

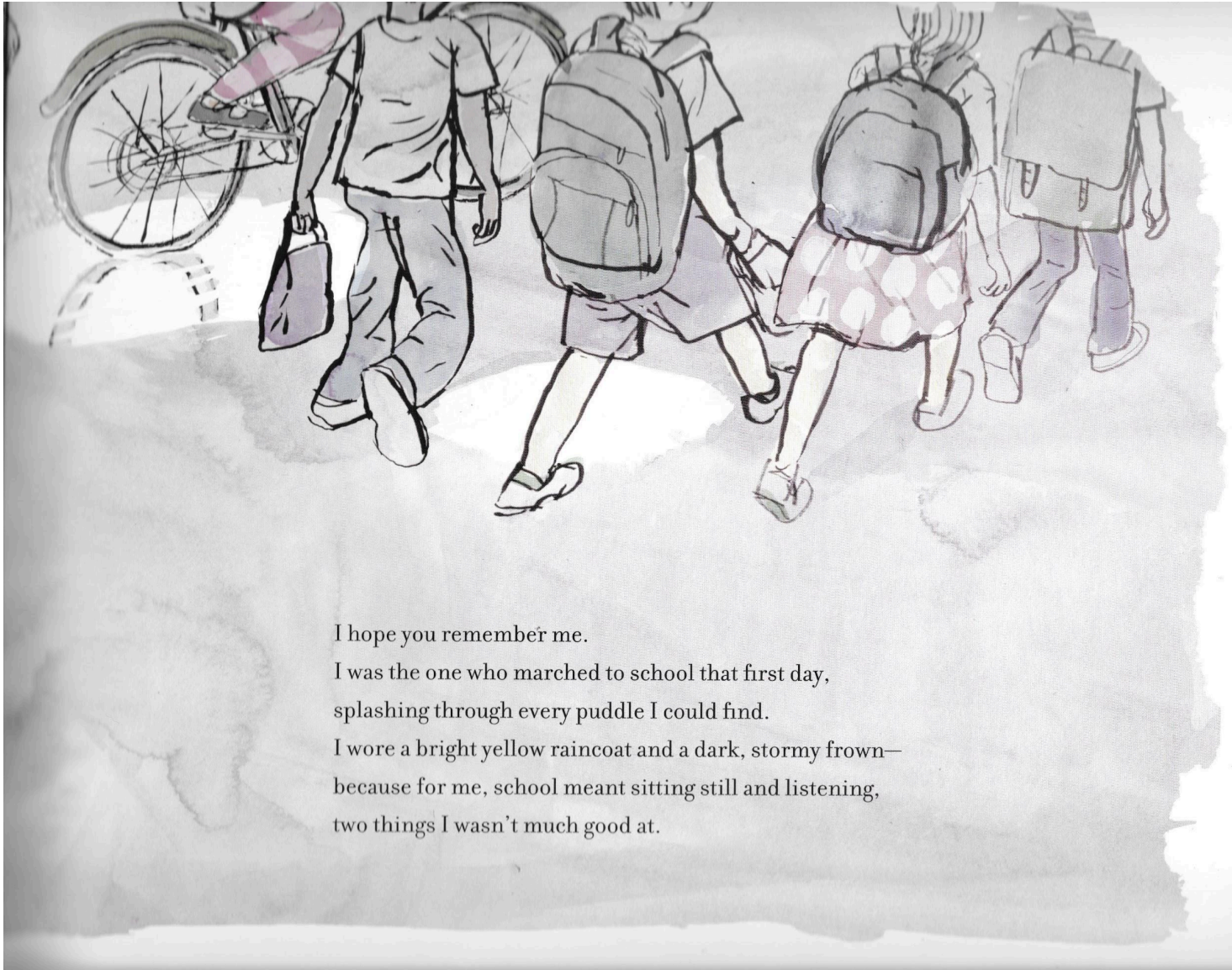
Development of Events - Packet A



Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet A



I hope you remember me.
I was the one who marched to school that first day,
splashing through every puddle I could find.
I wore a bright yellow raincoat and a dark, stormy frown—
because for me, school meant sitting still and listening,
two things I wasn't much good at.

Writing U1 W3 D2

Development of Events - Packet B



Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet B

I stood there ornery and dripping,
just sure I'd get in trouble.
But instead you grinned at me.
"Good morning! Look at you,
standing there like Mary Kingsley
just back from canoeing up the Ogooué River."

"Who?" I said. "Where?"
"Mary Kingsley, the fearless explorer," you explained.
"Someday we'll read about her—and crocodiles.
Now get the mop."
Crocodiles!

Development of Events - Packet C

After taking attendance, you made a big announcement:

“Welcome! This year we’ll be planting the first-ever
Second-Grade Garden.

It will be our great experiment.”

“Yay! We get to dig in the mud!” I shouted.

“True, but first we read about plants,” you said.

“We’ll use math to measure our plot,
and we’ll write our garden plan.”

Reading? Math? Writing?

I was better at running and jumping.



Writing U1 W3 D2

Development of Events - Packet C



Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet D



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Development of Events - Packet D

When you weren't watching, I started to hop the rocks.
Right in the middle I got stuck.
"Look at me! I'm Mary What's-Her-Name," I hollered,
trying to sound brave.
"Watch out for crocodiles," you called back.
Then you rushed to rescue me.



On the way back, you held my hand,
and never told anyone how much I was shaking.

Writing U1 W3 D2

Development of Events - Packet E



All fall, I tried hard to sit still.
Right before Thanksgiving vacation,
you asked who wanted to take the Mouse Brothers home.
“Me! Pick me!” I shouted.

Writing U1 W3 D2

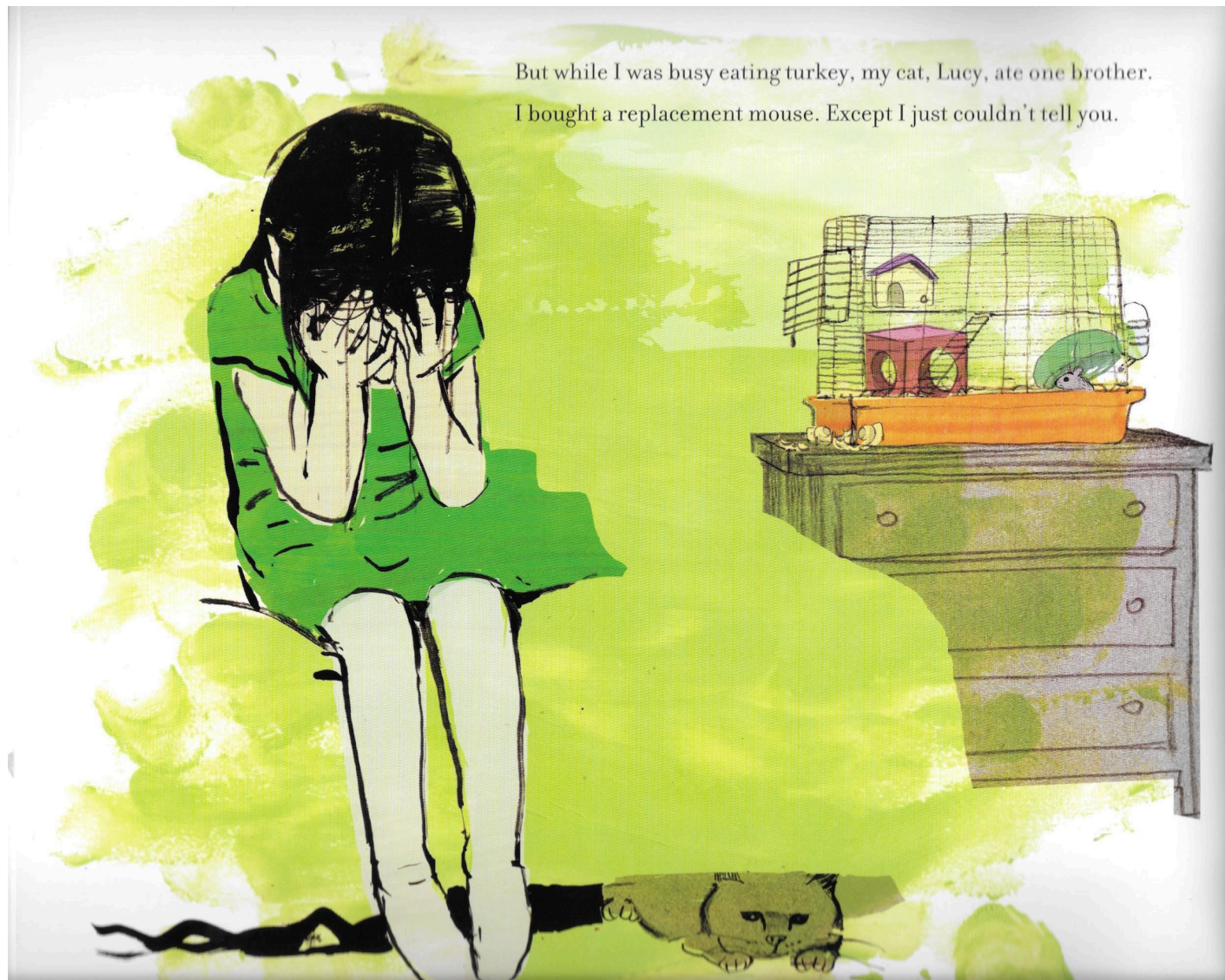
Development of Events - Packet E



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Development of Events - Packet E



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Development of Events - Packet E

One day when we were cleaning their cage,
you called me over to your desk and told me that
we might have to change the brothers' names
to Ma and Pa Mouse.

"You knew the whole time," I said.

Laughing, you said, "Might as well get used to it:
teachers see everything."



Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet F

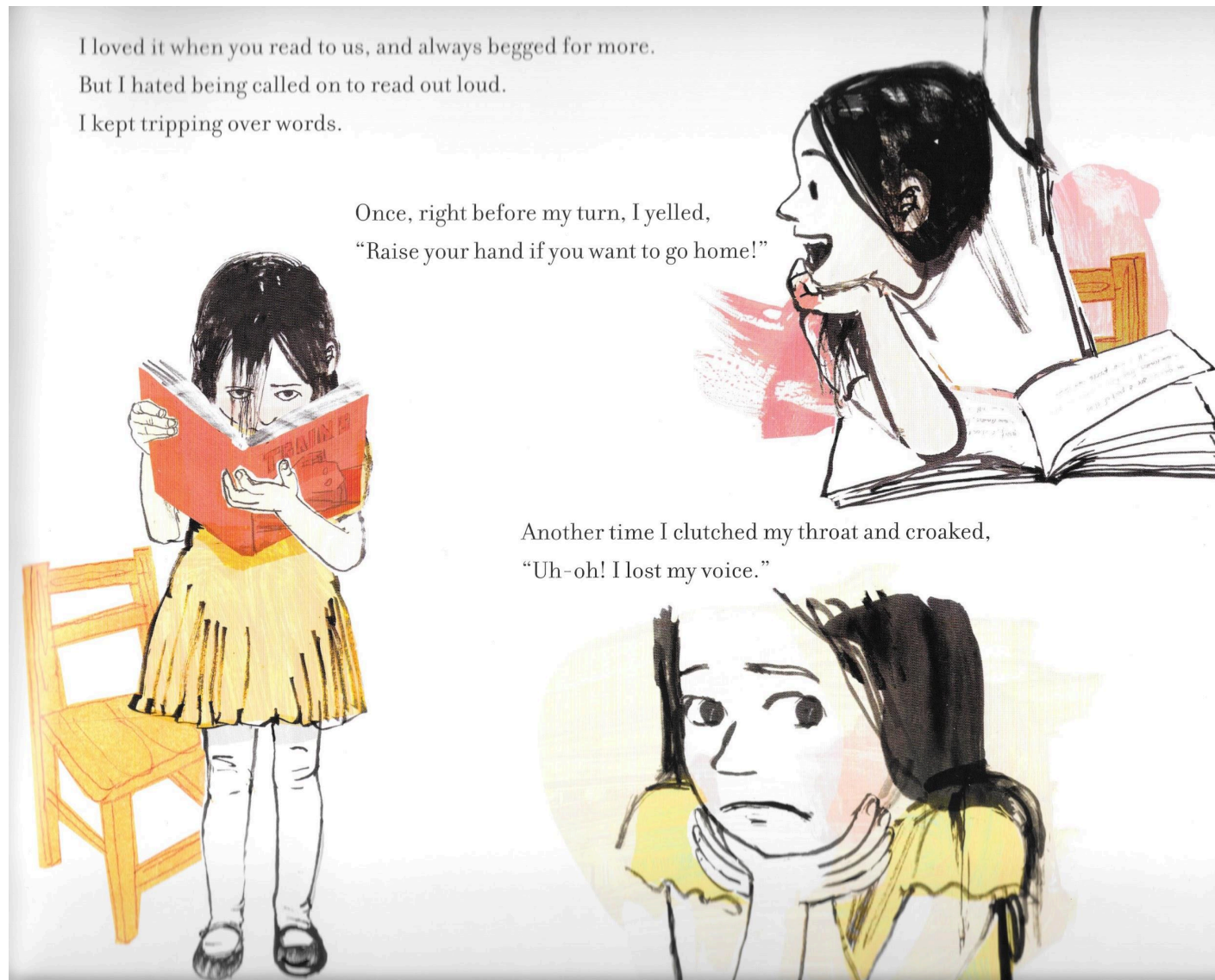


When winter came,
the reading corner became our secret garden of stories.
On Friday afternoons, we all curled up in a heap to listen—
just like our new litter of mice.

Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet F



Writing U1 W3 D2

Development of Events - Packet F



Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet F



Nothing fooled you, though.
You called me to your desk and asked,
“When we make our garden,
do you think the seeds will grow right away?”
“No!” I said. “Everyone knows they need time and sun and water.”
“Well, learning to read takes time, too,” you said.
“Now, I think you have a cat.”
I nodded. “Lucy, the one who likes mice.”
“I’d like you to read to Lucy every day,” you suggested.
“It might keep her out of trouble.”
I giggled. “Maybe I’ll read her *Puss in Boots*!”

Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet F

I practiced hard and you gave me extra help, too.
One day you brought me a special book.
“I met a real author and he autographed it
just for you,” you said.
I looked at the cover and sounded out the words.
“Wow! It’s about her! That explorer, Mary Kingsley.”
You smiled. “Next week, you can share it with the class.”



Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet G

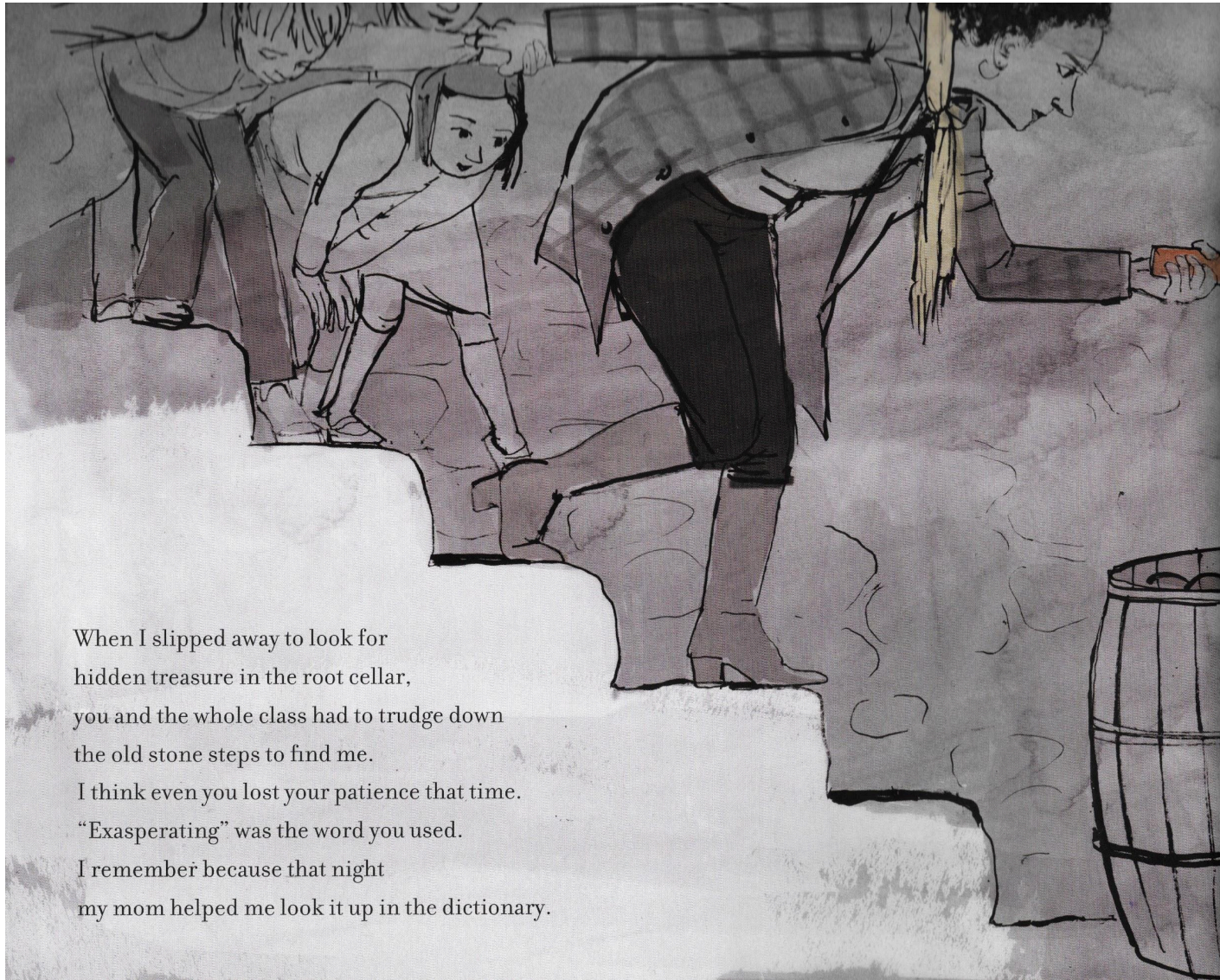


In March we explored our town.
We went on a field trip to an old house.
It was full of history—and secret stairways.

Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet G



When I slipped away to look for
hidden treasure in the root cellar,
you and the whole class had to trudge down
the old stone steps to find me.
I think even you lost your patience that time.
“Exasperating” was the word you used.
I remember because that night
my mom helped me look it up in the dictionary.

Writing U1 W3 D2

Development of Events - Packet G



Writing U1 W3 D2

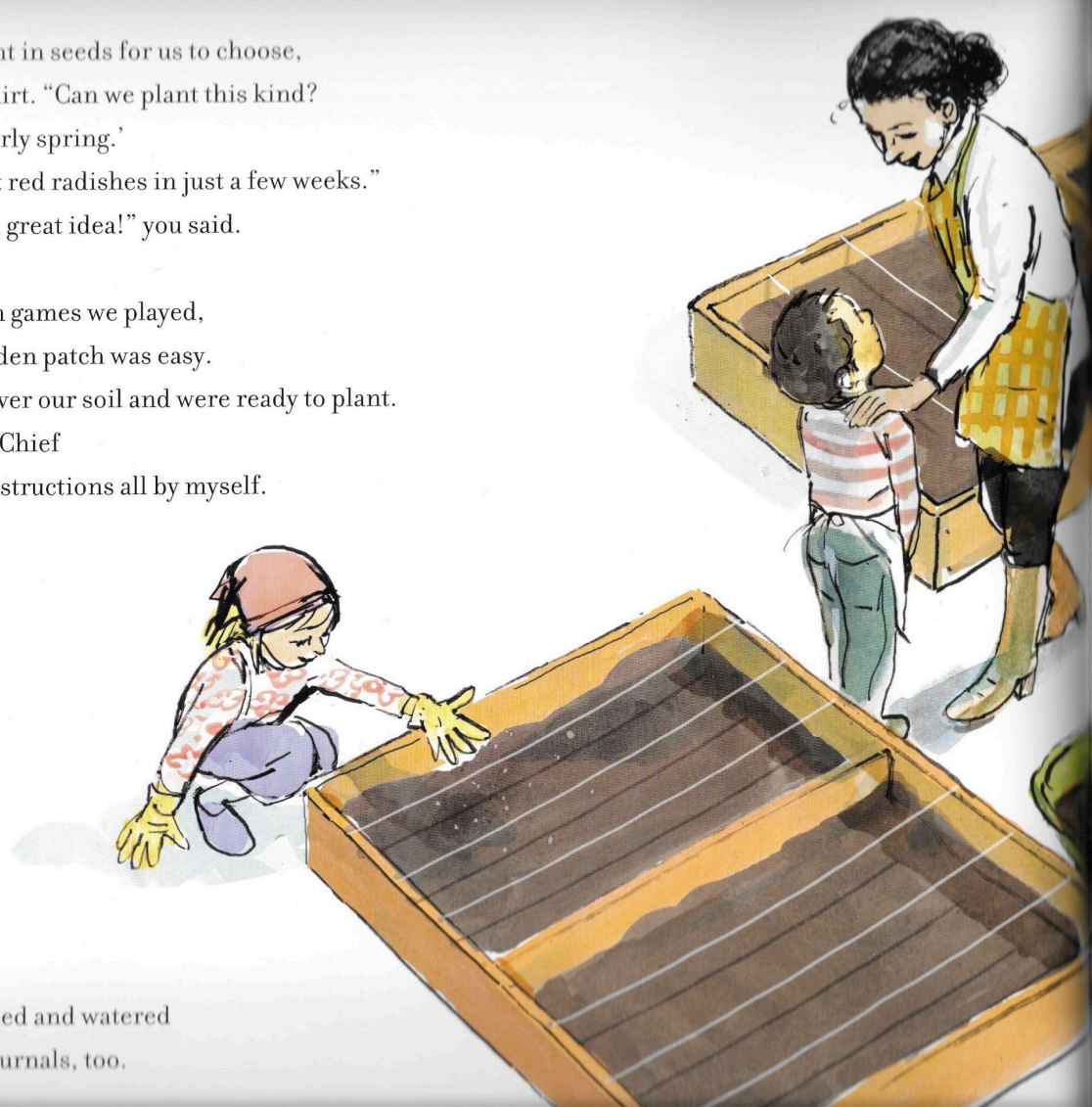
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Development of Events - Packet H

The day you brought in seeds for us to choose,
I tugged on your shirt. "Can we plant this kind?
The packet says 'early spring.'
We can have bright red radishes in just a few weeks."
"Good reading and great idea!" you said.

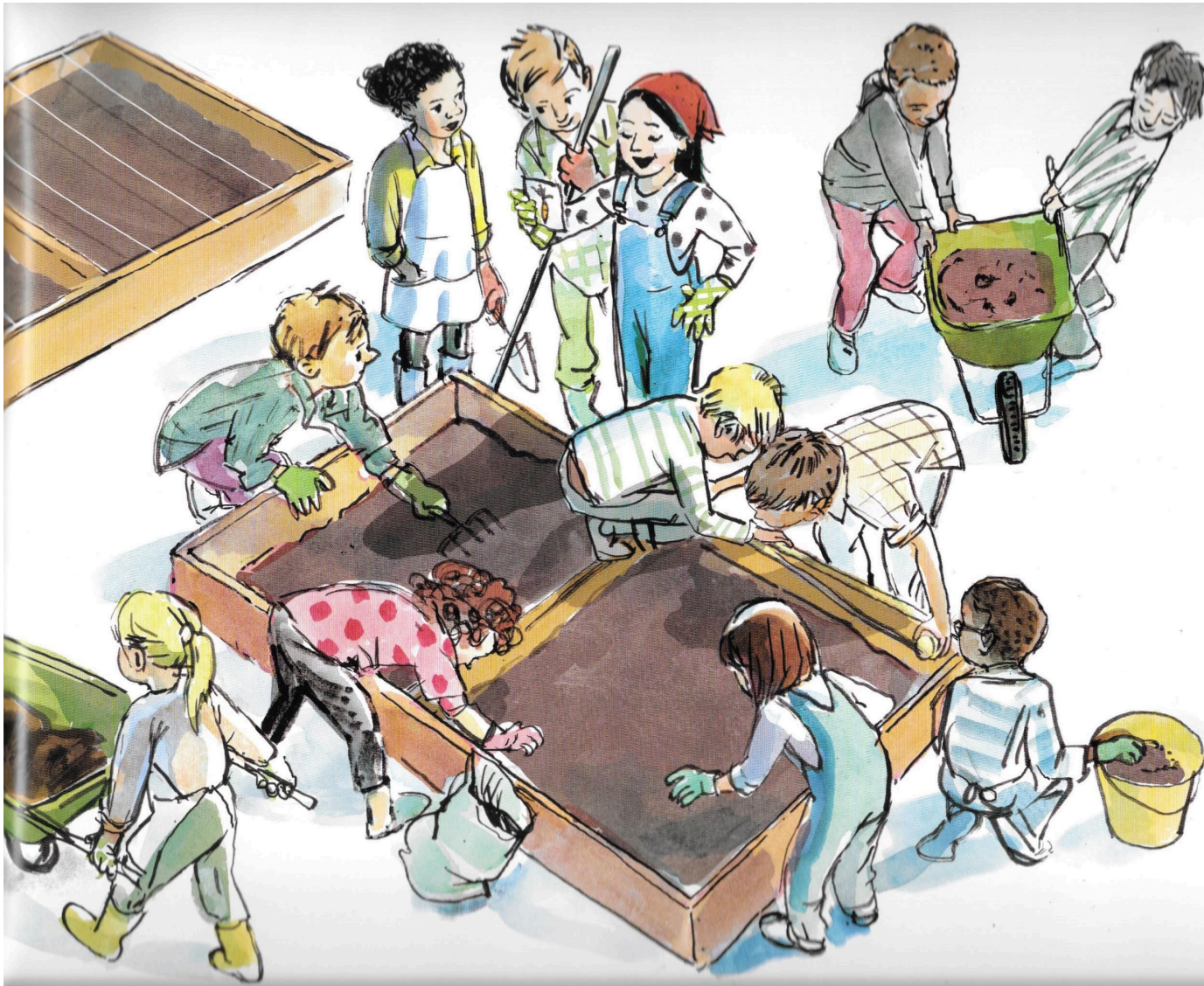
Thanks to the math games we played,
measuring our garden patch was easy.
At last we turned over our soil and were ready to plant.
I was Radish Crew Chief
and read out the instructions all by myself.

All spring we weeded and watered
and kept garden journals, too.



Writing U1 W3 D2

Development of Events - Packet H



Writing U1 W3 D2

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Development of Events - Packet I



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Development of Events - Packet I



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Development of Events - Packet J

I didn't know how to say thank you.
So on the last day I gave you a present:
a memory quilt.

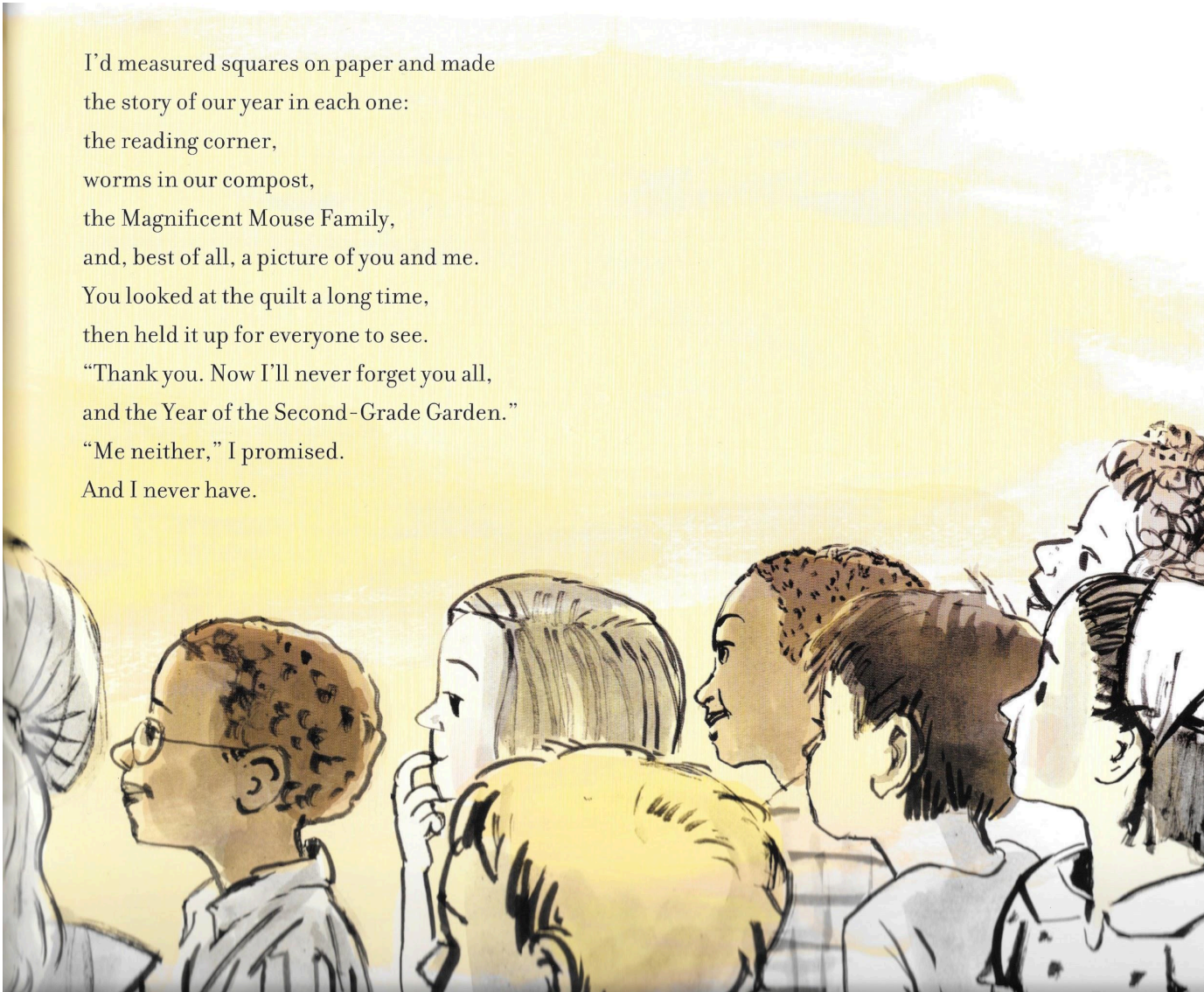


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Development of Events - Packet J

I'd measured squares on paper and made
the story of our year in each one:
the reading corner,
worms in our compost,
the Magnificent Mouse Family,
and, best of all, a picture of you and me.
You looked at the quilt a long time,
then held it up for everyone to see.
"Thank you. Now I'll never forget you all,
and the Year of the Second-Grade Garden."
"Me neither," I promised.
And I never have.



Writing U1 W3 D2

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