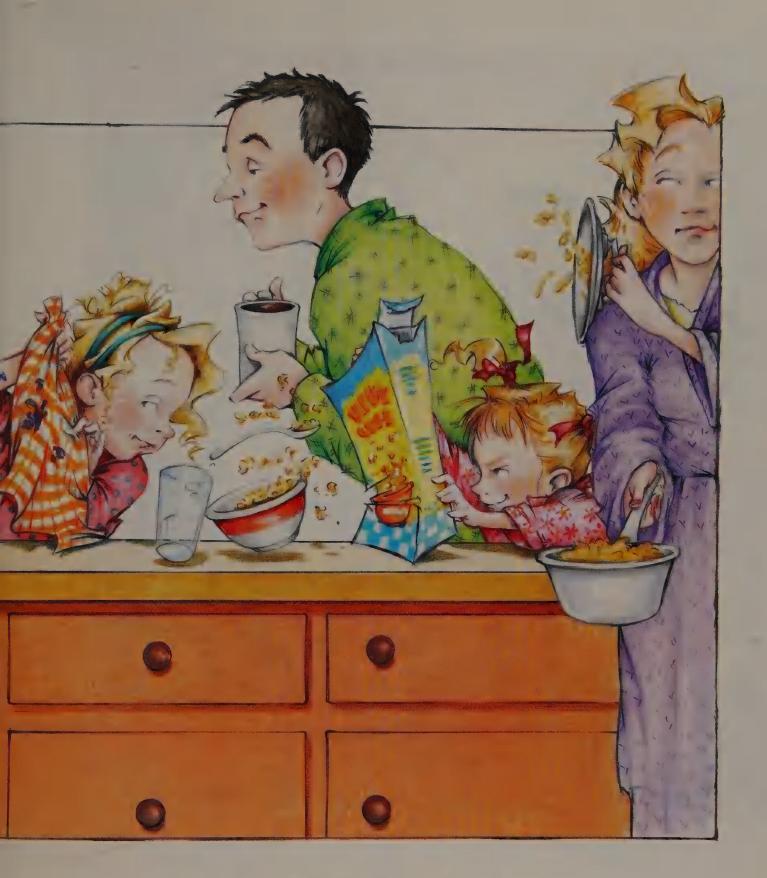


l'd rather be raised by alligators.

I've always been good at being sloppy.



I slurp, spill, slouch, talk with my mouth full, and put my elbows on the table without even trying.



Dad says I'm a natural.

So do Grammy and Big Grandpa.



They spread newspapers all around me when we eat dinner at their house.





How did they know a meatball could roll that far?

But I'm not just good at being sloppy....



I can catch more frogs than any kid on my street.





Just ask my mom.



I know how to help my dad in the yard.

And I'm really good at baseball because I practice, practice, practice.

But sometimes I wish I wasn't so sloppy....



Like when my friend's mom doesn't let me come in the house. "Just wait here. I'll send Jimmy out," she says.



But I wiped my feet!

A hot dog!"

What kind of pet does the sun have

Where have you bean?"

Anal did the taco say to the burrito?

When being sloppy gets me in really big trouble, I just try out my newest jokes.

Sometimes even my best jokes don't work.

So I decide something has to change.



That's when I make up my mind to not be sloppy anymore.



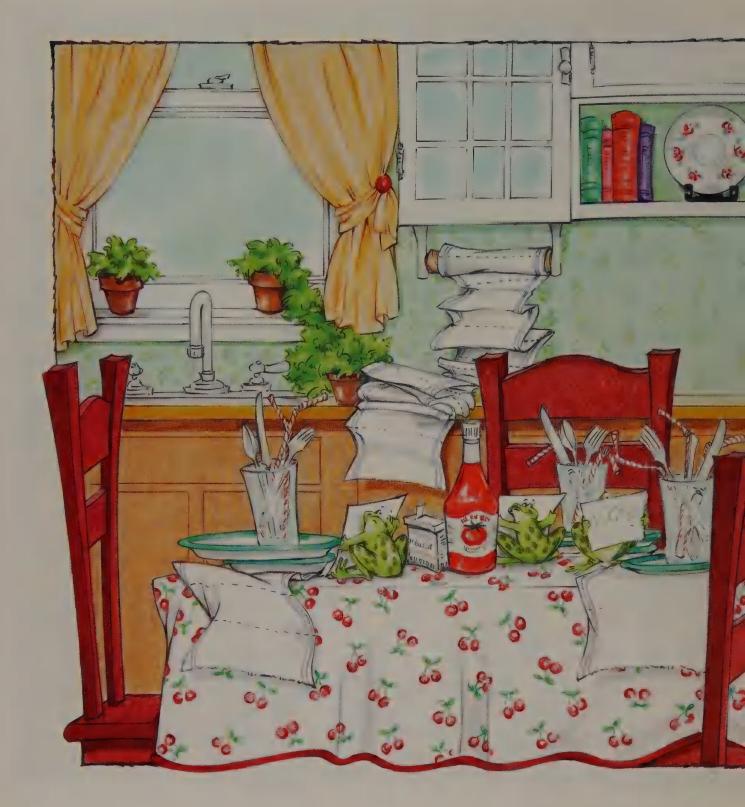
Starting tomorrow, l'll be Neat Joe.



The next day, I give the dog a shower.



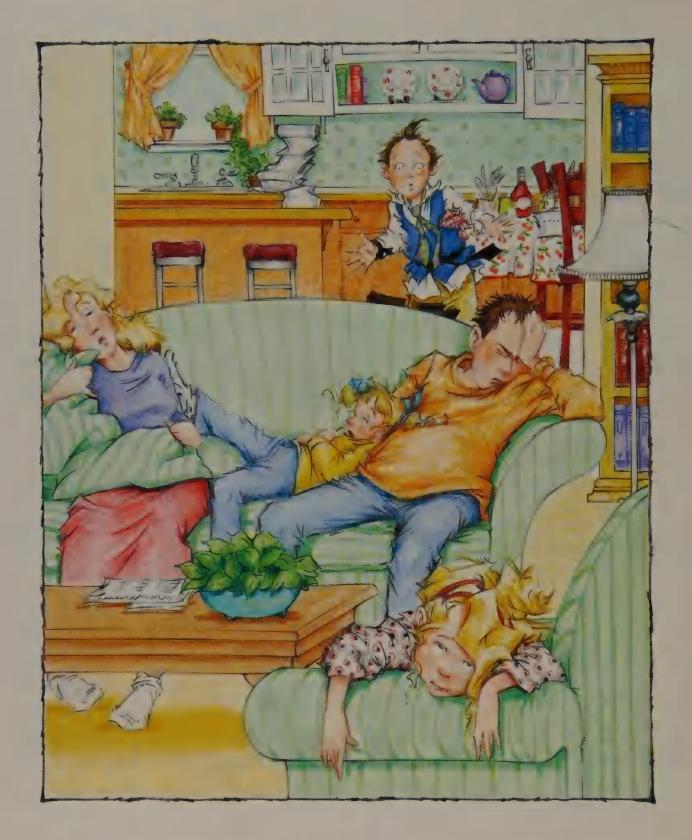
l clean my room. I find that lost grilled cheese sandwich. It's so hard I almost break my teeth.



I set the table for dinner. I even find one of my lost crickets.



This being-neat stuff isn't as hard as I thought it would be. But nobody cares about all my neatness because . . .



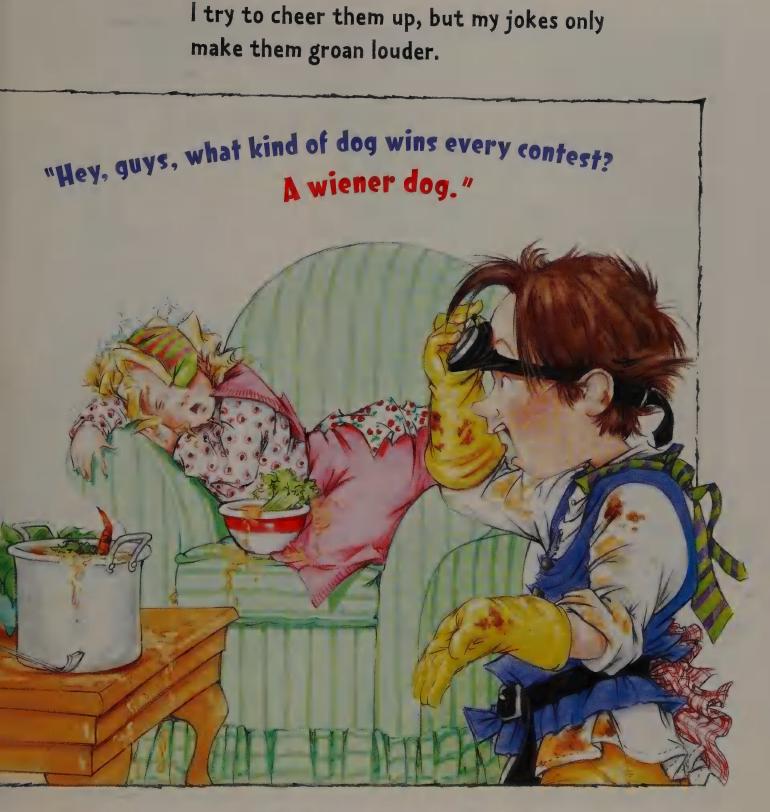
... everyone in my family has the flu.



I tell them not to panic. This is a job for Neat Joe.



So I bring cold socks for their foreheads. I cover everything with germ spray. I even make soup.



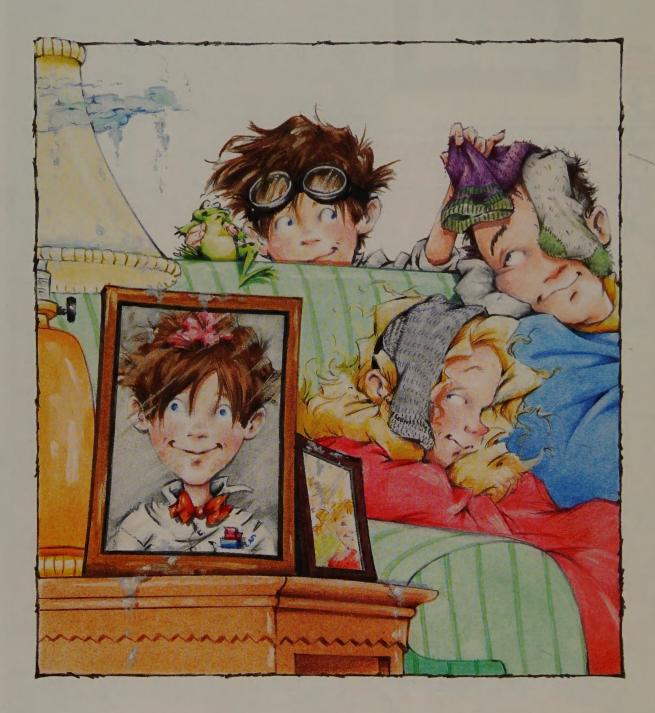
Get it? Wieeeeeeeeeener dog! What's wrong with you people?



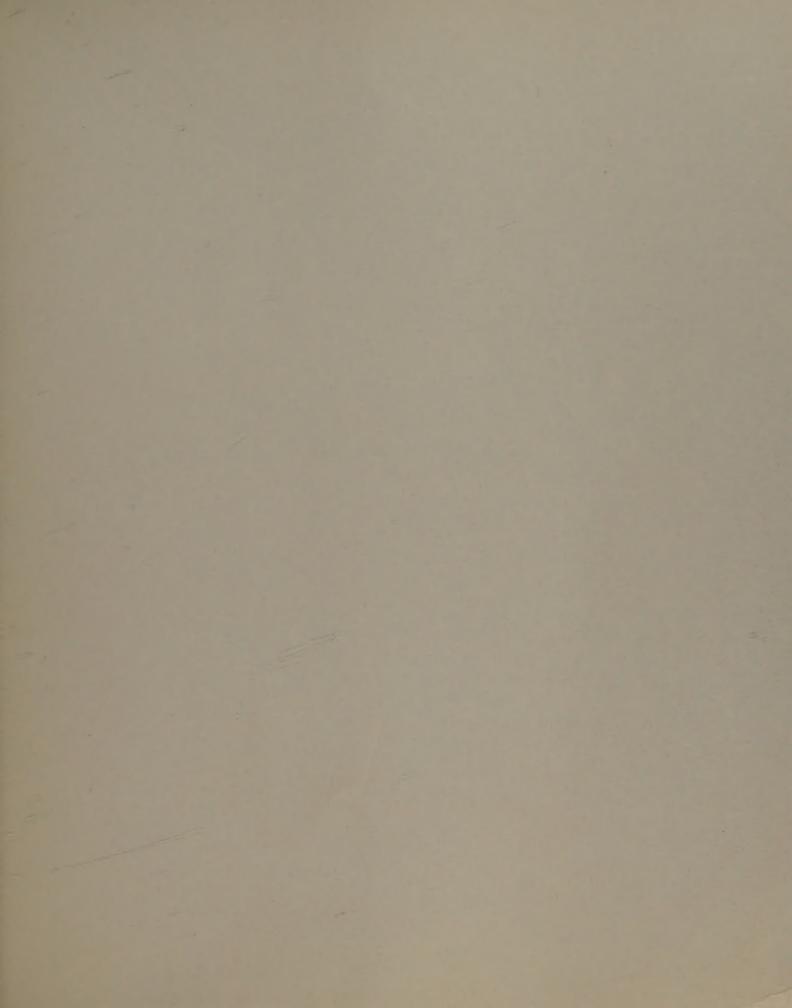
By the time Grammy gets here, I have everything under control.



"So what do you think of the new Neat Joe?" I ask my family.



"He reminds me of the old Sloppy Joe," Dad says. "And he's a very special kid," Mom says.





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