

Delivery for Webster



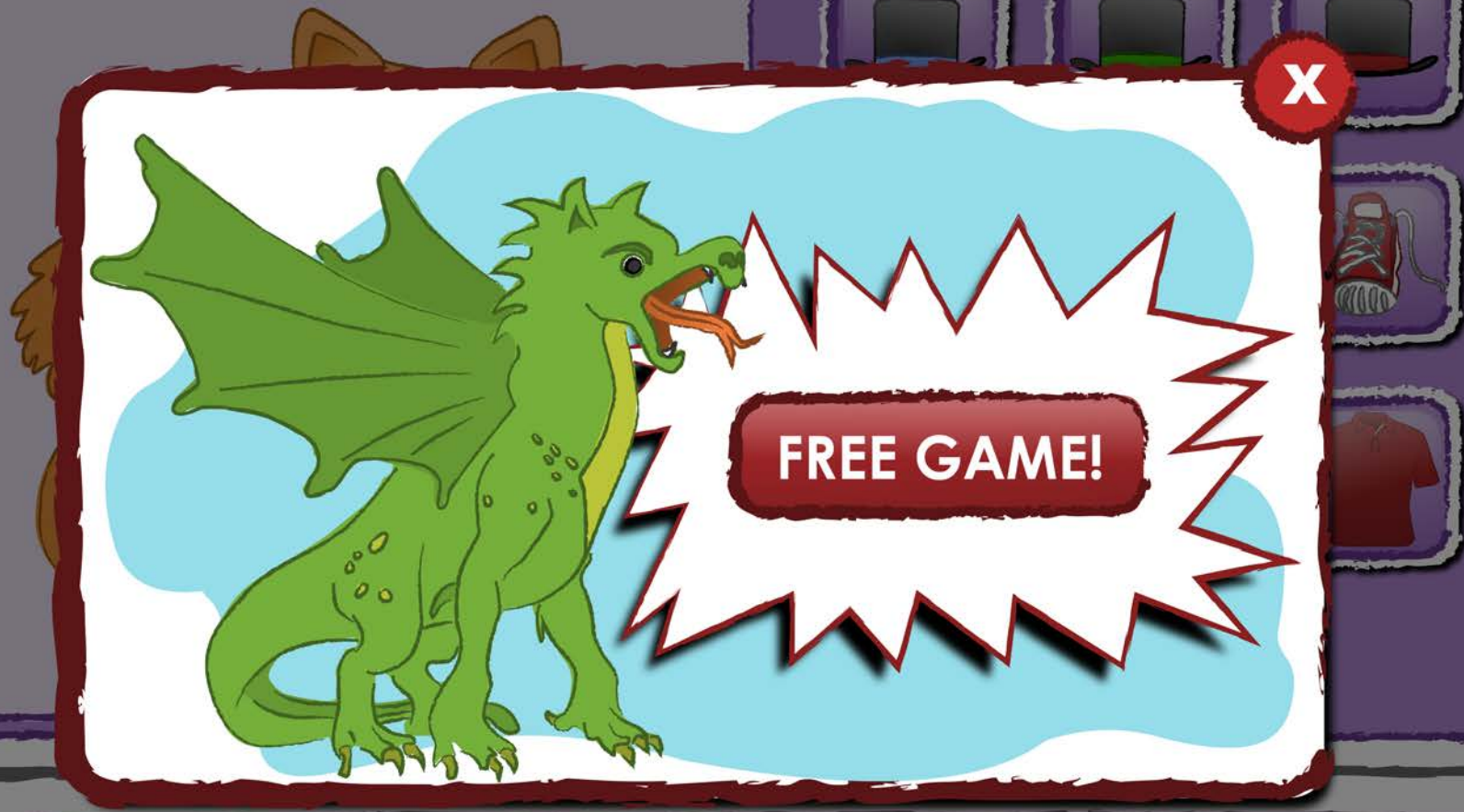
It was late afternoon on a rainy spring day when Webster turned on his computer to play.

There were so many choices and so much to do, so he stopped and thought for a minute or two.





"I played pirates yesterday and solved puzzles before that. I know! I'll pick a new outfit for my virtual cat!" Webster sorted through hats and shoes for a bit, then chose a fine polo in a dark, blue knit.



He was just finishing up in the virtual shop when a window appeared on his screen with a **POP!**



"You've won a **FREE GAME!**"

it proclaimed all in red.

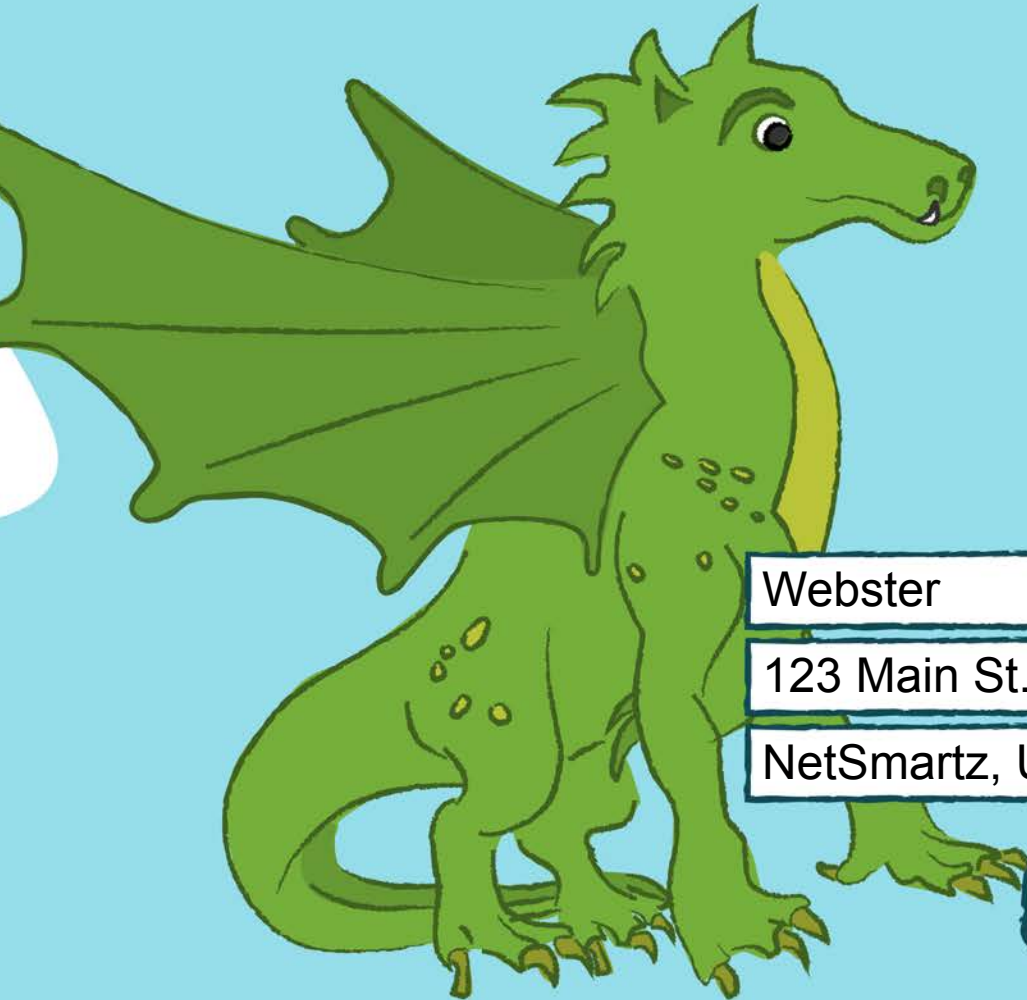
"Just type in your address.

Click here. **Go ahead!"**




The game looked awesome with dragons and knights, and Webster was dazzled by the twinkling lights.

He typed in his name and address real quick.
And his information was gone with one, simple click.





Webster waited and waited
by the window for days,
until finally the delivery man
came his way.



"Delivery for Webster,"
Clicky announced at the door.
Webster ran for the package.
He couldn't wait anymore.



He opened the package, and his eyes grew wide.
There was only a stack of magazines inside.



"Must be a mistake," he said, tossing them over his head. "I'm sure it'll be here tomorrow instead."

Tomorrow came with another knock on the door. "Delivery for Webster," Clicky called once more.

He tore the box open and looked down in dismay. This couldn't be the game. No how, no way!



There were no dragons.

There were no knights.

In fact, it was a pair
of bright yellow tights!





The next day Webster was sure it would come. Instead he got a birdcage held together with gum.

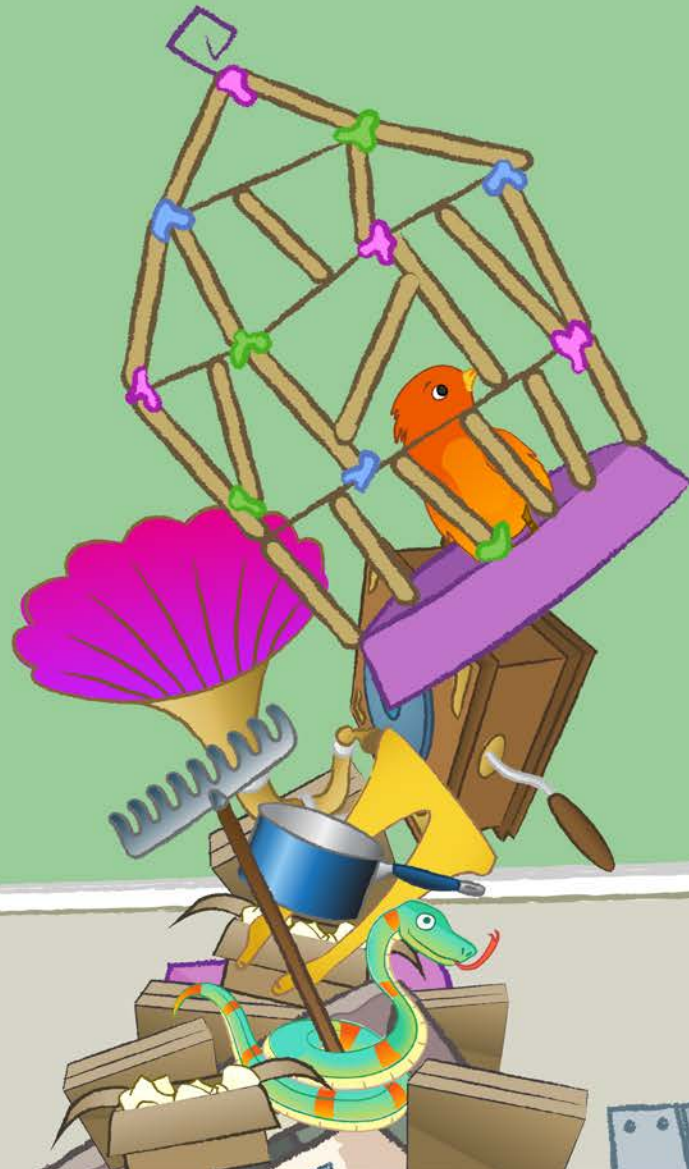
"I can't believe this.
It's getting totally lame."

But the next week brought him more of the same.

On Monday came a saucepot, Tuesday a snake.
On Wednesday he received a rusty, old rake.
On Thursday he got a busted record player.
And Friday brought him an old refrigerator.



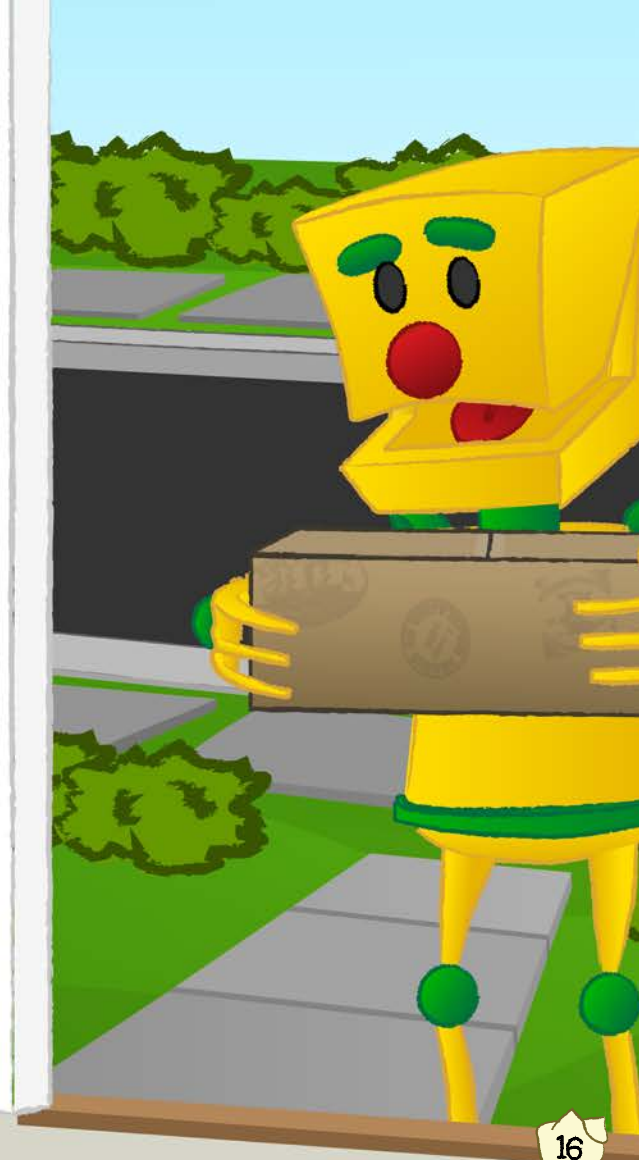
On Saturday he cried, “That’s it! That’s enough! I’m sick of getting this ridiculous stuff. This pile of junk can reach the North Pole. It’s totally getting out of control!”



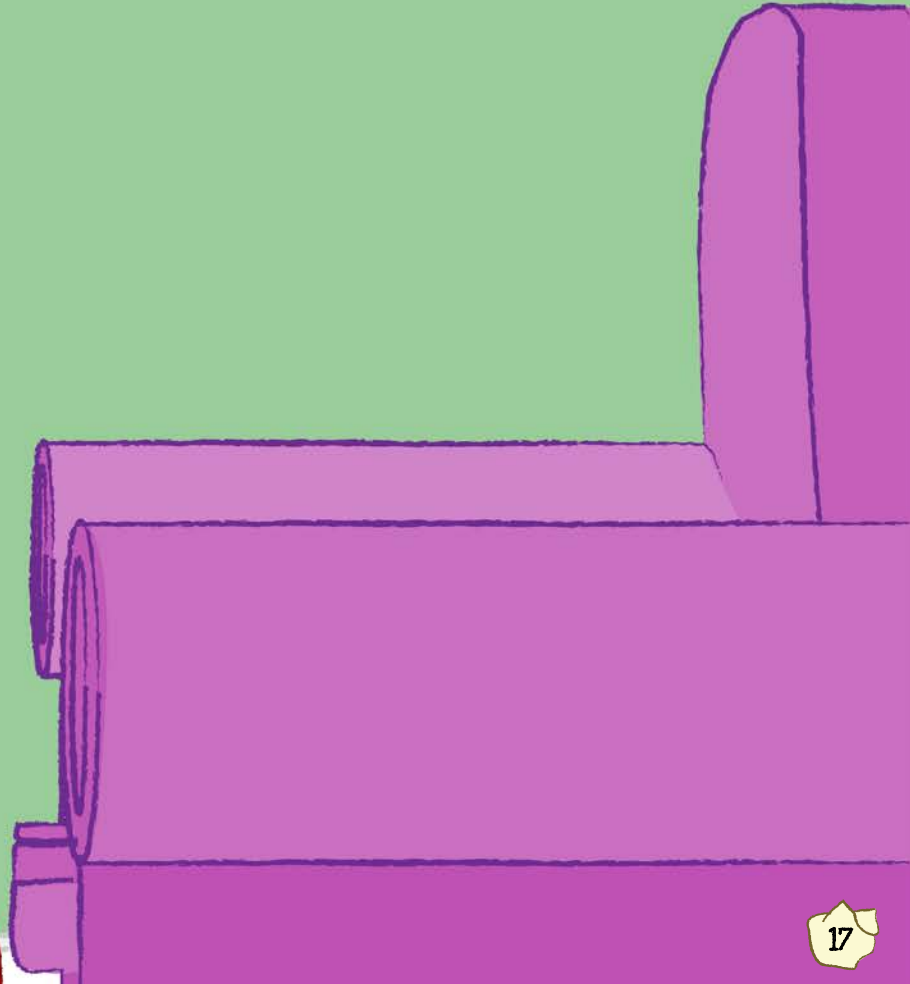


So he waited by the window with great anticipation.

"Delivery for Webster,"
Clicky called in frustration.



"This must be it," Webster said with a squeal.
Then he tore through the small, brown box to reveal...



"A BOOT? Are you kidding?" Webster exclaimed.

"This is so unfair. All I want is my game!"





With a grumble, he threw the boot on the pile of trash,
then it wobbled and bobbed and came down with a crash.



Clicky threw up his hands and said, "I've had enough! Webster, please explain where you got all this stuff."

"I don't know," he replied. "I'm just really upset. All I did was order a game from the Internet."

"I saw it on a pop-up and gave them my name. I typed in my address and waited for my game."



"What happened, Webster?"
Clicky asked in concern.

"Did you forget the online rules that you learned?"



Webster thought and he thought until it finally clicked.
"Aw, man!" he cried. "That pop-up was a trick!"



Clicky nodded. "It looks like you got caught in a scam. Giving away your information is how this nightmare began.

Before you tell anyone your name and address online, you need to ask a trusted adult if it's fine."

"You're right," said Webster. "I don't know what to say. I'm just sorry I made such a mess this way."

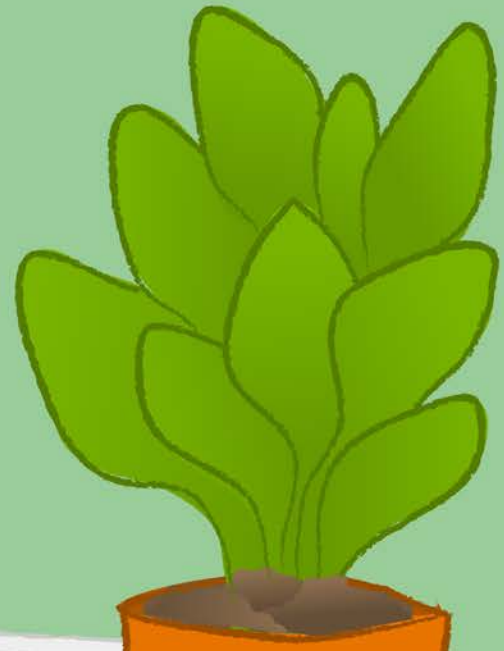




Together, Clicky and Webster
cleaned out all the junk.
Especially that refrigerator.
It really kind of stunk!

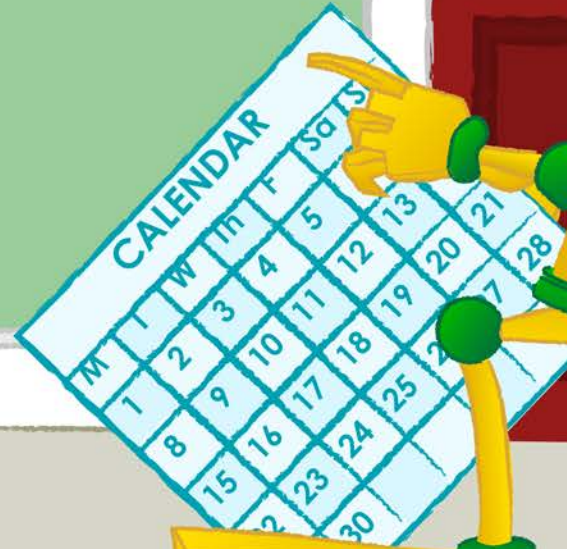


But after everything was gone and the cleaning was done, Webster was still frowning and really, very glum.



"Come on Webster," said Clicky.
"Don't hang your head in sorrow.
Today is Saturday...

No deliveries tomorrow!"



The End



Webster's been getting some weird packages. But why?
Could it have something to do with a certain pop-up?

Learn more about Webster's dilemma and the importance of asking
a trusted adult before sharing personal information in
Delivery for Webster.

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