

Dad and Rob went fishing.

"We will catch fish to eat for lunch," said Dad.

They loaded their fishing things into the boat: poles, bait, life jackets, and a net.

"Let's catch a fish!" said Rob.

Dad made the boat go fast over the water. Rob liked feeling the wind in his hair. He liked feeling the cold water splash his face.

Soon they arrived at Dad's secret fishing spot. Dad took a minnow to put it on the hook.

"The big fish will try to eat this little fish. Then we will catch him," Dad told Rob.

Rob said, "What! We will let a big fish eat this little fish?" Rob looked at Dad with sad eyes.

He took the minnow from Dad. He held the little minnow in his hands.

"Dad, this little minnow has a family in our bait bucket! He has a mom who will miss him! He has a dad who will be mad at you for taking his baby! All the brother and sister fish will cry!" said Rob.

Dad shook his head. He started the motor and steered the boat toward home. Rob smiled. He was happy now because he had saved the little minnow.

Dad frowned and said, "I guess we will just have to eat hot dogs for lunch."

Peg watched her mom get ready for work.

"Mom, you have an important bag. You have important papers and important cards. I want important things too," said Peg.

Mom smiled and said, "My bag holds everything I need to do my job. My papers tell me what I need to know to do my job. My cards help me get things I need for my job."

All afternoon at daycare Peg pretended that she was at work. She put on a blue dress. She carried a suitcase.

Mom returned from work.

"Peg, now we can get important things for you," said Mom.

Together they drove downtown. They stopped at a huge brick building. The building looked very important.

"The library is where you will find important things," said Mom.

Peg walked with Mom into the library. There were so many books! There were magazines, computers, and even an area for children. Peg chose some picture books about animals.

Peg and Mom stood in line to check out their books.

Soon they met the library worker.

He said, "Here is your library card and a library book bag. Here is the paper that tells you when to return the books."

Peg walked out of the library proudly. Now she had an important bag, important papers, and an important card—just like Mom.

Meg, Anna, and Kate were best friends. They always ate lunch together, and they always played at recess. They always called each other on the phone.

One day Anna came to school with very sad news. She was moving far, far away.

Kate and Meg felt very bad. The three girls had been friends forever. They had gone to the same church, daycare, and preschool.

Anna told her friends that her dad had a new job. He said it was a step up in the company he worked for. Anna didn't care about all of that. She only knew that she was going to a new town. She wouldn't know anyone. She was scared, but no one seemed to care what Anna thought. At least no one except Meg and Kate.

The girls had only three weeks to prepare for Anna's move. They spent every free minute with each other. The girls made plans to be friends forever. They traded addresses and agreed to write every week.

The girls cried the morning Anna left. As she pulled out of her driveway, she saw tears running down their faces.

Meg and Kate were sad, but they knew they still had each other. They decided to send a letter to Anna that very day. They knew she would smile when she received the first piece of mail at her new house.

One spring day, Mark went for a walk in the woods. He walked among big trees and climbed steep hills. As he walked, Mark tipped his head to the side so he could listen for birds.

Many beautiful bluebirds build nests in the woods early in the spring. The pretty bluebirds sing from their nests all summer long.

Mark stopped by a fence post and listened. He didn't hear any bluebirds, so he kept on walking. He stopped near a stump and looked up at the trees. He didn't see any bluebirds, so he kept on looking.

Mark walked and walked. Soon he got sleepy. He laid down in the green grass and took a nap. When Mark woke up, the forest was no longer silent. Bluebirds were singing high in the treetops.

"There you are," Mark said as he stood up. "I was looking for you guys. Where were you all winter?"

"Down in the warm air," the bluebirds sang to Mark as they flew from branch to branch. "Where were you?"

"I was at home, sitting in front of the fire. It gets cold here during the winter," Mark said.

"We know," the bluebirds chirped together. "We brought something back from our trip for you." A little bluebird flew down and landed on Mark's shoulder. The bird had a seashell in its beak.

"Thank you my friends," said Mark. "I'm glad you are back in the woods."

It all began when my mom bought Sweet Treats cereal. The box said there was a secret spy ring inside!

"I want the secret spy ring," I said.

"The first one to open the cereal box gets the prize," said my big brother.

I awoke early Monday morning. I wanted to eat Sweet Treats cereal before my sister. The secret spy ring would be mine!

I entered the kitchen. My little sister was there! She had a bowl of Sweet Treats cereal.

I grabbed the cereal box. I stuck my hand inside. I tried to reach the prize but couldn't find it. My little sister smiled at me.

"Give me the secret spy ring," I said.

"I got it first," she said.

I tried to pull the secret spy ring off my sister's finger. My sister got mad. She dumped her bowl of cereal on my head. I was mad, so I scooped up a handful of soggy cereal and flung it at her.

My big brother heard the scream. He ran down and saw the mess. "Mom! Dad! Come see what the kids did!" he yelled.

Dad stomped downstairs. It was early. He was tired. He took the secret spy ring and gave it to my sister. He told me to clean up. Next time we buy Sweet Treats cereal maybe I'll get the prize.

A mother held her baby girl in her arms. "You are a new baby today," she said. "You will grow up fast, but today you are my baby." The baby smiled. The mother sang a song. Then the baby fell asleep wrapped in a blanket.

The baby girl grew bigger. The baby crawled around on the floor. She played with the kitchen bowls. She cried when she wanted her bottle. "You are one year old today," the mother said. "You are growing so fast, but you are still my baby."

The little baby girl toddled through the house. "You are a terrible two!" her mother said. The little girl liked to walk everywhere. She looked in the bathroom. She played in the bedroom. She even wanted to walk outside the house. But the mother said, "A baby should play inside the house and stay clean on her second birthday."

The mother sat in a chair. She sat and listened to all the words her three-year-old girl could say. The little girl liked to talk. Her words were silly. Her mother said, "Can you say Happy Birthday?"

The little girl is not so little anymore. Today is her first day of school. She has new school clothes. She has a bag for her books. Her mother says, "Have a good day at school, baby."

"I am not a baby anymore. I am five years old," says the little girl.

"You are five years old, but you will always be my little baby girl," says the mother.

Cam was a clam. He lived in the shallow waters of the sea with his parents. Cam had many friends. He had fresh, clear water. He had a nice hard shell. Still, he was not happy. Cam was sad because he did not like his shell.

"All clams have shells like yours," Cam's mother told him. "All clams love their shells. If you didn't have a shell on your shoulders, what would you have? Now, please eat your supper."

Cam ate his supper, even though he wasn't hungry. He kept thinking about where he would live if he didn't have his shell. He might be able to live in a shoe or maybe a pretty glass bottle.

One day Cam was lying on the bottom of the bay when something shiny and silver sank to the bottom next to him. It was the most beautiful thing Cam had ever seen. Cam didn't know it was only a soda can someone had dropped into the water. Cam slipped out of his boring gray shell and into the soda can.

Now Cam was content. When he went home for dinner, his mother didn't recognize him. When she realized the clam peeking out of the top of the soda can was her son, she laughed. Cam shrank back into his new shell.

"Cam, what have you done to yourself?" she asked. "Look at that pretty shell! Where did you find it?"

Can animals really talk to each other? Let's listen to the animals at the Bunker Hill Farm to hear what they might say to each other.

"Where did I put my bone?" asks Bow-Wow the dog.

"I love to take my master for a walk," says Ruff the dog. "I like to make him run."

Moo-Moo the cow says, "My last batch of milk was very fine. It'll make great cheese or cream."

"My milk is made into ice cream," says Spotty the cow. "I wish I could eat some. I bet it tastes sweet. I get tired of just eating grass."

"I hope all the kids finish their milk," says Jersey the cow. "I want them to grow strong."

What do the fish say as they swim in Lake Rainbow?

"This water is too cold," says Flipper the fish. "I want to live in Mexico. It's warm there."

"Here comes a boat," says Bass the fish. "I hope they have better worms for bait today. Yesterday's worms were really slimy."

Henry the horse gallops past Patty the pony. "Look at my new saddle," he brags. "It has buttons of real gold. It's smooth as ice."

"You're looking good," replies Patty. "Trot back over here and we'll have a snack. We'll share oats and hay."

Wouldn't it be great if we really could talk to animals? Just think about the things we would learn from each other!



Aunt Pam worked for a vet. She had lots of stories about the animals she helped save. Aunt Pam liked to raise kittens when the mother cat was lost or sick.

One weekend Kate went to stay with Aunt Pam. Aunt Pam had three baby kittens. The kittens' eyes were not even open yet. Aunt Pam told Kate she could help take care of them.

The smallest kitten was black and not very strong. Another one was gray and cried a lot. The biggest one was white with black spots on his feet and ears.

Kate named each one. She called the black one Itty Bitty because it was so tiny. She named the gray one Dusty. She named the white one Snowman.

Kate thought the kittens looked sweet when they curled up in a ball and slept. Soon, they woke up and started to cry. They cried because they wanted something to eat. Aunt Pam warmed some formula, and Kate filled their small bottles. "Which kitten do you want to feed?" Aunt Pam asked.

Kate picked Itty Bitty. Aunt Pam gave Kate a towel. She showed Kate how to wrap the kitten so it would not scratch. The kitten drank from the bottle for Kate. Kate felt grown because she could help.

All weekend, Kate helped her aunt with the kittens. Kate learned that it was a lot of work to take care of kittens. On Sunday night, Kate went back home. She called often to see how the kittens were. Aunt Pam said she had found good homes for Dusty and Snowman. Kate's mom said Itty Bitty could live with them! Itty Bitty would have the best home of all!

Maddie wanted to learn to ice skate. She went to the skating rink wearing her coat, mittens, and hat. She couldn't wait to skate fast and spin in the air.

Maddie tied her new skates and marched out to the ice-skating rink. She took one step on the ice and slipped! She tumbled onto the cold ice and hit her knees and hands. She didn't know that the ice would be so slippery!

Learning to skate was harder than she thought. It was cold, and her feet hurt from the tight skates. Maddie wanted to give up and go home.

Her teacher took her hand. "It takes a lot of practice to skate well. Don't give up," said her teacher.

Week after week, Maddie went to skating lessons. Sometimes younger children skated past her quickly. That made her work even harder. "If that little kid can skate well, I can too," she said to herself.

The day came when Maddie could skate well. She could glide across the ice. She could stop without falling. Skating was fun!

One day Maddie saw something that made her laugh. Her mother stepped onto the ice with new skates. She took one step and slipped!

"If you can skate well, I can too," said Mother. "It will take a lot of practice."

"Don't give up, Mom!" said Maddie.

Kim was happy because she lost her first tooth!

"Put your tooth under your pillow so the Tooth Fairy can come," said Mother.

"The Tooth Fairy will take your tooth and leave you some money," said Father.

Kim thought all day about the Tooth Fairy.

"I would rather catch the Tooth Fairy than get money," she said. "Then she could be my little friend. We could play games together. She can fly, so she could teach me to fly too. That would be better than money."

"The Tooth Fairy is smart," Mother said. "It would be hard to catch her."

"I am smart too!" Kim said.

That night, Kim made a trap for the Tooth Fairy. She tied some dental floss around her tooth. She tied a small bell to the other end of the dental floss. Then she put the tooth under her pillow.

"When the Tooth Fairy tries to take my tooth, the bell will wake me up," she told Mother. "I will catch her in my butterfly net."

After trying to stay awake for an hour, Kim finally fell asleep. Later, the sound of a ringing bell woke her up. Kim jumped out of bed and scooped up her pillow in the butterfly net.

Kim didn't see the Tooth Fairy in the net. She only saw a note. The note said, "Better luck next time! Love, the Tooth Fairy."

I can say many numbers. First I say "one," and then I say "two." I can count very high, but I can't count every number. Even though I can write many numbers, I can never write every number. I would run out of time and space before I could finish. Numbers keep going forever.

I see numbers just about anywhere I look. Numbers help us every day. You can put them together to add. You can take them away to subtract. Numbers help measure how long, short, and wide things are. Numbers tell us how much food and toys cost. They tell us how many miles we have left to drive until we get home. Numbers tell us how fast we ran a race. They let us know how many points our team scored in a game. Numbers tell us how tall we are. They help us figure out how much we've grown. They let us know what size our hands and feet are. Numbers tell us how much longer a cake needs to bake before it's done.

What number do you like the best? Is it two? Is it seventeen? Is it thirty? I like lots of numbers, but I don't have one that I like better than the rest.

What is your favorite way to use numbers? Do you like to add? Do you like to subtract? Do you like to measure? There are so many great ways to use numbers that I can't pick just one.

"Where is your fort, anyway? We've been walking forever. Are you sure we're not lost?" asked Andy.

"We're not lost," replied Mark. "We just left my house five minutes ago!"

"I can't see your house from here. We're deep in the forest. I don't understand how you know where we're going," complained Andy.

"I've lived here all my life. I've walked in these woods almost every day. My house is just back down the path. Don't worry, Andy. We're almost there," explained Mark.

The path went deep into the woods and seemed well worn. Mark did know the way, and soon the boys were standing at the foot of an enormous oak tree.

"Wow!" exclaimed Andy. "I didn't know the tree house was up so high! What if we fall down?"

"The ladder is very sturdy," said Mark. "My dad climbs it, and it holds him. We're only half his size, so we won't fall. It's really neat up there. Come on and follow me up the ladder."

Mark climbed the ladder easily and was soon at the top. He turned around to see Andy slowly climbing up behind him. Andy stopped to look down, closed his eyes, and started to climb again. Finally, Andy reached the top.

Andy stood up and looked around the tree house.

"Cool!" Andy exclaimed. "There's lots of room up here! We have plenty of space to read our comic books!" He didn't know why he was so nervous to visit the fort in the first place.

It was summer, and Cole and Meg liked to play outside every day. They also liked to play with Skipper, their new puppy. They had to play indoors with Skipper though because their mom said he was too little to play outside.

One day Grandma came over to babysit. Cole asked if he could take Skipper outside. Grandma said it was okay if they watched the puppy closely. She said, "Don't let the puppy go near the road." So Cole and Meg took Skipper outside.

Skipper liked being outside. First he chased Cole, and then he ran after Meg. Next Skipper found a ball in the garden. Cole tossed the ball to Meg. Meg and Cole had so much fun with the ball, they forgot about Skipper. Then Grandma came outside.

"Where is Skipper?" she asked. Meg and Cole looked around.

"He was just here," said Cole. But they could not see Skipper now.

Cole and Meg ran around the yard calling Skipper's name, but the little puppy did not come. They looked in the front yard, and they looked in the backyard. Meg started to cry.

Grandma drove her car and looked for Skipper, while Cole rode his bike. Meg called for Skipper from home. Ten minutes later, Skipper was still lost. Now Cole started to cry too.

Grandma put the car back in the garage. "Come here. Look in the flowerpot on the floor," said Grandma.

There in the empty flowerpot was Skipper. He was sleeping. He was in the garage the whole time.

It was the first baseball game, and Jill was excited. She put on her uniform. The team had practiced hard, so Jill knew they were ready. Her team was called the Lions. Jill played first base. She could catch any ball that came her way. Batting was hard for her though. She sometimes struck out. When she did get on base, she could run fast.

Dad brought Jill to the game. When she got there, she saw her team warming up. Jill grabbed her glove. Dad gave her a hug and told her to have fun.

The other team was called the Bears. The Bears were first to bat. Jill was ready. The batter swung at the ball, and it went way up into the air. Jill watched the ball and got ready to catch it. She put up her glove, and the ball landed in her mitt. Hurray! She caught the first fly ball!

Soon it was the Lions' turn to bat. The first three batters for the Lions got hits. Jill was waiting for her turn to bat. She swung bats to warm up. Her teammates had scored two runs already. Jill was nervous as she went to bat. Her coach told her to bunt, so Jill bunted. She ran fast to first base and just made it. The other team overthrew the ball. Her coach told her to keep running. She made it to second! Now she waited for the next batter to get her to home plate.

This tale is about a boy named Kevin. Kevin is very big for a first grade boy. He is taller than all the other boys in his class. Kevin has a lot of fun, but because he's so big, he also runs into trouble.

Since Kevin is big, his teacher finds him a big chair. His chair is big enough, but his desk is still too small. The desk rests on his knees and wobbles back and forth. Poor Kevin.

Kevin likes to run and play. He plays ball almost every day. Kevin kicks the ball too hard, and the ball goes POP! The ball is flat now. Kevin likes to draw. He sharpens a crayon, and the crayon goes SNAP! The crayon is broken now. Kevin likes to open doors for people. He swings the door open too fast, and the door goes CRASH! The door is broken now. Poor Kevin.

Kevin is very tall. When he plays outside, he must play carefully on the small playground equipment. Sometimes he bumps his head. Ouch! Before lunch, Kevin washes his hands in the bathroom. He has to bend down really far to reach the soap and the towels. Kevin wishes he could be more like the other kids.

The boys and girls in Kevin's class like Kevin. They like him because he is so big. Kevin can jump high and dunk a basketball. He can reach high and get things on tall shelves. Kevin's friends think he's lucky. Kevin doesn't always agree with them, but he does think some things about being tall aren't so bad.



My teacher says it takes many years to become a great artist. "I am a great artist already," I tell her.

I paint with a splash of bright red. I add a drip of yellow, and it becomes orange! I smear blue finger paint. Next I add a smudge of yellow, and it becomes green!

I can also draw well. I tell my cat to sit still so I can sketch him. Cats can sit for long amounts of time. Dogs can't sit as long. The last time I sketched a picture of my dog, I couldn't finish it. When I began to draw his legs, he ran and hid under the couch.

My pictures of cats are great. I draw cats in trees. I draw cats on couches. My teacher says it's okay if the cats in my drawings are not perfect. She says it's fine if their heads are too big for their bodies or if I forget to draw their ears.

I am also good with clay. It is fun to feel the cold, sticky clay between my fingers. I can roll the clay into long snakes. I can form the clay into dishes. I can make pots, cups, and plates. It's not really very difficult.

Other people have to work and study to become great artists. I am a great artist already!

Dad was upset. "I can't find my glasses," he said. "I think I left them in their black case. Has anyone seen the black case? Does anyone know where I put them? I have a hard time reading without them."

"Oh no, not again," said Nate, Kate, and Beth. "You lost your glasses at work last week. We haven't seen them, but we'll help you look for them."

First Kate looked under all the beds. All she found was lots of dust and a blue fuzzy slipper.

Nate didn't find the glasses either. Instead, he found his white toy car and blue toy jeep in a box next to the stairs. "Good," he said. "I've been searching for these cars. I thought I left them at school after show and tell on Friday."

Beth found a cooking magazine in their toy chest. She also found some old, sticky candy from her birthday party.

While looking for the glasses, the children found lots of things. Behind their desk, Beth, Kate, and Nate found some paper clips. Kate found her new pink bracelet. Nate found a letter from his pen pal, Rick. Beth found a glob of old, hard glue. The kids discovered some cards and brought them to their mom. The children also found some missing socks, a purple stuffed animal puppy, some sticks of gum, rubber bands, and three markers. But there was no sign of the glasses.

Suddenly Dad yelled, "I found them! I found my glasses. They were in my coat pocket, just where I left them yesterday!"

The lion was the king of all the animals. He was strong and brave. He had golden fur and razor sharp claws. He could run faster than the wind. He could jump high into the branches of a tree. But he was also very rude.

"I am the king of the jungle," he would say. "That means you have to listen to me. You have to follow my commands. Go and hunt some dinner for me," he said. "I am very hungry."

Some of the animals in the jungle were getting sick of his rude mouth.

"I don't have to listen to him," hissed the snake. "That lion doesn't scare me."

"I agree," said the turtle. "Yesterday I was walking in the woods when I met up with him. He laughed at my slow walk. He called me stupid. Then he told me to go and hunt some dinner for him. That lion is lazy and rude!"

The next day the turtle was sitting on a rock. He was nice and warm with the sun on his back. The lion snuck up behind him. He was hungry. He decided to eat the turtle.

The lion jumped on the turtle. The turtle slipped into his shell. Nothing the lion did made the turtle come out.

"I'm going to have turtle stew for dinner," said the lion. Just then the turtle stuck his head out and bit the lion's nose. The lion never bothered the turtle again.

Not very long ago, my friend Rob came from far away to visit me. It never snows where Rob lives, so he had never seen snow before. He didn't believe me when I told him that white flakes fall from the sky.

"When you pack to visit us, bring warm clothes," I told him. Rob packed jeans, sweatshirts, and one sweater.

The first few days at my house, Rob kept asking, "When will it snow?" He brought his sweater to school every day in case of a snowstorm.

After school one day, Rob and I walked home. We noticed the wind was colder. It nipped at our hands. Gray clouds filled the sky. Soon icy rain stung our faces and made the sidewalk slippery.

"Look!" said Rob, "There are little white flies all around."

"Those are little snowflakes," I laughed. We opened our mouths to taste the cold flakes. Rob scooped up some flakes of snow and threw them at me.

"There really are flakes falling from the sky!" he yelled.

The rest of the day, Rob and I played outside. We rolled in the snow. We slid down hills. We made a snow fort and a snowman. Rob piled snow into the pocket of his warm sweater.

"I am going to bring this snow with me when I go back home," he said.

"Only if you don't mind getting wet when the snow melts," I said.

Tom and his family lived in a busy city. There was always something to see and hear. Sometimes Tom wanted a secret place of his own. He didn't have a place that was just for him.

Tom made a plan. He climbed up high inside the garage. He came to a little peak in the roof where his dad stored bikes and tools. Here was the place for Tom!

It was quiet. He could look out a little window to see the city. He brought his favorite comic books, his monster truck, and a bag of chips to his secret place. Tom decided to call his secret place "Study." If anyone asked where he was going, he would tell the truth. He would say he was going to "Study."

His big sister left him alone when he said he was going to "Study." Tom spent every day after school at the "Study." His sister thought he was becoming a good student. Mother knew better though.

One day he climbed up to "Study." He found Mother sitting there on the floor.

"Mother, how did you know I come up here?" asked Tom.

"I like this place," said Mother. "Can I call this place 'Clean'? When I want some time alone I will tell everyone I'm going to 'Clean'!"

Joey liked to visit his Grandpa and Grandma. Today he played with their old train set and read their classic books. He helped Grandpa finish a puzzle of a shark swimming in the ocean. He played "Go Fish" with Grandpa and made lunch with Grandma. After lunch, Grandpa took a nap while Grandma worked on some bills. The old house was so quiet Joey could hear the clock's tick-tock in the den downstairs.

"I want to play football with someone," Joey said. Grandpa's legs were tired, and Grandma's back hurt. Since Joey had no one to play with, he sat on the front steps. While he sat there, he threw his football up and down.

Soon Joey saw someone his size next door. Maybe he would have a friend to play with! He slowly walked across the yard. He stood behind a large tree and looked next door. Oh no! It was just a girl. She wouldn't want to play football.

As Joey began to tiptoe back to Grandpa's house, he heard a voice. "Want to play?" asked the girl. Joey turned around and studied the girl. She had long blond hair and blue eyes. She was wearing shiny shoes and a fancy yellow skirt.

"She'll just want to play dolls or jump rope," Joey thought.

Joey turned around to run home, but the girl ran to him and grabbed the football. She ran back and passed the football to Joey. What a pass! The football sailed through the air. Joey reached out to catch the ball. Before he knew it, the football bounced off his head. He fell to the ground. Maybe girls could play football after all.

My dad can fix anything. Once my little sister and I were playing hide and seek in the house. I hid in the broom closet. When my sister tried to find me, she opened the door too fast and it fell off the closet. Mom said we should be more careful. Dad got out his tools and repaired the closet.

Another time, my dog Blue and I were playing catch with the football. I threw the ball too close to the window. The ball hit the window and broke it into about a hundred pieces. Mom said to stay away from the broken glass. Dad got out his tools and put in a new window.

Later, I was playing with my new dump truck. I wanted to drive fast down the hall. My truck smashed into the wall and lost a tire. Mom said I should play more carefully. Dad got out his tools and fixed my truck.

Today, my little sister began to cry. She was eating a red popsicle and it broke.

"Fix my popsicle, Daddy!" she said.

"Dad can't fix a popsicle," I said.

"I'll bet he can," said Mom.

Dad put the pieces together and ran the popsicle under cold water. He put it back in the freezer. In ten minutes, Dad took the popsicle out. It was as good as new!

"Dad, you really can fix anything!" my sister said.

One day Miss Smith asked the kids in her class what jobs they'd like to have when they grow up.

"I want to be a football player," Joe said. "I like to throw and catch footballs. It would be so cool to run across the goal line."

"I'd like to be a teacher," said Robin. "I want to help boys and girls. I like to write on the chalkboard. Teaching about numbers and words would be fun."

"I would like to be an actor," said Danny. "I'd get to star in plays on a stage. I'd get to act out different parts. I could be a person or an animal. I might get to sing and dance. Being an actor would be grand."

"I want to be a construction worker," Becky said. "I want to lay tar on new roads. I want to help build bridges across water. I want to hold the sign that tells cars to stop."

"Wow," said Josh. "I want to be a construction worker too! Only I want to build houses. I like using hammers and nails. Sawing wood and putting it together would be great."

"I'd like to be a doctor," said Ruth. "I like the white coats doctors wear. Looking at x-rays seems interesting. I think I'd like giving check-ups. I would like to help sick people feel better, but I wouldn't like to give shots."

"Those all sound like exciting jobs," said Miss Smith. "Remember that going to school every day will help you learn how to do any job."



My little brother Eddie ran to me. "Oh! Oh! I squished it!" he said. The tiny toad in his hand looked like a rock. It had shiny black eyes that looked like blackberries from our berry patch. I scooped the toad out of Eddie's hand and hurried to Father.

"He squished the toad," I said. "We need to bury it." But Father was busy hanging clothes on the line to dry.

"We will bury the toad after I finish hanging these clothes." Father said.

I waited for Father for a long time. I held the toad in my left hand. I held Father's leg with my right hand. Tears ran down my cheeks. Father hung our shirts, our socks, and our pants. Finally he was done.

Father picked up Eddie and then took my hand from his leg. We walked to our flower garden where the roses and lilies grow. I picked a yellow lily to put next to the toad while Father scooped up dirt.

"Put him in here," he said.

When I opened my fingers, the toad jumped out! He crawled into the long, green grass. I was so happy I jumped as high as the clothesline. Father's eyes grew wide. Eddie was happy too.

We all followed behind the toad, and soon he was gone. He hopped into the blackberry bushes near the woods. I smiled. I was glad that Father had so much laundry to do that day.

At my house, Friday night is family night. Our whole family gets together to do something fun. Two weeks ago we went bowling. Last Friday we went to an art show. This week we planned to see a movie at the movie theater.

"What movie shall we see?" Dad asked.

"I like action movies," my brother said. "I like to watch cars crash. I like to watch superheroes fly."

"I like animal movies," my sister said. "I want to see horses run free in fields. I want to see whales swim in the sea."

"I like funny movies," Dad said. "I laugh when people throw pies. I laugh when people tell funny jokes."

"I like movies about love," Mom said. "I like it when a man and a woman get married and live happily ever after."

"I like cartoons," I said. "I like colorful movies with a lot of music."

What could we do? Our family could not choose a movie to watch together.

Dad thought he'd solve the problem. He said, "Why don't we stay home and play a family game?" We all thought that was a good idea.

"Let's play puzzles!" I said.

"Let's play cards!" my brother said.

"Let's play checkers!" my sister said.

Dad just shook his head and rolled his eyes. "I'll be in bed," he said. "Wake me when family night begins."