

Grandma's Memory Book

"What should we do today?" Sara asked her grandma. "It's too cold and wet to play outside."

"I know," said Grandma. She went to the bookshelf and took out a large book bulging with old photographs.

"This book is very special to me. I call it my memory book," Grandma said.

Sara saw a picture of a little girl in an old fashioned dress standing by an old car.

"That's me, when I was your age," her grandma told Sara.

Sara never realized her grandma used to be a kid too. They looked at other pictures in the memory book. She saw Grandma and Grandpa on their wedding day, pictures of places they lived, and vacations they took many, many years ago.

"That's your dad," Grandma said proudly, pointing to a picture of a little baby. "There's your dad again, in his Little League uniform. He was the best batter on the team."

They found pictures of another baby. "Who's that?" Sara asked.

"That's the best one of all," Grandma told her. "That's you when you were a baby."

"I like looking at these pictures with you and hearing stories about the old days," Sara said.

"Next time you come to visit, we'll start a memory book for you," Grandma promised. "Maybe someday you'll share your memory book with your own little girl."



1. What is the main idea of this story?
 - A. Sara and her grandmother are bored.
 - B. Sara and her grandmother share good memories.
 - C. Scrapbooks are fun to look at.
2. What do Sara and her grandmother plan to do the next time Sara visits?

Belling the Cat

Long ago a group of mice lived in the same house with a very watchful cat. The mice were constantly in danger.

One day they held a meeting to discuss what to do about the cat. Many mice talked about the problem, but none had any ideas about what to do.

Finally, one of the smallest mice spoke up. "We all agree that the cat can sneak up on us too easily. If we could hear her coming, we would have time to run to safety. I think we should put a bell around the cat's neck. Then we will always know when she is near."

The other mice cheered. They congratulated the smallest mouse on his marvelous idea. Finally, their problem was solved.

Then the oldest mouse spoke. "Belling the cat is indeed a grand idea, but who will do it?"

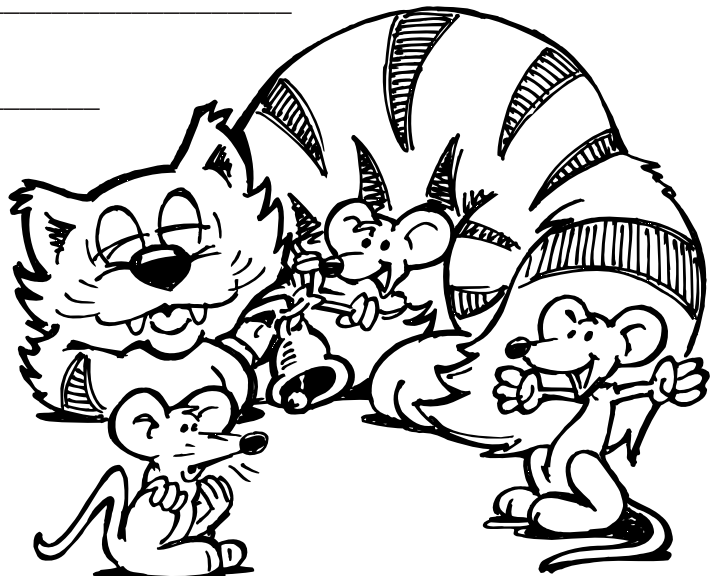
Not one mouse spoke.

1. What is the moral of this fable?

- ___ Cats are sneaky.
- ___ Proposing a plan is easier than putting it into action.
- ___ Warning bells are good protection for mice.

2. What do you think the mice did next?

3. Imagine you are one of the mice. Propose another solution.



The Three Stones

The three stones in the creek that ran through Wilson's Woods were similar to all the other stones, except for their exceptionally vivid colors. The water gurgled and tumbled over the three stones for many years. As time went on, the three stones became smoother as the force of the rushing water wore down their rough edges.

In the summertime when the creek was low, the three stones showed off their lovely colors to the children who came to wade in the cool, clear water. They liked being admired for their gorgeous colors as they relaxed on the sandy creek bottom.

One summer, the weather turned very hot and dry. The creek dried up. The three stones missed the refreshing water bubbling over them. The dry, dusty air dulled their brilliant colors. No one came to the dried creek to admire the three stones.

"No one will notice us now," complained the largest stone.

"All those years of keeping ourselves polished have been wasted," grumbled the second largest stone.

"Perhaps now that the creek has dried up, it's time for us to make a change," suggested the smallest stone.

"A change?" challenged the largest stone. "Why should we change?"

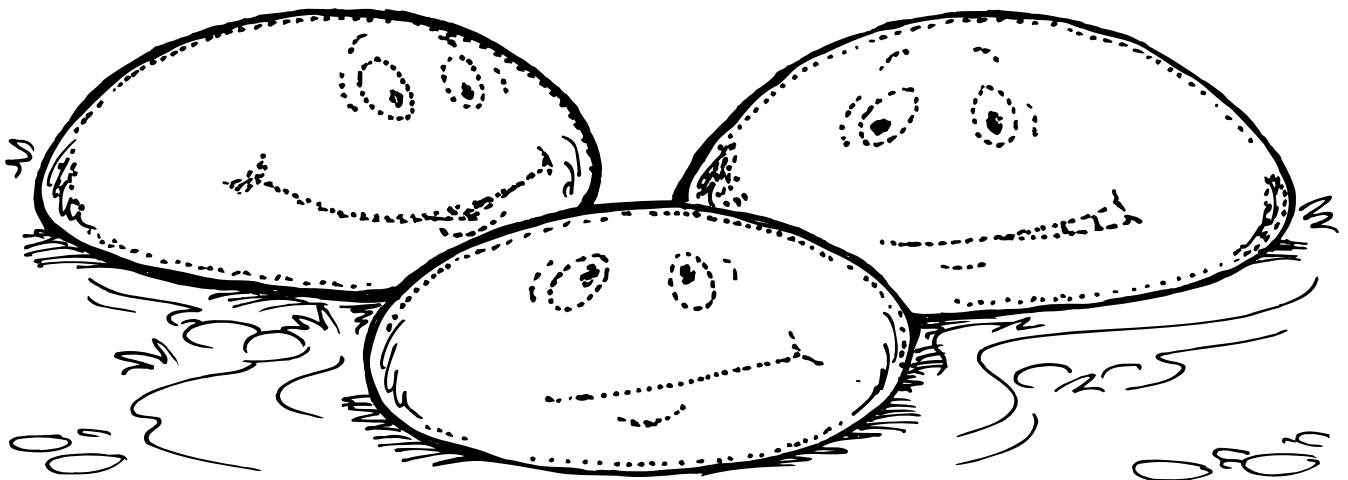
"We are beautiful creek stones," said the second largest stone. "That's all we have ever been. Now that the creek has dried up, we cannot even be that anymore."

"Perhaps we could go back to Stone School and learn to be something else," suggested the smallest stone.

"Something else!" exclaimed the largest stone. "No way."

"But we've been creek stones for thousands of years," protested the second largest stone. "We don't know how to be something else."

"Perhaps it's not too late to learn something new."



The Three Stones (cont'd)

The two larger stones considered the smallest stone's idea. They talked long into the night and into the next day. They argued back and forth. Should they take a chance?

Finally they agreed. They knew their best attributes were their brilliant colors and smoothness. They decided that whatever they became, they wanted to remain together.

That fall the three stones returned to Stone School. They studied very hard and spent hours in the library checking out possibilities. In spring, when they graduated, they were ready to return to the world.

The three stones decided not to take a chance on Mother Nature again. Instead they moved into an indoor goldfish pond at a children's hospital. From then on, they always had plenty of company. Their beautiful colors and smoothness brought pleasure to many young people.



1. What lesson did the three stones learn?

- ___ Don't trust Mother Nature.
- ___ Even stones have feelings.
- ___ It's never too late to learn something new.

2. Underline the cause and circle the effect in this sentence.

The creek dried up because of the long, dry spell.

3. Suggest two other "careers" the three stones might have chosen.

4. What is meant by the words, "The three stones decided not to take a chance on Mother Nature again."

5. Complete the cluster with words from the story that describe the water in the stream before it dried up.

