Change of Heart

Day 3: What is a fiction narrative?

It was a bright sunny morning as Pugsley happily trotted down the street towards his best pal, Jasper's house. Pugsley and Jasper had been friends for quite some time and they spent most of their free time together. They loved rummaging through the garbage behind restaurants and wandering around the park, sneaking up on birds. Even though Pugsley was a dog and Jasper was a cat they still got along great because they had so much in common.

Pugsley finally reached Jasper's alley and called out when he got to the large cardboard box Jasper called home. "Jasper! You home?" Pugsley barked at the box.

"Hey Pugsley!" Jasper called out. He squeezed out the front door and walked past Pugsley.

"So where should we find trouble today? The park or the new restaurant down the street?" laughed Pugsley. Just as they came around the corner, trouble found them.

"Well if it isn't the puppy and kitty duo! Haven't we told you before that dogs and cats are NOT supposed to be friends?" Barked the big black bull dog, Butch. He was huge, mean, and always hung around with a big group of dogs his same size.

"Yeah, you've told me. In fact, you tell me all the time. But you've never told me who made up that silly rule. If Jasper and I want to hang out why does it matter that he's a cat and I'm a dog?" asked Pugsley.

"Hey! That's just the way it is and has always been, so don't go trying to change any rules!" snapped Butch. The other dogs behind him began growling too.

Suddenly, a dog catcher came running up to the group of animals. The animals began scrambling to get away. The dog catcher lassoed Jasper and Butch around the necks with the long pole in his hand. He quickly reeled them in and threw the cat and dog in the back of his truck.

"Look at the mess you got us into now cat!" Butch yelled as they sat locked up in the truck.

"Hey! I didn't get us into this mess. But I think I might be able to get us out," said Jasper.

He took his front paw and stretched out his claw until the long, curved, and sharp claw showed. Jasper began furiously working. Using his claw to unlock the door of the dog catcher's truck. He kept twisting and turning, as his paw became sore. CLICK! The lock unhooked and the door of the truck swung open. Butch's jaw almost hit the ground. He couldn't believe that he was just rescued by a cat! He knew the dogs in his gang wouldn't believe it either.

"Jasper, I believe I have misjudged you. You saved my life, even though I said those mean things. I think cats and dogs really can be friends. I've got to tell you how sorry I am for acting so ridiculous." Butch said with his tail between his legs.

"Ah, that's alright Butch, but next time you see a cat, give them a break okay. I mean in a good way and we'd better get out of here before it's too late!" meowed Jasper. The cat and dog quickly hopped out of the truck and went their separate ways.

Field Trip Lesson

Day 6: Problem

The minute her teacher announced where the class was going on the field trip, Leah's heart leapt with joy.

"Leah, can you believe it? We get to go to the aquarium together!" said Leah's best friend Nora.

"I can't wait! This will be the best field trip that we've ever had, Nora, I just know it!" Leah declared.

The next few weeks, the field trip was all Leah could talk about. When she was with her friends at school, they talked about the animals they might see and the activities they'd do on the field trip. Each night at the dinner table with her family, the field trip was the topic of discussion.

Later on that evening, after dinner, Leah wasn't feeling so good. Her tummy was very upset.

"It's probably just a little queasy from being so excited for the field trip tomorrow, Leah. Why don't you go to bed early tonight, so you can be ready and rested in the morning," her mother told her reassuringly.

Leah went to bed and woke again in the middle of the night. This time her tummy was really hurting. Her mother came in and took her temperature.

"Uh oh, Leah. Sweetheart, you have a fever." Her mother explained to her with a frown on her face. Leah knew right away why her mother was frowning.

"Mom! No! I have to go on the field trip. I just have to. Nora is counting on me and I've been looking forward to it for weeks," Leah cried.

"I'm so sorry sweetheart, but you can't go with a fever. I know this field trip means a lot to you, but sometimes these things happen honey. When you start feeling better, we'll figure something out," promised Leah's mother.

A few days later, Nora came over to check in on her best friend and see how she was feeling.

"Hey Leah! Your mom said you're finally feeling better! The field trip really wasn't that much fun. In fact, it was pretty boring," Nora told her.

"Really?" asked Leah surprised.

"Yeah, there's only one thing that could have made it a million times better**...**. If you were there," grinned Nora as she handed Leah an envelope. Leah opened the envelope and there were three tickets to go to the aquarium.

"What are these?" asked Leah.

"My mom is going to take us to the aquarium this weekend. We can go together on our own little field trip!" Nora said happily. Leah jumped up and gave Nora a huge hug with cheerful tears in her eyes.

"Boy this is almost better than actually being able to go on the class field trip," thought Leah, as she smiled from ear to ear.

Lights Out

Day 7: Solution

Once upon a time there were two brothers, William and James. William spent most of his days playing video games. He would play them in the morning when he got out of bed. He played them after breakfast, after lunch, and also after dinner. Finally, William played video games before he went to bed for the night. It was safe to say that William loved playing video games more than anything else.

William's brother James was a bit different than William, because James enjoyed watching television more than anything in the whole wide world. Other than eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner, watching television was what James did all day.

One afternoon there was a terrible storm and BOOM, the electricity went out! The brothers sat in their rooms for quite some time trying to figure out what happened. They ran to their parents to see what was going on.

"Mom! Dad! Something has happened to my video game unit! It's not working, it just went out!" William said completely shocked.

"Dad! Mom! Something horrible has happened to my television! The screen is completely black!" panicked James.

"Boys! Look around you! Haven't you noticed all the lights are out as well? The electricity has gone out in this crazy storm we're having," their dad told them.

"Well, what are we going to do? Can't something be done? We have no electronics," complained William.

"We have a whole closet in the family room filled with things you can do. Light some candles in the family room and take some of those flashlights in there. You may have to entertain yourselves or hang out with one another for a little bit," explained their mother, while she rolled her eyes and shook her head.

Using the flashlight to light their way, they rummaged through the game closet. "Oh look! I love this game! Remember when we would play this all the time?" James grabbed one of the board games and they went to the table to play it. The boys had a great time as they used the clues in the game to try to solve the mystery first. Next, they grabbed a puzzle and by candle light, piece by piece worked together to create the final picture. They high fived when they were done and ran back to the closet to find something else.

After a few hours had gone by, suddenly all the lights came on in the house at the same time. The boys looked up at one another, stunned, and their eyebrows raised.

"So, you headed back to your room to play video games?" James asked William curiously.

"I mean, not if you want to stay here and play another game of cards with me!" William said with a grin.

"You're on!" yelled James and they sat down to play another round. The boys didn't realize how much they missed and enjoyed playing together.

The Cupcake Problem

Day 8: Point of View

"Lily! Wake up!" I heard my mom call from the hallway. I sat up in my bed with excitement! Today I was turning 8 years old. My mom special ordered cupcakes from the store for me to share with my class.

"Okay, Mom I'm coming!" I yelled back. I hurried as fast as I could to get ready, brush my teeth and put on my shoes. I couldn't wait to get to school.

"Grab your backpack Lily. I'll grab your cupcakes and we'll head out to the car," Mom said.

When we got to school I found my two best friends, Gabby and Sarah on the playground. "Happy birthday Lily!" They yelled, as they came running over and hugged me. I told them all about the cupcakes my mom had dropped off in the classroom for us. We were so excited!

Next, the whistle blew and it was time to line up. We followed our teacher, Mrs. Spencer into the class. Mrs. Spencer explained that we had some learning to do before my special celebration. I was beginning to get impatient.

Finally, it was time to celebrate!

"Okay, boys and girls first we need to sing Lily Happy Birthday," explained Mrs. Spencer. As they sang to me, I was blushing and a bit embarrassed. I started helping Mrs. Spencer pass out the cupcakes. The boys and girls beamed with happiness as we placed the cupcakes in front of them. The last two cupcakes, went to Gabby and Sarah.

"Uh oh!" I heard Mrs. Spencer say.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Bobby and Tyler don't have cupcakes yet, but it seems we don't have anymore." Mrs. Spencer's eyes searched the room. I could tell she was trying to see if there was something she could do. I felt horrible. How come my mom didn't ask Mrs. Spencer how many kids we had in our class? My eyes filled with tears as I looked around at all my classmates. They were looking back at me and feeling bad for Bobby and Tyler, who were without cupcakes.

Suddenly, I saw Gabby and Sarah whispering to one another and then Gabby spoke up. "Mrs. Spencer! Gabby and I can split our cupcakes with Bobby and Tyler," Gabby looked over and winked at me. I glanced at Bobby and Tyler and they were smiling at me too.

"We're good with that Mrs. Spencer! We'll be glad that we get any cupcakes and besides its Lily's birthday. So as long as she gets a cupcake that's all that really matters," Tyler replied as Bobby nodded with him and grinned.

I felt relieved that my best friends and classmates weren't upset with me. In fact, they cared so much about me that they gave up their own cupcakes so I could still have a good birthday. Their kindness is what really made my day special.

Soggy Picnic

Day 12: The Lead

Tap! Tap! Tap! The rain beat hard on the window pane. Patricia and Claudia sat with their heads against the window and big frowns on their faces. The rain had been coming down for quite some time and everything was wet and drippy.

"What's got you down girls?" Asked Patricia's mother as she walked into the living room.

"It's just Patrica and I have been looking forward to this day for a whole week! Today is a day we have no school and we had plans to go to the park and have a picnic," Claudia explained.

"Yes, and we were going to play tag on the jungle gym, swing on the swings, slide down the slides and now with all this rain everything is wet," added Patricia.

"We can't even lay a blanket on the ground and have our lunch outside, because everything is all soggy," Claudia said sadly.

"Girls! You aren't going to let a little rain get you down are you?" asked Patricia's mother.

"Well, Mom what can we do since the rain has completely ruined our plans?" Patricia inquired.

"Patricia, don't we still have those rain coats and boots in the hall closet? You had a yellow one and your brother had the red one. Go check and meet me in the kitchen if you find them," said Patricia's mother.

With their hopes high, Claudia and Patricia ran to the hall closet to check for the boots and rain coats. Patricia's mother went to the kitchen and began making the girls a picnic lunch. She placed everything in a basket and even packed umbrellas. The girls came running back into the kitchen with the rain slickers and boots.

"Oh good! I've packed us lunches and umbrellas. The park has a few picnic tables that are covered and shouldn't be too wet, so we can eat there. Even if the slides are wet, your rain coats should keep you dry when sliding down them. I bet there will be some big puddles you girls can jump and splash in too!" said Patricia's mother.

"Mom, you're the absolute best," cried Patricia as she threw her arms around her mom and squeezed her tightly. Her mother just smiled and hugged her back.

"Yes! Thanks so much," added Claudia.

"Well you just need to figure out how to make lemonade when life gives you lemons! We better get going though, girls. Looks like the rain has stopped," Patricia's mother replied. They put on their rain coats and rain boots, grabbed their umbrellas and the picnic basket, then headed down to the park to have their picnic.

The Fireless Dragon

Day 13: Developing Characters

Once upon a time in a kingdom far away, there lay a gigantic forest full of the biggest trees you've ever seen. Deep inside this forest lived a talented little dragon that was known for his amazing abilities to blow fire farther than any of the other dragons in the forest. The dragon's name was Rex and while Rex had this amazing talent, he never bragged or boasted about it to his dragon and unicorn friends.

"Rex, can you breathe fire all the way to that tree over there?" one dragon asked. So, Rex blew his fire and sure enough the tree turned black from the fire that stretched across the forest to the tree. Other friends of Rex were always asking him to show how far his fire could reach. Rex didn't mind and even enjoyed the attention he received from his fire demonstrations.

One morning when Rex awoke, his good friend, Truffle the unicorn came over to play. As they were gallivanting through the forest and having a good time, Truffle gave Rex a challenge. "Hey Rex! I'll throw this rock as far as I can and you see if you can breathe fire and reach it," explained Truffle.

"Challenge accepted!" laughed Rex.

Truffle threw the rock and they watched as it bounced a few times on the grass, rolled, and then stopped. Rex took a deep breath and then gave it his all. Three small smoke rings came puffing out and Rex began coughing. Truffle looked at Rex surprisingly. Rex was a little confused himself. So he tried it again. He took a big breath in and tried with all his might to breathe out toward the rock, but all that came out was smoke rings.

"Oh no! Truffle! I think I've lost my fire!" panicked Rex.

"Is that even possible for a dragon to lose their ability to breathe fire?" questioned Truffle.

"Well, I didn't think so, but I definitely can't breathe fire right now," said Rex as he began to worry. He wasn't sure what to do or how to fix it either.

"Let's not panic yet. We can go see the wizard, he'll know what to do," Truffle reassured Rex.

When they got to the wizard's cave they explained what happened to Rex and demonstrated how he could only blow rings of smoke rather than fire. "Hmmm! I see, this is quite the problem indeed. How long has it been since you've eaten a spicy bug or plant?" asked the wizard.

"Well a few weeks because I really don't enjoy the taste of the spicy bugs and plants," Rex replied.

"Then that's your problem. Spicy bugs and plants are a very important part of a dragon's diet. These foods are what gives you the skill to breathe fire in the first place. A few days of eating these things again and you should be back to normal," explained the wizard.

Rex followed the orders of the wizard and ate the spicy plants and bugs, even though he didn't like them.

The following week, Truffle came over to see if Rex was back to his normal self.

Truffle threw the rock as far as he could and they both watched as it landed next to a large tree. Rex took a deep breath in, closed his eyes and blew it all out towards the rock. Fire came blazing out of Rex, hit the rock and burned down the tree next to it. The dragon and unicorn looked at one another in amazement, eyes wide and then began jumping for joy. Rex was back to his old self.

The Misunderstanding

Day 14: Developing Setting

Jason lay on his bed and watched as his mouse, Murphey scurried from the bottom of his bedspread to the top of his mattress. The tiny white mouse, stopped for a second and then began climbing Jason's navy blue pillow like it was a giant mountain. When Murphey reached the top, Jason rubbed him between the ears and gave him a small treat as his reward.

"Nice job buddy! Tonight I'm going to start working on the obstacle course I'm going to make for you. You're going to love it, just you wait and see," Jason told Murphey.

"Jason! We need to run to the store and grab some things, let's go!" called Jason's mother.

"Alright Murphey, we won't be gone too long, so I'm going to let you stay out and roam around my room. Be sure to stay out of trouble though," Jason warned him. Jason left and closed his bedroom door behind him.

A little later, the new housekeeper came to the house to begin cleaning. As she went from room to room cleaning, she spotted a little white puff ball scampering across the floor. She quickly grabbed the broom and got closer to the puff ball. When she realized it was a mouse, she screamed, took the broom and shooed it down the hall and out the front door.

Finally, Jason and his mother came home and the house keeper was still there cleaning the house. She told the story to Jason's mother about the mouse in the house and how she made sure to get him out right away. Jason overheard the story as he was going to his room to check on Murphey. He froze in fear at what he had just heard. "Mom!! It was Murphey! She scared Murphey all the way out of the house!" Jason cried.

"Jason, calm down. It was a misunderstanding, she didn't know Murphey was a pet. We will try and find him." Jason's mom reassured him.

"He could be anywhere and its cold out here! Where would he go to find warmth?" Jason thought to himself. Outside he stood looking around, trying to think about where to look first. He looked over at a large maple tree in the front yard and then over to an old shed off to the side of their house. He kept scanning everything he saw outside and tried to imagine where he'd go if he were a mouse out in the cold. He looked at their front porch and saw a dirty pair of his dad's work boots lit up by the porch light.

"Hmm... the inside of a work boot might be a warm place to get out of the cold," Jason thought. He crossed his fingers and ran over to the work boots. He picked one up and gently put his hand down inside, nothing! He grabbed the other one and gently putting his hand in he called Murphey's name softly. His hand touched a ball of soft fur. Jason's mouth dropped open! It was Murphey alight. He carefully pulled Murphey out and saw that he was scared, cold, and shaking.

"Come on Murphey, let's get you inside your cage under your heat lamp. You've had a rough day, I'm so sorry." Jason apologized.

"Oh thank goodness you found him, Jason. I was pretty worried he might have been gone forever. Did you happen to learn anything from this?" asked his mother.

"Absolutely! Anytime we leave, he's going in his cage from now on. Also, I'm never letting him out of my sight again. Oh, and we might need to get a new housekeeper," Jason teased and winked at his mom.

Jason's mother rolled her eyes and grinned at him. "Very funny Jason," she laughed.

Tabitha and the Red Balloon

Day 15: Suspense

Once upon a time there was a young girl named Tabitha. For Tabitha's eighth birthday, her mother gave her a large red balloon that was tied to a long white string.

Right away, Tabitha loved the red balloon and would not leave home without it. When her mother would take her to the park, the red balloon came with them. Tabitha enjoyed the way the balloon tagged along behind her as she'd run across the playground. She'd giggle as the balloon would chase her down the slide and then nuzzle her long brown hair when they'd hit the bottom.

Tabitha was upset when her mother explained that the red balloon could not go to school with her each day. She told Tabitha it could distract her classmates and the balloon could get lost. Tabitha agreed not to bring it to school. However, she did ask her mother if she would bring the balloon to school each day, when she came to pick her up.

One very windy day, Tabitha's mother did as she promised and brought the balloon with her as she walked to Tabitha's school to pick her up. Tabitha was delighted as she watched her mother walking toward her with the red balloon. Her mother gave Tabitha a big hug and kissed her forehead, as she handed the balloon to Tabitha. Tabitha went to grab the balloon and a mighty gust of wind blew it out of her hand and up high above their heads. Tabitha screamed in horror as she watched her balloon blow up higher and higher into the cloudy blue sky. Immediately she burst into tears and fell to her knees in sadness.

The balloon continued through the air and over tall sky scraper buildings. It overlooked huge trees and tiny people on the ground. It blew pass flocks of birds and across large bodies of water. The balloon seemed to really enjoy its freedom and adventure as it continued flying.

Meanwhile, Tabitha was crushed and didn't want to come out of her room for days. Her parents even offered to get her a new balloon. Tabitha knew her red balloon was irreplaceable. Her mother did her best to cheer her up, but nothing seemed to work. Tabitha needed her balloon back.

On its journey the red balloon floated over water fountains, statues, and canyons. Seeing all these wonderful things brought joy to the balloon. It wasn't until the balloon flew over the park and a school that it began experiencing sadness. These places reminded it of Tabitha. The balloon remembered his fun filled days of chasing Tabitha to the park and around the playground. As he remembered these moments, and became more saddened, he began to deflate. The more he thought about Tabitha, the further he drifted down towards the earth.

Tabitha was out on a walk with her mother. Her mother was hoping that fresh air might cheer her up. They were getting closer to the park that she used to frequent with her red balloon. Tabitha stopped walking and told her mother she wasn't ready to go to that park yet. It upset her to see it too much.

Just then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw a red speck above them. She wondered if it actually could be her long lost friend. She was hopeful and began walking quickly toward it. It was slowly fluttering down towards her. She ran as fast as she could until she was right under it. As it drifted down right in front of her she reached out and grabbed its dangling string. Tabitha was elated! It was her red balloon that she had been missing all along. At the same time the red balloon began gaining some of its air back, because he knew he had found his home again too.

The Tiniest Helper

Day 16: Adding Dialogue

"Alright everyone! Let's get moving! Rabbits, collect all the berries that you can find. Squirrels, you're in charge of the acorns and the walnuts. Raccoons, gather some berries as well, and see what fruit you can find. We can all meet back here, when we're done to check and see what food we'll still need," ordered the great horned owl. He was always in charge of the small forest animals preparing the food for the long winter ahead.

"Well, what about me? I'd love to help with something," cried the tiny green hummingbird.

"Oh, we do so appreciate you offering. However, I'm not too sure you'd be able to carry more than a small berry at a time. We need to gather and store as much food as possible," replied the owl.

The other forest animals were all nodding their heads in agreement. They loved the little hummingbird, but none of them could understand how he could be of any help in getting their food ready for the winter.

The hummingbird fluttered off as sad as could be. Each year as the leaves began changing color and dropping from the branches, he'd quickly go to meet with the animals, as they made their plans for the upcoming season. Each year, he'd also offer to help, and the answer was always the same.
"We'd like the extra help but, we don't see how a tiny bird like yourself, can help us."

He watched the animals scurrying about and placing their food in the giant cave that hid behind the giant pines trees. The rabbits were searching in logs and around other grassy clearings. The raccoons were down by the stream, searching for fruits. The squirrels scampered up and down the trees. The hummingbird just became more and more upset, watching the animals work together.

It always made him feel better to fly way up high, above the forest and look down over the beautiful trees. As he flew up higher and higher, he saw something in the distance. He squinted his beady eyes to get a better look, but all he could see was gray. He decided to fly in closer and investigate. That's when he realized he was flying through smoke. Lots and lots of clouds of thick gray smoke. Suddenly, he could see that it was a nasty forest fire. The hummingbird panicked, as he watch the flames dance all over the trees.

"Oh no! I need to hurry and warn all the others," he cried out. It didn't take him long to get back to the others. He swooped down to the great horned owl.

"OWL! OWL! There is a horrible fire in the distance! It's coming this way!" warned the worried hummingbird.

"How can you be so sure?" asked the owl.

"I flew right over it. I could see it from all around," answered the hummingbird.

"Then we must go gather the others and get them in the cave to safety. The good news is we'll have plenty of food, while we're waiting out the fire," explained the owl.

Hummingbird and owl worked hard to warn all the animals and get them into the cave. When they were all in the cave and safe, owl knew he had something important to say to the hummingbird. "My tiny feathered friend, I have completely underestimated your ability to help others. For this, I am sorry. I hope you can forgive me and each year we will need your help as lookout, while we gather food for the winter. What do you say?" asked the owl.

"I thought you'd never ask!" laughed the hummingbird. He couldn't think of a time where he felt more proud.

Toy Trouble

Day 18: Word Choice

"Please Jacob! Please can I take your new Robo Hero action figure to school to show my friends?" begged Henry, Jacob's older brother.

"Will you be very careful with it? I mean, I just got it yesterday," Jacob explained.

"Yes, I'll be so careful! I promise!" replied Henry.

"Well, I guess that's okay, then," answered Jacob.

When Henry arrived at school, he immediately took the action figure out of his backpack to show his friends at morning recess. The toy traveled all over the playground with Henry and his friends. They sat on a bench to take a break and play with the toy a little more.

"Henry, play tag with us!" Henry's good friend Jack called out. Henry jumped up and hustled over to play tag with another group of friends.

A little later the whistle sounded and recess was over. Everybody including Henry hurried to get in line quick. Henry forgot all about the Robo Hero until after school when it was time to go home. "Oh no! I left Jacob's toy at the bench on the playground," Henry thought to himself.

In a panic he rushed to the playground, but it was too late, the action figure wasn't there. He checked the front office and the lost and found as well, but no Robo Hero there either.

When Henry got home his head hung low, and his heart literally hurt. He didn't want to break the horrible news to his brother that trusted him so much. He decided to tell his mother instead. She always knew what to do when he had a big problem.

"Mom? Can I talk to you? I have a problem and I don't know what to do," said Henry hopelessly.

"Sure, sweetheart! What's on your mind?" Henry's mother answered.

Henry explained the whole story to his mother. He told her how Jacob trusted him, how he took the action figure to school, and how he left it on the playground. He even told her how he looked everywhere for the toy after school. His mother sat and thought for a moment.

"Well Henry, I know Jacob will be very hurt and disappointed, which I understand. Let's think of some things you could do to try and solve this problem. Any ideas?" she questioned him.

"I was thinking, maybe I could give him one of my toys?" Henry responded.

"Yeah, maybe. However, Jacob's toy was brand new," she reminded Henry.

"Then maybe I should give Jacob some of my allowance, so he can buy a *new* Robo Hero?" Henry said.

"As much as it hurts, Henry. I really think that's a better solution. I know some lessons can be hard, but they can also be very valuable ones. I'll go with you to tell your brother." encouraged Henry's mother.

"Thanks Mom! You're the best!" Henry smiled and hugged his mother, as they headed to Jacob's room.

Problems on the Farm

Day 19: Paragraphs

It was finally spring and the weather was amazingly fresh and cool. There were breezes blowing through the dark green pastures and over the hills. The birds were out tweeting their sweet songs and the animals were happy to be out of the barn. The horses were galloping about the meadow, the geese were swimming in the pond, and the pigs were trotting out to splash around in their mud pit. Well, that is all of the pigs, except for one.

"Max! Are you seriously going to lay out in the sun again without getting in the mud?" asked Harriet one of the other pigs on the farm.

"As I've told you before, I don't enjoy the mud Harriet. It dries on me and cracks. It feels yucky too," explained Max.

"Yes, uh Max, I hate to break it to you, but you're a pig and pigs love the mud," teased Rex another one of the pigs that lives on the farm.

"Plus without the mud to protect your skin you're going to get a sunburn," laughed Harriet as she rolled over and over in the mud pit with Rex.

Max tried to act like their constant teasing didn't bother him. He sadly walked over to the shade of the barn and laid down by the door. He had never liked mud, not even as a piglet. He remembered how much he was made fun of by his brothers and sisters for thinking the mud was gross. He didn't understand why it was such a big deal to be unlike the other pigs. It was always confusing to him that his friends and family couldn't just accept that he was a different kind of pig.

Suddenly a blue pick-up truck pulled up to the barn door Max was laying in front of. A large man in suspenders got out and took a crate out of the back of the truck. He set the crate down by the barn door and opened its door. The man got back in the truck and took off down the road. Max slowly approached the crate, as a concerned rooster waddled out.

"Hey there! Are you from around here?" Max called out to the rooster.

"How do you do? Yes, I am from around here. I used to live on a farm down the road. The farmer there wasn't very pleased with me, so they got rid of me. This must be my new home," replied the Rooster.

"Wow! Bummer! What did you do that they didn't like?" Max asked.

"Well, I don't exactly cock-a-doodle when the sun comes up. I mean, I'd like to. I know that's what roosters are supposed to do. However, I sleep right through the sunrise. I can't seem to wake up for it. The other animals on my old farm, would make jokes and ask me why I can't just be like the other roosters. I just can't help it, you know what I mean?" The rooster told Max.

"Actually, I know just what you mean. I really think you and I are going to get along great here! Like two peas in a pod. I'm so happy you're here! Come on, let me show you around the farm," Max said happily.

"Well that's awesome! It's nice to be welcomed and accepted, you know?" asked the rooster.

Max began feeling hopeful and excited about having the rooster join him on the farm. He felt like there may be a few changes coming their way, as he and the rooster walked towards the other farm animals.

The Flood

Day 20: Transitions

Boom! Boom! The thunder blasted through the sky, as the rain continued drumming on the roof top. "Chase? I'm kind of scared," admitted Kelsey as the thunder continued rolling and the rain pelted the window pane of their house.

"Don't worry Kelsey. Mom and Dad will be home in a few hours. It's just a thunderstorm, we get them all the time," he told her, trying to reassure himself at the same time.

Chase noticed as he looked outside through the living room window, that the water was spilling over the gutters of the street and into their front yard. He felt like the water was getting a little high as he continued to watch. His parents were trusting him to watch his little sister while they were at work.

A little later, Chase checked out the window again. The rain hadn't stopped, in fact it seemed like it was heavier. Chase noticed the water was creeping up to the entrance of their front door. He began thinking about what he should do if the rain continued and the water began seeping through their front door. He was beginning to worry. He decided to call his parents at work, but here was no answer.

"Chase, what's wrong? Are you worried? You seem like you're worried," Kelsey said as she began to cry.

"Kelsey it's okay. I'm just getting a plan together. We're going to be just fine," Chase said comfortingly.

Next, water came trickling in through their front door. Now, Chase began to worry. He knew Kelsey couldn't swim. He was concerned if he waited for his parents to get home, the house may have a foot of water in it by then. He couldn't' believe how fast the water rose from the street to the house.

"I've got it! Kelsey, let's take Alexander our donkey! He's used to carrying things around the fields for Dad. You can ride on his back and he can wade through the water. I'll guide him up the hill towards the grocery store. When we get there we can try to call Mom and Dad again," Chase laid out the whole plan.

"I don't care what we do, Chase. Let's just get out of here!" Kelsey cried as they walked through the puddles that had formed in their house. Kelsey followed Chase out to the barn where Alexander, their donkey, stood in a foot of water. Chase boosted his sister up on the donkey and they set off, up the hill. The rain poured down on them, and they fought it all the way up the hill. Alexander kept getting his hooves stuck in the mud.

Finally, they made it to the top of the hill. They could see the grocery store.

Suddenly, their Mom and Dad came running up to Chase and Kelsey, throwing their arms around them. "Oh my goodness! I'm so glad we've found you two," shouted their mother excitedly.

"I tried to call you and Dad so many times!" Chase said.

"Chase! We were trying to get home to you, so we left work knowing the storm was getting really bad. Then the cops weren't letting anyone down the hill for safety reasons. They were sending rescue workers to help people in our neighborhood. I'm so sorry you guys must have been so scared!" Mom explained.

"I was extremely scared, but it was Chase's idea to grab Alexander and get us to safety," Kelsey wept.

What a great idea to use Alexander! You're pretty brave Chase! Come on, let's get out of here. Grandma is expecting us at her house."

The Bake Sale

Day 2: The Ending

"I'm so excited for the bake sale tonight at school!" Tiffany told Seth as they walked home from school together.

"Me too! My mom always gives me five dollars to spend and every year I spend all of it on the delicious treats everyone sells," Seth replied.

"Yeah, I can't wait to try Principal Stewart's brownies, they ran out last year. Just wait until you try my mom's homemade cupcake recipe, you're going to love it. They're the best!" Tiffany claimed as she waved bye to Seth and walked up the driveway to her house.

When Tiffany got inside her house, her mother already had the ingredients laid out to make her famous homemade cupcakes.

"You ready Tiffany?" her mom said with a smile.

"Yes! I've been so excited all day!" Tiffany replied as she tied on her apron and started helping her mother. A little later the timer went off to signal the cupcakes were done and a sweet aroma was wafting through the air.

"Okay Tiffany, while these cool down a bit, go to the pantry and grab the frosting and sprinkles," said her mom.

"Mom! I can't find frosting anywhere! We have a lot of sprinkles but no frosting!" shouted Tiffany.

"Really? Oh no! I may have used the frosting when I made cupcakes last week for the company picnic," said her mom sounding a bit concerned.

"Mom! What are we going to do? This is the worst! There's no way we have time to run and get frosting, come home and frost the cupcakes, then take them to school for the bake sale!" Tiffany said and she began to panic.

"Hold on! Let me think for a second, Tiffany. I might have an idea. We'll need to grab the cupcakes and head to the store right now," explained her mother.

At the bake sale Tiffany and her mother stood behind the table with their unfrosted cupcakes. "This is awesome, and it will be even more awesome once I eat it!" Seth mentioned. He dipped the knife in the frosting and frosted his bare cupcake. Next, he added sprinkles, peeled the wrapper off the cupcake and took a huge bite.

"I do have to say, having a booth where people can frost their own cupcakes and decorate them was a brilliant idea Tiffany. The students have really enjoyed your contribution to our school bake sale. Very creative!" mentioned Principal Stewart.

Tiffany smiled and looked up at her mother, who was smiling back at her. "Thanks, Mom! Sorry I got so worried when we didn't have any frosting. I know I kind of freaked out on you," giggled Tiffany.

"Aw, that's okay Tiff! We worked it out didn't we?" Her mother put her arm around Tiffany and kissed the top of her head.

The Drawing Contest

Day 22: Editing

Elliot was very precise as he stroked his pencil across the page and traced the picture underneath. He traced the lines as they curved up and swooped down and made sure he copied each and every detail of the picture he was duplicating. Once he was done, he used the most vibrant colors to bring his picture to live. The sky in the picture had three different shades of blue and the sun was a mixture of yellows and golds. He loved drawing and couldn't wait until the scool drawing contest started so he could enter

"So did you enter your picture you've been working on in the contest, elliot?" asked his good friend Aiden.

"Yeah, I turned it in yesterday. There was alot of people entering their drawings too." Elliot said nervously.

"Well, if Mrs. Crane would allow us to trace pictures, I'd have turned one in too! But, she said they have to be a new creation, no tracing. So, I guess that means I'm out," Aiden mentioned.

"Wait, Mrs. Crane said no tracing for the drawing contest." Elliot asked clarifying.

"Yeah, remember a few weaks ago, when she was talking about entering the contest? She said only new creations, tracing doesn't count," Aiden told Elliot.

"Alright, uh Aiden, I have to go!" Elliot called out as he rushed off.

A little later, in Mrs. Crane's class Elliot sat and listened as she talked about the top three drawings that were the finalist for the contest. Sure enough, one of the three drawings was Elliots.

"This is just great! I'm a runner up in the contest, but technically my picture doesn't count because I traced off another picture," Elliot thought to himself. Elliot really wanted to just leave everything thing the way it was. He wanted to win the contest so bad, and there was still a chance he could. Howevr, another side of him felt like, it was wrong to pretend the picture was a new creation when it definitely was not. He was upset angry and very frustrated. He knew he needed to just be honest with Mrs. Crane.

"Hey, uh, Mrs. Crane?" Elliot stammered.

"Yes, Elliot? Congratulations, by the way, on being one of the finalists in the contest!" Mrs. Crane praised.

"Yeah, it's about that. Well, I didn't realize that tracing wasn't allowed. My picture is traced from another picture. I did all the coloring and shading on my own. I'm really sorry," Elliot said very disapointed.

"Wow! elliot, I'm surprised that you were so upfront and honest with me. That's very admirable and shows such great character on your part," She explained. "I know it was an accident, but we can't continue to keep your drawing as a finalist in the contest, because rules are rules. However, I do still relly love your picture, traced or not. Would you mind if I framed it and hung it in our classroom? You did an excellent job on the coloring and shading," she added.

"Really? I'm OK with that!" Elliot said a little taken back, but elated

"Elliot, just because you traced doesn't meen you're not an artist. It's clear to me you're very creative. A little advice though? Believe that you can create something on your own, and you will succeed. Thanks again for being so honest with me," Mrs. Crane smiled.

Elliot walked out of the classroom, feeling a thousand times better than when he walk in.

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