

First 100 Fry Word story: Words 1-100



A Bus Trip to the River

“Get on the bus to make this trip,” said my mother. “A bus is a good way to get from here to there. We can go by the water on the bus.”

“Which way is the water?” I said to her. We were on a trip to the river. “This is a good day to go to into the river water. I will get in and not want to get out of the water.”



“Oh, it is not far from here to there,” said my mother.

The two of us got on. There was an old man on the back seat with something at his feet. My mother said to sit down by him.

“Hello, Mr. Brown,” said my mother. She sat down by him. “It has been some time. You and I used to be good friends.”



“Yes,” Mr. Brown said. “This is my cat. He is an angry cat. Now is the time to go down for his check-up. We have a long way to go on the bus.”

“How long are you going to be here?” I said.

“It will take a long time. It could take all day long,” he said.

“You used to have a fat, black cat,” said Mother.

“This cat is not as big as the first. He is cat number two for me,” said Mr. Brown. “I like him more than the other one.”

NEW PEOPLE

More people got on the bus. And then many more. There was no room for some people. Two of them had a dog. One had two cats.



“Who is that? The people with the dog!

They let people with one or two dogs on the bus here in Memphis? I will have to look up these bus laws,” said my mother.



“That dog is big,” I said. “Do you like dogs, Mother?”

“Some dogs. If they are good,” she said. “I would not like to have one.”

At first the dog sat in its place. It was a good dog. Not for long.



Then we had their dog in the back of the bus with us! He jumped up in the air and on Mother.

“No way!” she said. “Come and get it! Some people may like this dog, but not me!”

“Where is my dog? I cannot find him? Oh, so there you are,” said one of the people with the dog.

“Here!” said Mother. She was angry. “How did they get on the bus with that dog?” she said to me. “I may have words with the people about their dog!”



Sorry, Mother

“Be good!” the man said to the dog. “Now and then he gets away.” He said that to my mother.

“He has it now, Mother,” I said. But she was so angry at that man with the dog.

“What can I do?” said Mr. Brown.

The dog man called me over, “Tell your mother I am sorry -- and so is my dog.”

It was no use. She was too angry.

The dog man made his way out of the bus.

“Let’s get off the bus too. We are here,” said Mother to me.

Part of me was sad to go. I liked Mr. Brown.

“Could you go with us, Mr. Brown?” I said. “Can he come with us, Mother?”

“I do not think he has time,” said Mother.

“Not now. Give me your number,” Mr. Brown said. “Write your number down and I will call you.”



“Each of us will write it down,” said Mother.



“When I call, you and I will go with your mother to the water,” said Mr. Brown.

“Look there! I can see the river. I can see the water from the bus,” I said. “Can you see it?”

The end



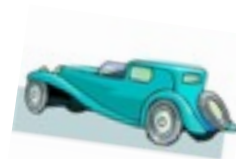
Second 100 Fry Word Story:101-200

Two Houses

My uncle has a new house, and he wanted to show us around it.

I like my uncle. He is my father's brother, so my last name is the same as his.

"This must be it. I think I see my uncle's car in front of a house," I said to my father. "Turn here! Turn in here!"



My uncle's house is far away, but he does not live on a farm. No one in my family lives on a farm because no one likes to farm the land. So we all live in Memphis, which is a city in America.



My uncle has a large old house. It was such a big house for one man. Now he has a new small house also.

After a trip to my uncle's new house my mother, father, sister, brother and I came home.

"I think we need that large house," said my mother. "Your work is near here."

"We need to move," said my father. "It is a good thing to live and play near your work. I should do that."

"We should have left our house long ago. What do you say?"

“I say I will ask my brother to think about selling his great big house,” said Father.

My Uncle Says Yes



“We will take a little, give a little because we want that large house.” my father said when he asked my uncle about the house.

My father is a good man. My uncle is too. He wants my father to have the large house.

The following day we had a new home. My uncle’s answer was yes. We can have his large house! He tells us to come on over. We don’t have much time to pack. We will move into my uncle’s old house soon.



“We need some men to move us,” said my father. “Men move families all the time. I will find some.”

My New House

My great new house is over the river. My house is just off the road by the water. The air is sweet and fresh around here.

The only bad thing is that my new house is a long way from my old school. I will not have the same school. I will not have the same friends. I hope my old school friends will read my letters after I move. I will miss my school friends.

My Room



I went in my new house.

It is different from my old house. Now I get to live and play in my own room.

My brother and I both have different rooms that are big. That's very good. My sister has a small room. That's not very good to her.

You should come on in and see my new place. I still think you should come and see my new house on Monday. But any old time you get here will be fine. How does that sound?

First I need to set it up the way I want. I try to put up pictures and things. I try and try again. Why is this so hard to do?

Mother helps a little.

"It's your place now. Just think before you do something you won't like," said Mother. "Here is your school prize. Put it up on the wall so we can all see it. And hang that picture any way you can."



Now I know why we moved. It was kind of great to fix up a place for a boy. My new place looked just the same as the picture in a book I read.

Lots of Boxes

The move to the new house was hard work. Even the moving men asked for help picking up all the boxes!



"He wants me to spell him," said my father. "But we will all sit down a spell at the end of the move. "

Our new house was such a mess. My family had all our things in boxes. Boxes were all around. My books, toy animals and other toys are in this box. My clothes are in that box. Pages and pages of pictures about animals in another box over there. We even moved three boxes of our things into the bathroom!



My brother went out and pushed through the door with another box.

“Back off! You are too close to me with that box,” said Father.

“I don’t feel well. I think should read a book. I think I have a cold,” said my brother. He sat down.

“Oh, no!” said Father. “Do not land there! Get up and work!”

My brother went to get another box.

Our best things are in one or two big boxes. We must work around the clock to move into our new house.



“We need more people on our team,” said my brother.

“Little did I know that moving is very little fun and a lot of work.

“Moving here was a good call,” I said.

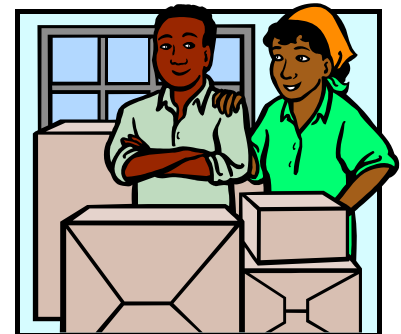
“I work too much. I need a rest,” said my big brother.

“I want to play and not do my work.”

“Mother means it when she says to get to work,” said my sister.

“How can I get around that?” he said. “Right now I just want to sleep.”

Moving was too much for my brother.



Pictures and a Phone



We moved into this new, big house.

It is such a big house for my family even with a little boy like me. To tell the truth it is a lot of work.

Mother and Father said the point of all this work was to move in soon.

“Where does this box go?” I asked my mother.

“Put it there,” she said. “And over there.”

“I need help with all this,” said my big brother. He looked into a box.

“Here is an old picture of me.”

I found another old picture in a box. There was a long line across the box. “Where did that come from?” I said.

“My school picture is in that box!” said my sister.

“Give it back or I will tell Mother!”

“That is such a sweet picture -- hand it over here, please,” said Mother. “I will put it up on the wall. H-m-m. It looks kind of nice there. All our family pictures I found, big and small, will go here.”

“Where are you? Come and help me out,” said my sister. “Look at me. Yuk! Where are my clothes? Point me to them.”

“Go change your clothes and put on new ones,” said Father.

“But we need more work from you!”

“Where are you? I can’t see you behind all the boxes,” I said.

“What’s this sound? I hear a sound,” said Father. “Will someone answer the phone?”



“I have to find it first,” said my sister.



We could not find anything at first. I looked and looked for my book, and found it under a box.

I did not think this move would come to an end. I thought the world would end first!

It was a lot of work to move. But in the end the move was a good thing. It turned out well for us. Even the dog liked our new house.

At last we were in our new home sweet home. I learned this: I would not move again for the world.

The End



The third 100 level Fry Word Story: 201-300

A Trip to the Country

The great idea

My mother had a great idea.

“I have had enough of this big city,” she said. “I want to see my sister. I want a long trip.”

“Take me along with you, please!” I asked my mother.

My father was standing near the car with a group of friends when my mother said she wanted to see her sister in the country.

Father did not want to go.

“Give me reasons why you do not want to go: state your case,” Mother said.

“Add it up and you will see we do not have enough time to go,” Father said. “Our child, Anthony, must be back to school on time. School is very important. Also, it is my life and I don’t want to waste it in the country.”

But he said he would think about it.

“You might be right, I don’t know,” said Mother. My young face showed I was not happy.

“Keep it up, Anthony, and we will not go,” said my father. “Oh, come on in and watch the game on TV with me.”

“Hey, I am on your side,” said Mother to me.

“Between the two of us we can talk him into it.”

My aunt called on the very last school day and talked with my mother and father.

“Children in school must know how food grows,” she said.

“Young people do not know enough about growing food,” said Mother. “A farmer works around plants and flowers and young people should know about that. A farmer is a very important person.”

“I grow almost enough food here to feed Memphis,” added my aunt.





“Hm-m. It is important for children to learn about food.” My father began to think it over.

“We could take the car and drive to a different land, to the country,” said my mother.

My father gave in. But he said we would have to go soon before my school began again.

We were going to the country, to my aunt’s place. It seemed too good to be true!



My trip in the car

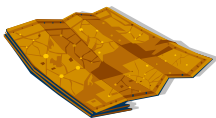
My family went on a trip in the car. I want to tell you a story about it.

We went on a trip to see cows and pigs in the country. It was a long trip.

The sun had just come up when we got up to go. The sun was in father’s eyes most of the trip.

“We will have to eat enough food now to last until afternoon,” said Mother.

Then we were out of the big city. We were in the country. You could hear every sound it was so quiet out there.



“Can I read this paper map to you?” said my mother to my father. “Keep on this road until the end then turn.”

We drove almost four miles before we saw my aunt’s land. Being in the country, in a different land, began to grow on me. I liked it.



We could not see many houses or the river, and we could not hear the sea from here. The land had tall mountains around it, and we looked up to see white clouds in the sky. There was only blue sky above the clouds.

As we drove along the road we began to see more cows along the way.

Then I saw pigs, cows, chickens, dogs, cats and lots of plants. Wow! A cow was near the car. It was my aunt’s farm at last.



All About Food



I thought I knew all about food.

No way.

Lots of plants grow on my aunt's land. When my father saw all that food growing his eyes grew big.

Almost all of the plants on the land are good to eat.

Take potatoes, for example.

"Did you know potatoes grow under the earth, Anthony?" said my aunt.

"And potatoes have eyes."

In my head I saw potatoes with eyes under the earth – what could they see there?

"The eyes are roots," my aunt went on to say.

I know roots are in the earth.

"Farmers plant plants like corn and potatoes,

but they also plant trees," she said. "I plant apple trees over there by the house. Apples fall under the tree for me to eat."



In the beginning we got to look around the farm. My aunt said plants have places they like to grow.

"Plant some plants over there by the house and growing will never happen," she said.

A few good men are needed to farm this land. "Plants must be watched and worked. You must do it often or the plants will not grow."

I want to go see the animals, but while my aunt talked to the men on her farm I asked my father to take me.

"That's okay," said my aunt to me. "But it is really important not to go into that field over there."



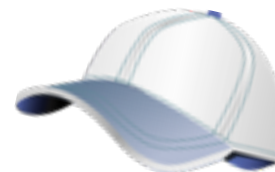
We Meet an Angry Cow

Oh no! My hat is not on my head!

"I left it here, so where could it be now?" I asked my father.

"There it is, Anthony!" he said. He went to the gate to get my hat.

"Don't open the gate to the field!" I said, following after him.



“That gate was hard to open,” said my father. “There is your hat. And there is a cow. No, two cows.”



I know we must always be kind to animals. But that one cow looked angry.

My father walked far into the field with me to get my hat. I walked up near the cow. So far so good, I thought.

We hear a sound now and it does not sound like a happy sound.

The other cow began to look very angry!

“Anthony! You stop right there and do not take another step,” Father said to me.

The other cow made an angry sound. A second later my father and I ran as fast as we could to a gate.

“Run and close the gate,” said my father.

I had to open the gate to let my father out. He got out of the field really fast, but it seemed like he had to run for miles. I had to hold that gate open a long time.

“Close that gate! Close it,” my father said.

The cows were very angry. We were not near my aunt’s house and now we cannot get back!



Not Back Home

My father and I were not back at my aunt’s house. We were not near it at all.

“I cut myself on the gate,” I said. “I cannot walk back.”

My father looked at the cut. “Anthony, you have to walk because you are too big for me to carry.”

“We could walk for four miles and still see farm land, not the house,” I said.

“We did walk two miles in the field and we were still on your aunt’s farm,” said my father.

I did walk a long time and my feet hurt. We sat down.

Clouds are up high in the air. “Sometimes I think I could lay here and watch the clouds in the sky all the



time,”

said my father.



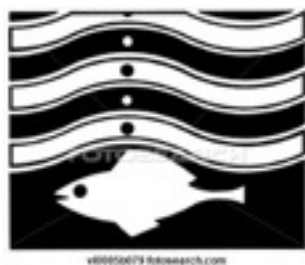
Soon the sun went down. It was night. We were a long way from the house and without a car.

"I will start a fire to keep you warm," said Father.

"Start the fire and you will get warm too," I said.

We could hear every sound that night.

The last sound I thought I would ever hear was my own father singing a song. It was not a great song. It was silly. It was about fish and went something like, "Below the water you will find fish and fish eggs."



Not great.

But something good came out of it. My father knows a silly song-- and I will know it too.

"Next time you will know I can tell a story," said my father. "Once upon a time a child and a father wanted to go on a trip."

"I know the end of this story," I said. "There is an angry cow in it."

"Two angry cows," he said.

The last thing I heard was my father and that silly song about fish and fish eggs below the water.



My Mother and My Aunt

My father hears a car and gets me up.

"Look at this," said my aunt. "You two are a mess."

"We saw a fire," said my mother. "Are you okay?"

"From now on we will look at a book and see pictures of farms," said my father.

"Oh, you talk too much sometimes," said my mother. She was very happy to see my father and me.

"This little girl is on the move," said my aunt. "Get into the car. I know you want to eat."

"I want to eat potatoes," I said. "With no eyes!"

"I want to eat something soon," said my father.

My aunt did not say a word about the angry cows.





No one did.

It's great to see my aunt and run around on her farm. I know the early Indians in America lived all around here.

My aunt's land is on my list of places to visit more often. Other people who do not visit a farm don't know what they are missing.

Farms grow food, have angry cows, land to make a fire -- and most farms do not have my father's song about fish below the water!

It is time to leave for home too soon.

"I will miss you and I will miss this place," I said to my aunt.

The End



The fourth 100 level story: Words 301-400

My School Day



Something

good,

something bad

I did not want to go back to school. The clouds were black, and so was the way I was feeling.

“There are always new things and new people at school, Shante,” said my mother. “You will like it.”

“Any good plan for the future must have school in it,” said my father. “Take notice of people in high places – the president, the principal, your teacher. They went to school. If you want more money later you must go to school now.”



“I like to run the fields and play,” I said. I was sad. “I like to fish. You can fish for fish in the river and have them for food.”

“You cannot eat fish all the time,” my mother said.

“Like now, Shante,” said my father. “Walk in that black door and get some fries.”



So I did. I got some fries at the place we go to all the time. This time, however, someone got my order of fries mixed up with a new boy's. We had to make it right between the two of us as we walked out.

“Look out!” the boy said. “You will trip and fall on the ground!”

Too late. I fell and my fries were ground into pieces. I was sad.

“Here,” said the boy and reached out his fries to



me.

“I live south of town,” I said. “But I go to Caldwell-Guthrie Elementary.”

“I live north, far away in a unit of a certain black house there,” the new boy said. “I will go to school there too!”



“We have the best student body of any school. My friends are there,” I said. “Ever since I grew into a girl I have gone to school there. My name is Shante.”

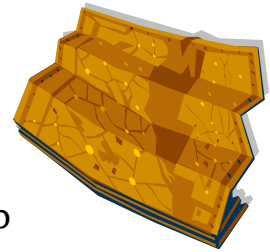
“I am Kevin. I want to travel to far places when I am a man. What do you want to do? Tell me about school?”

Kevin didn't know anyone at our school so I told him about all my school friends. Then I said, “Our school colors are black and white. We are called the Scribes.”

“I feel better now that you are my friend,” Kevin said.

“Come and see me,” I said. “I will draw you a map to get to my house. You will read this map and find my house on it.”

“Draw it up on a map?” he said. “I can look it up on my phone.”



“Shante, get in the car,” said my father. “Listen to that wind in the trees – it may rain soon. We should go.”

It did rain. The wind blew so hard it seemed to rock the house. Outside a man covered himself up and walked fast.

I had no fries, I knew it would be time for



school soon, but I had a new school friend.

Bad things, one good thing.



The First Day of School

The bright sun came into my room. Birds fly across the sky. White clouds are in the sky. It is a good day.



It is best to fish when the sun comes up in the morning, I thought. I must get up.

But today is the day school begins, I thought. So early in the morning I got up to go to school, not to fish. I was not happy. I am too busy fishing and playing to read or do math.

“Sit at the table,” said my mother. “Please pass me some apples.”



I passed my mother some food.

“Here, you can have an apple before school.”

I usually like apples, but not this time. I knew my mother and father were going to ship me off to school. My sister eats fast today – I saw her eat a whole piece of pie!

My mother knew I did not want to go back to school. She asked why. She asked me why again.

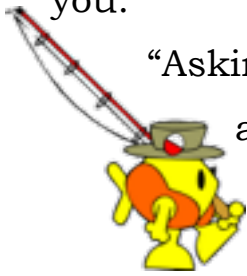
“Shante, why are you fooling around? Just answer the question,” said my father.

“I told you things were not very good at school,” I said. “During the school day we do number problems and read books. I do not want to read



stories, do math, or figure out the short vowel sounds!”

“Listen to me,” said my father. “This work is not too hard for you.”



“Asking questions and hearing the answers gives you the tried and true way to do well in school, Shante,” said my mother.

“I am too busy fishing. I want to fish.”

“Fish for answers, not fish,” said my father.

My mother gave me her phone. “Read this fast and tell me what it says.”

“See you at school,” I read. “It is from Kevin!”

“Remember the words of your mother, and be good,” said my father. “I will give you a ride to school on my way to work.”

Since I knew I had to go I figured to make the best of it.



School is Different

My school is on the north side of town; I live north of school. South of us is the river. My father and I got to school too soon for me.

The area around school was clean and new. This whole area looked different to me. The school has a new big door.

“Are you sure this is your school?” said my father. I opened the car door slowly and we got out.

Inside the school the whole area looked the same. It was too cold to sit down in our school. A little girl cried for her mother. There were too



many low tables. I heard a dog outside and I knew that dog was angry.

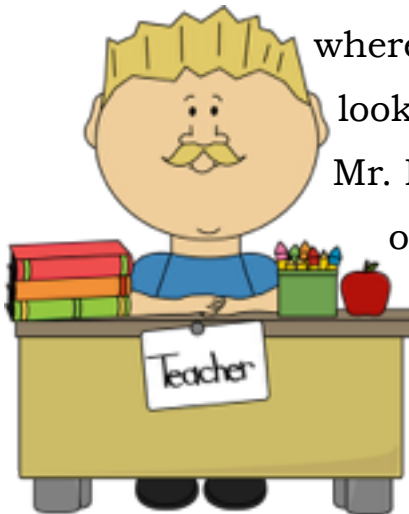
One thing looks different: there is lots of space in my school now.



“Your teacher is Mr. Blue. He is new.” A teacher told us to step five steps toward a red door to my classroom. A red door? We reached my classroom door and looked in. Inside I saw my teacher. His hair was the color of the sun. He sat on top of several books and looked happy.

“Come in! Come in! You must be Shante,” he said. “What a great day!”

I saw several black, red, green and blue books on a table where Kevin and two of my friends sat working. They looked happy and busy.



Mr. Blue saw me look at my friends. “A table is made of wood and takes up a certain area of space. We need to figure how to get more space in this room. Your friends are going to measure the area of the tables



and see how much hard work we have to do to get more space.”

I was not happy. “What I know about wood is to set it on fire and use the fire to have fish to eat.”

“Do not make this day go south,” my father said to me.

“Oh-h, you do not like school,” Mr. Blue said to me.

“But against all the odds you will like this school soon.”



A girl I did not know asked Mr. Blue a question about how to measure the table where she was sitting.

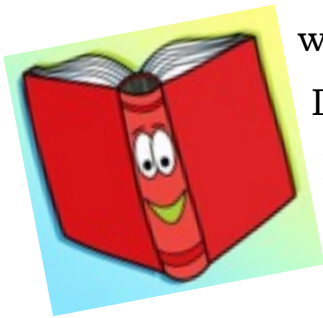
“In feet,” he said. “Feet is a unit of measure or it can be what you walk on.”



I looked down at my feet. I had not thought about my feet and a unit of measure at the same time before.



“See that pattern of numbers over that table over there?” Mr. Blue said to me. “Find one you think goes with the one on this paper. Write the numeral of the pattern on this paper. Then put your answer upon my brown table there.” To another new girl he said, “Go figure the number of books we will want for this number of children.”



Did that red book over there have eyes?

Does that pencil over there have eyes?

What did I see? My friends were too busy to ask as I walked by their table slowly.



“Children become good students here. They like school. So will Shante,” said Mr. Blue to my father. “We do good work at this school and produce a good product.”



“You are young,” said my father to Mr. Blue.

“Not so very young,” said Mr. Blue. “In my life I have produced more than 500 products – all good students.”

“Good products are what you make when you work hard,” said Father.

The Sound of Music


I saw the pattern of numbers right away. “This



first problem was easy for me,” I said.

“Hm-m. I will have to find a problem for you that is not so easy,” said Mr. Blue. “Sit with these children and do another math problem.”

I sat down next to Kevin.

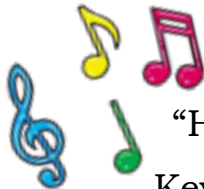
 Mr. Blue passed out papers. “Mark your papers with your name at the top then you can mark your paper with the right answers. I will give you very little time. Get ready, get set—go!”

We had to complete the problem in three seconds! And I did! I was king of the school!

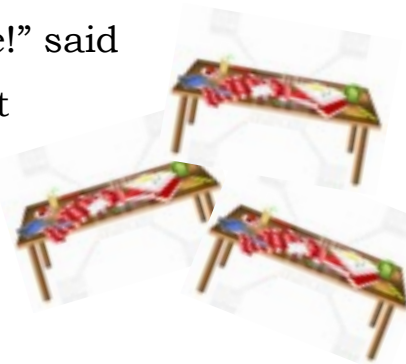
It was quiet until from across the school came a sound. A short time later the sound grew loud then louder and louder until it was very loud. Hundreds of people could have heard it.



It was also very different. The tables began to rock from the sound.



“Hold on to that end of the table for me!” said Kevin. I pulled on the table and pulled it five feet toward me. Then Kevin pulled it five feet toward him. The table would not be still. Our feet would not be still!



I figured out the music room in my school was next door to my class. You can stand in my room and hear it all over the place.

What happened next happened in waves of sound. The music played down low then way up high. Someone



began to sing.

“Our teacher has a good singing voice,” I said to Kevin.

“We will sing with this music,” said Mr. Blue. “During wars men sing songs to help them fight. But we will use this music to learn.”



We made up a song to learn about units of measure like feet and inches. We made up another song to learn short vowel sounds. I heard the music in my head for the whole day.

Then the music came to a stop. The music teacher came in the door. She was new at my school -- and who knows where she came from.

“I am sorry the music was loud,” she said. “It will not happen again.”

“We liked the music,” Mr. Blue said.

“However you like it, we can play it!” said the music teacher. “My fish can play and sing too.”



The first school day was the best time ever! School came to an end hours ago and I will be happy to go back!



The End (I hope not!)

The Fifth 100 Fry Word STORY: words 401-500



A Good Book

English vs. math

My older brother came into my room. “May I see that book?” he asked.

“I will be done with this book in a minute,” I said. “It is for my English class.”

“English is my best subject in school. Can I help?” he said.

“I think the English language is hard to learn,” I said. “Maybe it’s because I am only ten years old. ‘



My brother agreed. “That may be true, but I think it’s because many words sound the same but mean different things,” he said. “Like **‘feat’** and **‘feet’**.”

“Let me explain. “**Feat** is a hard job you were able to do. You find your **feet** at the end of your legs, ” my brother said. He sat down and pulled his feet in the air to show me his new pair of shoes.

When did he get those, I wondered?

“Or this: Farmers **produce produce** to put in a grocery store.”



“This is a game to you, right?” I asked, trying to sound like a person who knows a lot.

“No. It’s not a game. It is important stuff. Let me explain. The best course you can take is to study hard when you are inside the school building and pay attention to your reading material,” he said. “On the surface, it looks hard. But if you pay attention when you are in the class room, it won’t be so hard.”

“Let me make it clear. I do work hard. I got many correct answers on my last English test which was week before last. In fact, I could not wait to get home to show Mother the note from my teacher. But when I got here, Mother had already gotten a phone call from my teacher telling her how well I did on my test.”

“You did a fine job then!” my brother said. “Did your teacher let you check the answers?”



“She did,” I said. “I did well on that test, but I did not do so well on the part where I was asked to find nouns and verbs. Sometimes I cannot tell the difference even though I think I should know the difference.”

“Oh you will get it,” my brother said. “How about math?”

“I feel happy about math, except for math equations. I think they are hard,” I said. “Are you to understand equations?”

“I have a system,” he said. “On the surface, they look hard, but they are easier to understand than you might think.”

And then he decided we had talked enough about school work.

“Let’s go outside!” he shouted. He ran outside where his circle of friends was waiting to play ball. Not a minute went by before I became restless. I looked quickly both ways. After a bus went by, I ran across the street to join them.



“I am glad you came to play with the rest of us,” my brother said.

I did not know the object of the game, but I knew that I could learn how to play quickly. I was glad that my brother had spent so much time with me. He has shown me that if I work hard I can be a good student in English and Math. I feel happy that he is so smart and cares about how well I do in school.

The Tree's Story and an Adventure



I was walking carefully across the way because there were a lot of big rocks in front of me. Finally, we got there and I came to a halt. My brother stopped right behind me. We stood there for a few minutes.

“See that tree over there?” I said. “I brought you here to see this tree.”

He gave me a funny look and said, “Why? A tree is a common thing to see.”

“This tree is not a common thing to see. How old do you think this tree is?” I asked.

“A million years old,” he said quickly.

“No, it’s less than that,” I said. But scientists say that it is thousands of years old.”

“It was probably planted here by Indians long ago,” my ten-year old brother said.

That was not a fact. I knew it, but did not say a word.

“If it is that old, what shape can it be in?” he said at last.

“I think it is in very good shape. Look at its roots at the base of the tree. See how deep they go into the ground. “

“I cannot really tell how deep they go but I can see it is very tall. How tall do you think it is?” he asked.

“I think this one is about fifty feet high,” I tell him.



“Wow!” he said.

A few minutes later, two squirrels ran down the tree. I wanted them to sit among us but they were too busy with each other to sit anywhere



“What size do you think its trunk is all way around?” I asked.

“Too big for us to put our arms around,” he said.

“Yes, I know,” I said and smiled.

“Tell me what you else you notice about the tree,” I said.

He looked and looked. Minutes seemed to go by. “Its leaves move in the wind,” he said.



“Yes. But though the fact is that though the wind is a strong force, it only moves the branches and leaves but not the base.”

He stood right there for a few minutes more before he said,

“I’ll bet it is home to a lot of birds.” Just then three birds that were flying high disappeared into leaves of the tree.”



Suddenly one of the birds flew down just inches from my head and then flew away quickly.

“I think that bird put her egg on my head,” my brother said. He thought it was funny

“Oh no, she did not! “I thought it was funny too.

“Maybe not,” he said. “But I think that bird wants us to stay away from here.”

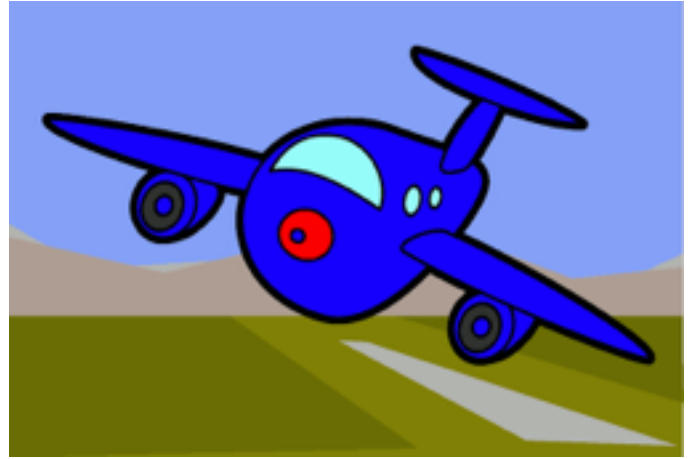
Though I wanted to stay longer, it was getting late and I thought we should get back before the stars came out. I am a brave girl but I would not want to find my way home in the dark of the night.

Exploring

My friend Max and I wanted to go exploring.

“Where should we explore?” I asked.

I heard a loud noise and looked up to see a plane. I think it was going to land at the nearby airport.



“I wish we could get on that plane and explore an island far away,” I said.



“Well, we can’t do that, Eva, but I do know some place we can explore. Let’s explore that island in the ocean over there!” Max shouted.

On the sand was a boat, just big enough for both of us.

“Max, do you think our government would be mad if they find out we are exploring that island?” I asked.

“I don’t think our government cares about that island, Eva,” Max said. “But there may be an island government. What do you think?”

“Let’s go find out!” I said.

“What do you think we will need to take in the boat with us?” I asked.




“Bread and water,” he said.

“Bread and water? I can’t go exploring with just bread and water.”

“Well, let’s go home and fill a big box with what you want to eat and drink and bring it back to the boat.

“I think we may need a strong man to carry all we’ll need to take with us,” I said.

 “Why?” Max asked. “What are you going to bring?”
“I can’t go anywhere without my computer,” I said.
“Your computer! Do you really think there is going to be a power outlet on that island?”

“Hmmm...you have a point,” I said.

“Okay. Let’s go get something to eat and drink. We may need some things to go exploring.”

We ran home quickly, but I could not find a box big enough to contain all that I thought we would need. Then I saw a large box on the top of the cabinet. We moved our heavy table over to the cabinet and I climbed on to the table. I could just reach the box. We begin to fill it with things we thought we would need. First we heated up some hot cocoa just in case we got wet and cold. If the ocean waves came into the boat that hot cocoa would be so good. Then we added two cups.

“Let’s take some chips,” Max said.

“But there’s nothing here,” I said.

So I fixed us some food, grabbed some produce (not carrots, Max said) and put them all in

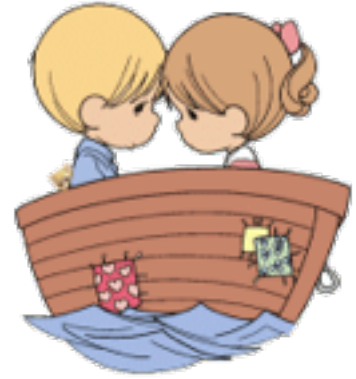


the box. Then we got a bottle and filled it full of water.

“Let’s get this box on the boat,” said Max. “Come with me.”

“Just a minute,” I said, and ran into my room. I grabbed my stuffed animal off my bed. It is a lion with a green face. “I have to take him with me in case we are gone all night,” I said.

We ran out the door. By the time we got back to the boat, the day had become warm. We pushed the boat into the ocean’s waves and checked to make sure it was not going to let in water. Good news! The boat was dry.



We pushed off.

“Maybe we can make a map when we get to the island, Max,” I said.

“Yes! We will include our names on the map so that everyone will know we explored the island.”



It was hard to row against the ocean waves. We rowed and rowed. Then we rowed some more.

“I wish we had a machine that would row this boat for us,” I said.

“Eva, we aren’t going anywhere. Look. We are only about ten feet from land.”



Max was right. No matter how hard we pulled, we could not get the boat over the ocean waves.

“Whew! I am very tired, Max.”

“I am too, Eva.”

“I cannot do this, Max.”



“I know, let us explore the shore.”

“That’s great, Max.”

So we let the waves take the boat back to the shore. We put our food on a rock to eat. We were hungry, so it was a good time to eat.

“You were not happy to explore the island, were you, Eva?”
Max said.

“Not really, “I said.

“And still you came,” Max said.

“It’s fact,” I said.

“Where do you want to go exploring, Eva?” Max asked.

The End