

BOOK 1 • AGES 3 TO 8

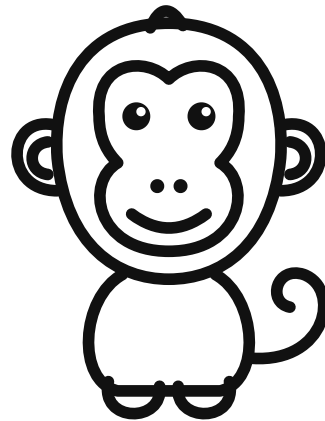
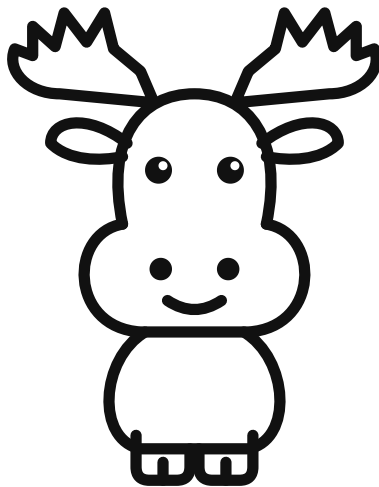
Advent Overflow

November Activity Book

A Kids' Companion for

The Thank-You Adventure in Wonderful Woods

Directed by Andrew Eoff • Written and illustrated with AI



This book belongs to _____

♥ For Grown-Ups

Every day has six pages (eight on celebration days). Each day opens on a left-hand page and fills three spreads, so you can always see two pages at once.

1. The story. Read the day's Wonderful Woods story out loud while your child colors the picture. The same story is in *The Thank-You Adventure* in *Wonderful Woods*.

2. Think & Do, then a fun page. Ask the two Let's Talk questions; most answers will be spoken, not written. Your Turn is the kid-sized part of today's practice, and drawing always counts. Sammy's joke sits at the bottom, and across the page is something just for fun: drawing a friend, a maze, a dot-to-dot, a hidden picture, or spot the difference.

3. Read With Me, then My Thank-You. The short story is for your child to read with you. It uses only the sounds a beginning reader has met so far, and it gets a little harder every few days. Friends' pictures stand in for their names; a Picture Words key sits at the bottom of the page. Point to each word as your child reads, and let them draw the story in the box. On the facing page, your child traces this week's thank-you sentence and fills in the blank. Below it is the day's themed activity.

Safety first. Pages that use scissors, candles, glass jars, or food need a grown-up nearby. Check ingredients for allergies before any food activity.

No hurry. If a page doesn't fit today, skip it. Nothing later depends on finishing it. No Hurry = No Worry.

Each week starts with a map. Each day, your child finds and colors the stone with that day's number, where that day's story happens. On the last day of the week, count the ladybugs you found hiding in that week's pictures in the *Wonderful Woods* storybook (*The Thank-You Adventure*).

Answers for the jokes, mazes, I Spy, Feelings Match, story order, spot the difference, and hidden pictures are at the back of the book.

THE MONTH AT A GLANCE

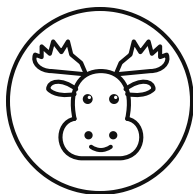
Introductions Thursday to Sunday	Thank you, _____! (The Guide calls these days Getting Started: the Preface, Premise, Prelude and Prepare.)
Improvement Monday to Sunday	Thank you, _____, for making my life better.
Important Monday to Sunday	Thank you, _____, for making me feel valued. (On Wednesday and Sunday: Instead of nothing, there was _____.)
Thanksgiving Week Monday to Sunday	A new sentence each day, with the Thankful Feast on Thursday. (In the Guide: Impairment, Monday to Wednesday; Thanksgiving Day; then Left Overs.)

Advent Overflow November Activity Book: A Kids' Companion for The Thank-You Adventure in Wonderful Woods. Copyright © 2026 Andrew Eoff. All rights reserved. Part of *Advent Overflow*. 2026 Edition. Andrew Eoff created the *Wonderful Woods* world, its characters and the idea behind every story and activity, and directed each one. The stories and activities were written with the help of an AI writing assistant, and the pictures were made with the help of an AI image generator. The text is set in the Fraunces, Nunito Sans and Andika typefaces.

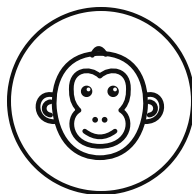
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★ Meet the Friends

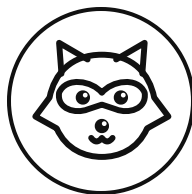
In the Read With Me stories, a friend's picture means you say their name. Point and say each one!



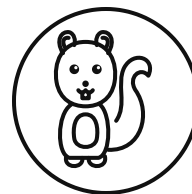
Mr. Moose



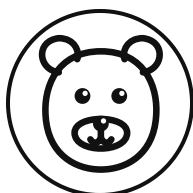
Mr. Monkey



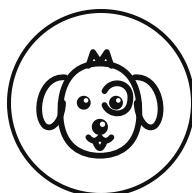
Ricky Raccoon



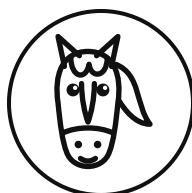
Sammy Squirrel



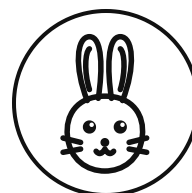
Bruno Bear



Dottie Dog



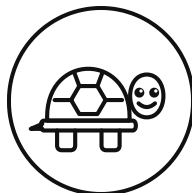
Hazel Horse



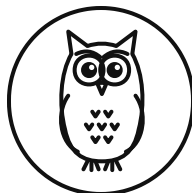
Benji Bunny



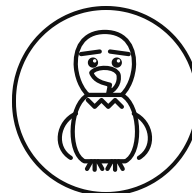
Shiloh Sheep



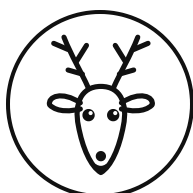
Tessie Turtle



Orion Owl



Everest Eagle



the Silent Stag



Look for ladybugs hiding in the color pictures of your Wanderful Woods storybook. Count them!



↑ Draw yourself here. You are a friend in the Woods too!

My name is _____

♥ How It Works (for grown-ups)

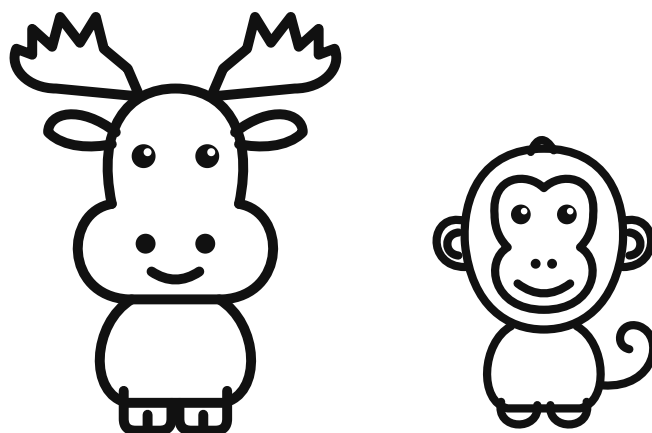
The Thanks Giving Tree. This month your family tapes a plain brown paper trunk to a wall you pass every day. Starting with the Improvement week, from Friday to Sunday everyone writes thank-you notes on paper leaves and tapes them to it: Friday for the people in your house, Saturday for people outside it, and Sunday for good gifts no person gave. Photo leaves work too.

The one rule. The name of who or what you're thankful for goes on the front. The thank-you goes on the back. Each leaf hangs with the thank-you side facing the wall, so the words stay a surprise. A child who can't write yet can draw, or tell you what to write.

Thankful Thursdays. Every Thursday this month is a Thankful Thursday. The first is the day your family starts, with the Guide's Preface. From the second week on, each one is a celebration with three parts: Remember, Rejoice and Ready. On Thanksgiving, it happens in the morning. On those days, this book adds two Celebrate pages at the end of the day, so your child has their own part.

Thanksgiving morning. Before anything else, everyone finds the leaves with their own name on the front, takes them down and reads them. Leaves for people outside your house are handed over at the meal or delivered soon after. Leaves for gifts no person gave can stay up until November 30.

When this book says... "your family's leaves" or "the Thanks Giving Tree," this is what it means. If your family does it a little differently, use your way. Every page still works.



Our Thanks Giving Tree

This month, your family makes a tree out of thank-yous! Here is how it works:

1



On the front of a paper leaf, write a name or draw a face.

2



On the back, draw or write the thank-you: what they did for you.

3

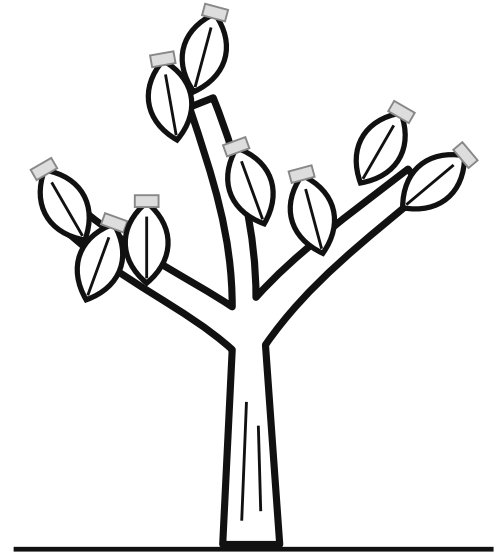


Tape the leaf on the tree with the thank-you side facing the wall, so only the name shows. Shh! It's a surprise.

4



On Thanksgiving morning, find every leaf with **your** name and read it!



WHO WILL GET YOUR FIRST LEAF? DRAW THEIR FACE OR WRITE THEIR NAME.



COLOR THE TITLE!

Introductions

Getting ready for the season

The Thankful Feast is coming, and Ricky has a great big idea!

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

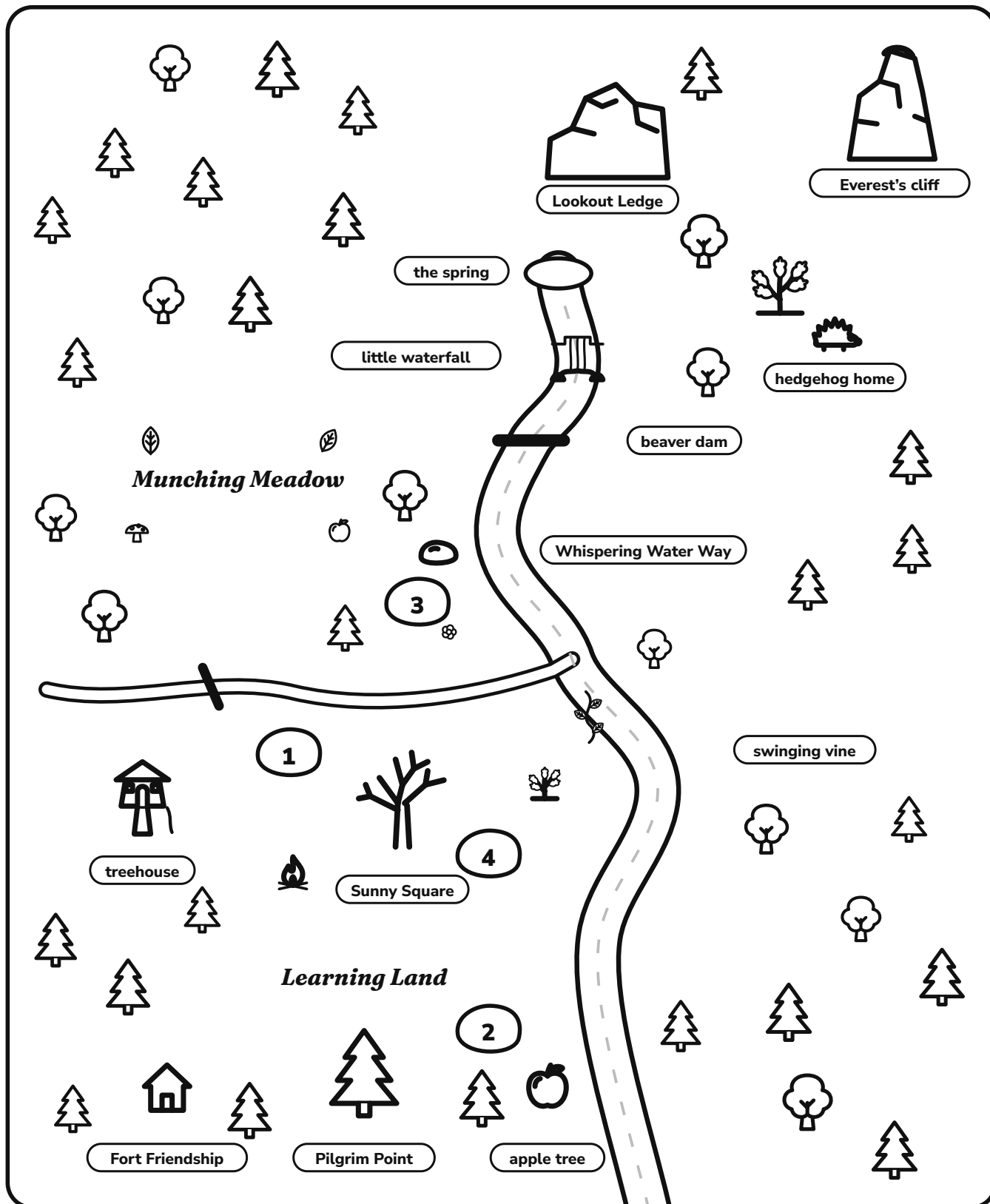
- ① **Thursday:** Ricky's Great Big Idea
- ② **Friday:** Who Are the Apples For?
- ③ **Saturday:** The Golden Treasure
- ④ **Sunday:** The Wishing Tree

THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____!

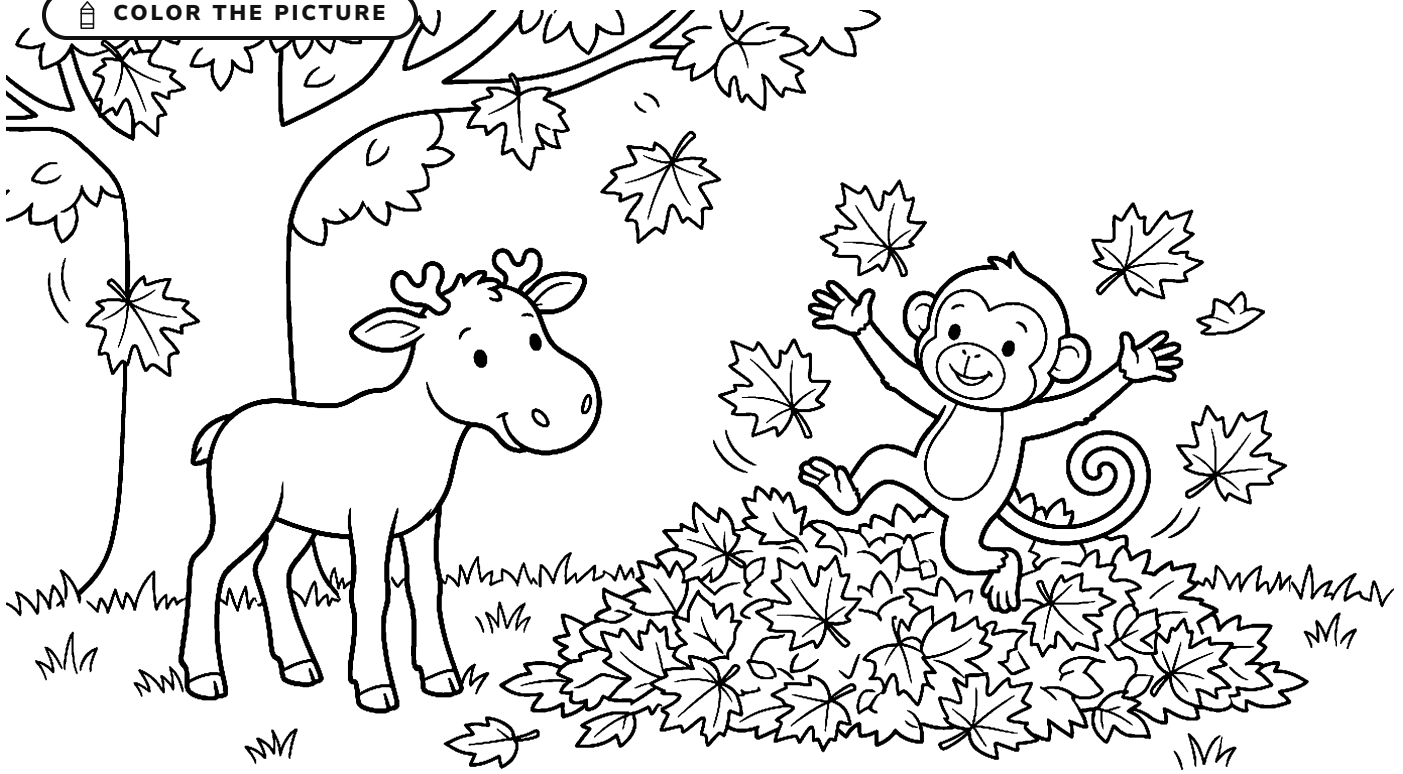
Where We'll Go This Week

Each day, find the stone with that day's number and color it. It shows where the day's story happens!



Ricky's Great Big Idea

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The leaves were falling all over Wonderful Woods. Red ones, orange ones, and yellow ones came twirling down from the big maple tree by Sunny Square, slow and crunchy, like snow that forgot how to be cold.

Under the maple, Mr. Moose was raking. He didn't have a rake. He had antlers. He lowered his head, swished it left, swished it right, and the leaves piled up in front of him, higher and higher, until he had made the biggest leaf pile he had ever seen.

"Mr. Moose!" came a voice from the treetops. "Is that pile for jumping?"

"It might be," said Mr. Moose.

"CANNONBALL!"

Mr. Monkey dropped from the treehouse vines, curled into a ball, and landed in the middle of the pile. *Ka-FLUMPH*. Leaves flew everywhere. Then the pile went still.

"Mr. Monkey?" said Mr. Moose.

The pile wiggled. Out popped Mr. Monkey's head, with one big red leaf stuck flat across his face.

"Mr. Moose?" he said. "Where did everybody go? It got dark."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "You have a leaf face."

Mr. Monkey blew at the leaf. *Fwap*. It flapped up and stuck right back down. He blew harder. *Fwap-fwap-fwap*. The leaf flapped like a little flag, and stayed.

"I'll just be a leaf monkey today," said Mr. Monkey. "Hee hee hee!"

Just then, something came bumping across Sunny Square. It was Ricky Raccoon, dragging a long, curly roll of white birch

bark behind him. He was huffing and puffing, and his clever little paws were covered in berry juice.

"Mr. Moose! Mr. Monkey!" he panted. "I have the best idea in the whole history of ideas."

Mr. Monkey peeled the leaf off his face. "What is it?"

Ricky climbed up on a root and held the bark roll over his head. "You know the Thankful Feast? When the last leaves come down, and everybody in the whole woods eats together right here in Sunny Square?"

"I love the Thankful Feast," said Mr. Moose.

"Well, **THIS** year," said Ricky, "at the Thankful Feast, we are going to have... the **GREAT BIG PRESENT SWAP!**"

Mr. Monkey's tail shot straight up. "What's a Present Swap?"

"Everybody brings a present," said Ricky, "and everybody gets a present."

"Everybody **GETS** a present?" Mr. Monkey hopped up and down so fast that the leaves around him hopped too. "What am I going to get? What am I going to get? Mr. Moose, what are **YOU** going to get?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Moose. He looked at the bark roll. "How does it work?"

"Rules," said Ricky proudly. "I made rules." He unrolled the bark a little. "Rule one. Everybody brings one present. Rule two. All the presents have to be the same size, so it's fair."

"How big?" asked Mr. Moose.

Ricky picked up a pinecone from the grass. "This big."

He unrolled the bark a little more. "Rule three. Everybody makes a wish list, so everybody knows what to bring. Rule four. Nobody gets left out."

He kept unrolling and walking backward, reading as he went. "Rule nine. No presents that are alive. Rule twelve. No presents that are wet. Rule fifteen. No presents that are Bruno."

"Why not Bruno?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"He won't fit in the pile," said Ricky. "Rule sixteen..."

The bark unrolled across the grass, past the maple, and down the little hill toward Rainbow River. Ricky followed it, walking backward and reading. "Rule nineteen. Rule twenty..."

Then Ricky stepped backward right onto the rolled-up part. It rolled.

Ricky's feet went round and round on top of it, like a squirrel on a log. "Whoa-whoa-whoa-WHOA!" He spun his arms. He wobbled. Then the roll shot out from under him, and Ricky landed, *PLOOMF*, flat on his back in Mr. Moose's leaf pile.

And the bark roll kept going. It rolled down the hill, faster and faster, unrolling as it went, and *splish*, slid right into Rainbow River.

Ricky sat up with leaves in his whiskers. "My RULES!"

The roll was floating away down the river, bobbing along like a little white boat.

Mr. Monkey felt his chest go tight. Ricky had worked all morning on those rules. You could tell from the berry juice. He didn't want Ricky to lose them. "We have to get it back!" he said, already running.

Mr. Moose ran too, slower, with his long legs. He watched the roll bob along. He knew this part of the river. "Mr. Monkey," he said, "the river bends right up there, by the big flat rock. It gets slow and shallow. Everything that floats goes around that bend."

"So we beat it there!"

"We beat it there," said Mr. Moose.

They ran along the bank, past the bend, to the big flat rock. Mr. Moose waded into the shallow water, where it was cool and only came up to his knees. He lowered his head and spread his antlers wide, like a net.

Mr. Monkey climbed out onto a low willow branch over the water, wrapped his tail around it, and hung upside down, just in case.

Here came the bark roll, bobbing and turning. It floated right past Mr. Monkey's paws. He stretched. He reached. He missed. "Mr. Moose! It's coming to you!"

The roll bumped into Mr. Moose's antlers and stopped. The bark hung down on both sides of his head, long and dripping, all the way into the water, like the world's biggest, wettest scarf.

"I got it," said Mr. Moose.

Ricky came running down the bank. "You saved my rules!" He looked up at Mr. Moose's antlers, and his eyes went wide. "And I can still read them!"

So Ricky walked around and around Mr. Moose, reading the rules off his antlers. "Rule twenty-two. No peeking. Rule twenty-three..." Mr. Moose turned slowly to help, and Ricky walked faster to keep up, and Mr. Monkey hung from the willow, watching them go around and around.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Mr. Moose, you're a rule tree!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" Mr. Moose laughed so his antlers jiggled, and the rules jiggled with them.

When the bark was dry enough, Ricky rolled it up again, very carefully. "Now I need helpers," he said. "Everybody in the

woods has to sign up by Sunday, so there's time to make the presents. You two can be my Official Sign-Up Helpers."

"Official," whispered Mr. Monkey, very pleased.

They started at the big maple. Daddy Moose was stacking firewood by the door.

"What do you wish for, Daddy Moose?" asked Ricky. "For your present."

Daddy Moose thought for a long, slow time. "Hmm," he said. "I have everything I need."

"You have to want SOMETHING," said Ricky.

Daddy Moose thought some more. "Then I'd like nothing."

Ricky wrote NOTHING on the bark. Then he scratched his head. "How do you wrap nothing?"

He picked up a big yellow leaf, folded it around nothing at all, and tied it with a long piece of grass. He shook it next to his ear. Nothing. He handed it to Daddy Moose. "Here's your nothing. That's just a practice one."

Daddy Moose held it up and looked at it very seriously. "It's just what I wanted."

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey.

Up in the treehouse, Mama Monkey wished for "one whole day with everybody together." Ricky wrote it down with a question mark. Daddy Monkey wished for a new swinging vine, because his old one was getting fuzzy. Ricky was so happy to get a real thing that he wrote it twice.

Then it was Mr. Monkey's turn. "I want a banana," he said. "A banana as big as ME."

He lay down flat on the bark to show how big. Ricky traced all the way around him with a berry, ears and tail and all. When Mr. Monkey stood up, there was a Mr. Monkey-shaped banana on the list.

"And you, Mr. Moose?" asked Ricky.

Mr. Moose looked up past the treetops, past Lookout Ledge, to the high gray cliff where Everest Eagle lived. "I want to see the very top of Everest's cliff," he said. "The highest place in the whole woods."

Ricky looked at the cliff. He looked at his pinecone. "You can't wrap a cliff," he said.

"I know," said Mr. Moose. But it was still his wish.

As the sun went down, they walked back across Sunny Square. Ricky counted the names on his bark. "Seven," he said. "Only the whole rest of the woods to go." He hurried home with his roll under his arm.

Mr. Monkey skipped beside Mr. Moose. "What do you think I'll get? What do you think I'll get?"

Mr. Moose didn't answer right away. He was looking up at the maple, at all the branches that were almost bare.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "I had a leaf face. Ricky's rules rolled into the river, and Mr. Moose caught them on his antlers. Daddy Moose wished for nothing, and he got it! And at the Thankful Feast, there's going to be a Great Big Present Swap!"

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And above Sunny Square, one more red leaf let go of the maple and twirled slowly down into the leaf pile.

Let's Talk

- 1 Daddy Moose wished for nothing. He said, "I have everything I need." What do you think he meant?
- 2 Think of one person you want to thank this week. Who is it?

Your Turn

Draw the person you thought of.

This is _____.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What did the tree say to the wind?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

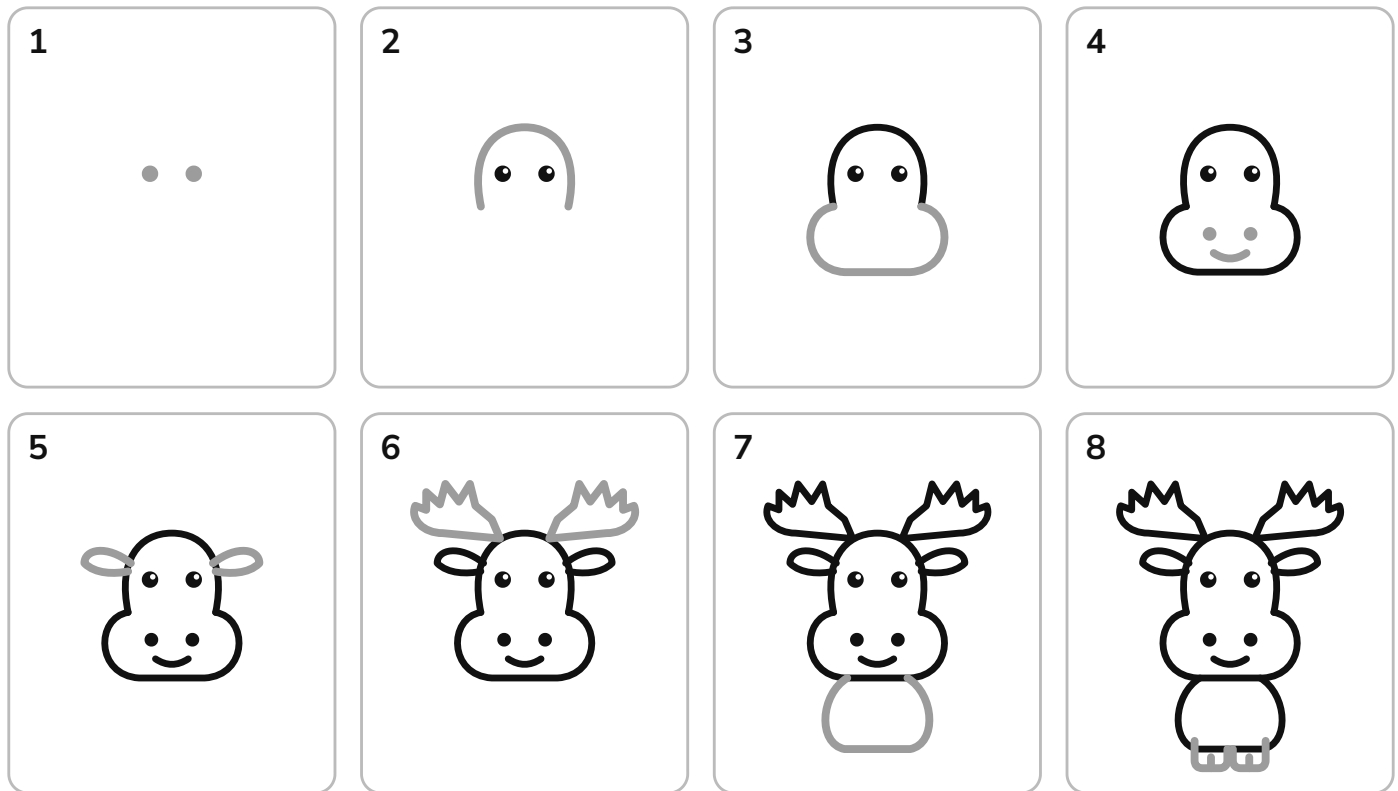
_____ me alone!

KEY



 Draw Mr. Moose!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY MR. MOOSE

Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

I Am In!

Is  in?

“I am in!”

Is  in?

“I am in! I am in!”

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Moose  Mr. Monkey

For grown-ups: Sounds in these stories: a, m, s, t, p, f, i, n. New words to learn by heart: I, is.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



jump in a big leaf
pile

OR



swing on a long
vine



wear a leaf on
your face all day

OR



wear a long list
like a scarf



get a banana as
big as you

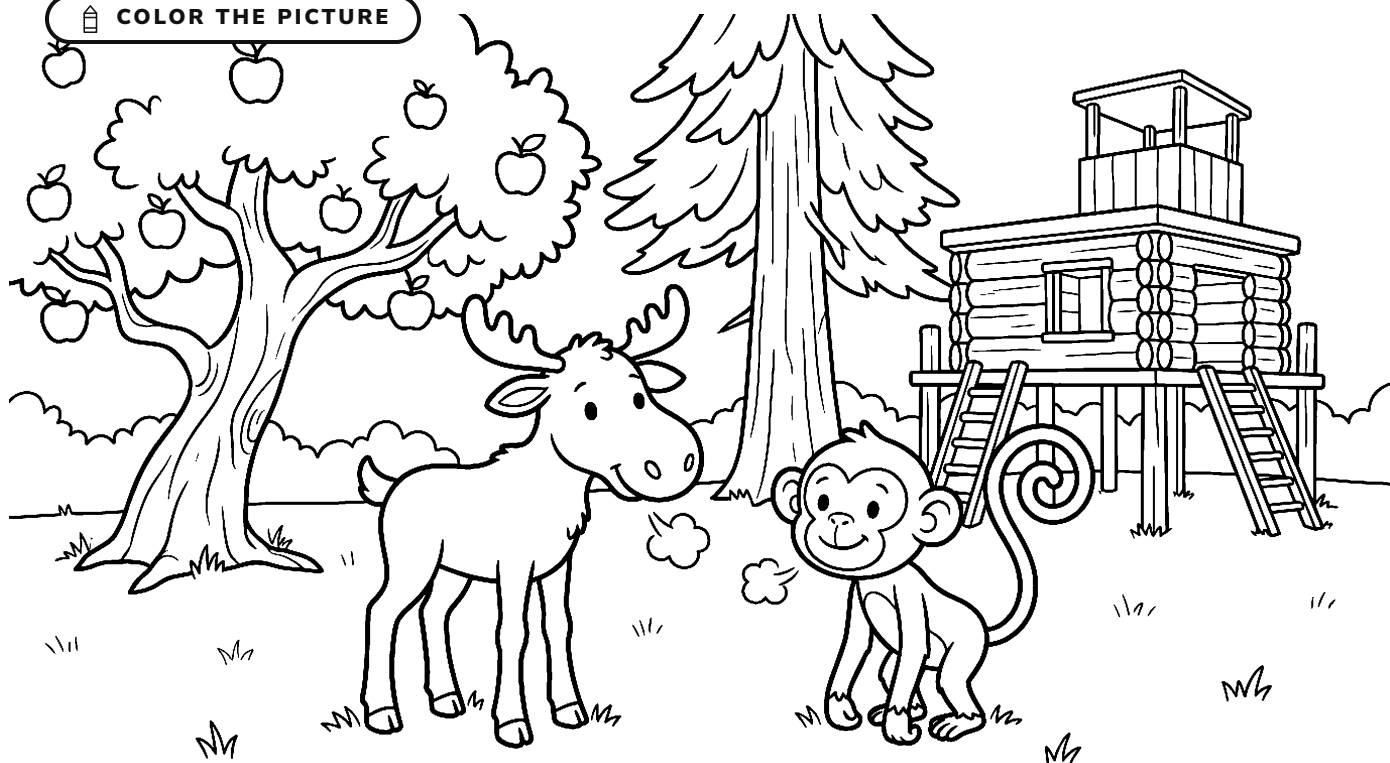
OR



see the top of
the highest cliff

Who Are the Apples For?

COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning was cold and bright. A thin white frost covered the grass, and every blade sparkled. When Mr. Moose breathed out, a little cloud puffed from his nose. "Look," said Mr. Monkey, puffing too. "We're making clouds."

They met Ricky at the edge of Sunny Square and walked next door to Learning Land, crunching across the frosty grass. At the entrance stood the giant old pine called Pilgrim Point. Past it was Fort Friendship, with its logs and vines and its lookout on top. Beside the fort lay Discovery Den, all mossy logs and crinkly leaves. In front of the big flat Story Stone sat the Listening Log. And right next to Discovery Den grew an old, crooked apple tree, its branches hanging low with shiny red apples.

"Signing up!" called Ricky, waving his bark roll. "Everybody's signing up for the Great Big Present Swap!"

The first somebody was Bruno Bear, sitting at the bottom of Fort Friendship with an apple in each paw.

"What do you wish for, Bruno?" asked Ricky.

Bruno thought. "Honey," he said. "And a nap. And honey."

Ricky handed him a fat purple berry. "Write it down. Gently."

Bruno held the berry very gently, in his very big paw. Then he pressed it to the bark. *SQUISH*. Purple juice went everywhere. When he lifted his paw, there was a giant purple paw print covering half the list.

Ricky stared at it. "That's a big wish."

"It's a big paw," said Bruno.

Just then, a fluffy tail whipped down the trunk of Pilgrim Point. It was Sammy Squirrel. "Sign me up! Sign me up! My wish is a joke nobody's ever heard! Here's one! What do you get when you cross a pig and a pine tree?"

And she zipped right back up the tree before anybody could answer. From way up at the top came her voice: "A PORKY-PINE!" Then she was gone.

Bruno stopped chewing. "A pig..." he said slowly. "With pine needles..." He looked up at the pine. "Porky... PINE! Haw haw haw!"

Mr. Monkey grabbed a pawful of pine needles and stuck them all over his back. He wiggled his nose. "OINK," he said. "I'm a porky-pine."

"Hee hee hee," he added, because the needles tickled.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose.

Then something came bounding out of Discovery Den. It was Dottie Dog, ears flapping, tail wagging, with a leaf stuck on her nose.

"Hi! Hi! Hi! What are you doing? Can I do it too?"

"You can sign up for the Swap," said Ricky. "What do you wish for?"

"A stick that throws itself!" said Dottie. "So I can play fetch all day, even when everybody's tired!"

Ricky started to write it down. Dottie's eyes followed the bark roll. It was long. It was round. It was very, very stick-shaped.

Dottie's tail stopped wagging. Then it started again, twice as fast.

"Is that..." she whispered. "A STICK?"

"No, it's the..." said Ricky.

"FETCH!" Dottie grabbed the end of the bark roll in her teeth and took off.

The bark unrolled behind her like a long white tail. She ran over the mossy logs of Discovery Den. She ran around the Story Stone. She ran across the Listening Log and back again. Then she ran around Bruno. Once. Twice. Three times. When she stopped, Bruno was wrapped from his toes to his chin in birch bark, with only his ears poking out of the top.

Bruno looked down at himself. "Am I a present?"

"Rule fifteen!" cried Ricky. "No presents that are Bruno!"

"Haw haw haw!" went Bruno, and the bark wiggled when he laughed.

Dottie had the end of the list in her mouth, and her whole back half was wagging. Ricky reached for it. Dottie danced backward. He reached again. She danced away again, faster. It was the best game she had ever played.

"Dottie, please," said Ricky. His whiskers drooped. "It might tear."

Mr. Monkey felt it right in his chest. Ricky looked so worried about his list. And Dottie looked so happy. She wasn't trying to be naughty at all. She just loved fetch more than almost anything. Mr. Monkey didn't want either one of them to be sad.

"Mr. Moose," he whispered. "What do we do?"

Mr. Moose thought it through. Chasing Dottie only made her run more, because chasing was part of fetch. "Dottie doesn't want the list," he said slowly. "She wants something to chase. So what does Dottie love even more than a stick?"

Mr. Monkey's eyes lit up. "A BETTER stick!"

"And she wished for one that throws itself," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Monkey found the longest, knobby stick at the bottom of Fort Friendship. He scrambled up the vines to the lookout, held it over his head, and called out, "Dottie! Look up here! It's a stick that throws ITSELF!"

He flung it as far as he could. It sailed over Discovery Den, spinning end over end.

Dottie dropped the list. "IT THREW ITSELF!" And she was gone, galloping after it.

Mr. Moose put one hoof gently on the end of the bark, so it wouldn't blow away. Then he rolled it up with his nose, around and around, slowly and carefully, all the way to Bruno. Mr. Monkey slid down the vines and helped unwind Bruno, who turned in circles like a spinning top until he was free.

Ricky hugged his list. "Not one rip," he said.

Dottie came trotting back with the stick in her mouth and her tail going in happy circles. She dropped it at Mr. Monkey's feet. "Again?"

"Again," said Mr. Monkey, and he threw it again, just for her.

Then they climbed the roots of Pilgrim Point. Orion Owl was sitting on his branch, fluffing his feathers before his midday sleep.

"Orion," said Ricky, "what do you wish for? For the Swap."

Orion blinked his round golden eyes, slowly. "Hoo," he said. "Before I wish for anything, look down at that apple tree."

They looked. Bruno had wandered over and was munching an apple. Two little birds were pecking at one on a branch. Sammy zipped up the trunk and zipped back down with an apple almost as big as she was. Dottie was lying in the grass with her stick, chewing the stick and sniffing an apple, as if she couldn't decide.

"That tree has made more apples than anyone in the woods," said Orion. "Who do you suppose they're for?"

Then he tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.

"For the tree," said Ricky. "It made them. They're its apples."

Mr. Moose didn't say anything. He watched the apple tree for a long time. Bruno ate an apple. A bird ate a little bit of an apple. One apple fell off a branch, *thup*, and rolled down the hill to the river, where a duck nibbled it.

"Mr. Monkey," said Mr. Moose. "The tree never eats one."

"It can't," said Mr. Monkey. "It doesn't have a mouth."

"Every single apple goes to somebody else," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Monkey looked at the tree. "And it didn't even make a wish list."

Ricky looked at his list. He looked at the tree. He started to say something, and then he didn't. Under Orion's name, he drew a great big question mark. "I'll ask him later," he said.

"I want to be an apple tree," said Mr. Monkey.

He climbed onto a low branch, wrapped his tail around it, and hung upside down with his arms stretched out like branches. Mr. Moose put an apple in each of his hands.

"Who wants an apple from the Monkey Tree?" called Mr. Monkey.

Bruno took one. Dottie took one. Ricky took one. Mr. Moose put two more in Mr. Monkey's hands, and those got taken too. Soon there was only one apple left, in Mr. Monkey's right hand. He looked at it. His tummy rumbled.

"Can a Monkey Tree eat one?" he asked.

"A Monkey Tree gets one," said Mr. Moose.

"Hee hee hee!" Mr. Monkey took a big, crunchy bite, still hanging upside down.

When the sun was high and warm, they headed back to Sunny Square. Ricky counted. "Eleven names! And one question mark."

"What a day!" said Mr. Moose. "Bruno made a giant paw print. Sammy told a joke about a porky-pine and ran away. Dottie played fetch with Ricky's list and turned Bruno into a present. Mr. Monkey threw a stick that threw itself. And the apple tree gave away every apple it had."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

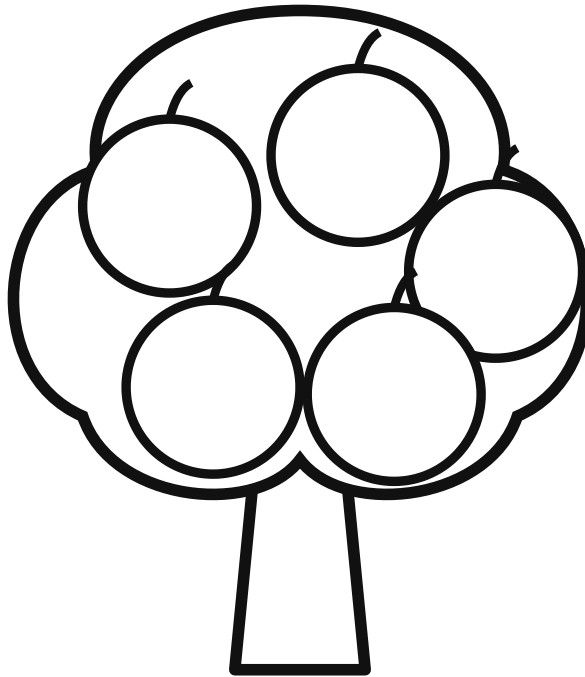
And in Learning Land, the old apple tree stood in the sunshine with its branches a little lighter, waiting for whoever came next.

Let's Talk

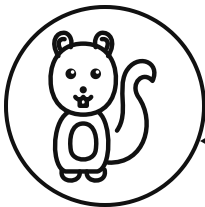
- 1 The old apple tree never eats one apple. Who are the apples for?
- 2 Who has given something good to you?

Your Turn

You are an apple tree! In each apple, draw someone you would like to give something to, or write their name.



SAMMY'S JOKE



Why did the dog sit in the shade?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

He didn't want to be a _____ !








KEY



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Pit-Pat!

Pit-pat, pit-pat!

Is it ?

Is it ?

It is !

 sat.

 is in!

PICTURE WORDS



Bruno



Dottie



Sammy



Color a star each time you read it.

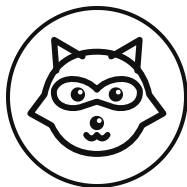
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

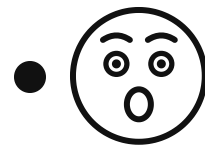
Thank you.

♥ Feelings Match

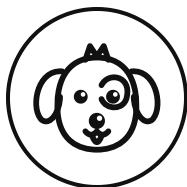
How did they feel? Draw a line from each friend to the face that matches. One face will be left over.



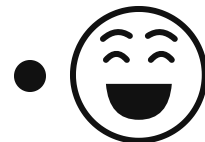
Ricky, when Dottie ran off with his list



surprised



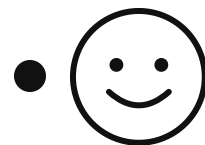
Dottie, playing fetch with the list



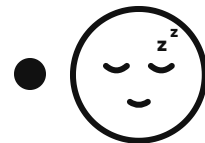
excited



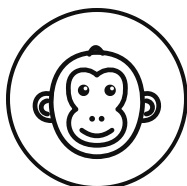
Bruno, wrapped up like a present



happy



sleepy



Mr. Monkey, giving away apples



worried



The Golden Treasure

COLOR THE PICTURE



Rainbow River was busy this morning. All along its banks, the trees were dropping yellow leaves, and the leaves were floating on the water, turning slow circles as they drifted by.

Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey were waiting for Ricky at the river bend when Sammy Squirrel came zipping down a tree.

"Did you hear? Did you hear? There's a golden treasure up the river! It only comes once a year! Right at the end of the day! Tessie told me!"

And she zipped away again.

Ricky came running up just in time to hear the last part. His eyes went as big as acorns. "A **GOLDEN** treasure? That would be the best Swap present in the whole history of presents!"

"It has to be pinecone-size," said Mr. Moose. "Rule two."

"I'll bring a pinecone-size piece," said Ricky. "Come on! We can sign everybody up on the way."

So off they went, upriver.

In Munching Meadow, they found Hazel Horse galloping circles through the last of the tall grass.

"Hazel!" called Ricky. "What do you wish for? For the Great Big Present Swap?"

Hazel skidded to a stop. "The great big present **WHAT?**"

"Swap," said Ricky.

"**SWAMP?**" Hazel's ears shot up. "A Great Big Present **SWAMP?** I LOVE swamps! I'll go find one!"

And before anybody could say a word, she was galloping off toward the far side of the meadow, her tail streaming

behind her.

Ricky looked at his list. Very slowly, he wrote: *Hazel. Wish: unknown. Gone to find a swamp.*

By the clover patch, a pair of long ears poked out of a burrow. It was Benji Bunny. When Ricky asked for his wish, Benji's nose twitched. He hopped up close to Mr. Moose and whispered something into his big, soft ear.

"Benji wishes," said Mr. Moose gently, "for somebody to sit next to at the Thankful Feast."

"ME!" said Mr. Monkey. "I'll sit next to you!"

Benji's ears turned a little pink. "Hee hee," he said, very quietly.

At the edge of the woods, Shiloh Sheep was nibbling grass. He thought for a long time about his wish. "I wish," he said at last, "that nobody gets left out."

"That's rule four!" said Ricky. He hugged Shiloh. "You're my favorite."

Then the river began to get louder. The water hurried over smooth stones, splashing and singing, *rush-a-rush, plish-a-plish*. They had come to Whispering Water Way.

"Treasure time," said Ricky.

He looked under rocks. He looked behind logs. He looked in the reeds. And then he gasped. Down in the shallow water, a little pebble was shining gold. And there was another one. And another!

"**GOLD!**" Ricky scooped them into his basket, pawful after pawful. "I found it! I found the golden treasure!"

He held up the basket. The sun was warm. The water

dripped out. And as the pebbles dried, the gold went away. One by one, they turned plain and grayish-brown, the same as every other pebble.

Ricky stared into the basket. "Hey."

He dipped the basket back into the river. Gold again! He lifted it out. Brown again. He dipped it. Gold. He lifted it. Brown.

"I know," said Ricky. "I'll carry it home in the water."

So Ricky walked up the river holding his basket under the water, bent over, wading deeper and deeper so the pebbles would stay gold. The water came up to his tummy. Then his chest. Then his chin.

"Ricky," said Mr. Moose. "Your ears are getting wet."

"Glub," said Ricky.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey.

"Ha-ha-ha!" went Mr. Moose. He waded in and lifted Ricky out by the scruff, dripping, basket and all.

Just then, here came Hazel, trotting back along the bank. She was covered in mud from her hooves all the way up to her knees, and there was a lily pad on her head.

"I found a swamp!" she said proudly. "Where do the presents go?"

Ricky opened his mouth. Then he closed it.

Hazel looked down at her muddy legs, and at the lily pad flopping over one eye. "Hee hee hee... *SNORT!*"

Past the noisy water, the river went quiet again. And there, on her warm, flat sunning rock, sat Tessie Turtle.

"Tessie!" Ricky ran up, still dripping. "Sammy said you know about the golden treasure! Where is it?"

Tessie turned her head, slowly. "Oh," she said. "It's here."

Everybody looked around. There was the river, full of floating yellow leaves. There were the trees. There was Tessie's rock. There was no treasure anywhere.

"Where?" asked Ricky.

"Here," said Tessie.

Ricky decided to ask an easier question. "What do you wish for? For the Present Swap?"

Tessie looked out at the water for a long time. "I wish," she said, "for this."

Ricky wrote down *THIS*?

Then Tessie asked a question of her own, very slowly, the way she said everything. "Ricky... what... is a present... for?"

Ricky opened his mouth to answer. Then he closed it. He looked at Mr. Moose. Mr. Moose didn't know either. Nobody knew. The river went *plish-a-plish* while they all thought about it.

The sun was getting lower. Ricky sat down on the end of Tessie's rock, wet and droopy. "I wanted to find the golden treasure," he said. "I wanted to bring the best present of all. And there isn't any treasure. Just leaves and wet pebbles."

Mr. Monkey felt it in his tummy, the sinking feeling of looking all day for something and not finding it. He sat down right next to Ricky, close, so their shoulders touched.

Mr. Moose was thinking. Sammy had said *at the end of the day*. And Tessie said *it's here*. Not over there. Not under a rock. Here.

"Ricky," said Mr. Moose slowly. "What if the treasure isn't somewhere else? What if it just isn't time yet?"

"The end of the day," said Mr. Monkey.

"So we wait," said Mr. Moose. "Right here. Together."

Waiting was hard for Mr. Monkey. He wiggled. He counted his toes. He counted Mr. Moose's toes. Benji and Shiloh came up the bank to see what everybody was doing, and they sat down too. Hazel lay down in the grass with her muddy legs out straight. And they all waited, at Tessie speed.

Then the sun sank down until it was shining straight up the river, low and orange, right between the trees.

Benji's ears stood up. "Look," he whispered.

The light hit the water. Every yellow leaf floating on Rainbow River lit up at once, glowing gold, hundreds and hundreds of them, from one bank all the way to the other. The whole river turned into a shining, sparkling, slowly moving road of gold. Even the mist over the water glowed. Even Hazel's muddy legs shone gold.

"I'm a golden horse," Hazel whispered.

Nobody else said anything at all.

Then Ricky jumped up. "The treasure!" He grabbed his basket and scooped a big basketful of shining gold right off the river. He held it up high over his head. Water ran out of the bottom. *Splortch*. A pile of soggy wet leaves slid out and landed right on top of his head.

Ricky stood there with leaves hanging over his ears. "It's just leaves," he said.

"Heh... heh... heh," laughed Tessie, very slowly.

"You can't carry it home," said Tessie when she was done. "You can only look at it."

So they looked. They looked until the sun slipped behind the hill and the gold faded back into the river.

"Most years," said Tessie, "everybody walks right through it."

Mr. Monkey looked down at his legs. They were wet up to his knees from wading upriver all day. Wading through yellow leaves.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "We walked through it ALL DAY!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "We did."

They headed home in the blue evening, Hazel carrying Benji and Shiloh on her back, Ricky carrying an empty basket and wearing a leaf hat.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "Hazel went looking for a swamp and found one. Ricky carried his treasure under the river and got wet ears. Tessie said the treasure was here, and it WAS here. The whole river turned gold, and we can't even take it with us."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

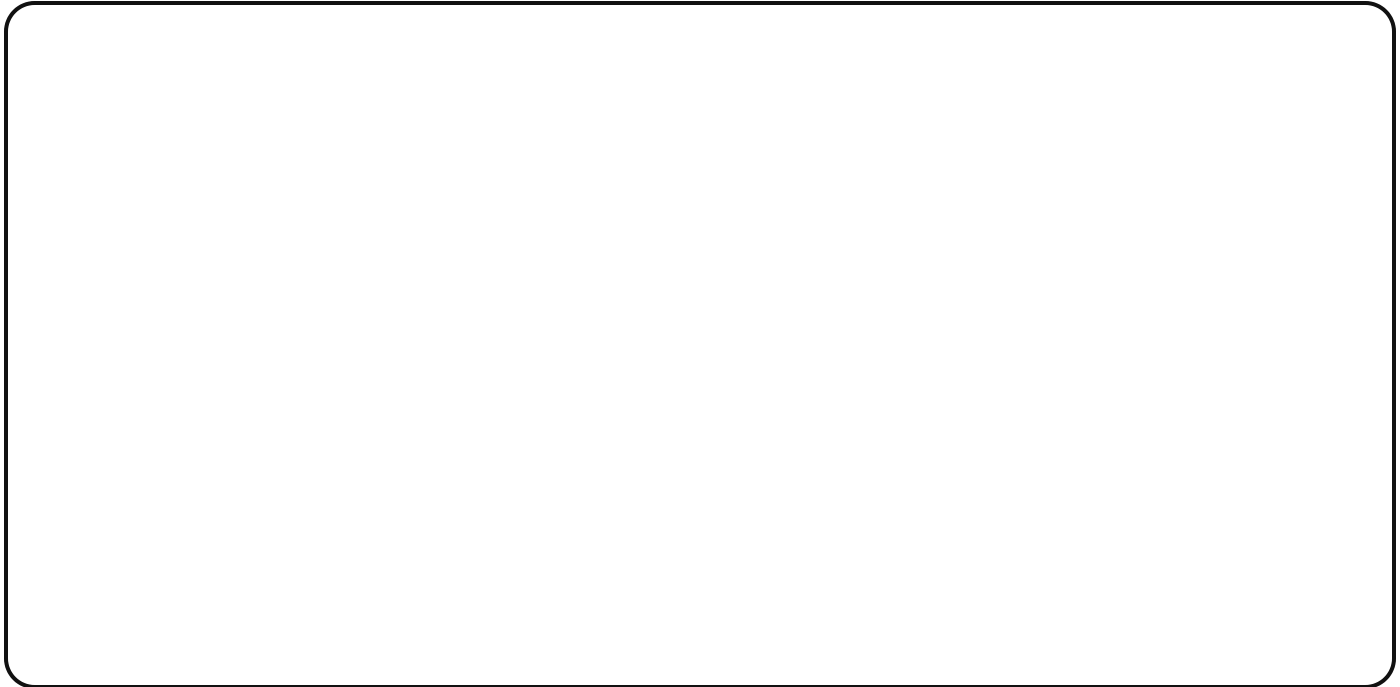
And behind them, Rainbow River kept on carrying its yellow leaves home through the dark, waiting for tomorrow's sun.

Let's Talk

- 1 Tessie said the golden treasure was “here.” Where was it?
- 2 What good thing is right here in our home that is easy to walk right past?

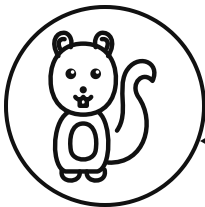
Your Turn

Draw a treasure that is right here in your home.



My treasure is _____.

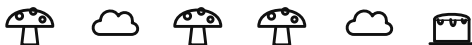
SAMMY'S JOKE



Why do fish live in salt water?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

Because _____ makes them sneeze!

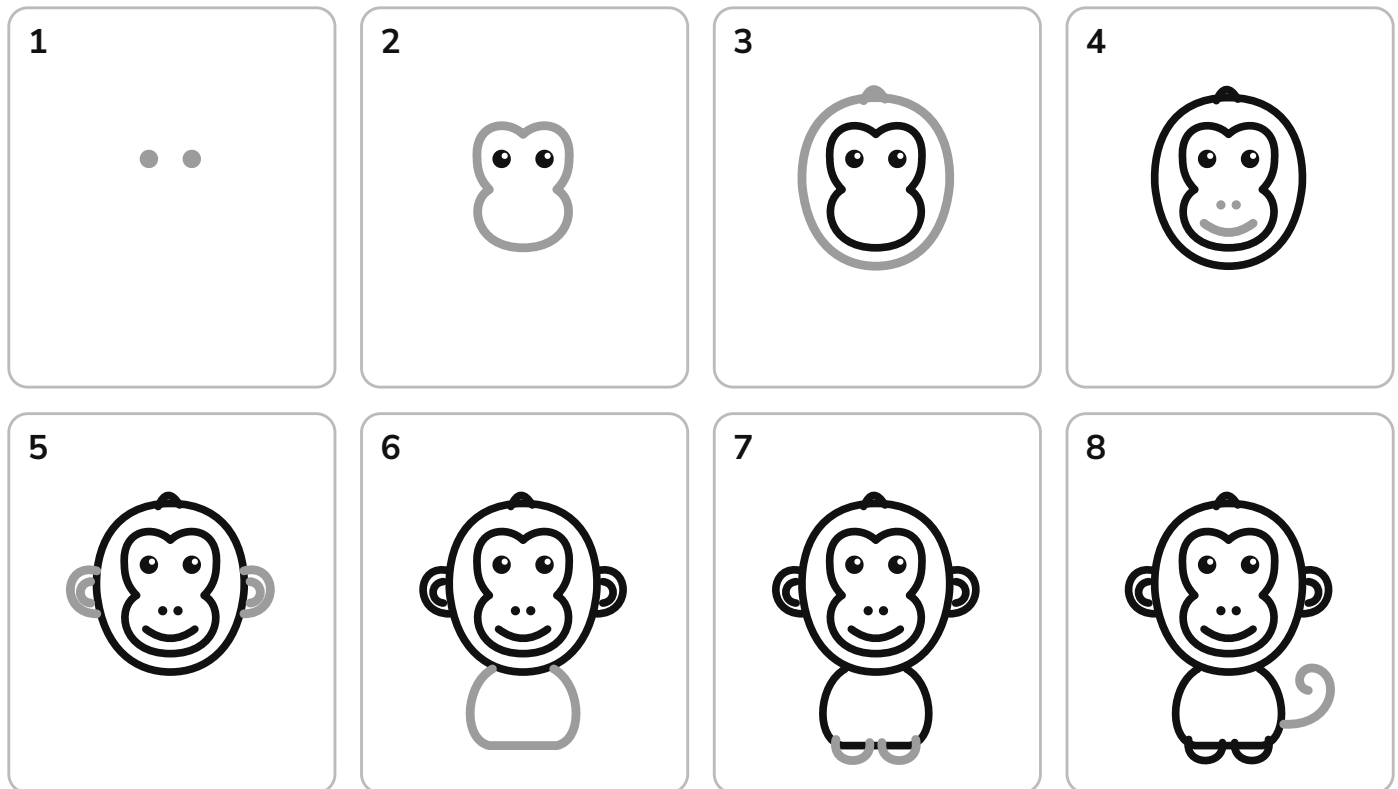


KEY



 Draw Mr. Monkey!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY MR. MONKEY

 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Is It a Pin?

 sat. sat and sat.

Is it a pin?

Is it a tin?

It is a !

PICTURE WORDS  Ricky  leaf

For grown-ups: New words to learn by heart: a, and.



Color a star each time you read it.

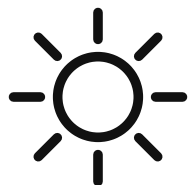
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

👁 Treasures Right Here

Hunt around your home. Check each treasure you find!



something
yellow or gold

☐

something that
shines

☐

a leaf

☐

something soft

☐

something that
makes you
smile

☐

something
someone made
for you

☐

The Wishing Tree

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The wind came whooshing through Sunny Square, *whoo-shhhh, whoo-shhhh*, and pulled the very last leaves off the big maple tree. They tumbled across the grass like they were racing each other to the river. By the time the wind calmed down, the maple was bare, just a tall brown trunk and lots of empty branches reaching up to the gray sky.

"It looks cold," said Mr. Monkey, looking up at it.

"It looks like it's waiting for something," said Mr. Moose.

Ricky came hurrying across Sunny Square with his list and an armful of little bark cards. "Sign-Up Helpers! I have the best idea since my last best idea!"

On every card, Ricky had copied one wish. Bruno's big purple paw print. Dottie's stick that throws itself. A whisper wish for Benji. Shiloh's "nobody left out." Hazel's card just said *SWAMP*. And Mr. Monkey's card was the biggest of all: the Mr. Monkey-shaped banana, cut out of a whole piece of bark.

"We'll hang every wish on the big maple," said Ricky.

"Then everybody can come and see what everybody wants. It'll be a WISHING TREE!"

"Ooh," said Mr. Monkey.

Soon all of Sunny Square was busy getting ready. Daddy Monkey swung in with a big coil of vines over his shoulder, new ones and fuzzy old ones. Mama Moose brought baskets of berries for paint. Sammy brought

pinecones, so everybody could measure their presents. Dottie brought her stick, just in case.

Bruno picked up a pinecone and started measuring things. He measured a rock. "One pinecone." He measured Benji. "One pinecone and a little bit of ears." Then he measured Mr. Moose, all the way up from his hooves to his antlers, pinecone over pinecone over pinecone, until he had to stand on a stump to reach the top.

"Forty-seven pinecones," said Bruno. He shook his head sadly. "Mr. Moose, you're too big for the Swap."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "I'll try to shrink."

"Haw haw haw!" went Bruno.

Then it was time to hang the wishes. Mr. Monkey climbed up into the bare maple with the cards tucked under his arm, and Ricky handed them up one at a time. Mr. Monkey hung Bruno's card on a branch. He hung Dottie's card on a twig. He hung Hazel's *SWAMP* right at the top.

Then the wind came back.

WHOOOOSH.

Every card on the maple lifted off its branch at once and went flying. They flew over Sunny Square like a flock of little brown birds. Dottie leaped and caught one in her mouth. Hazel galloped after two more. Sammy zipped up a tree after one that got stuck. Benji chased the whisper wish across the grass and pounced on it with both front paws.

And Mr. Monkey's big banana card caught the wind like a sail.

Mr. Monkey was still holding it. "Whoa! WHOA!" It pulled him right out of the tree. He landed on his bottom in the grass, still holding on, and the wind dragged him across Sunny Square, *shhhhhhhhhh*, skiing through the leaves on his bottom, around the maple once, around the maple twice...

"Mr. Moose! My wish is taking me somewhere!"

Bruno stepped right in front of him and sat down on the banana card. *FWUMP*. It stopped. Mr. Monkey stopped. He was covered in leaves from his ears to his toes.

"Thanks, Bruno," he said from inside the leaves.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" went Sammy from the top of a tree.

"Mr. Monkey went SKIING!"

Everybody brought back the cards they had caught. Some were bent. Dottie's was a little slobbery. Ricky sat down on a root with the whole pile in his lap, and his ears went flat.

"It's not going to work," he said. "The wind will just blow them off again. And today is the last day."

Mr. Monkey felt it in his own tummy. Ricky had worked so hard, for days and days, and he wanted the Wishing Tree to work for him. "We'll help," said Mr. Monkey. "Right, Mr. Moose?"

Mr. Moose looked at the cards. He looked at the bare branches swaying in the wind. "We were only hanging them," he said slowly. "Hanging doesn't hold on. We need to tie them on. Tight."

He looked over at Daddy Monkey's big coil of vines. "And Ricky has the best knots in the woods."

Ricky's ears came back up.

Mr. Monkey climbed back up into the maple with an armful of vines. Mr. Moose stood underneath and held each card up high, steady between his antlers, right where Mr. Monkey could reach it. And Ricky climbed up beside Mr. Monkey and tied every single card on, with his very best knot, the one that never slips. Bruno held the bottom of the ladder, even though there wasn't a ladder.

When the wind came back, *whoo-shhhh*, the cards swung and clacked and spun on their vines. But not one flew away.

"It's a Wishing Tree," said Ricky softly.

Then Ricky counted the cards, and his face fell. "Wait. There's one more. I still haven't signed up the Silent Stag."

Mama Moose smiled. "Oh, Ricky. The Silent Stag doesn't sign up for things."

Some of the youngest friends had never heard of him, so Mama Moose told them. He was the oldest friend in all of Wanderful Woods, she said. He shone a soft silver-blue, as if he were made of morning mist and river light. He never said a word. And he never, ever came when you called him. "Most of the grown-ups in the woods have

seen him once or twice," she said. "Usually when they weren't looking for him at all."

Ricky thought about it. Then he made one more card. It said *SILENT STAG* and nothing else, with a big empty space underneath. He tied that one on too, right in the middle.

By the time the sky turned orange, everybody had gone home to supper, everybody except Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey. They stood under the Wishing Tree, looking up. Dozens of wishes turned slowly on their vines.

Mr. Monkey found his own card. The big banana. It was the biggest wish on the whole tree.

He looked at it for a long time.

"Mr. Moose," he said quietly. "When I look at my wish, my tummy feels heavy. Like I swallowed a rock." He rubbed his tummy. "Isn't wanting supposed to feel good?"

Mr. Moose looked up at the tree, too. Every card was something somebody didn't have yet. Almost every card. There was Daddy Moose's *NOTHING*. There was Tessie's *THIS*. There was Orion's big question mark. And there was the empty space under *SILENT STAG*.

"I don't know," said Mr. Moose. "I'm still thinking about it."

The wind went quiet.

At the edge of Sunny Square, down by the river bend, stood the Silent Stag.

He was tall and still in the orange light, as if he were made of morning mist and river light, with antlers like branches made of light. He wasn't looking at the Wishing Tree at all. He was looking at the two friends standing underneath it.

Mr. Monkey's heavy tummy went quiet, too. For a moment, he didn't want anything at all.

Then a puff of mist drifted off the river, right through the Stag, and when it was gone, so was he.

"He was here," whispered Mr. Monkey.

"He was," said Mr. Moose. He looked up at the empty space on the *SILENT STAG* card. "And he still didn't sign up."

They walked home slowly, side by side.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey at Mr. Moose's door.

"Bruno measured you, and you were forty-seven pinecones. My wish pulled me all over Sunny Square. We tied every wish on the Wishing Tree so the wind couldn't take them. And the Silent Stag came, but he didn't look at the wishes. He looked at us."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And in the dark, the bare old maple stood in the middle of Sunny Square, its branches full of wishes, swaying softly, waiting.

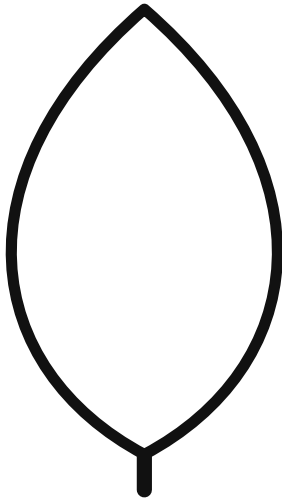
Let's Talk

- 1 When Mr. Monkey looked at his big banana wish, his tummy felt heavy. Why do you think it felt that way?
- 2 Our family is putting up a Thanks Giving Tree, a paper trunk for our thank-you leaves! What do you think it will look like by Thanksgiving?

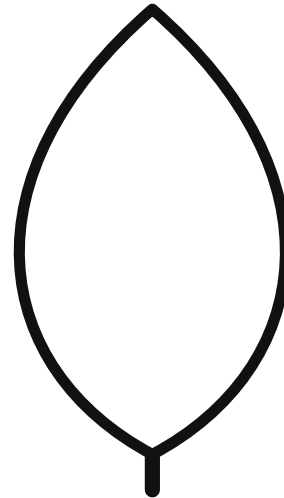
Your Turn

Practice a thank-you leaf! Write a name on the front. On the back, draw the kind thing they did for you.

FRONT: THE NAME

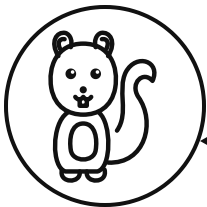


BACK: THE THANK-YOU



Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both leaves. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and save it for your family's Thanks Giving Tree.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What's orange and sounds like a parrot?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

A _ _ _ _ _ !



KEY



👁 Spot the Difference

Look closely. Can you find 5 differences?



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Is It a Fit?

 sat.

A tin. Is it a fit? It is a fit!

A pan. Is it a fit? It is a fit!

A mat. Is it a fit? It is a fit!



♥ My Thank-You

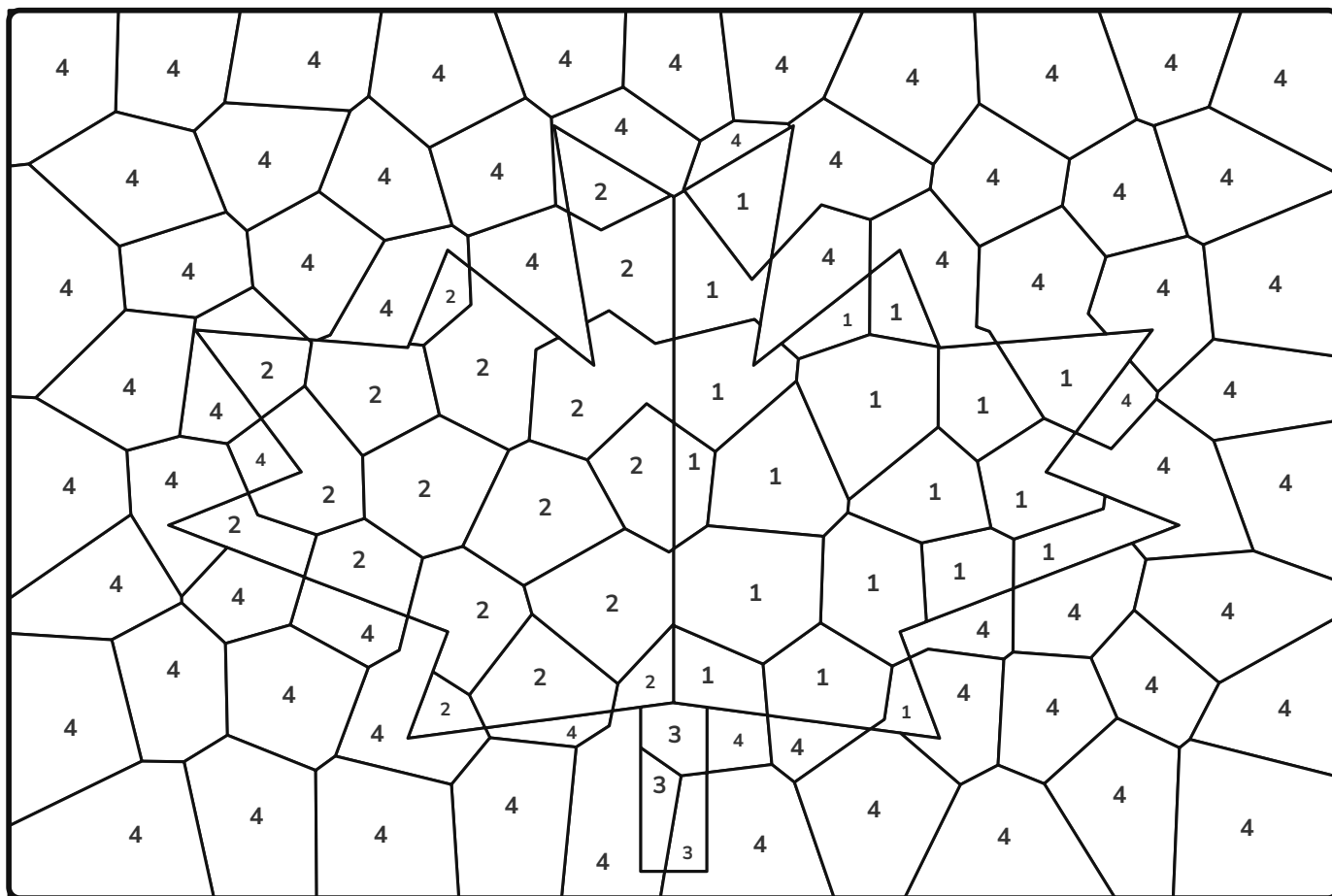
Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

🏠 Mystery Picture

Color each space by its number to find the hidden picture.

① red ② orange ③ brown ④ light blue



WEEK DONE!



Turn back to this week's map.
Color any stones you missed.



Ladybugs I found in this week's storybook pictures: _____



COLOR THE TITLE!

Improvement

Who made my life better?

Look back one year. Who helped you grow?

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

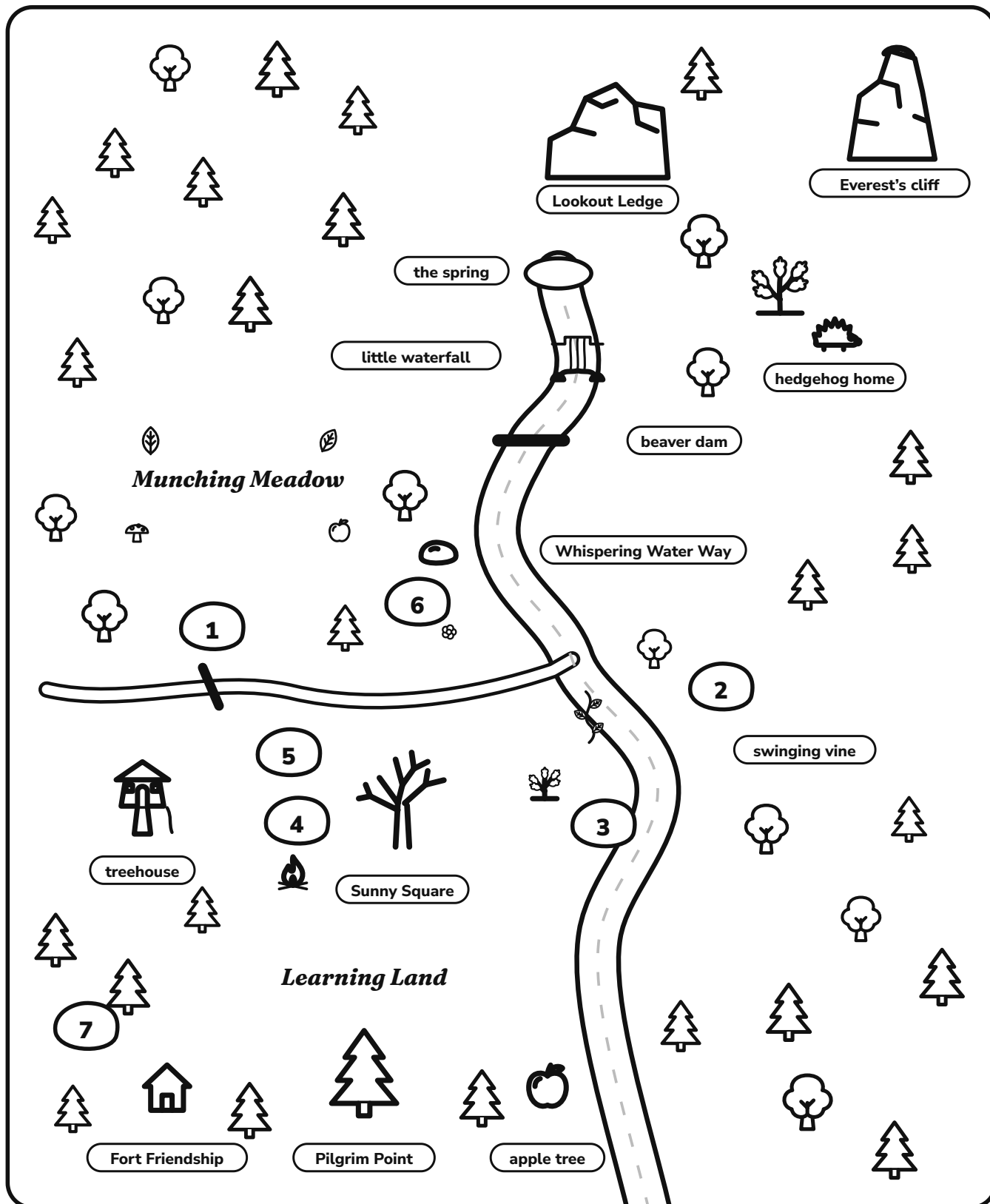
- 1 **Monday:** Then and Now
- 2 **Tuesday:** The Knot That Never Slips
- 3 **Wednesday:** Nobody Planted It
- 4 **Thursday:** The Backward Feast
- 5 **Friday:** Thanks for Being Nice
- 6 **Saturday:** A Secret for Benji
- 7 **Sunday:** The Leaf With No Name

THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____, for making my life better.

Where We'll Go This Week

Each day, find the stone with that day's number and color it. It shows where the day's story happens!



Then and Now

 COLOR THE PICTURE



It was a crisp, crunchy morning. Every puddle in Sunny Square had a thin lid of ice on top, and when Mr. Monkey stomped on one, it went *krinkle-krak*.

"Mr. Moose!" he called. "The puddles have ceilings!"

Mr. Moose didn't answer. He was standing very straight with his back against the big maple, right under the Wishing Tree, with his chin up and his ears up and his tummy sucked in.

Mama Moose was standing in front of him with a piece of charcoal from the fire. "Hold still," she said. "Still... still..."

She drew a line on the bark, right at the top of Mr. Moose's head. Then she stepped back. Just below the new line was an old line. And below that, an older one. And below that, a tiny one, way down low by the roots.

"Every fall," said Mama Moose, "I mark how tall you are. Look how much you grew this year."

Mr. Moose turned around and looked. The new line was a whole hoof higher than last year's.

"Whoa," said Mr. Monkey. He hopped up on a root and squinted at the lines. "Mr. Moose, last year you were a little moose. Now you're a medium moose."

"How did I get taller?" asked Mr. Moose.

"Well," said Mama Moose, smiling, "that's a good question to think about." And she went inside to make breakfast.

Mr. Monkey hopped down. "I want to know if I grew too! Let's do Then and Now!"

"What's Then and Now?" asked Mr. Moose.

"I just made it up," said Mr. Monkey. "You show something you can do NOW that you couldn't do THEN. A year ago. I'll go first!"

He ran to the treehouse, where Mama Monkey was shaking out blankets on the porch. "Mama! Watch! Then and Now!"

Mr. Monkey grabbed the highest vine, the long one that went all the way from the treehouse to the tall pine across the path. A year ago, he could only swing on the low vines. Now he swung way out, way up, all by himself.

"WHEEEEE!" He sailed through the air, let go, and reached for the next vine.

He missed.

He fell straight down, *fwoop*, and landed... right in Mama Monkey's arms. She had already dropped the blanket and stepped underneath him. She hadn't even looked worried.

"Hee hee hee!" Mr. Monkey looked up at her. "How did you know?"

"Because I've caught you about a hundred times," said Mama Monkey. "That makes a hundred and one."

Mr. Monkey stopped laughing. He thought about it. All last spring, every time he tried the high vines, every single time he fell, Mama Monkey was there. Underneath him.

Every time.

"Mama," he said slowly. "Is that why I can swing on the high vines now? Because you caught me?"

"I think you did the swinging," said Mama Monkey. "I just did the catching."

"A hundred times," said Mr. Monkey. "That's a lot of catching."

Mama Monkey laughed and set him down. "It was my favorite thing to do."

Mr. Monkey stood there with a funny feeling in his chest. It was warm and big, and it had nowhere to go.

"Your turn," he told Mr. Moose. "Then and Now."

Mr. Moose thought hard. Then he walked down to the brook that ran behind the big maple, where a long, skinny log lay across the water from one side to the other.

"A year ago," said Mr. Moose, "I couldn't walk across that log. My legs got all tangled up and I fell in."

"Every time?" asked Mr. Monkey.

Daddy Moose had come out to stack firewood, and he looked up. "Twenty-two times," he said. "I counted."

"Twenty-two?" said Mr. Monkey.

"I stood in the brook beside the log every single time," said Daddy Moose. "Every morning. So when you fell, you landed on me instead of in the cold water."

Mr. Moose blinked. He didn't remember that part. He remembered falling, and he remembered being wet. He did not remember who was underneath him.

"Watch," said Mr. Moose. "Now."

He put one hoof on the log. Then the next. His long legs went slow and careful, one, two, three, four. The log wobbled. Mr. Moose didn't. He walked all the way across to the other side and turned around.

"YOU DID IT!" shouted Mr. Monkey, and he jumped up and down so hard that he jumped right onto the end of the log.

The log bounced. Mr. Moose bounced. And *SPLOOSH*, Mr. Moose fell into the brook.

He sat in the cold water with a lily pad on one antler.

"Twenty-three," said Daddy Moose.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose, sitting in the brook.

"Hee hee hee! Oops! Are you okay?" Mr. Monkey reached out his hand to help him up.

"I'm okay," said Mr. Moose. "That one doesn't count. That was a bounce."

"Mr. Splash Moose," said Mr. Monkey.

Mr. Moose shook his head to get the water out of his ears. The lily pad flew off his antler, sailed through the air, and landed, *flap*, right on top of Mr. Monkey's head.

"Hee hee! Now I have a hat," said Mr. Monkey, and he wore it for the rest of the morning.

Mr. Moose climbed out, dripping. And then he did something he hadn't done twenty-two times. He walked over and leaned his wet head against Daddy Moose's big side.

Daddy Moose didn't say anything. He just leaned back.

Mr. Monkey watched them. That warm, big feeling in his chest came back. "Mr. Moose," he said, "my tummy feels full, and I didn't even eat anything."

Mr. Moose looked at Daddy Moose. "I didn't know it was Daddy," he said. "I thought I just got better."

"I thought I just got better too," said Mr. Monkey. "But it was Mama. Catching."

They sat on the bank, thinking. Leaves were everywhere on the ground, brown and red and yellow, piled up under every tree.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey. "I don't want to forget. Last year I forgot. I forgot a hundred catches!"

Mr. Moose thought it through. How do you remember something so you don't forget it again? You keep it somewhere. You put it where you can see it.

He picked up a big red leaf off the ground. "What if every time we notice somebody who made us better," he said, "we pick up a leaf? One leaf for every somebody. And we keep them. Then we can't forget."

Mr. Monkey grabbed an empty basket from the porch. He picked up a yellow leaf. "This one is for Mama Monkey. For catching me."

He put it in the basket.

Mr. Moose dropped in his red leaf. "This one is for Daddy Moose. For standing in the cold water."

They looked at the two leaves in the bottom of the basket.

"It looks a little empty," said Mr. Monkey.

"It's only Monday," said Mr. Moose.

Just then, Ricky came hurrying across Sunny Square with his rule list tucked under his arm, measuring every pinecone he passed. "Can't stop!" he called. "New rules! Big rules!" And he was gone.

Mr. Monkey looked up at the Wishing Tree, at his big banana wish turning on its vine. Then he looked down at the basket. He picked it up with both hands.

"I'll carry this," he said.

That evening, they walked back across Sunny Square together, Mr. Moose still a little damp, Mr. Monkey holding the basket like it was full of eggs.

"What a day!" said Mr. Moose. "Mama marked how tall I am. Mr. Monkey fell off the high vine and Mama Monkey caught him, a hundred and one. I walked across the log, and then I fell in anyway, twenty-three. And now we have a basket."

"With two leaves in it," said Mr. Monkey.

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And on the big maple, the charcoal line sat a whole hoof higher than last year's, quiet in the moonlight.

Let's Talk

- 1 Mama Monkey caught Mr. Monkey a hundred and one times. What did all that catching help him learn?
- 2 What can you do now that you couldn't do a year ago? Who helped you?

Your Turn

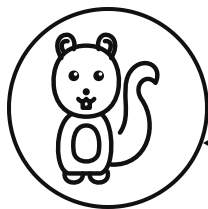
Then and Now! Think of something you couldn't do a year ago. Draw yourself before you could do it, then doing it now!

A YEAR AGO: BEFORE YOU COULD DO IT

NOW: DOING IT!

_____ helped me.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What goes up but never comes down?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

Your _____ !

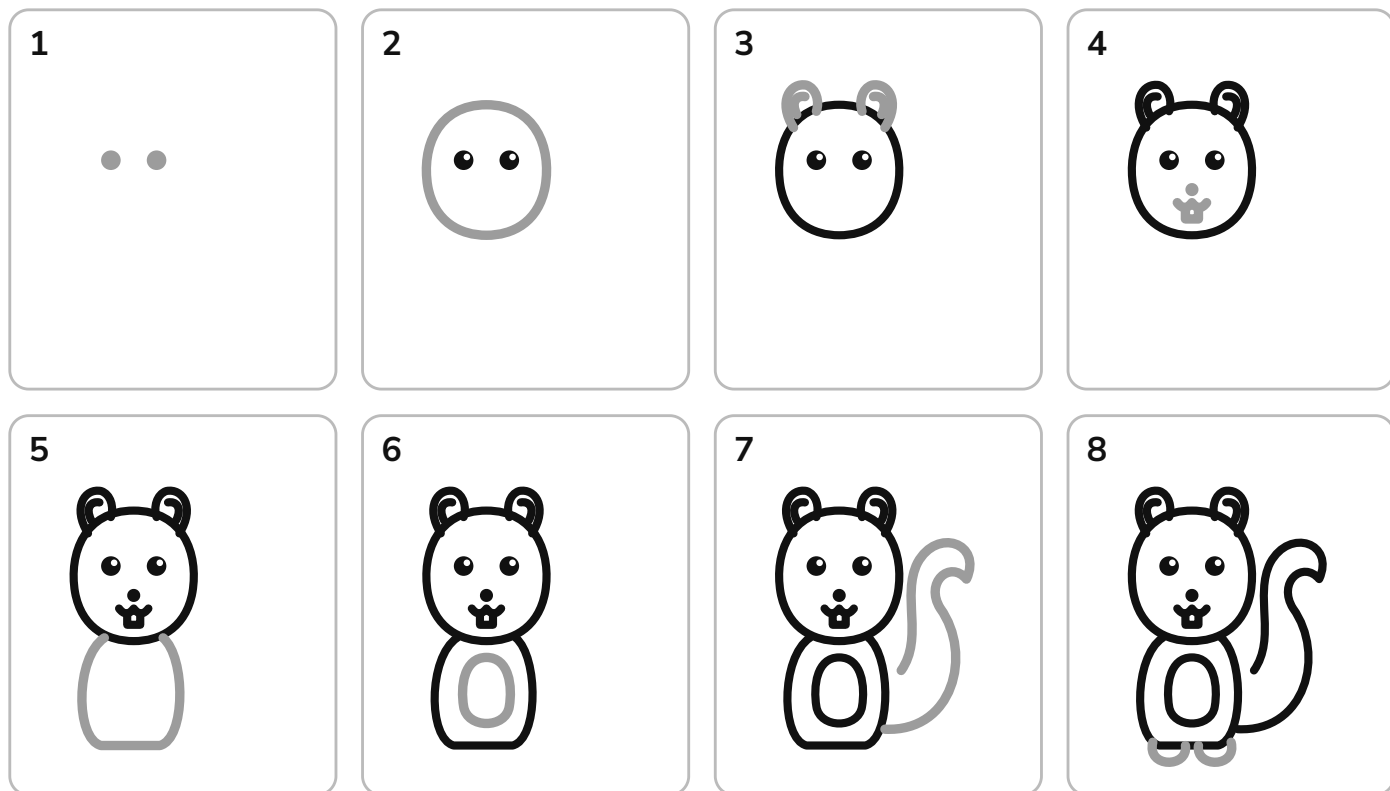


KEY



Draw Sammy Squirrel!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY SAMMY SQUIRREL

 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Tip! Dip! is on top.Tip! Dip!  is in!

Dad is in. Is Dad mad? Dad is not mad.

 is on top. Tip! Dip!Dad is in, and  is in. is on top, on top, on top... did it!PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Moose

For grown-ups: New sounds: o, d.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

for making my life better.

☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



swing on the
highest vine

OR



walk across a log
over a brook



have a lily pad
hat

OR



have a leaf stuck
on your face



stomp on
puddles with ice
on top

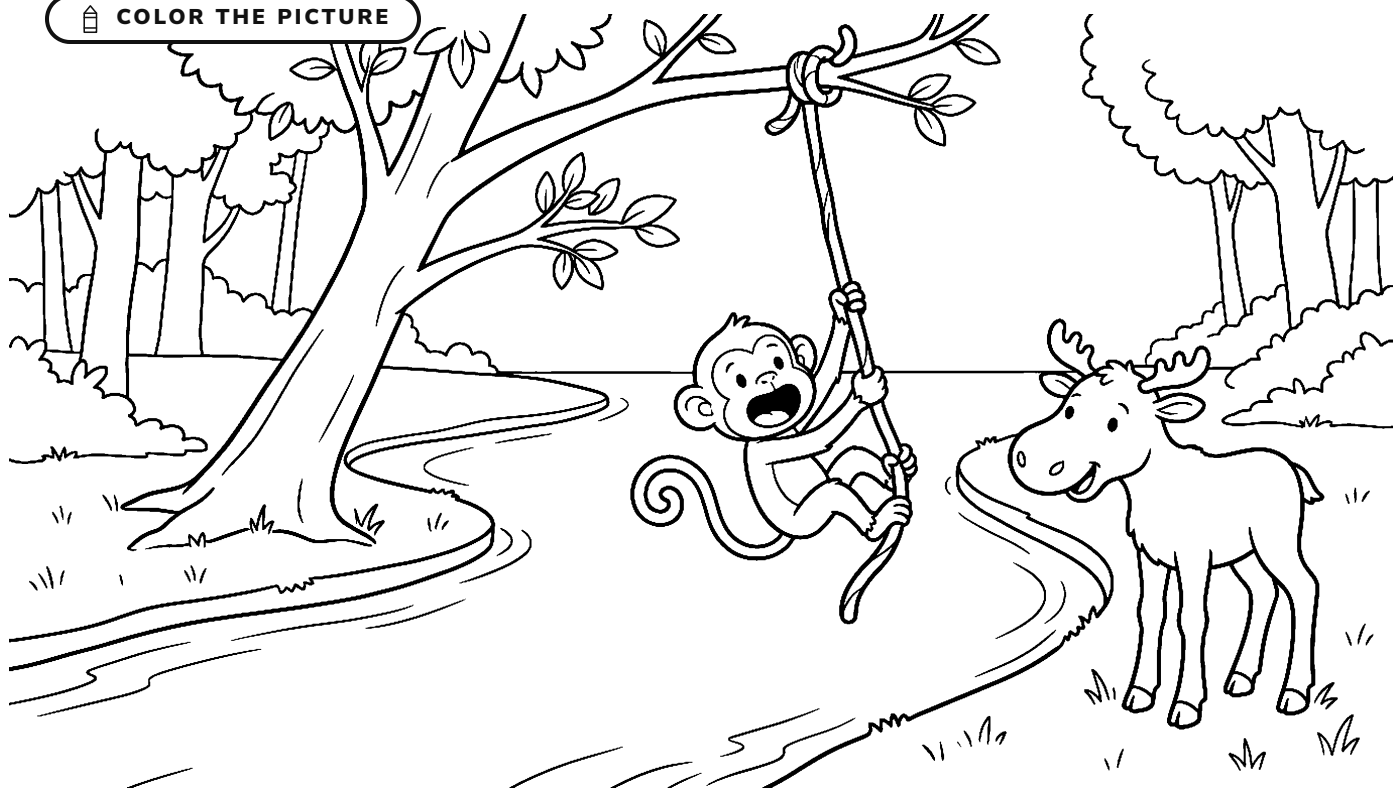
OR



ride on Daddy
Moose's back

The Knot That Never Slips

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The sun came out warm after the cold night, and the frost melted off the grass in little sparkles. Down at the river bend, the big swinging vine hung from a tall cottonwood, right out over the water.

"Watch this!" said Mr. Monkey.

He grabbed the vine, ran three steps, and swung way out over Rainbow River. "WHEEEEE!" Out and back. Out and back. He let go at the very top and splashed into the deep, cool water. *PLOONK*. He came up spitting. "Again!"

Mr. Moose watched from the bank. "Mr. Monkey," he said, "a year ago, nobody could use that vine."

Mr. Monkey climbed out. "Why not?"

"It was always slipping," said Mr. Moose. "Remember? It slid off the branch every time anybody grabbed it. Bruno tried it once, and the vine came down on top of him like a big green noodle."

Mr. Monkey remembered. He had swung on it once and ended up sitting in the shallow part with the whole vine in his lap.

"But now it doesn't slip," said Mr. Monkey. He looked up. "Then and Now! Who fixed it?"

They looked up at the branch. Way at the top, where the vine wrapped around the branch, was a knot. A big, tight, twisty knot. The kind of knot that never slips.

"I know that knot," said Mr. Moose. "That's the knot from the Wishing Tree."

"That's RICKY'S knot!" said Mr. Monkey.

Ricky had climbed all the way up there, sometime last year, and tied the swinging vine so it would never slip again. For everybody. And he never told anyone.

Mr. Monkey's chest went warm and big again, the same as yesterday. "We have to thank him!" he said. "Right now!"

They found Ricky in Sunny Square, under the Wishing Tree. He was surrounded by pinecones and leaves and bark, and he was very busy.

"Ricky!" said Mr. Monkey. "Ricky, thank you for..."

"Can't talk!" said Ricky. He was holding a pinecone up to a rock. "Too big." He held it up to an acorn. "Too small." He held it up to Dottie's nose as she walked by. "Just right!"

"Ricky," Mr. Monkey tried again. "We just found out that you..."

"Rule thirty-one!" said Ricky, scribbling on his list. "No presents that are pointy. Rule thirty-two. No presents that are sticky." He looked up. "Unless they're honey. For Bruno." Then he measured a beetle, and his own tail, which was exactly two pinecones long. He wrote that down too.

He hurried off toward Learning Land, still writing, and walked right under the apple tree just as an apple let go. *Plunk*. It landed in his basket.

"Thanks for the apple!" said Ricky, to the tree, and kept going.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. Then he sighed. "He

won't stop long enough to hear it."

Mr. Monkey followed him all morning. He tried to say thank you while Ricky measured Sammy's tail. He tried while Ricky was writing rule thirty-three. He even swung upside down in front of Ricky's face. "THANK... YOU... RICKY..."

"Rule thirty-four," said Ricky. "No monkeys in front of my list."

Mr. Monkey dropped down beside Mr. Moose. "It's no good," he said. "If I just say 'thank you,' he doesn't even hear it. It's like it floats away."

Mr. Moose thought about that. What does Ricky care about right now? Rules. Lists. Sizes. Measuring. He doesn't listen to talking, because his head is full of the Swap.

"Maybe saying it isn't enough," said Mr. Moose slowly. "Maybe he needs to see it."

"See what?"

"See what his knot did," said Mr. Moose. "Not the thank-you. The thing."

Mr. Monkey's eyes went wide. "The vine!"

So they made a plan. Mr. Monkey ran ahead to the river. Mr. Moose walked up to Ricky and said, "Ricky, I need to measure something by the river. Something big. Can you bring a pinecone?"

Ricky's ears popped up. "Something big? How big?"

"You'll see," said Mr. Moose.

They walked to the river bend. Ricky held up his pinecone. "Okay. What am I measuring?"

"That," said Mr. Moose, and pointed up.

Mr. Monkey grabbed the swinging vine. "Ricky! Watch!" He swung out over the river, out and back, out and back, higher and higher, and the knot at the top held tight, not slipping one bit.

Ricky's mouth fell open. "Hey. That's my knot."

"You tied it," said Mr. Monkey, swinging past. "Last year! And now everybody can swing on it! Bruno swings on it! Hazel swings on it! Benji swings on it, and he's scared of everything!"

Ricky looked at the knot for a long time. "I forgot I did that," he said quietly. "I tied it because the vine kept falling on Bruno."

"I want a turn," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Moose had never tried the swinging vine. He was too careful. But he took the vine in his mouth, walked backward up the bank, and then he ran forward and swung.

Except Mr. Moose was a lot bigger than Mr. Monkey. The branch bent. The vine stretched. And Mr. Moose didn't swing out over the river at all. He went down, slowly, right into the shallow water, and then his hooves dragged along the bottom like a plow, *shhhhhlorp*, all the way across the river, until he stopped on the far bank, still holding the vine.

The knot at the top didn't slip one bit.

Mr. Moose looked back across the river with the vine still in his mouth. "Rigky," he said, without letting go. "Your nod ish shtill holding."

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Mr. Moose, you're a plow!"

"Haw haw haw!" came a big laugh from the bushes. Bruno had been watching the whole time.

Ricky's whiskers twitched. Then he started laughing too, a raccoon giggle that went *hi-hi-hi-hi*.

When Mr. Moose waded back, Mr. Monkey stood right in front of Ricky so he couldn't hurry anywhere.

"Ricky," he said. "Thank you for tying the vine. Now I can swing on it every day."

Ricky looked at him. "Nobody ever said that before."

"Well, we're saying it," said Mr. Moose, dripping.

Ricky held up his pinecone and looked at it. "Want to hear a joke?" he said. "Why did the rope stay home from the party?"

Everybody waited.

"It was all tied up," said Ricky.

Nobody laughed. A frog went *ribbit*. The river went *gloop*. Ricky looked extremely pleased with himself anyway.

Then he hurried back to his rules, but he walked a little slower this time, and he looked back at the vine twice.

Mr. Monkey picked up a brown leaf with a twisty stem, curled like a knot, and put it in the basket. "This one is for Ricky," he said. "For the knot that never slips."

"Three leaves," said Mr. Moose.

Then Mr. Moose picked up another leaf. "And this one's for Bruno," he said, "for laughing first."

Bruno came out of the bushes and peeked into the basket. "Is that leaf me?"

"That's you," said Mr. Monkey.

Bruno smiled a big, slow smile.

On the way home across Sunny Square, they stopped under the Wishing Tree. Mr. Monkey looked up at his banana wish, turning on its vine.

"Mr. Moose," he said, "my tummy doesn't feel so heavy today."

"Mine either," said Mr. Moose. "Mine feels wet."

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "We found out Ricky tied the swinging vine. He was too busy to listen, so we showed him instead. Mr. Moose tried to swing and plowed all the way across the river with the vine in his mouth. And Ricky told the rope joke, and only the frog answered."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And at the river bend, the swinging vine swayed slowly in the evening breeze, its knot holding tight at the very top.

Let's Talk

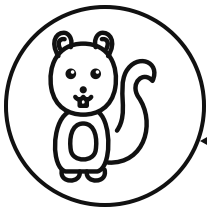
- 1 Ricky tied the knot so the vine would never slip. Who did that help?
- 2 Who helped you this year who didn't have to?

Your Turn

Draw someone outside your house who helped you.

Thank you, _____ !

SAMMY'S JOKE



What is a monkey's favorite cookie?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

Chocolate _____ !

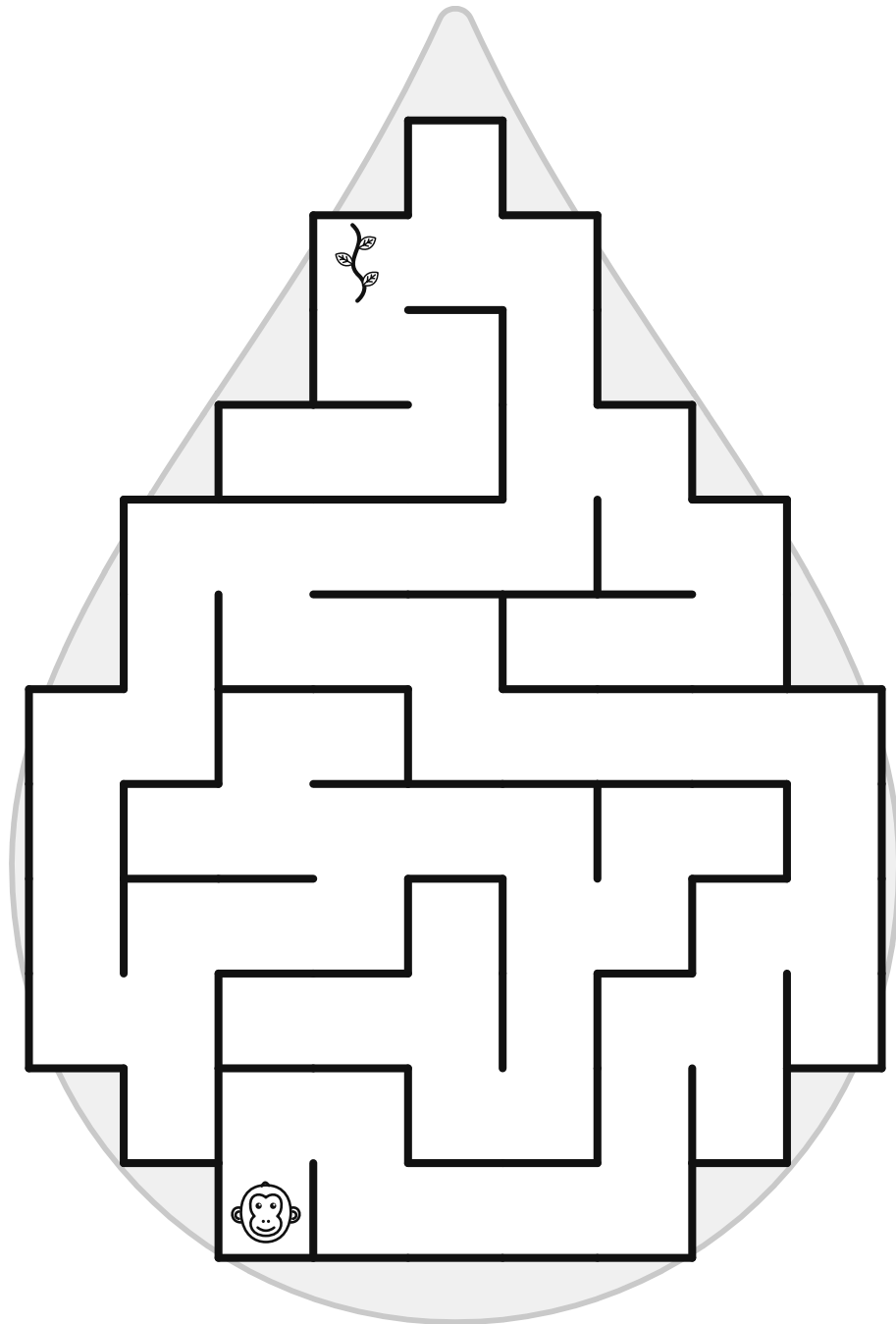


KEY



☆ To the Swinging Vine

Help Mr. Monkey get to the swinging vine. Start at Mr. Monkey.



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

It Did Not Pop!

 is on it. Dip, dip!

It did not pop!

Mom did it? Mom did not.

Dad did it? Dad did not.

 did it!PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Monkey  Ricky

Color a star each time you read it.

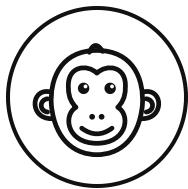
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

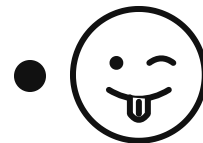
Thank you.
for making my life better.

♥ Feelings Match

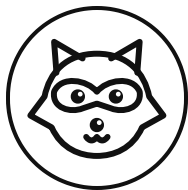
How did they feel? Draw a line from each friend to the face that matches. One face will be left over.



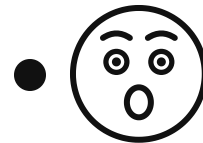
Mr. Monkey, when Ricky was too busy to listen



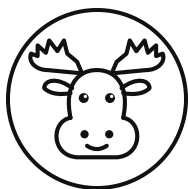
silly



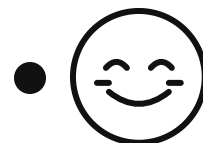
Ricky, when he saw his knot holding tight



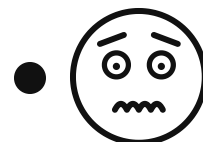
surprised



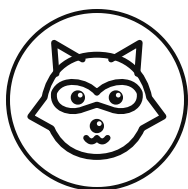
Mr. Moose, plowing across the river



proud



scared



Ricky, after telling his rope joke

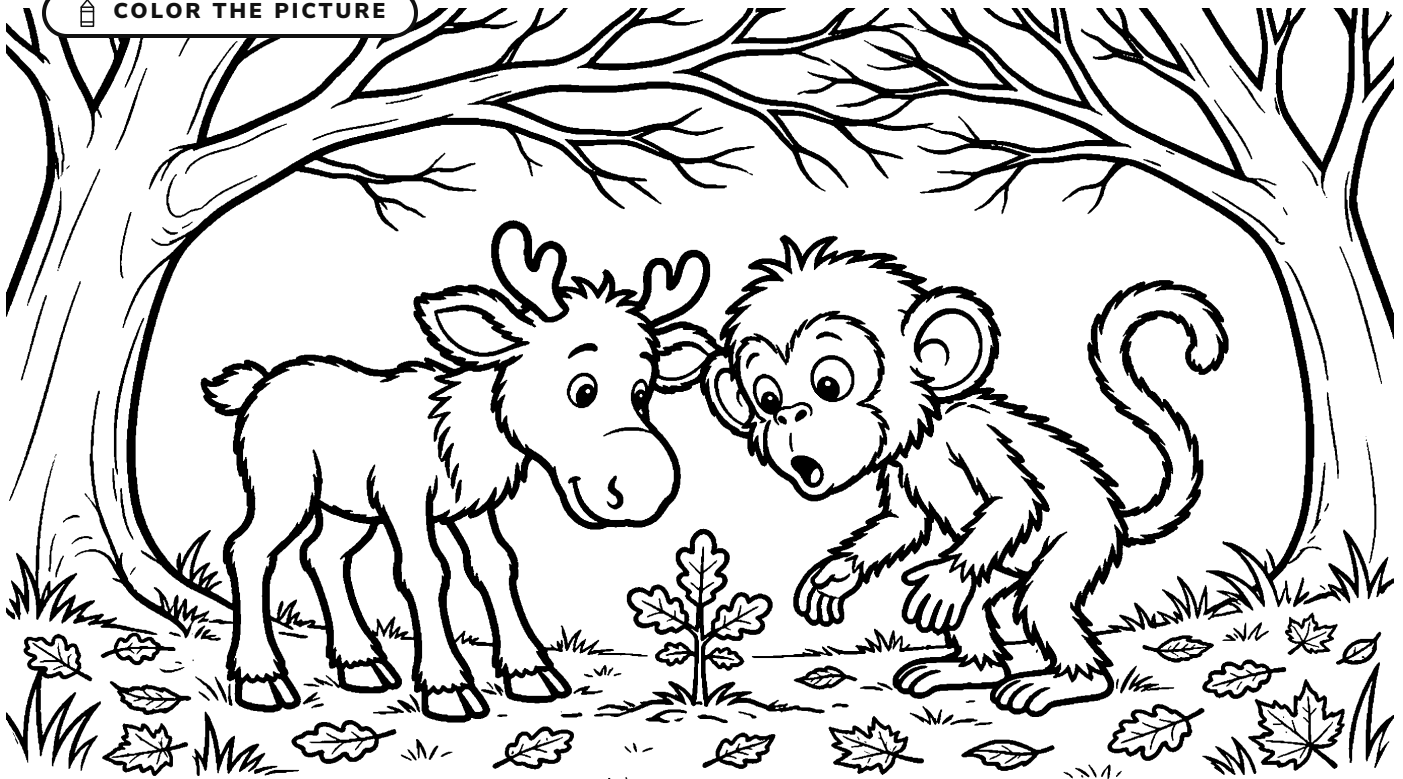


sad



Nobody Planted It

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning was gray and soft, and a light mist hung over Sunny Square. Everything smelled like wet leaves and cold dirt.

Mr. Monkey was swinging from the low branches of the Wishing Tree, counting the leaves in the basket. “One, two, three, four,” he said. “Four leaves! Mama Monkey, Daddy Moose, Ricky, and Bruno.”

“Mr. Monkey,” said Mr. Moose. “Come look at this.”

Mr. Moose was standing very still in the middle of the path, the one that went from the Wishing Tree to the river bend, where everybody walked. He was looking down.

Mr. Monkey dropped down beside him. There, poking up out of the dirt right in the middle of the path, was a tiny tree. It had a skinny brown stem, three little branches, and five small leaves, still green, the only green leaves in all of Sunny Square.

“It’s a baby tree!” said Mr. Monkey.

“It’s an oak,” said Mr. Moose. He bent down until his nose almost touched it. “See the leaves? They’re wiggly on the edges, like a big oak’s.”

“Who planted it?” asked Mr. Monkey.

Mr. Moose didn’t know. Nobody plants a tree in the middle of a path.

Just then, Ricky came bustling by with his rule list. He stopped. He stared at the tiny oak. Then he held his pinecone up beside it.

“It’s EXACTLY pinecone-size,” he gasped. “This is the perfect Swap present!”

“It’s alive,” said Mr. Moose gently. “Rule nine. No presents that are alive.”

Ricky’s ears drooped. “Rule nine,” he said sadly. “I made that one up myself.”

“Let’s find out who planted it,” said Mr. Monkey. “So we can put a leaf in the basket for them!”

So off they went, asking everybody.

“Did you plant a tree in the path?” Mr. Monkey asked Bruno.

Bruno thought about it. “I planted my bottom in a mud puddle yesterday,” he said. “Is that the same?”

“Not really,” said Mr. Moose.

Hazel hadn’t planted it. Dottie hadn’t planted it, but she sniffed it so hard she sneezed, and the tiny oak waved back and forth. Benji hadn’t planted it, but he had been watching it grow all summer, very quietly, and he hadn’t told anybody because he thought everybody knew.

Then Sammy Squirrel came zipping down the maple. “What are you looking at? Is it a nut? Is it MY nut?”

“It’s a tree,” said Mr. Monkey. “A tiny one. Did you plant it?”

Sammy looked at the tiny oak. She looked at it for a long time, which was a very long time for Sammy. “Ohhhh,” she said. “Last fall I buried an acorn right here. I was going to eat it in the winter. And then I forgot where I put it.”

"So YOU planted it!" said Mr. Monkey.

"No," said Sammy. "I just hid an acorn. I didn't make a TREE. I don't know how to make a tree."

Then she zipped around the square in a circle, very fast. "Wait. Wait. If I forgot ONE acorn... I forgot LOTS of acorns! There could be trees EVERYWHERE!"

And she started digging.

She dug by the maple. *Skritch-skritch-skritch*. No acorn. She dug by the bench. *Skritch-skritch*. No acorn. She dug by the river. She dug by the Listening Log. Dirt flew up behind her in two little fountains. Dottie thought it looked like the best game ever and started digging too, right next to her. Dottie dug so deep, so fast, that soon all anybody could see of Dottie was her wagging tail sticking up out of the hole.

"Dottie?" said Mr. Moose. "Are you okay down there?"

"I FOUND A WORM!" said the hole.

"Ha! Ha!" Dottie's laugh came up out of the ground, muffled and happy.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "It's a talking hole!"

When Sammy finally stopped, there were holes all over Sunny Square, and no acorns at all. She flopped down beside the tiny oak, all out of breath.

"Hey," she said. "What kind of tree fits in your hand?"

She zipped away before anyone could answer. Then she zipped right back. "A PALM tree!" She held out her paw, flat, right next to the tiny oak. "Or THIS one!" And she was gone again.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "It does fit in your hand."

Mr. Monkey sat down beside the tiny oak. He looked at it. "So Sammy didn't plant it," he said. "She just forgot it. And nobody watered it. And nobody told it to grow."

"The rain watered it," said Mr. Moose. "And the sun warmed it. And it just... grew."

"So who do we put a leaf in the basket for?" asked Mr. Monkey.

Mr. Moose didn't know. That was the strangest part.

Just then, *THOOM, THOOM, THOOM*. Bruno came running across Sunny Square, looking back over his shoulder. "Tag! I'm not it! Somebody else is it!"

He was running right down the middle of the path. Right toward the tiny oak. His big feet went *THOOM, THOOM*, and he wasn't looking down at all.

"BRUNO!" yelled Mr. Monkey.

Mr. Monkey jumped up and stood right in front of the tiny oak with his arms out wide. Bruno skidded. He slid. He stopped with his big nose two inches from Mr. Monkey's nose.

"Why are we stopping?" asked Bruno.

Mr. Monkey pointed down. Bruno looked. "Oh!" he said. "A tree! I almost squished a tree!"

Mr. Monkey's heart was still thumping. The tiny oak had grown all by itself, all year long, right in the middle of the path, and nobody had even noticed. And now everybody

was going to come running through Sunny Square on their way to the Thankful Feast.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "Everybody walks here. It's going to get stepped on."

Mr. Moose thought. They couldn't move it. Its roots were already deep. And they couldn't ask everybody in the woods to stop walking on the path. That wasn't fair to the path.

He looked around at the river stones, round and gray, lying all along the bank.

"We can't move the tree," said Mr. Moose slowly. "But we can show everybody where it is. If we put a ring of stones around it, nobody will step there."

"A fence!" said Mr. Monkey. "A tree fence!"

Mr. Moose carried the big stones from the riverbank in his mouth, one at a time. Mr. Monkey set them down in a circle around the tiny oak, nice and close, but not too close. Bruno carried the very biggest stone of all, slowly and carefully, using both arms, and set it down where the path came in, like a front door. Benji found the smoothest stone and put it on top.

When they stepped back, the tiny oak stood in the middle of its ring of stones, safe and small and green.

"Now everybody will walk around," said Mr. Moose.

Bruno walked around. Then he walked around again, just to practice.

Late in the afternoon, Orion Owl woke up and fluffed his feathers. He looked down from Pilgrim Point at the little circle of stones. "Hoo," he said. "What have you got there?"

"A tree that grew by itself," said Mr. Monkey. "We wanted to put a leaf in the basket for whoever planted it. But nobody planted it."

Orion blinked slowly. "Then whose leaf will it be?"

Mr. Monkey thought. He didn't know. Mr. Moose didn't know. Orion didn't tell them. He just tucked his feet under his feathers and watched the sun go down.

Mr. Monkey picked up a small brown oak leaf and held it for a long time. Then he put it in the basket anyway. "This one is for whoever made the oak grow," he said. "Even if I don't know who."

"Five leaves," said Mr. Moose.

"What a day!" said Mr. Moose as they walked home.

"We found a baby oak in the path. Sammy forgot an acorn and dug up all of Sunny Square. Dottie dug so deep she turned into a talking hole. Bruno almost squished the oak, so we built it a fence. And nobody planted it at all."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And in the middle of Sunny Square, inside its ring of river stones, the tiny oak held its five green leaves up to the last of the light.

Let's Talk

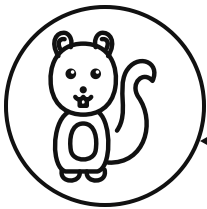
- 1 Who planted the tiny oak?
- 2 What good thing happened this year that nobody planned?

Your Turn

Draw something good that nobody made: rain, snow, a sunset, a puppy, a sunny day...

Nobody made _____.

SAMMY'S JOKE



How do you catch a squirrel?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

Climb a tree and act like a _____!

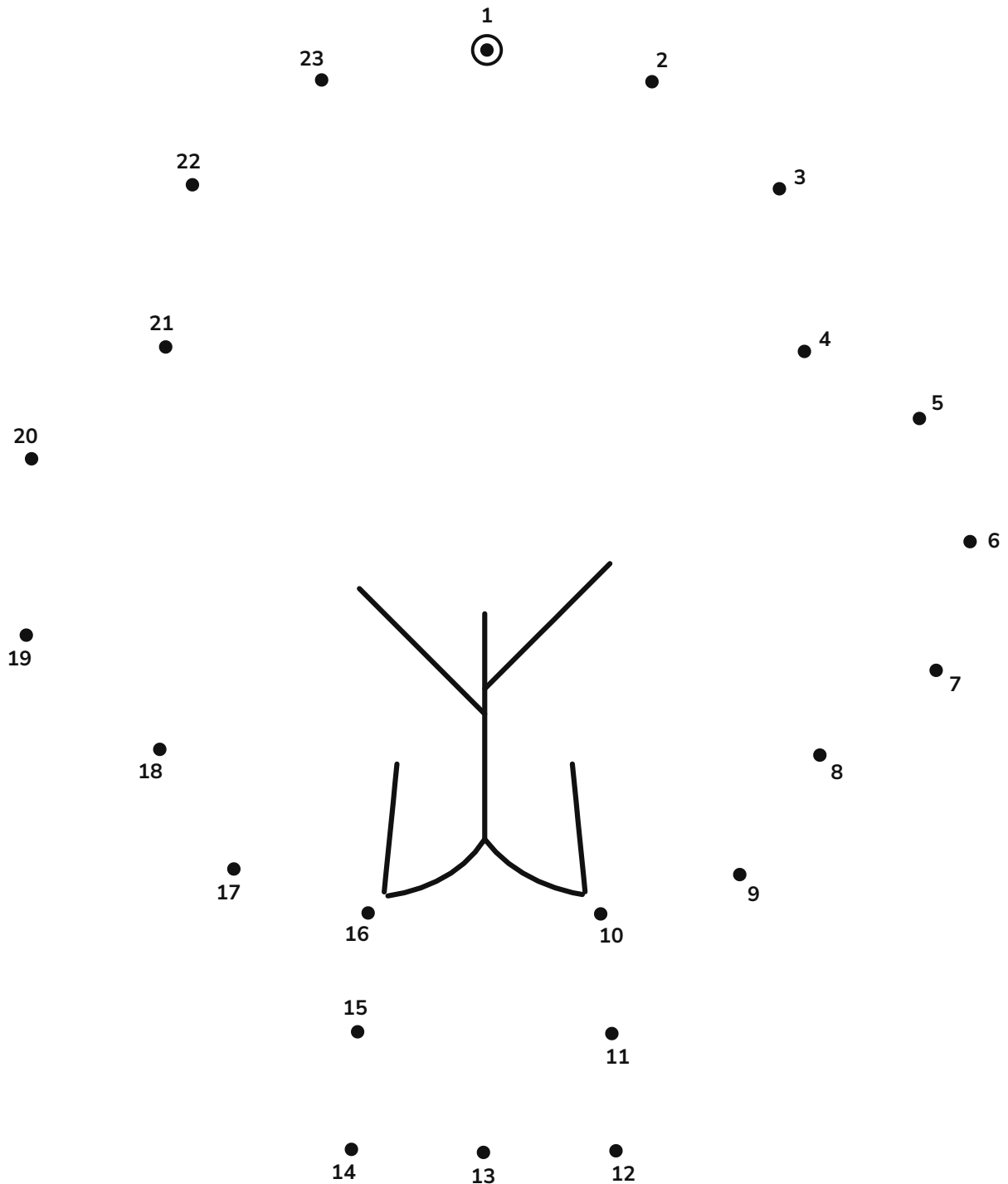


KEY



 Connect the Dots

Connect the dots to see what the tiny oak will grow up to be. Start at 1 (the circled dot) and count up to 23. Then join the last dot back to 1, and color it!



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

In a Pit is in a pit. is in, and in, and in! is on top. Is  on top? is not on top.Pop!  is on top!PICTURE WORDS  Dottie  Mr. Moose

Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.
for making my life better.

👁 Nobody Made It!

Find things that no person made. Check each one you find!



a leaf

☐

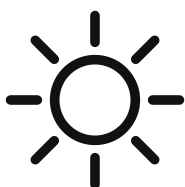
a rock or stone

☐

some water

☐

something that
grew on a plant

☐

sunshine on the
floor or wall

☐

a seed

☐

The Backward Feast

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The sun was going down orange and pink over Sunny Square. Somebody had lit a little fire near the Wishing Tree, and the whole square smelled like woodsmoke and warm berries.

Mama Monkey stood on a stump and clapped her hands. "Everybody! Tonight is a Backward Feast!"

"What's a Backward Feast?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"All week we've been looking backward," said Mama Monkey, "at how things were a year ago. So tonight, we eat backward too. Dessert first!"

"DESSERT FIRST?" Mr. Monkey did three cartwheels in a row and landed in the basket of acorns.

Mama Monkey set out the desserts: a warm blackberry pie, a plate of honey cakes, and a bowl of baked apples from the old apple tree, all soft and sweet.

But some of the friends took the word "backward" very seriously.

Hazel came into Sunny Square walking backward. "This is a Backward Feast," she said, "so I'm being backward." She walked backward past the fire. She walked backward past the pie. She walked backward right into the Wishing Tree. *Bwong*. Every wish on the tree swung and clacked on its vine, and one bark card came loose and landed on Hazel's head.

"Oops! Are you okay?" asked Mr. Moose.

Hazel looked up at the card. It was her own. It said *SWAMP*. "Hee hee hee... *SNORT!*" she said. "I'm okay. My

wish found me."

Dottie tried to be backward too. She tried chasing her tail backward, around and around, which meant her tail was chasing her. "Ha! Ha! It's winning!" she barked.

Bruno came in next. He waved at everybody. "Goodnight!" he said. "Goodnight, goodnight!"

"Bruno," said Mr. Moose, "we're just starting."

"I know," said Bruno. "It's backward."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose.

Daddy Monkey stood up by the fire. "I have a Backward Feast joke," he said. "Do you know what 'dessert' is, spelled backward?"

Everybody waited.

"Stressed," said Daddy Monkey.

Nobody laughed. Mr. Monkey looked at Mr. Moose. Mr. Moose looked at Mr. Monkey. Nobody in the whole woods could spell yet. An owl hooted, once, far away. Daddy Monkey sat down, very pleased with himself.

Then they ate dessert. Mr. Monkey ate a honey cake in four bites. Bruno ate a slice of pie, then a baked apple, then held out his bowl for more pie.

"Bruno," said Mama Moose, "next is dinner."

"But it's backward," said Bruno. "So after dessert comes... dessert again."

"Haw haw haw!" he laughed at his own idea, and Mama Moose gave him one more little bite, just because.

When the plates were licked clean, Mama Monkey

called everybody close to the fire. “Now,” she said, “the best part. We’re going to say thank you. Out loud.”

“How?” asked Ricky.

“You say, ‘Thank you, somebody, for making my life better,’” said Mama Monkey. “Then you say one thing they did. And when you’re done, everybody else says, ‘I remember that.’”

“That’s a good rule,” said Ricky, and he wrote it down.

Mr. Monkey went first. He didn’t even need to think. He looked right at Mama Monkey. “Thank you, Mama, for making my life better. You caught me every time I fell off the high vines. A hundred and one times.”

“I remember that,” said everybody.

Mama Monkey put her hand on her heart.

Mr. Moose went next. “Thank you, Daddy, for making my life better. You stood in the cold brook every morning so I’d land on you.”

“I remember that,” said everybody. Daddy Moose didn’t say anything. He just looked at the fire, and his eyes were shiny.

Then Mr. Monkey went again. “Thank you, Ricky, for making my life better. You tied the swinging vine so it never slips.”

“I remember that,” said everybody.

This time, Ricky heard it. He heard it all the way. He didn’t write anything down. He just sat very still, with his ears turning pink at the tips.

Bruno went next. “Thank you, little tree,” he said, pointing toward the circle of stones in the dark, “for not getting squished.”

“I remember that,” said everybody, and Mr. Monkey had to cover his mouth so he wouldn’t giggle.

One by one, all around the fire, the friends said their thank-yous. Hazel thanked her mama for teaching her to run. Dottie thanked Sammy for throwing sticks. Shiloh thanked Tessie for telling him stories.

Then it was Benji’s turn.

Benji was sitting at the very edge of the firelight. His ears went flat against his back. He opened his mouth. Nothing came out. Everybody was looking at him, every eye in the whole woods, and the fire crackled loud, and he wished he could hop right back into his burrow.

“I pass,” he whispered.

“That’s okay,” said Mama Monkey kindly. “You can always pass.”

But Mr. Monkey saw Benji’s face. Benji didn’t look like he wanted to pass. He looked like he had a thank-you inside him, and it was stuck. Mr. Monkey knew that feeling. It was like the warm, big feeling in his chest, only with no way out.

“Mr. Moose,” Mr. Monkey whispered. “Benji has one. I can tell.”

Mr. Moose thought it through. Benji wasn’t scared of saying thank you. He was scared of everybody looking at

him while he said it. So what if everybody wasn’t looking at him?

Then Mr. Moose remembered Benji’s wish on the Wishing Tree. The whisper wish: somebody to sit next to.

“Mr. Monkey,” said Mr. Moose softly. “Go sit next to him. Right next to him. And let him whisper it to you.”

Mr. Monkey got up, walked around the fire, and sat down beside Benji, so close their fur touched. Benji’s ears came up, just a little.

“You can whisper it,” said Mr. Monkey. “I’ll say it big.”

Benji leaned over and whispered into Mr. Monkey’s ear for a long time.

Mr. Monkey stood up. “Benji says: Thank you, Shiloh, for making my life better. Every time we sit on the Listening Log, you save me the spot in the middle. So I never have to sit on the end.”

Everybody looked at Shiloh. Shiloh looked at Benji.

“I remember that,” said everybody.

“I remember that too,” said Shiloh, very softly.

Benji’s ears turned pink, all the way to the tips. “Hee hee,” he said.

When everybody had a turn, Mama Monkey stood up again. “Now we get ready,” she said. “This weekend, it’s time to give some of these thank-yous away.”

Mr. Monkey looked at his basket. Five leaves, from three days of noticing. And he had an idea. He looked up at the Wishing Tree, at all the wishes hanging on their vines.

“What if,” he said slowly, “our thank-yous went on the tree too? Right next to the wishes?”

“Ooh,” said Mama Monkey.

Everybody looked at Ricky. Ricky looked at his list. He looked for a long time. “There’s no rule about thank-you leaves,” he said at last. Then he scribbled something. “But here’s a new one. Rule thirty-five. All Swap presents have to be WRAPPED.”

So the friends spent the rest of the evening getting ready. They picked the best, flattest leaves from all over Sunny Square. They mashed berries for paint, red ones and purple ones and blue ones. Mr. Moose sorted the leaves into piles. Bruno sat on the stack to keep them flat.

Then, at last, they ate dinner.

“What a day!” said Mr. Monkey, licking stew off his fingers. “We ate dessert first. Hazel walked backward into the Wishing Tree and her wish found her. Bruno said goodnight at the beginning. Daddy Monkey told a spelling joke and nobody could spell. And Benji said his thank-you, in my ear.”

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And the little fire in Sunny Square burned down to warm orange coals, with a stack of flat leaves beside it, waiting for tomorrow.

Let's Talk

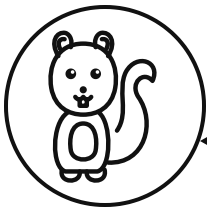
- 1 Benji had a thank-you stuck inside. How did Mr. Monkey help him say it?
- 2 Who helped you learn something new this year? Tonight, you can clap for them!

Your Turn

Benji said his thank-you out loud. Draw someone you want to thank out loud.

Thank you, _____ !

SAMMY'S JOKE



Why did the teddy bear say no to dessert?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

It was already _____ !

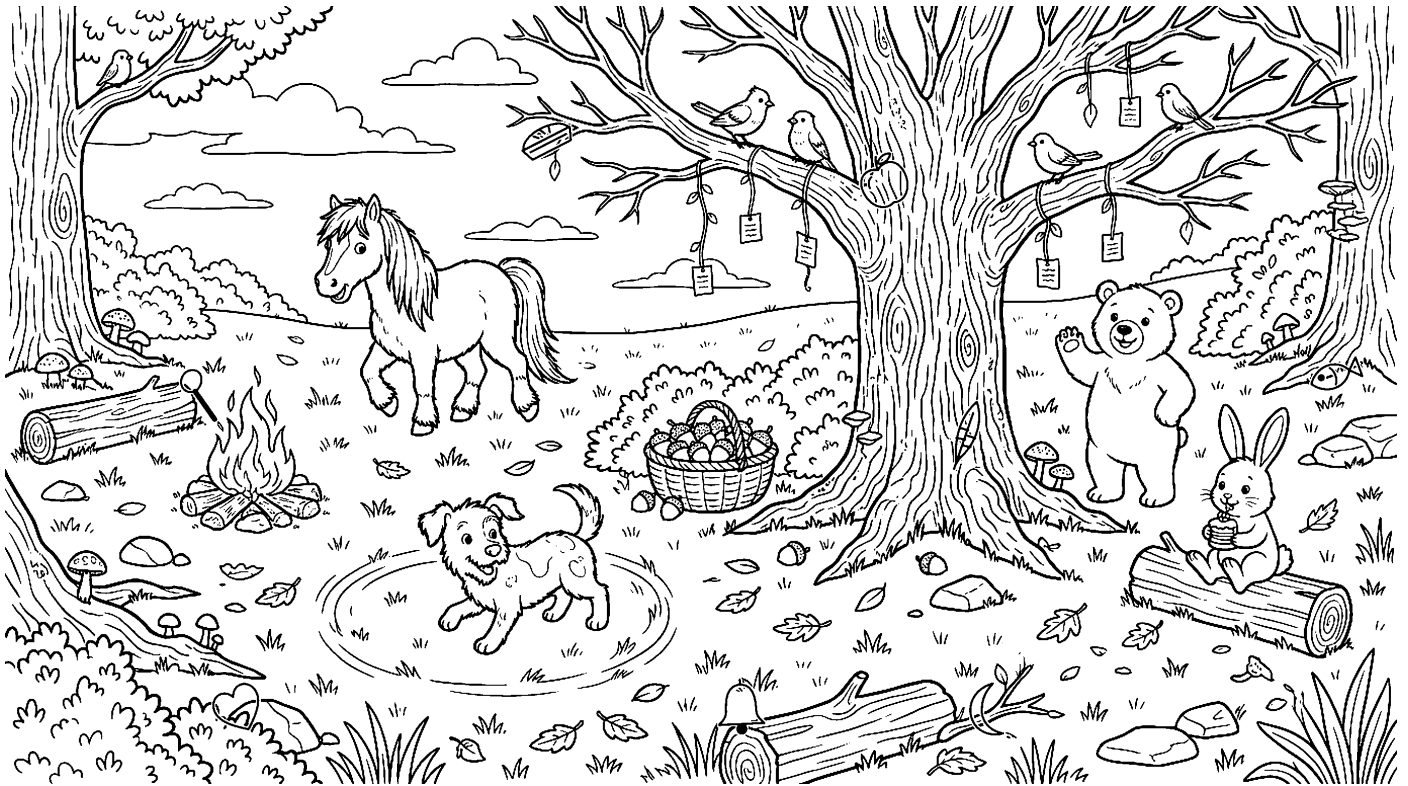


KEY

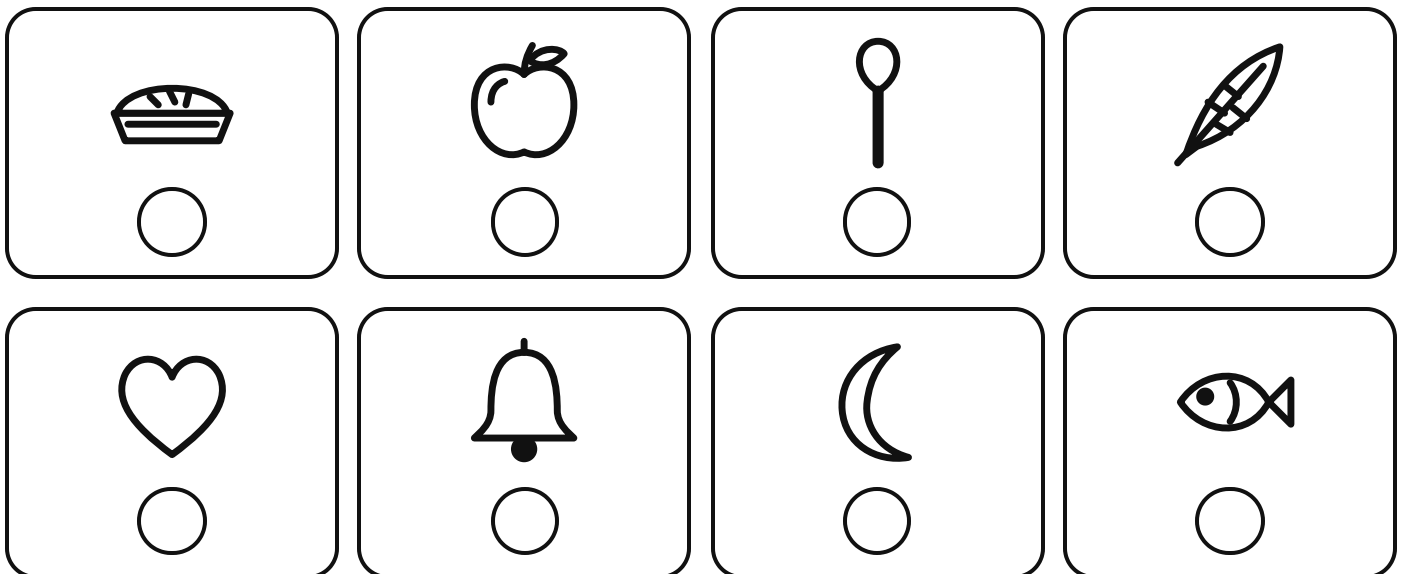


👁 Hidden Pictures

Find each hidden thing in the picture. Color it, then color its circle!



CAN YOU FIND THESE?



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Nod, Nod, Nap

A pot. A pan. A tin.

 sat at the pot. did nod. did nod and nod. did nap on the mat!PICTURE WORDS  Bruno

For grown-ups: New words to learn by heart: the.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.
for making my life better.

♥ Tonight's Big Words

Tonight your family starts by saying these words together. A grown-up will tell you what they mean.

Grace comes in, gratitude sees it, and graciousness passes it on.



Grace

a gift you didn't earn



Gratitude

noticing the gift



Graciousness

passing it on

DRAW A GOOD GIFT SOMEONE GAVE YOU THAT YOU DIDN'T EARN.

★ Thankful Thursday

Tonight is a party night for your family. It has three parts:

1 Remember: Brag and Tag

2 Rejoice: Applause Night

3 Ready: Cut the Leaves

Remember: Brag and Tag

Brag means telling everyone something great about someone. Here is how to play:

1. Look at someone and say this to them:

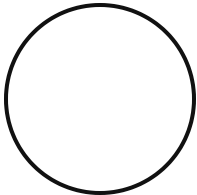
I noticed you made _____'s life better
by _____.
who they helped what they did

Like this: "I noticed you made Grandma's life better by raking her leaves."

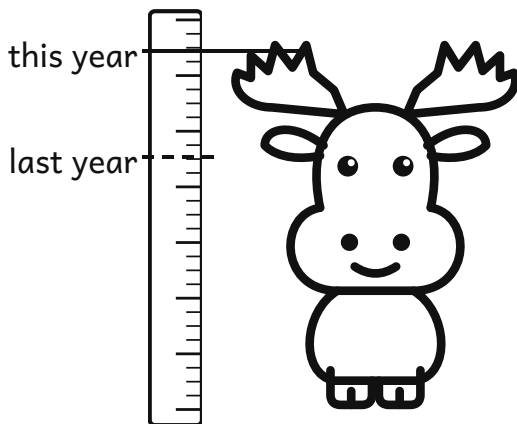
2. Tag the next person. Now they brag about someone!

3. Keep going until everyone has been bragged about.

Who will you brag about?
Draw their face or write
their name.



WHAT DID THEY DO? DRAW IT.



EXTRA, IF YOUR FAMILY DOES IT

The Growth Line

Your family might mark how tall you are tonight, like Mr. Moose here!

This year I am _____ inches tall.

Last year I was _____ inches tall (if you know).

☆ Rejoice: Applause Night

Show everyone something you can do now that you couldn't do a year ago. Everyone claps for you! Then tell who taught you, and everyone claps for them too.

Circle your act, or think of your own. Then draw yourself doing it in the box.



read a word or a book



write my name



ride a bike



hop on one foot



tie my shoes



run fast



help cook



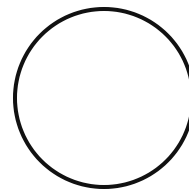
draw a picture



make a paper airplane

MY ACT

Who taught me? Draw their face or write their name.



✂ Ready: Cut the Leaves

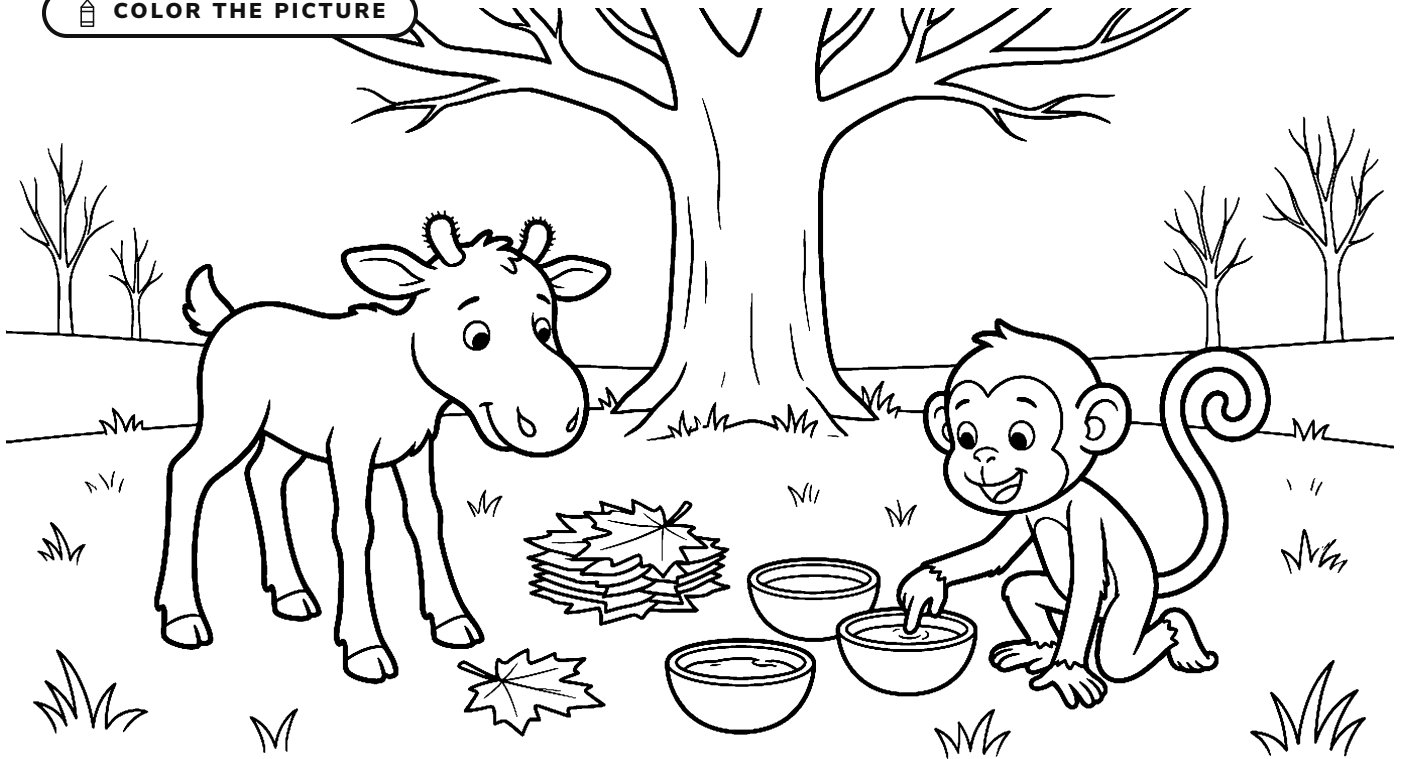
This weekend, your family writes thank-you notes on paper leaves: a name on the front and a thank-you on the back. Some families add photos too. Then everyone hangs them on the Thanks Giving Tree on your wall. Tonight, help cut out the leaves. Draw leaf shapes on colored paper and cut along the lines with kid scissors. A grown-up can draw the lines for you and stay close by.

Color one leaf here for each leaf you cut!



Thanks for Being Nice

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning was cold and clear, and the sky over Sunny Square was so blue it looked freshly washed.

Under the Wishing Tree, the stack of flat leaves was waiting right where Bruno had sat on it all night. Beside it sat three bowls of berry paint: red, purple, and blue.

"Today," said Mr. Moose, "is for our own homes. Our families."

"Mama and Daddy Monkey," said Mr. Monkey, rolling up his sleeves, even though he didn't have sleeves. "And Mama and Daddy Moose. Let's paint!"

Mama Monkey had shown them how the leaves would work. On the front of the leaf, you paint who it's for, so everybody can see. On the back, you paint the thank-you. Then you hang it on the tree with the thank-you side turned toward the trunk, so nobody can see it. "It stays a surprise," she said, "until the Thankful Feast."

Mr. Monkey grabbed a leaf. He dipped his finger in the red paint. On the front, he painted a little monkey face with a big smile: Mama Monkey. Then he flipped it over and painted the thank-you. It took him about two seconds. A big round smiley face.

"Done!" he said. "Thanks for being nice!"

Mr. Moose looked at the smiley face. It was a very nice smiley face. "Mr. Monkey," he said, "what did Mama Monkey actually do?"

Mr. Monkey thought. "She's nice," he said.

"But what did she DO?"

Mr. Monkey thought harder. Then he remembered. The high vines. The falling. Fwoop. Mama's arms.

"She caught me," he said. "A hundred and one times."

"Then that's what goes on the leaf," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Monkey grabbed a new leaf. This time, on the back, he painted the high vine, and Mama Monkey underneath it with her arms out wide. And then he started painting little Mr. Monkeys falling into her arms. One. Two. Three. Four. Five little monkeys falling...

"Are you painting a hundred and one?" asked Mr. Moose.

"Yes," said Mr. Monkey, painting very fast.

By monkey number twelve, he had run out of leaf. So he kept going on the next leaf. By monkey number twenty, he had run out of that leaf too. He looked around. He painted monkey number twenty-one on a rock. Monkey twenty-two on Mr. Moose's hoof. Monkey twenty-three on his own tail.

Then he looked down at himself. He was covered in tiny red monkeys.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "I think I'm the leaf now."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "You're a hundred and one monkeys."

Mr. Monkey looked at his first leaf, the one with the vine and Mama and twelve falling monkeys. "Maybe twelve is enough," he said. "She'll know."

Meanwhile, Mr. Moose was painting his leaf for Daddy

Moose. Mr. Moose painted very slowly and very carefully. He painted the brook. He painted the skinny log. He painted Daddy Moose standing in the water. Then he started painting tiny moose calves falling off the log, one at a time, each one with very careful legs.

By the time Mr. Moose finished moose number three, Mr. Monkey had finished four whole leaves.

"How many are you painting?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"Twenty-two," said Mr. Moose. "Daddy counted."

Mr. Monkey looked up at the sun, then back down at the very slow, very careful moose number four. "Mr. Moose," he said, "we're going to be here until the Thankful Feast."

"Hee hee hee!" Mr. Monkey flopped onto his back in the leaves.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose, and his paint hoof wobbled, and moose number four came out with an extra leg. He looked at it. "That's okay," he said. "That's the day I fell in really funny."

When the leaves were dry, it was time to hang them. Mr. Monkey climbed up into the Wishing Tree with a leaf in his teeth and a vine around his shoulder. He found the perfect branch, right next to his big banana wish. He hung Mama Monkey's leaf there, with her little monkey face out and the thank-you turned toward the trunk.

Then the wind blew.

Fwip-fwap-fwip. The leaf spun on its vine and flipped all the way around, thank-you side out, so everybody could see the twelve falling monkeys.

And right at that moment, Mama Monkey came walking across Sunny Square with her laundry basket.

"Ack!" said Mr. Monkey. "Don't look!" He jumped in front of the leaf and spread his arms out wide. The wind blew again, and the leaf flipped back. Then it flipped again. Mr. Monkey hopped left. He hopped right. He hung upside down in front of it with his arms and legs and tail all stretched out, wiggling like a starfish, trying to cover every side at once.

Mama Monkey stopped and looked up at him. "Is there something on that branch, sweetheart?"

"Yes," said Mr. Monkey, upside down. "It's a secret."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Mama Monkey, and she kept walking, very slowly, looking straight ahead the whole way, so she wouldn't spoil it.

When she was gone, Mr. Monkey hung there with his arms still out. "Mr. Moose," he said, "if the wind keeps flipping them, everybody's going to see. It won't be a surprise."

Mr. Moose looked at the leaf swinging on its single vine. One vine at the top meant it could spin all the way around, like a top. What if it couldn't spin?

"It needs two knots," said Mr. Moose slowly. "One at the top, and one at the bottom. Then it can't flip."

"Like Ricky's knot!" said Mr. Monkey.

"Like Ricky's knot," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Moose reached up and held each leaf flat against the trunk with his nose, very gently, thank-you side in. And Mr. Monkey tied one vine at the top and one vine at the bottom, with the knot that never slips. Mama Monkey's leaf. Daddy Monkey's leaf. Daddy Moose's leaf, with four careful moose calves on the back, one of them with five legs. And Mama Moose's leaf, which Mr. Moose painted last, very fast for him, which was still pretty slow. Not one of them could flip.

Then the wind blew. *Whoosh.* The wishes swung and clacked on their vines. But the thank-you leaves stayed right where they were, faces out, secrets in.

That afternoon, Daddy Moose came out of the big maple with an armful of firewood. He stopped. He looked up. There, tied to the trunk, was a leaf with his face painted on the front.

He looked at it for a long time.

"Is that my nothing?" he asked.

"It's not nothing," said Mr. Moose.

Daddy Moose put down his firewood. He didn't try to peek. He just stood there, looking at the front of the leaf, with his hand on his chest, the way Mama Monkey had at the Backward Feast.

Then Ricky came by. He saw Daddy Moose looking at the leaf. "Rule twenty-two!" he called. "No peeking!"

"I'm not peeking," said Daddy Moose. "I'm just looking."

Mr. Monkey sat on a branch near the top of the Wishing Tree, between his big banana wish and Mama Monkey's leaf. He looked at the banana. He looked at the leaf. Then he looked at the leaf some more.

"Mr. Moose," he called down. "I keep looking at the leaf."

"Me too," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Moose looked at their basket. It still had five leaves in it from all week. And now four new leaves were on the tree, with lots more noticing still to go.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey as the sun went down. "My first leaf just said I was nice. Then I painted a hundred monkeys, but only twelve fit, and the rest went on my tail. Mr. Moose painted four moose calves all day, and one had five legs. The wind kept flipping Mama's leaf, so I was a starfish. And Daddy Moose found out he didn't get nothing."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And on the Wishing Tree, four painted leaves sat snug against the trunk, faces out and secrets in, while the wishes swayed around them in the dark.

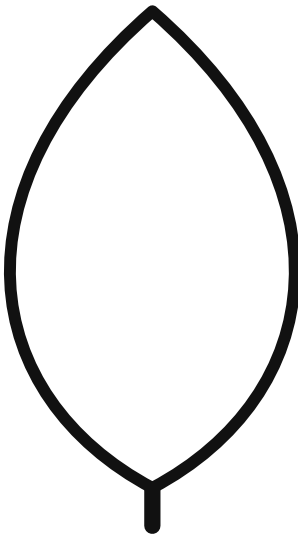
Let's Talk

- 1 Mr. Monkey's first leaf just said, "Thanks for being nice." What did Mr. Moose ask him?
- 2 Think of someone in our house. What is one thing they actually did for you?

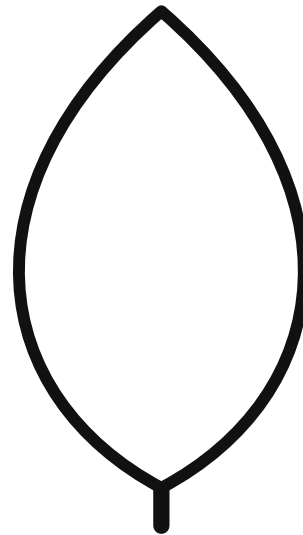
Your Turn

Plan a leaf for someone in your house. Write their name on the front. Draw what they did on the back.

FRONT: THE NAME

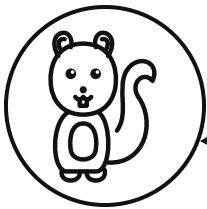


BACK: THE THANK-YOU



Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both leaves. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and save it for your family's Thanks Giving Tree.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What do you call a pig that does karate?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

A _____ !



KEY



👁 Spot the Difference

Look closely. Can you find 5 differences?



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Up, Tip, Got! is up on top.Tip! Mom got .Up on top. Tip! Mom got .

Up, tip, got! Up, tip, got!

“Mom is fun!” said .**PICTURE WORDS**  Mr. Monkey

For grown-ups: New sounds: c, u, g. New words to learn by heart: said.



Color a star each time you read it.

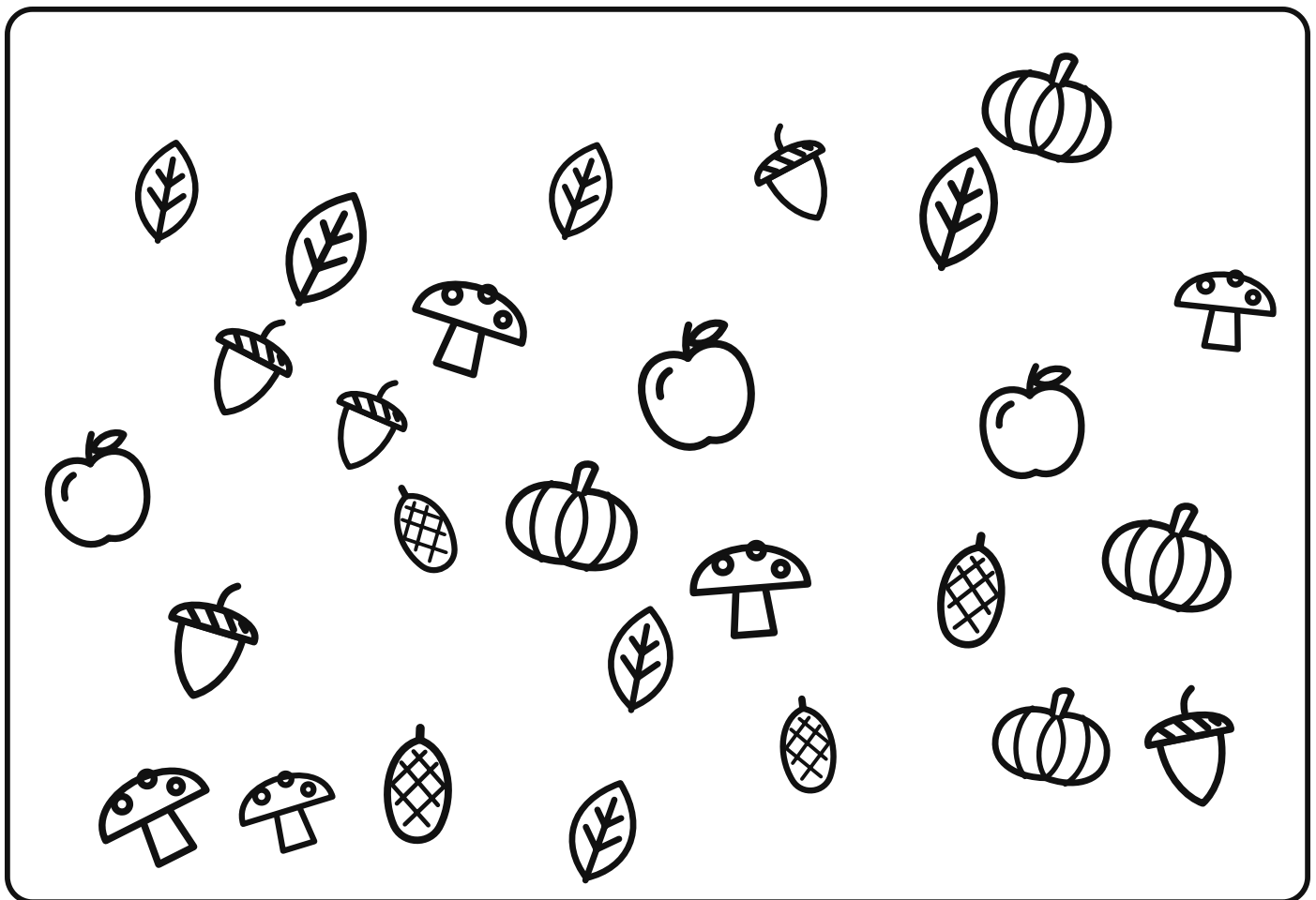
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.
for making my life better.

👁 Fall I Spy

Find and count each one. Write how many in the box.



											
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A Secret for Benji

 COLOR THE PICTURE



A little wind was skipping through Sunny Square, rattling the wishes on the Wishing Tree and tugging at the four painted leaves tied snug against the trunk. Somewhere a woodpecker went *tikka-tikka-tok*.

"Today," said Mr. Monkey, "is for friends. Everybody who isn't in our house."

Mr. Moose looked into the basket. Ricky's twisty leaf was in there, and Bruno's leaf, and the little oak leaf. "Who helps everybody," he said slowly, "and never gets thanked?"

Mr. Monkey thought. Then he jumped. "Benji!"

"Benji," said Mr. Moose.

Benji Bunny heard everything first. He heard the wind coming before the wishes blew off the tree. He heard Shiloh's quiet voice when nobody else did. And when the big storm knocked down the lookout on Fort Friendship, Benji heard it creak before anybody, and then he listened for wobbles the whole time they built it back up.

"And nobody ever made him a leaf," said Mr. Monkey. "Let's make him the best one! But it has to be a surprise."

"Okay," said Mr. Moose. "Let's plan it."

They ducked behind the trunk of the big maple, close together.

"What should we paint on it?" whispered Mr. Monkey.

A pair of long ears popped up over the grass, right behind them. "Paint on what?" asked Benji.

Mr. Monkey and Mr. Moose spun around. Benji was standing right there, nose twitching, ears up tall.

"Um," said Mr. Monkey. "It's a secret."

"Oh," said Benji. "Okay." And he hopped away. But his ears stayed pointed right at them.

"He heard us," whispered Mr. Moose. "From his burrow."

"Then we need to be quieter," said Mr. Monkey.

So they got Bruno to help. Bruno was very good at being quiet. Mostly.

"Bruno," said Mr. Monkey, very softly, "we're making a surprise leaf for Benji. Can you whisper?"

Bruno nodded. He took a big, deep breath. "OKAY," he whispered. "THIS IS MY QUIETEST WHISPER."

His quietest whisper rolled across Sunny Square like thunder. Birds flew out of the trees. The wishes on the Wishing Tree spun on their vines. And way over at the clover patch, Benji's ears popped straight up.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey, covering his mouth. "Bruno, that wasn't a whisper. That was a BOOM!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose.

Bruno looked surprised. "That was my quiet one," he said. "Want to hear my loud one?"

"NO!" said Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey together.

They tried humming, so the humming would cover up their plans. Benji hummed along from across the square. They tried going up into the Fort Friendship lookout. Benji called up from the bottom, "Is it a GOOD secret?"

"It's a very good secret," said Mr. Monkey.

They tried going all the way to the far side of Munching Meadow. Benji was there, sitting in the clover, looking very innocent.

Mr. Monkey flopped down in the grass. "It's impossible! Benji hears EVERYTHING. We can't make a surprise for somebody who hears everything!"

Mr. Monkey wanted to give this leaf so much. Benji was the kind of friend who did good things quietly, and nobody ever noticed. This time, somebody was going to notice. Mr. Monkey just didn't know how.

Mr. Moose was thinking. Whispering didn't work. Being far away didn't work. Benji's ears were too good. So they needed a place where even Benji couldn't hear.

Somewhere loud. Louder than talking.

Mr. Moose's ears went up. He remembered the river, past the bend, where the water hurried over the stones, *rush-a-rush, plish-a-plish*, so loud you had to shout.

"Whispering Water Way," said Mr. Moose. "The water's so loud there, nobody can hear anything."

Mr. Monkey sat straight up. "Not even Benji!"

"Not even Benji," said Mr. Moose.

So they packed up a flat leaf and the three bowls of berry paint, and with Bruno carrying everything, they walked all the way upriver, to where the water roared over the rocks.

RUSH-A-RUSH. PLISH-A-PLISH. SHHHHHHHHHH.

"PERFECT!" shouted Mr. Monkey.

"WHAT?" shouted Mr. Moose.

"I SAID PERFECT!"

"WHAT?"

Mr. Monkey leaned right up to Mr. Moose's big ear and tried whispering, just out of habit. "Psst. Perfect."

Mr. Moose shook his head. "WHAT?"

Mr. Monkey decided to just start painting. He dipped his finger in the paint. "LET'S PAINT BENJI ON THE FRONT!" he shouted. "A BUNNY!"

Bruno leaned in close. "A HONEY?" he shouted back.

Bruno loved honey. So Bruno painted a big round honey pot, right in the middle of the leaf.

"NO!" shouted Mr. Monkey. "A BUNNY!"

"A FUNNY?" shouted Bruno. And he painted a funny face on the honey pot, with its tongue sticking out.

Mr. Moose leaned in. "BUNNY!" he shouted, as loud as he could. "B-B-BUNNY!"

"OH!" shouted Bruno, nodding. "SUNNY!"

He painted a big yellow sun in the corner.

They all looked down at the leaf. On the front was a honey pot with a funny face, under a big yellow sun.

Mr. Monkey stared at it. Then he added two long ears on top of the honey pot. Mr. Moose added a little pink nose. Now it was a honey pot with bunny ears and a funny face, under a big yellow sun.

"Hee hee hee!" shouted Mr. Monkey. "IT'S A HONEY-BUNNY!"

"Haw haw haw!" boomed Bruno, and even the river couldn't cover that one.

On the back, the thank-you side, Mr. Moose painted carefully. He painted the lookout on Fort Friendship, tipping over in the storm. And he painted Benji at the bottom, with his ears standing up as tall as they could go, listening. Mr. Monkey painted lines coming out of the lookout, *creak, creak, creak*, so you could tell Benji heard it first. Bruno painted a little heart in the corner, very gently, with one claw.

When it was dry, they carried it all the way back to Sunny Square, nobody saying a word about it. Mr. Monkey climbed the Wishing Tree and tied it to the trunk, honey-bunny face out, thank-you side in, with a knot at the top and a knot at the bottom. Then he tied up Ricky's leaf, and Bruno's leaf, and the leaf for Shiloh, who always saved the middle spot on the Listening Log.

Just as he finished, Benji came hopping into Sunny Square. He stopped. He looked up at the tree.

There, on the trunk, was a leaf with two long ears and a pink nose on the front.

"Is that..." said Benji. "Is that me?"

"It's you," said Mr. Monkey from the branch.

Benji's ears went pink, all the way to the tips. He looked at the leaf for a long time. "Nobody ever made me a leaf before," he said, very quietly.

"What does it say?" he asked. "On the back?"

"It's a secret," said Mr. Monkey. "You'll find out at the Thankful Feast."

Benji tilted his head. His ears turned toward the tree, as if he could hear the leaf if he tried hard enough. Then he gave up and smiled. "Is it why you went to Whispering Water Way?"

Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey looked at each other.

"How did you know we went to Whispering Water Way?" asked Mr. Moose.

"I heard Bruno laughing," said Benji.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey.

"Hee hee," went Benji, with his ears still pink.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey on the way home. "We tried to make a secret leaf for Benji, but he heard everything. Bruno's quietest whisper was a BOOM. At Whispering Water Way, Bruno heard 'bunny' and painted honey, and then a funny face, and then a sun, and it turned into a honey-bunny. And now Benji has a leaf."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And at the edge of the clover patch, Benji sat in the moonlight with his long ears turned toward Sunny Square, listening to the leaves on the Wishing Tree whisper in the wind.

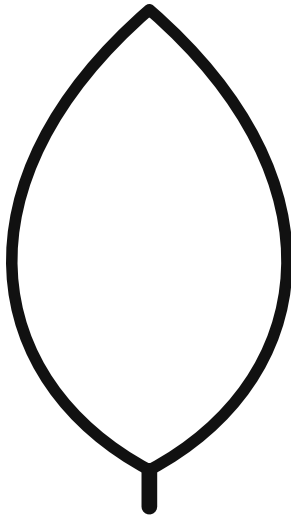
Let's Talk

- 1 Benji hears things first. How did that help everyone when the storm came?
- 2 Who outside our house does something good that nobody notices?

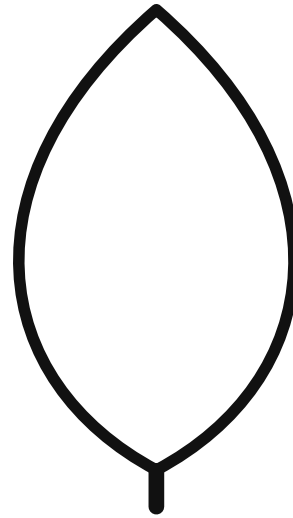
Your Turn

Plan a leaf for someone outside your house. Name on the front. What they did on the back.

FRONT: THE NAME

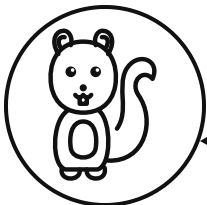


BACK: THE THANK-YOU



Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both leaves. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and save it for your family's Thanks Giving Tree.

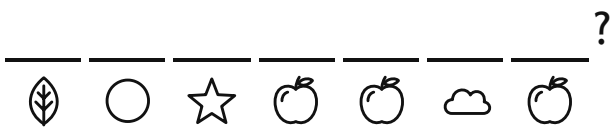
SAMMY'S JOKE



How do you know carrots are good for your eyes?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

Have you ever seen a bunny wearing

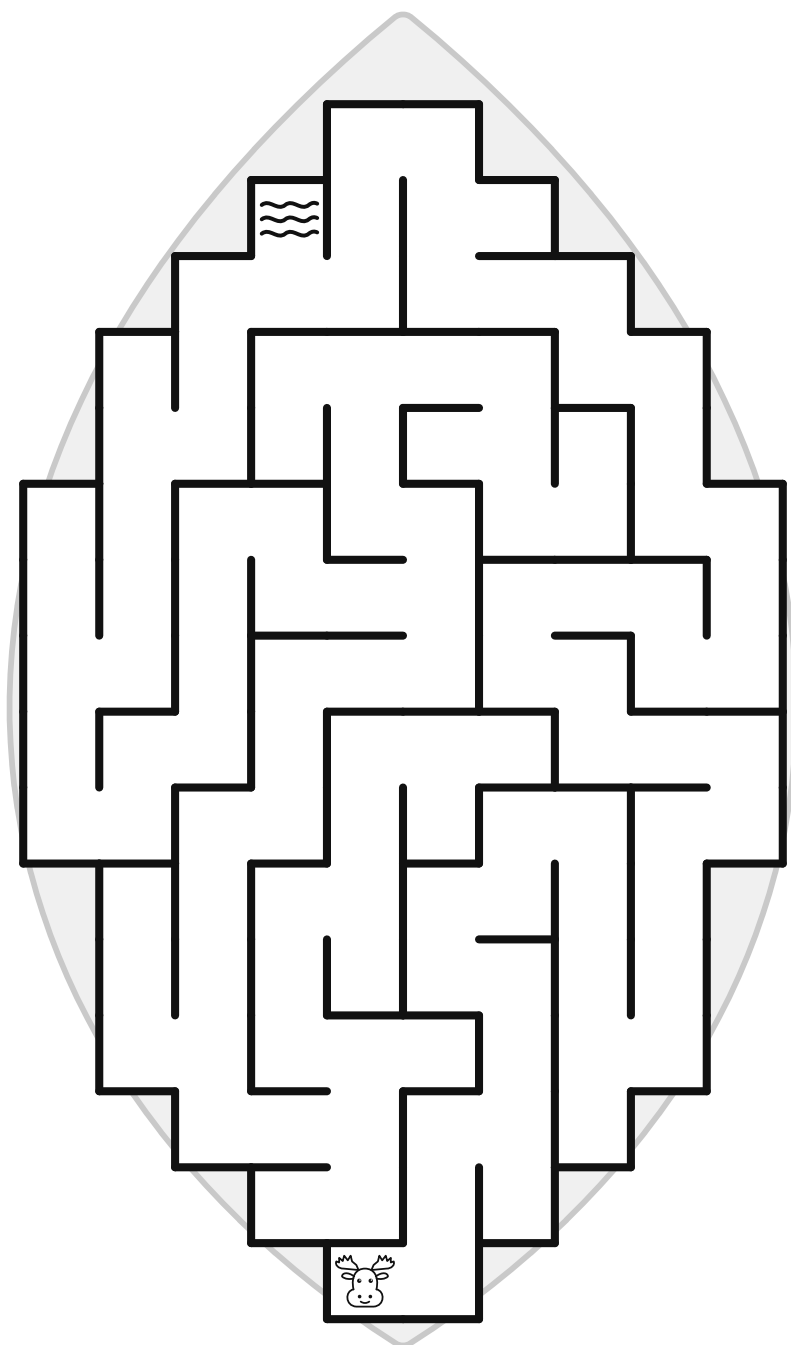


KEY



☆ To Whispering Water Way

Help Mr. Moose find the way to Whispering Water Way. Start at Mr. Moose.



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Is It a Sun?

 got a cup.

Dot, dot, dot!

Is it a sun? Is it a nut?

It is  !“It is fun!” said  .

PICTURE WORDS



Bruno



Benji



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

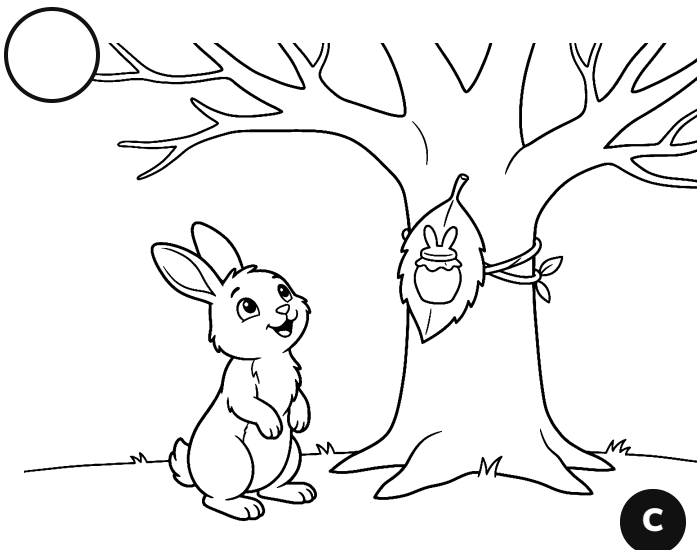
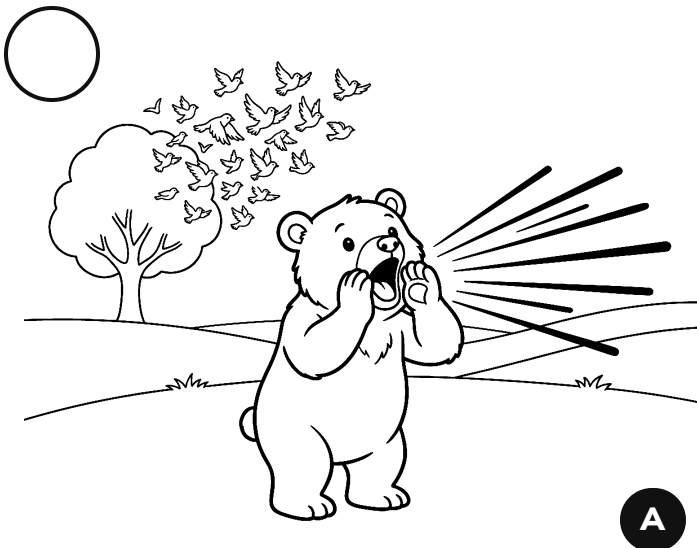
Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

for making my life better.

📖 What Happened First?

Write 1, 2, 3, 4 in the circles to put the story in order.



The Leaf With No Name



COLOR THE PICTURE



It was still dark, and every star was still out. The air was so cold it made Mr. Monkey's nose tingle, and the grass in Sunny Square was stiff and white with frost.

Mr. Monkey stood at the door of the big maple, hopping from foot to foot. "Mr. Moose!" he whispered. "Wake up! The sun is coming!"

From inside came a long, slow snore. *Hrrrrmmm. Pfffff.*

Mr. Monkey went inside. Mr. Moose was curled up in his bed of leaves with his long legs folded and his nose tucked under his tail.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey. "Wake up."

Hrrrrmmm.

Mr. Monkey hung upside down in front of Mr. Moose's face. "Wake up, wake up, wake up!"

Mr. Moose smiled in his sleep. "Five more minutes, Daddy," he mumbled.

Mr. Monkey thought. Then he went outside, scooped up a pawful of icy dew from the grass, came back in, and let one cold drop fall right on the end of Mr. Moose's nose. *Plip.*

Mr. Moose's eyes popped open. He jumped straight up, legs everywhere. "The BROOK! I fell in the brook!" He looked around wildly. "Twenty-four!"

Then he saw Mr. Monkey, holding his dripping paw.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "You didn't fall in! It was one drop!"

Mr. Moose looked at the drop on his nose, cross-eyed. "Ha-ha-ha," he laughed sleepily. "Twenty-three and a half."

They ran across the frosty square to Learning Land and climbed all the way up to the lookout on Fort Friendship, where you could see over the trees to the hills. A few friends were already there. Hazel was stamping her hooves to stay warm. Dottie was wrapped in a pile of leaves. And Bruno had come up the night before so he wouldn't miss it, and he was curled up in the corner of the lookout, snoring.

"Is the sun up yet?" asked Mr. Monkey.

It wasn't. Over the hills, the sky was pale gray. And right across the place where the sun should come up lay a long, thick cloud.

"It's covered," said Hazel. "The cloud is in the way."

Mr. Monkey stood on the railing and cupped his hands around his mouth. "SUN!" he shouted. "COME UP!"

Nothing happened.

"SUN! IT'S MORNING! YOU'RE LATE!"

Nothing.

Dottie stood up out of her leaf pile, pointed her nose at the sky, and howled. "AWOOOOOO!"

"Dottie," said Mr. Moose, "that's for the moon."

Dottie stopped. "Oh," she said. She thought about it.

Then she pointed her nose at the sky again. "Arf," she said politely. "Good morning."

"Hee hee hee... *SNORT!*" went Hazel.

Hazel couldn't stand still any longer. "I'll go get it!" she said. She galloped down the vines and across the meadow toward the hills, as fast as she could, as if she could catch the sun and bring it back. She got smaller and smaller, until she was just a little dot, and then she came galloping back, out of breath. "It's farther than it looks," she panted.

So they waited. Mr. Monkey wanted to make it happen. He wanted to push the cloud out of the way with both hands. But you can't push a cloud. You can't call the sun. All they could do was wait and watch.

And then, without anybody doing anything at all, the cloud split open, right in the middle.

A line of gold came pouring through. It spread across the hills. It spilled down into the woods. It lit up the frost on every branch until the whole of Wonderful Woods sparkled like it was made of sugar. It turned the river pink. It touched the lookout, and Mr. Monkey felt it warm on his face.

Nobody said anything. Even Hazel was still.

In the corner, Bruno stopped snoring, opened one eye, said "Mmm, warm," and went back to sleep with the sunshine on his tummy.

Mr. Monkey felt the warm, big feeling come up in his chest again, the same one he felt for Mama Monkey and for Ricky's knot. But this time there was nobody to give it to.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "I want to make a leaf for the sunrise."

"Who would you give it to?" asked Mr. Moose.

Mr. Monkey didn't know. Nobody had made the sunrise. Nobody had pushed the cloud. It just came.

They went back to Sunny Square, where the friends were making leaves for all the good things nobody had arranged. Hazel painted a leaf for the wind that she raced across the meadow. Shiloh painted one for the rain that made the clover grow. Benji painted the tiny oak in its ring of stones. Mr. Moose painted the golden river from the day of the treasure hunt.

Mr. Monkey painted his sunrise. On the back, he painted the long gray cloud, split open in the middle, and the gold pouring out, and frost on the trees like sugar, and a little monkey on a lookout with his face all warm.

Then he turned it over to paint the front. The front was where you put who it was for.

He held his painting finger over the leaf. He didn't paint anything.

"What goes on the front?" he asked.

Ricky came over and looked at the empty front. He looked at his list. "Rule four," he said slowly. "Nobody gets left out." He scratched his head. "But who IS it?"

Nobody knew. So Mr. Monkey left the front empty. It was the only leaf in all of Wonderful Woods with no name.

"Where should it go?" asked Mr. Monkey. "Every leaf goes next to its somebody. This one doesn't have a somebody."

Mr. Monkey didn't want it to be left out. It was the biggest thank-you he had ever felt.

Mr. Moose looked up at the Wishing Tree, all the way to the top, where the branches got thin and pointed at the sky. "Maybe," he said slowly, "it goes as high as it can go. The closest place to where the sunrise comes from."

"The very top!" said Mr. Monkey.

But the very top was too high and too thin for anyone to climb. Even Mr. Monkey. When he got close, the branch bent and wobbled and dipped.

So Mr. Moose made a plan. Mr. Monkey climbed as high as he safely could and tied one end of a long vine to the leaf. Then he threw the other end up and over the very top branch, and down the other side. Mr. Moose caught it in his teeth, way down at the bottom, and walked slowly backward across the grass.

The vine pulled. The leaf rose up, up, up, past the wishes, past Mama Monkey's leaf, past Benji's honey-bunny, past Hazel's SWAMP, all the way to the very top of the tree, where it hung against the blue sky with its empty front facing out.

Mr. Monkey tied off the vine with Ricky's knot. Then he climbed down and stood next to Mr. Moose, looking up.

That evening, Orion woke up and looked down from Pilgrim Point at the Wishing Tree. "Hoo," he said. "There's a leaf at the very top with no name on it."

"It's for the sunrise," said Mr. Monkey. "Whoever makes it."

Orion blinked his golden eyes. "And at the Thankful Feast," he said, "who will take it down?"

Mr. Monkey opened his mouth. Then he closed it. He didn't know.

Mr. Monkey looked at the tree. There were wishes all over it. But there were leaves now too, lots of them, so many that he could hardly find his big banana wish.

On the way home, Mr. Moose was quiet. "Mr. Monkey," he said. "Daddy stood in the cold brook twenty-two times. I wonder if the water was cold for him, too."

"I bet it was," said Mr. Monkey.

"I never asked," said Mr. Moose.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "I woke you up with one drop, and you thought you fell in the brook. I yelled at the sun, and Dottie barked good morning. The cloud opened all by itself. And we made a leaf with no name and pulled it all the way to the top of the Wishing Tree."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And at the very top of the Wishing Tree, the leaf with no name swayed in the evening wind, catching the last pink light of the day.

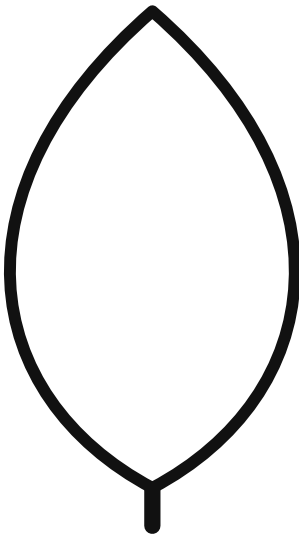
Let's Talk

- 1 Mr. Monkey didn't know whose name to put on the sunrise leaf. Who would you thank for the sunrise?
- 2 What is something you love that no person made?

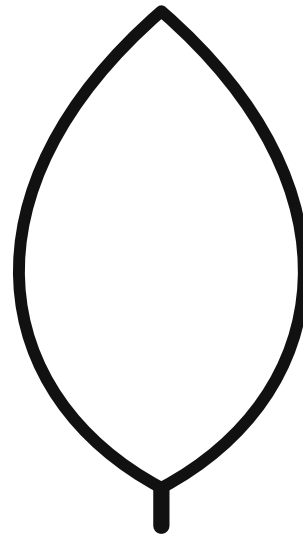
Your Turn

Plan a leaf for something no person made: the sun, the rain, snow... Front: what it is. Back: draw why you're glad for it.

FRONT: WHAT IT IS

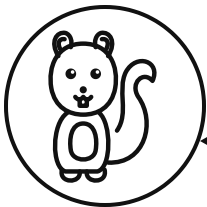


BACK: THE THANK-YOU



Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both leaves. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and save it for your family's Thanks Giving Tree.

SAMMY'S JOKE



Why did the sun go to school?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

To get _____ !



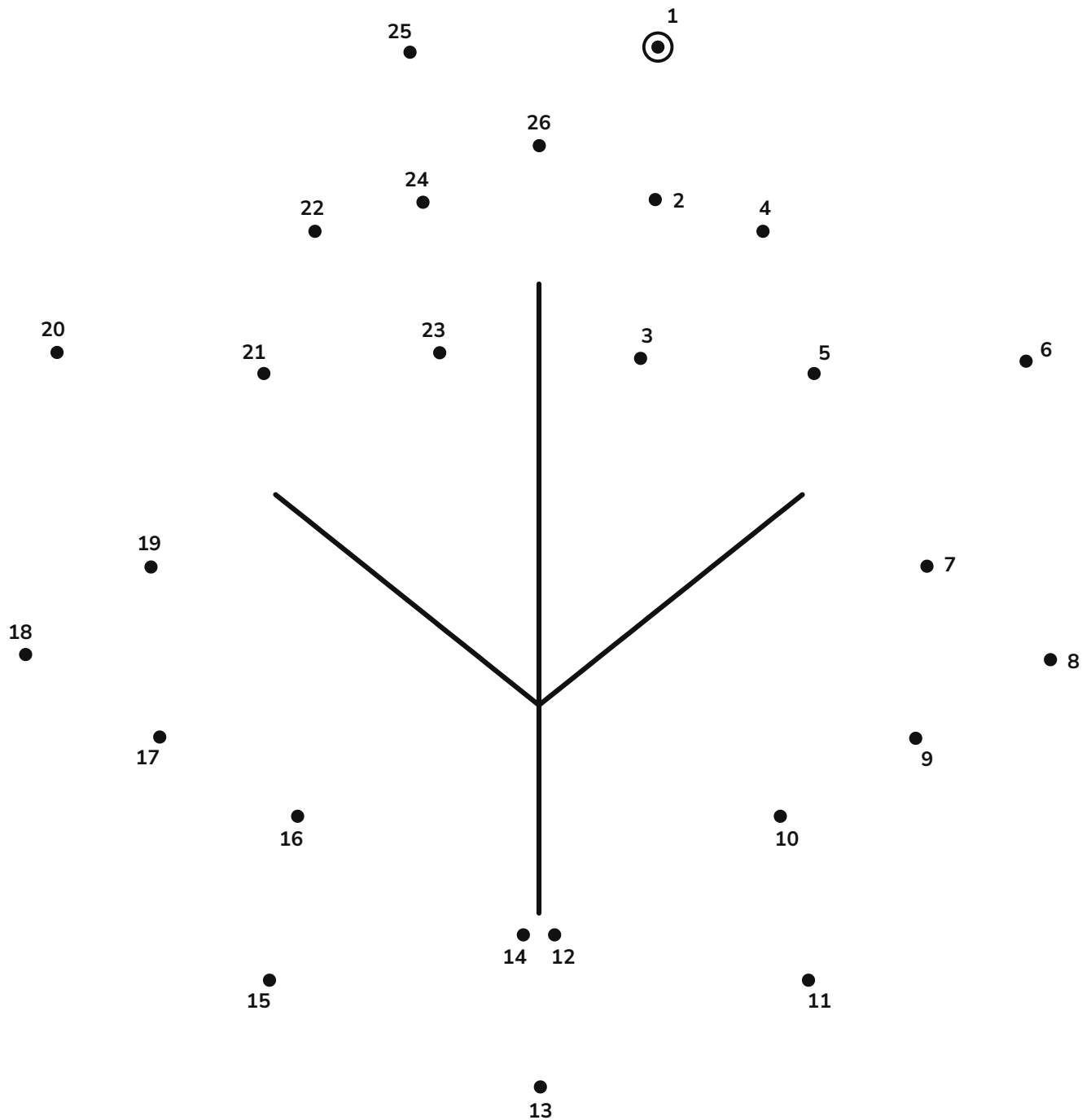
KEY





Connect the Dots

Connect the dots to make the leaf with no name. Start at 1 (the circled dot) and count up to 26. Then join the last dot back to 1, and color it!



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Up, Sun, Up!

 is up.  is not up.“Up, up!” said .Up on top,  and  sit.“Up, sun, up!” said .

Is the sun up? It is not.

Sit... sit... sit...

Pop! The sun is up!

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Monkey  Mr. Moose

Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

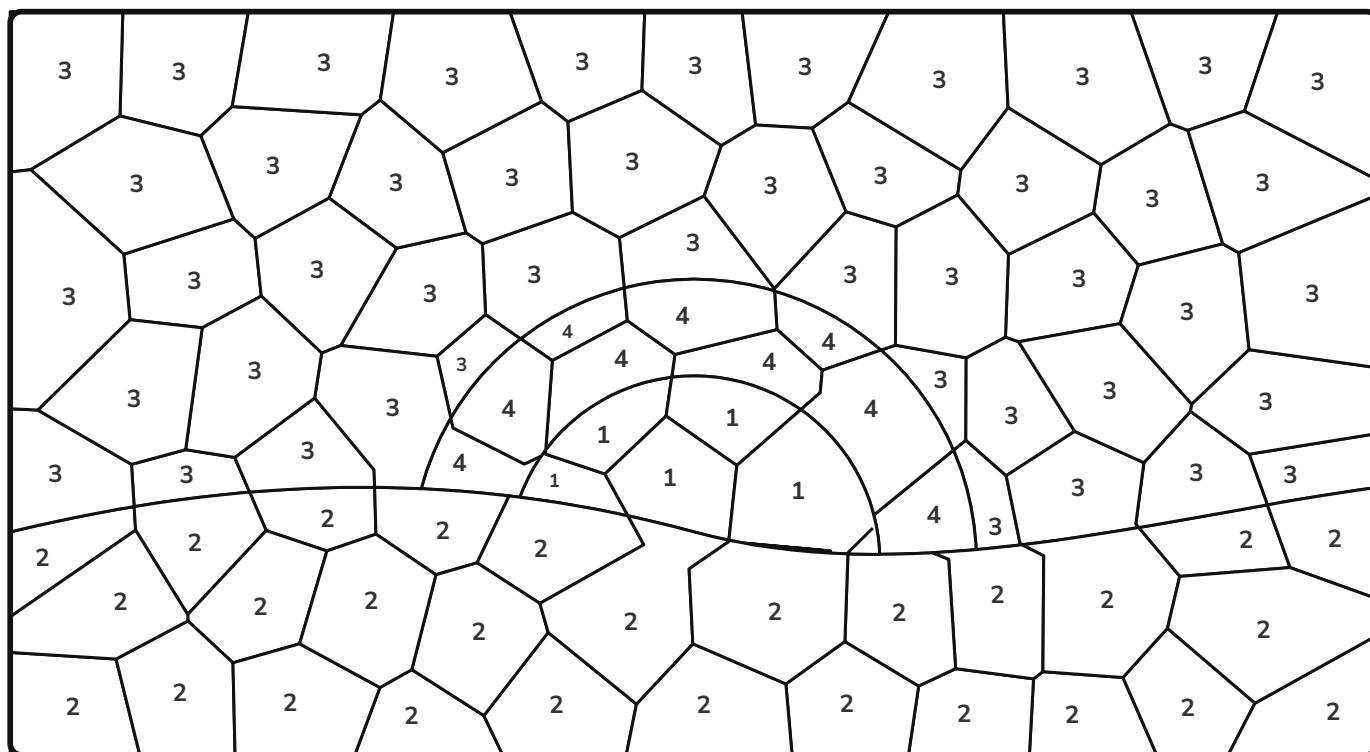
Thank you.

for making my life better.

🏠 Mystery Picture

Color each space by its number to find the hidden picture.

① yellow ② green ③ blue ④ orange



WEEK DONE!



Turn back to this week's map. Color any stones you missed.



Ladybugs I found in this week's storybook pictures: _____



COLOR THE TITLE!

Important

Who made me feel valued?

Valued means you matter to someone. (In the stories, the friends say “important.”) Who gave something up to help you?

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

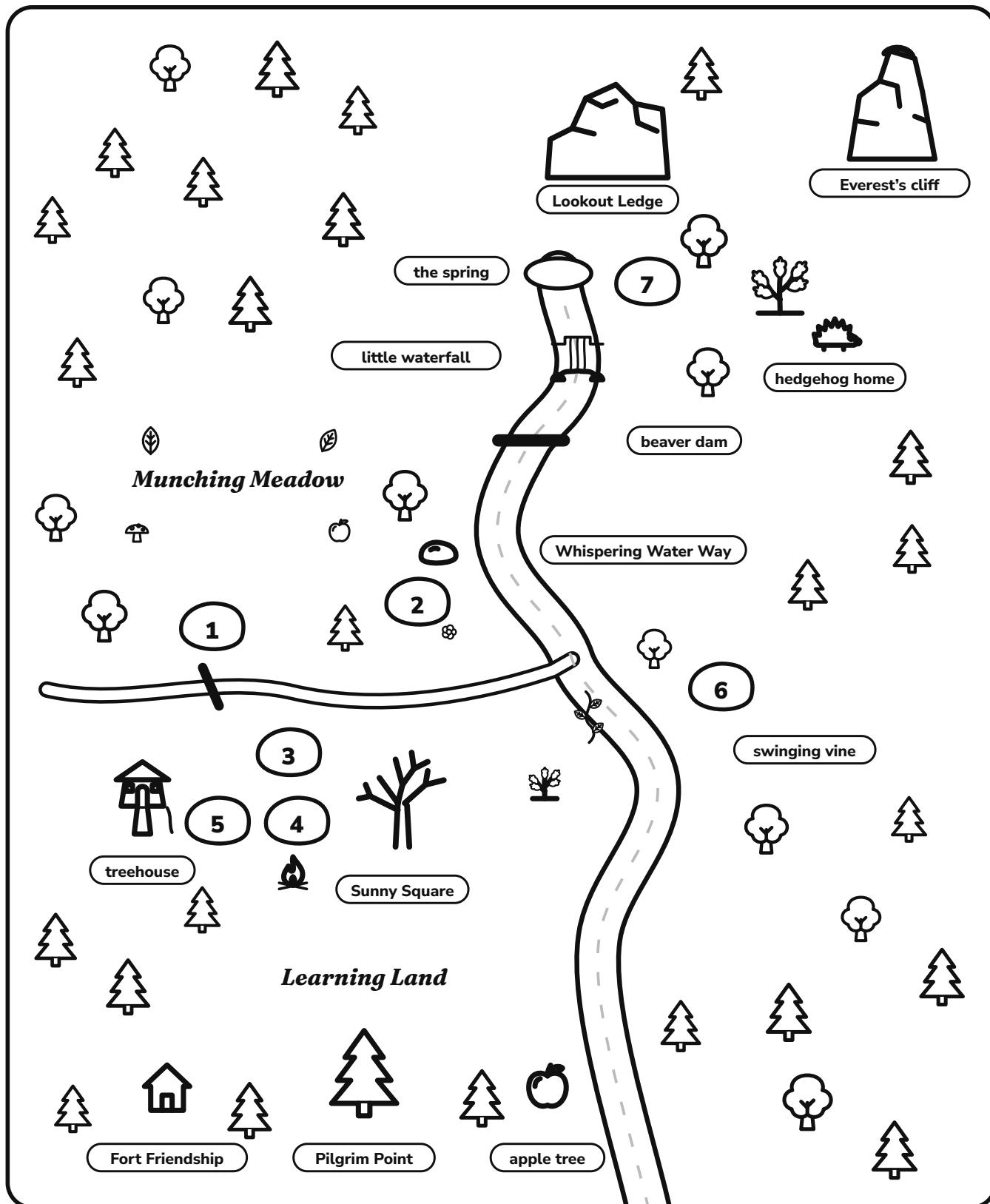
- ① **Monday:** Staying Up All Night
- ② **Tuesday:** How Far It Came
- ③ **Wednesday:** The Maple Leaves
- ④ **Thursday:** The Slow Supper
- ⑤ **Friday:** The Blanket Goes Back and Forth
- ⑥ **Saturday:** Too Busy to Swing
- ⑦ **Sunday:** Where the River Comes From

THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____, for making me feel valued.

Where We'll Go This Week

Each day, find the stone with that day's number and color it. It shows where the day's story happens!



Staying Up All Night

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning was gray and frosty, and the bare branches of the Wishing Tree were all clicking together in the wind. *Tik-tik-tok. Tik-tik-tok.*

Mr. Moose found Daddy Moose down at the brook, breaking the thin ice at the edge so the birds could drink.

"Daddy," said Mr. Moose. "When you stood in the brook every morning, while I learned to walk the log... was the water cold?"

Daddy Moose looked at the brook. He looked at the ice. "Very cold," he said.

"Twenty-two times cold?"

"Twenty-two times cold," said Daddy Moose. Then he smiled. "I'd do it again."

Mr. Moose didn't know what to say. He had thought the brook was just a thing that happened. He hadn't thought about it being cold for anybody but himself.

Mr. Monkey came swinging down from the treehouse. "What are you talking about?"

"What it cost," said Mr. Moose slowly. "Daddy didn't just help me. He got cold for me. He gave up being warm."

Mr. Monkey looked at the icy brook. "How cold?"

"Very," said Daddy Moose.

"I want to know **HOW** cold," said Mr. Monkey. And before anybody could stop him, he dipped one toe in.

"EEEEEEEEEE!"

He shot straight up into the air like a rocket, grabbed the nearest branch, and hung there with his toes curled up

tight. His teeth went *chikka-chikka-chikka*. Even his tail was shivering.

"That's how cold," said Mr. Monkey, from up in the tree.

"That's **VERY** cold."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose.

"Twenty-two times," said Mr. Monkey, looking down at Daddy Moose with big, round eyes. "With your **WHOLE** legs."

Daddy Moose just smiled and went on breaking the ice.

Then Mama Moose came out of the big maple with a basket of acorns, and she yawned. A big, long yawn.

"Mama," said Mr. Moose. "Why are you so sleepy?"

"Oh," said Mama Moose, "remember last spring, when you had that bad dream about the thunder? You were scared all night. So I sat up with you. All night long, right next to your bed, until the sun came up."

Mr. Moose remembered the thunder. He remembered being scared. He remembered Mama's voice humming in the dark. But he didn't remember that she never went to sleep.

"The whole night?" he said.

"The whole night," said Mama Moose. "I still get sleepy when I think about it." She yawned again and went back inside.

Mr. Moose turned to Mr. Monkey. "We have to find out how long a whole night is."

"Tonight!" said Mr. Monkey. "We'll stay up **ALL** night!

Just like Mama Moose!"

So that evening, Mr. Monkey came down from the treehouse with a blanket and a bag of nuts for snacks. Mr. Moose fluffed up his bed of leaves. Sammy Squirrel heard about it and zipped in to help.

"I'll keep you awake!" she said. "I'm the best at being awake! I'll tell you jokes all night! Ready? What do you call a sleeping dinosaur?"

And she zipped out the door before anybody could answer.

Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey looked at each other.

The sun went down. The stars came out. An owl hooted from Pilgrim Point. Mr. Monkey sat up very straight with his eyes very wide.

"I'm SO awake," said Mr. Monkey. "I'm the awakest monkey in the whole—" And he yawned. His eyes went droopy. His head went nod... nod... nod... and *fwump*, he fell over sideways into the leaves, already snoring. *Hnnnk-shhhh. Hnnnk-shhhh.*

Mr. Moose looked at him. "That wasn't the whole night," he said. "That was about three snacks."

He tried to stay up by himself. He counted the stars through the window. He got to eleven. Then he started counting them again, slower. Six... seven... sev...

From outside the window, very fast, came Sammy's voice: "A DINO-SNORE!"

Mr. Moose's head popped up. Mr. Monkey's head popped up.

"Hee hee hee!" Mr. Monkey sat up with leaves in his fur. "A dino-SNORE!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose, and then both of them were asleep again before the next star came out.

When Mr. Moose opened his eyes, the sun was coming in the window, and Mama Moose was standing in the doorway with a cup of warm berry tea, smiling.

"Good morning," she said. "How long was the whole night?"

Mr. Moose sat up. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't stay up for it."

Mr. Monkey was still curled in the leaves, with one foot in the nut bag. "Mr. Snooze," he mumbled, pointing sleepily at Mr. Moose. "You snored. Like a dino."

"You snored first," said Mr. Moose.

Then Mr. Moose looked at Mama Moose, and he thought about it. They had tried to stay up a whole night, and they couldn't even stay up a little bit of it. Mama Moose had stayed up the whole thing. Not because she wasn't sleepy. She was sleepy. She stayed up anyway. For him.

Mr. Monkey sat up and looked at Mama Moose too. He saw the dark, tired circles under her eyes. He felt it, deep in his chest. "Mr. Moose," he whispered. "She's still a little tired. From last spring."

"Then maybe we give her some sleep back," said Mr. Moose.

"How do you give somebody sleep?"

Mr. Moose thought it through. Mama Moose couldn't sleep if there was work to do. Every morning she gathered acorns, swept the leaves off the doorstep, and brought water up from the brook. If somebody else did all of that, she could rest.

"We do her morning jobs," said Mr. Moose. "All of them. And she naps."

"Even the brook part?" said Mr. Monkey, looking at his toes.

"Even the brook part," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Moose tucked Mama Moose into her bed with his own warm blanket. Mr. Monkey swept the doorstep with his tail, *swish-swish-swish*, until it was the cleanest doorstep in all of Wonderful Woods and his tail was full of dust. Mr. Moose gathered the acorns, slowly and carefully. And then they carried the water bucket down to the icy brook together, and Mr. Monkey held the bucket while Mr. Moose waded in to fill it.

"Is it cold?" whispered Mr. Monkey.

"Very cold," said Mr. Moose, with his teeth going *chikka-chikka*. "I'd do it again."

When Mama Moose woke up at lunchtime, everything was done. She looked at the clean doorstep. She looked at the full bucket. She looked at the dusty monkey and the damp moose, both fast asleep on the step in the sunshine.

She didn't wake them up. She just sat down next to them and let them sleep.

That evening, they put a new leaf in their basket. This time, Mr. Moose had an idea. He tied a tiny twig to the stem, so the leaf had a little stick hanging from it.

"What's the twig for?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"The twig is what it cost," said Mr. Moose. "The leaf is the thank-you. The twig is for the whole night Mama didn't sleep."

Mr. Monkey picked up a leaf for Daddy Moose and tied a twig to it too. "This twig is the cold water," he said.

They looked at the two leaves with their little twigs. They looked heavier than the leaves from last week. But they didn't look sad. They looked important.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey as the stars came out.

"My toe went in the brook and I went up the tree. We tried to stay up all night like Mama Moose, and we fell asleep after three snacks. Sammy told a dino-snore joke from outside the window. And we did all of Mama's morning jobs so she could have her sleep back."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And inside the big maple, Mama Moose fell asleep early that night, all the way to morning, with a clean doorstep outside and a full bucket of water by the door.

☁ Let's Talk

- 1 Mama Moose stayed up the whole night when Mr. Moose had a bad dream. What did she give up?
- 2 What did someone in our house stop doing so they could do something with you?

✎ Your Turn

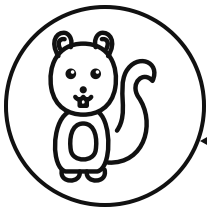
Who in your house stopped doing something so they could help you? Draw what they stopped doing, then what they did for you.

WHAT THEY STOPPED DOING...

...SO THEY COULD DO THIS FOR ME

Who? _____

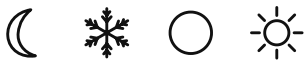
SAMMY'S JOKE



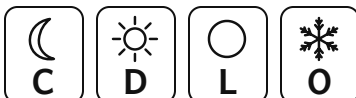
What can you catch but not throw?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

A _ _ _ _ !

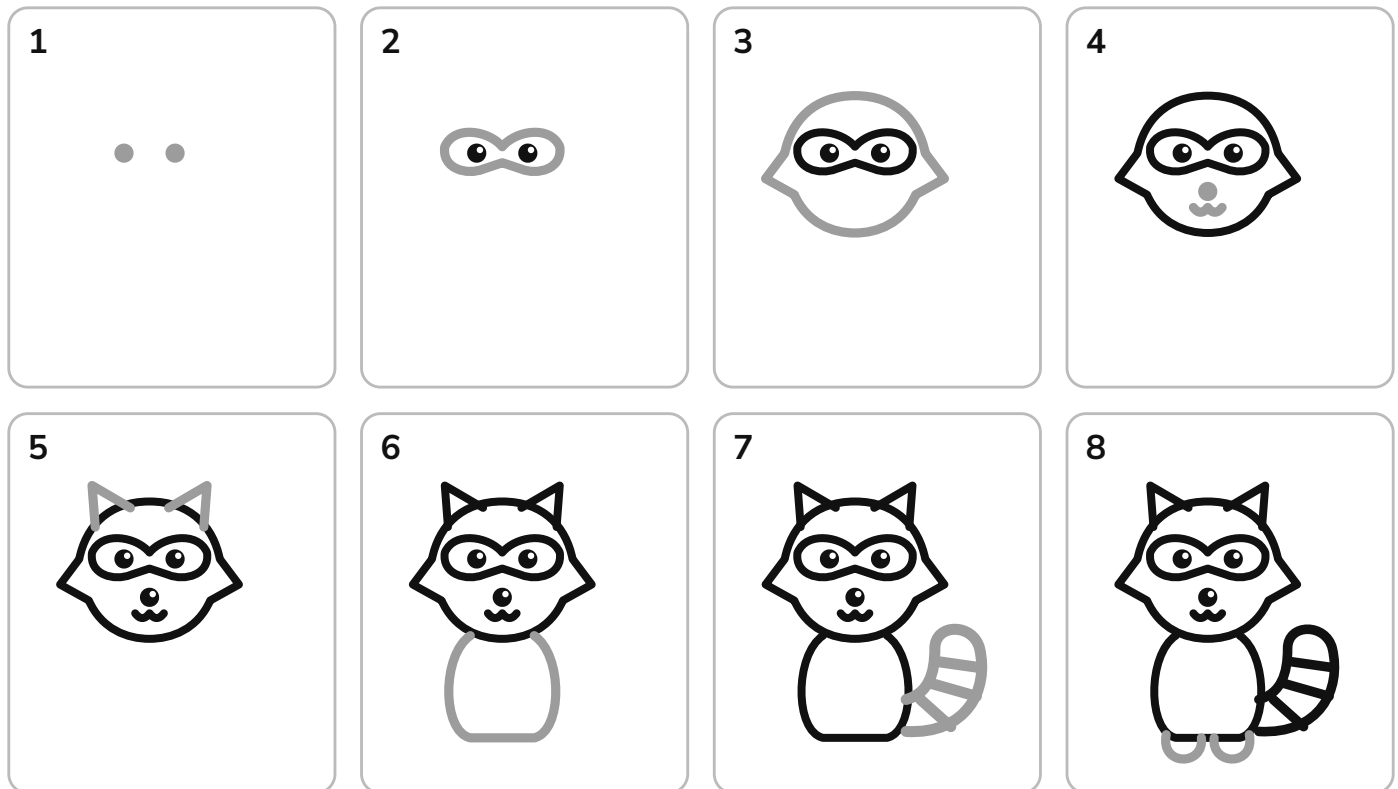


KEY



Draw Ricky Raccoon!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY RICKY RACCOON

Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Do Not Nap!

 and  sit up in bed.

“Do not nap!” said .

A nut. A nut. A nut.

Nod... nod... nod...

 and  nap!

Mom can nap in bed.

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Moose  Mr. Monkey

For grown-ups: New sounds: b, e. New words to learn by heart: do.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

for making me feel valued.

☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



dip your toe in
an icy brook

OR



stay up all night



sweep with your
tail

OR



carry water up
from the brook



sleep in a bed of
leaves

OR



sleep in a
treehouse

How Far It Came



The sky over Sunny Square was bright and windy, and fat white clouds were racing each other over the treetops. Under the Wishing Tree, Ricky had built a measuring table out of a flat stump, with a pinecone sitting right in the middle.

"Line up!" he called. "Bring your Swap presents! Every present has to be pinecone-size! Rule two!"

The friends lined up. Bruno brought a honeycomb wrapped in a leaf. Ricky held it up to the pinecone. "Pinecone-size! Next!" Dottie brought a stick. It was much longer than a pinecone. Ricky looked at it. Dottie wagged so hard her whole back end went sideways. Ricky sighed and wrote *Rule 2 (sort of)* on his list. "Next!"

Then, very slowly, from the far side of Sunny Square, came Tessie Turtle.

She was carrying something in her mouth. Step. Step. Step. It took her a long, long time to cross the grass. When she finally reached the measuring stump, she set it down very carefully.

It was a stone. A tiny, round, smooth stone, the color of a sunset, with a little stripe of white around the middle.

"For the Swap," said Tessie.

Ricky held it up next to his pinecone. It was much, much smaller. About the size of a blueberry.

"That's too small," said Ricky. "That doesn't count. Rule two."

Tessie's face didn't change, because Tessie's face never changed very fast. But she was quiet for a long time. Then she said, "Oh," very softly, and she turned around and started walking slowly away.

Mr. Monkey felt it go right through him, the way a cold wind goes through your fur. Tessie had walked all that way. And Ricky had said it didn't count.

"Tessie, wait!" he said. "Where did you find that stone?"

Tessie stopped. "Whispering Water Way," she said. "Where the water is fastest. I found it on Saturday morning."

"Saturday?" said Mr. Moose. "Today is Tuesday."

"Yes," said Tessie. "I walked."

Mr. Moose's ears went up. He looked at the tiny stone. He looked at the pinecone. Then he looked up the river, all the way toward Whispering Water Way, so far away you couldn't even hear it from here.

"Ricky," said Mr. Moose slowly. "You measured how big the present is. But what if you measured how far it came?"

Ricky blinked. "How do you measure far?"

"With pinecones," said Mr. Monkey, who didn't know yet what Mr. Moose meant, but liked it already.

So that's what they did. They walked all the way from the Wishing Tree to Tessie's sunning rock at Whispering Water Way, and every time they took one big moose step, they put down one pinecone.

Bruno carried a whole basket of pinecones on his head.

Mr. Moose took the steps, nice and even. And Mr. Monkey put down a pinecone at every single one. *Plip. Step. Plip. Step. Plip.*

Dottie came along to help. She helped by picking up the pinecones and bringing them back.

"Dottie," said Mr. Moose. "The pinecones have to stay there. That's how we measure."

Dottie looked at the long line of pinecones going all the way back to Sunny Square. Her eyes were shining. "But there are SO MANY to fetch," she whispered.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose.

"Ha! Ha!" Dottie laughed too, and she bravely sat on her paws so they wouldn't fetch anything.

Halfway there, Bruno ran out of pinecones.

"Uh-oh," said Bruno, looking into his empty basket.

They looked around. Then Mr. Monkey scrambled up a tall pine and shook the branches as hard as he could. *Ka-ploonk! Ka-ploonk! Ka-PLOONK!* Pinecones rained down everywhere. They filled Bruno's basket. They filled it to the top. They piled up over the top, and around Bruno's shoulders, and up to his ears, until all you could see was a big pile of pinecones with two round bear ears poking out of it.

"I'm okay," said the pile.

"Haw haw haw!" it laughed. "I'm a pine-BEAR!"

Along the way, Sammy zipped past, going the other direction. "What are you doing? Is it a race? Who's winning? Hey, what do you call a turtle who takes pictures?"

She zipped off down the path. Then she zipped back up. "A SNAPPING turtle!" And she was gone.

Mr. Monkey made his hands into a little box, like a picture frame, and held it up to his eye. "Snap," he said, pointing it at Mr. Moose. "Snap. Snap."

"Hee hee hee!" he added.

The river got louder. *Rusha-rusha, plisha-plisha.* And at last, they came to Tessie's warm, flat sunning rock at Whispering Water Way. Mr. Monkey put down the very last pinecone.

Then they all turned around and looked back.

There was a line of pinecones on the ground. It went past the willow. It went around the bend. It went over the little hill, and through the ferns, and all along the river, farther than they could see, all the way back to Sunny Square.

Ricky's mouth fell open. "That's... how far she walked?"

"With her short legs," said Mr. Moose. "At Tessie speed. That's why it took her three whole days."

Ricky counted, in his head, the way he counted everything. He gave up after a hundred. "It's the biggest present in the whole Swap," he said quietly. "It's... it's a hundred pinecones big. More."

Then Ricky's ears went down flat. He looked at the ground. He was quiet for a while. Then he walked slowly

back along the line of pinecones, the whole way, until he found Tessie, still walking home.

Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey followed him.

"Tessie," said Ricky. "I shouldn't have said your present didn't count. I'm sorry. I won't say that again. How can I make things right?"

Tessie stopped walking. She looked at Ricky for a long, slow time. Then she said, very slowly, the same way she said everything:

"Yeah, I didn't like that. But we all make mistakes.

Thank you for apologizing. I forgive you."

Ricky's whiskers stood back up.

"Tessie," said Mr. Monkey, "can we carry you back to the Wishing Tree? So you don't have to walk all that way again?"

"That," said Tessie, "would be lovely."

So Bruno carried Tessie on top of his head, in the empty pinecone basket, like a queen. Tessie looked out at the woods going by faster than she had ever seen them go.

"Wheeeeeee," she said. Very slowly.

"Heh... heh... heh," laughed Tessie.

Back at the measuring stump, Ricky took out his list. He crossed out *Rule 2* very carefully. Then he wrote a new rule underneath it.

"Rule thirty-six," he read out loud. "The size of a present is how far it came."

He looked at Bruno's honeycomb. "Where did this come from?"

"From under my bed," said Bruno.

Ricky thought about it. "That's okay too," he said.

That evening, Mr. Monkey put a new leaf in the basket and tied a twig to it. "This one's for Tessie," he said. "The twig is three days of walking."

Mr. Moose looked at the twig. "It should be a longer twig," he said.

So Mr. Monkey found the longest twig in Sunny Square. It was longer than the leaf. It was longer than the basket. It stuck out of the top like a flagpole.

"That's better," said Mr. Moose.

"What a day!" said Mr. Moose on the way home. "Tessie walked three days to bring a tiny stone. We measured how far it came with pinecones, and Dottie wanted to fetch them all. Mr. Monkey made it rain pinecones on Bruno. Ricky said sorry, and Tessie forgave him. And Tessie rode home on Bruno's head."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And all along Rainbow River, a long line of pinecones lay in the moonlight, stretching all the way from the Wishing Tree to Whispering Water Way.

Let's Talk

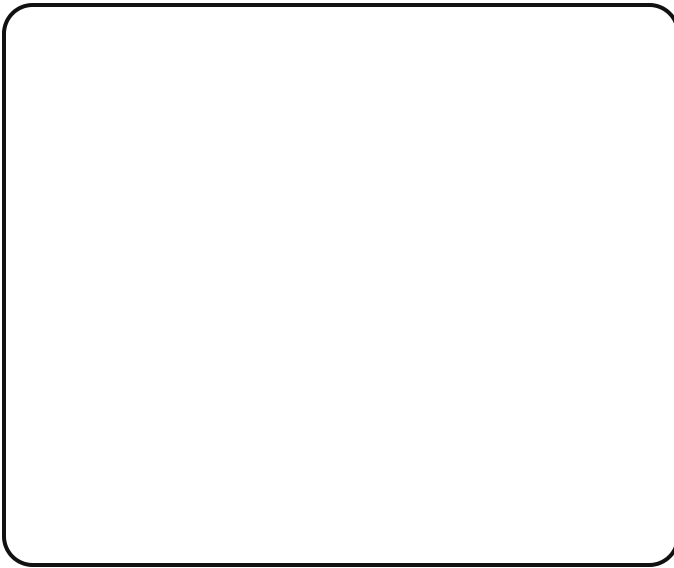
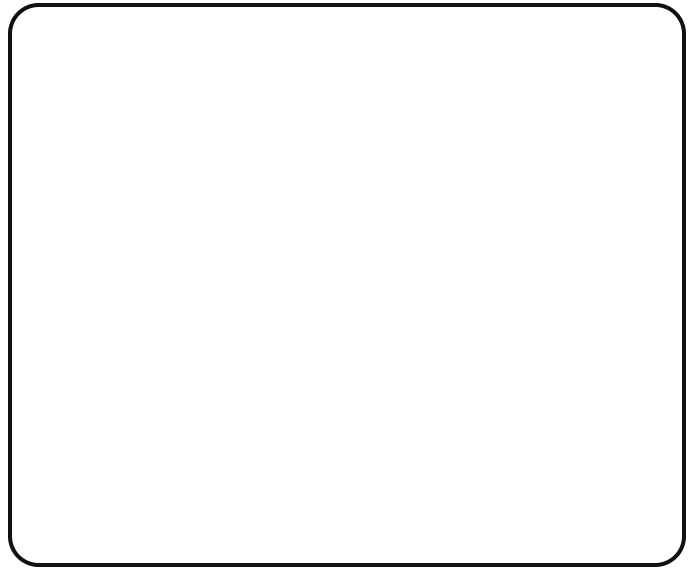
- 1 Tessie's stone was tiny. Why did Ricky say it was the biggest present in the whole Swap?
- 2 Who gave up something to help you this year?

Your Turn

Think of someone outside your house who stopped doing something to help you. Draw what they stopped doing, then what they did for you.

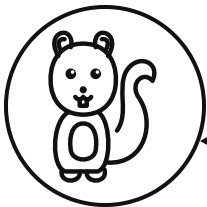
WHAT THEY STOPPED DOING...

...SO THEY COULD DO THIS FOR ME

Who? _____

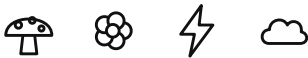
SAMMY'S JOKE



What has lots of needles but can't sew?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

A _____ tree!

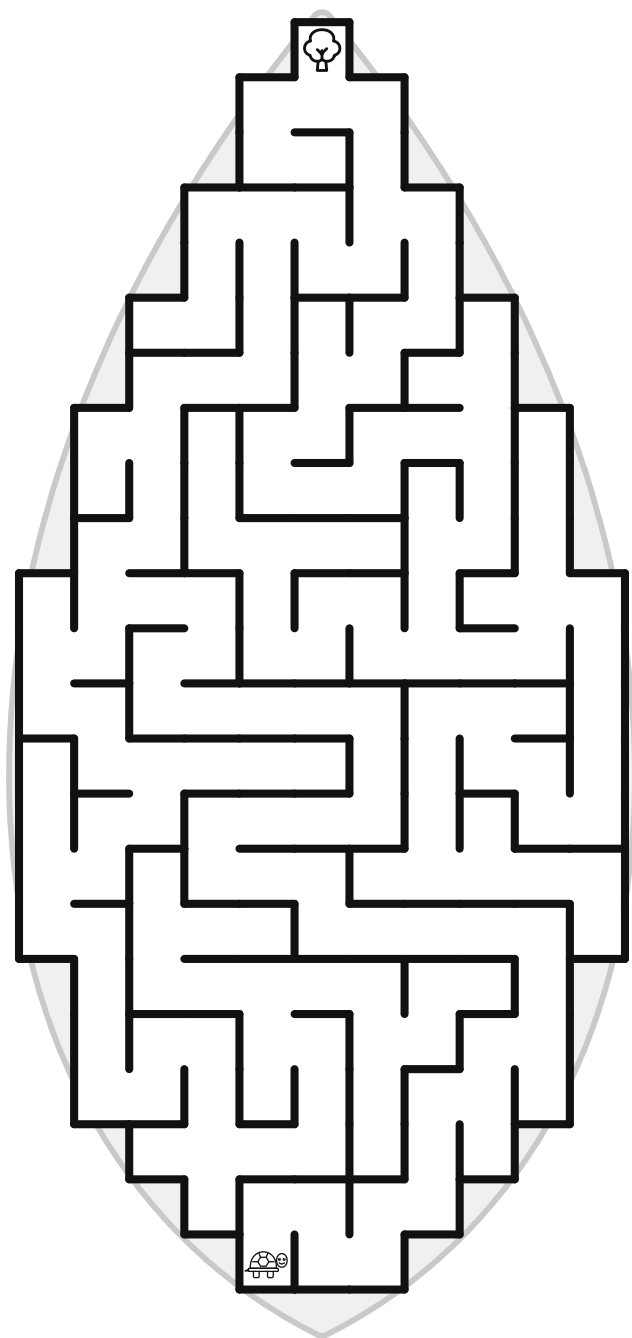


KEY



☆ The Long Walk

Help Tessie carry her stone all the way to the Wishing Tree. Start at Tessie Turtle.



Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

It Is Not Big

 set it on top.

Is it big? It is not big.

“It is not big,” said .

 is sad.

 sat.  got it.

“It is big, big, big!” said .

PICTURE WORDS  Tessie  Ricky



Color a star each time you read it.

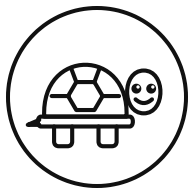
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

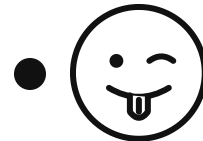
Thank you
for making me feel valued.

♥ Feelings Match

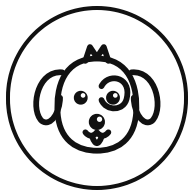
How did they feel? Draw a line from each friend to the face that matches. One face will be left over.



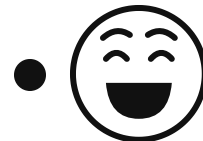
Tessie, when Ricky said her stone didn't count



silly



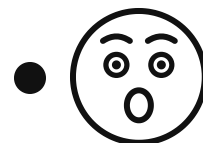
Dottie, looking at all those pinecones to fetch



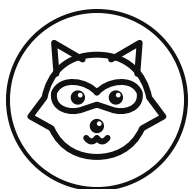
excited



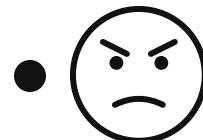
Bruno, under a pile of pinecones



surprised



Ricky, when he saw how far Tessie walked



angry



sad



The Maple Leaves

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The wind had blown hard all night, and in the morning the whole of Sunny Square was covered in leaves. Red ones, yellow ones, brown crunchy ones, piled against every rock and every root, deeper than Mr. Monkey's knees.

Mr. Monkey stood under the Wishing Tree and looked up.

The big maple had been bare for weeks. But this morning, with leaves piled up all around his feet, Mr. Monkey really looked at it for the first time. All that was left on its branches were the wishes on their vines and the painted thank-you leaves, tied tight with two knots each.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey. "The maple leaves."

Bruno was walking by with a honeycomb. He stopped. "The maple LEAVES?" He looked at the maple. "Where is it going?"

"No," said Mr. Monkey. "The maple's leaves are gone."

"It's GONE?" Bruno spun around. The maple was still right there. Bruno looked at it very hard. "When is it leaving?"

Mr. Monkey started to explain. Then he looked up at the bare maple again and forgot what he was going to say, because he was feeling sad.

"It gave away everything," he said. "Every single leaf. Now it doesn't have any."

Bruno patted the maple's trunk gently. "Bye, maple," he said. "Have a good trip."

"Hee hee," went Benji, peeking out from behind a root.

But Mr. Monkey didn't laugh. He looked at the maple, standing there all bare and cold in the wind, and it made his chest feel tight. The maple was the Wishing Tree. It held everybody's wishes and everybody's thank-you leaves. It held the low branch where he learned to hang by his tail. And now it didn't have a single leaf of its own.

"I'm going to give them back," said Mr. Monkey.

"Give what back?" asked Mr. Moose.

"Its leaves!" said Mr. Monkey. "They're right here. On the ground. I'll put them back on."

So he scooped up an armful of leaves and climbed into the maple. He put a leaf on a branch. It fell off. *Fwip*. He put another one on. It fell off too. *Fwip-fwip*. He tried pressing them on harder. He tried holding three leaves on with his feet, two with his hands, and one with his tail. Then the wind blew, and all six of them flew off at once and stuck to his face.

"Mmmf," said Mr. Monkey.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "You're wearing the maple."

"I need something sticky," said Mr. Monkey, peeling the leaves off his nose.

Bruno held up his honeycomb. "Sticky?"

"Bruno! Yes!"

So Bruno dipped each leaf in honey, and Mr. Monkey stuck them back on the branches. And it worked. Sort of. The honey leaves stayed on. And so did Mr. Monkey. When he tried to climb down, his hands stuck to one branch, and his feet stuck to another, and his tail stuck to a third.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "I think I'm a leaf now too."

A bee buzzed up, looked at all the honey, and landed right on the end of Mr. Monkey's nose. Mr. Monkey went very cross-eyed.

"Hello," he whispered to the bee.

"Haw haw haw!" boomed Bruno from below. The bee flew off. Mr. Moose reached up very gently, pulled Mr. Monkey loose, one hand and one foot at a time, and set him down in a pile of leaves, where he got a lot more leaves stuck all over him.

Mr. Monkey sat in the leaf pile, sticky and leafy, and looked up at the maple. It still had only a few honey leaves. And they were already sliding off.

"It's not working," he said quietly. "The maple gave everything away, and I can't give it back."

Mr. Moose sat down next to him and thought about it. Why did the maple drop its leaves? It did it every fall. It did it last year. It did it the year before that. Nobody made it. It just did. And every spring...

Mr. Moose looked around at all the leaves on the ground. Where did they go? They didn't just sit there. He thought about the little oak, standing all alone in its ring of stones, with nothing but its five small leaves to keep it warm.

"Mr. Monkey," said Mr. Moose slowly. "I don't think the maple's leaves are lost. I think they're just going somewhere new."

"Where?"

"Down here," said Mr. Moose. He stuck his nose deep into the leaf pile. "Feel how warm it is under the leaves?"

Mr. Monkey put his hand down into the pile. Deep down, under all the crunchy top leaves, it was soft and warm and a little damp, like a blanket.

Benji hopped over. "My burrow is under a pile of maple leaves," he said shyly. "It's the warmest place in the whole woods in winter."

Mr. Moose looked over at the little oak in its ring of stones. Its five green leaves were shivering in the wind. And all around it, the ground was bare.

"The maple's leaves are a blanket," said Mr. Moose. "Maybe the maple is giving them to everybody else."

Mr. Monkey jumped up so fast that two leaves fell off his head. "Then let's give some to the oak!"

Mr. Moose pushed big soft piles of maple leaves along the ground with his nose, like a plow. Mr. Monkey carried armfuls, and Bruno carried really big armfuls, and Benji showed them exactly how to tuck the leaves around the bottom of the little oak, nice and thick, but not on top of its own five leaves.

When they were done, the tiny oak stood in its ring of stones with a cozy brown blanket of maple leaves all around its roots.

Benji put his paw on the leaves. "Warm," he said.

Late in the afternoon, Orion woke up at Pilgrim Point and looked down. "Hoo," he said. "The maple has given away every leaf it had. Last year too. And the year before that."

"Does it ever get anything back?" asked Mr. Monkey.

Orion fluffed his feathers. "What do you think comes back in the spring?"

Then he tucked his face into his wing, and Mr. Monkey and Mr. Moose looked at each other.

"Leaves?" said Mr. Monkey.

"New ones," said Mr. Moose. "Every year."

Mr. Monkey looked up at the bare maple, with its wishes and its thank-yous hanging on the branches. He wasn't sad anymore. He picked up one big red maple leaf from the ground, a perfect one, and put it in the basket. Then he tied a twig to it.

"This one's for the maple," he said. "For giving away every leaf, every year."

"And the twig?"

"The twig is the whole cold winter," said Mr. Monkey. "With no leaves."

Mr. Moose looked at the maple, the same maple his family lived under, the one with all his growing lines on it. He had never once thought about it being cold.

As they walked home, Bruno stopped under the maple and looked up at it one more time.

"Bye, maple," he said, waving. "See you in the spring."

The maple didn't go anywhere. It just stood there.

"Haw haw haw," said Bruno, to himself, because he still thought it was leaving.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "The maple leaves, and Bruno thought it was going on a trip. I tried to put its leaves back with honey, and I got stuck, and a bee sat on my nose. Then we gave the leaves to the little oak, so it has a blanket for winter."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And in Sunny Square, the bare maple stood tall in the cold moonlight, while all around its roots and all around the little oak, its leaves kept everybody warm.

Let's Talk

- 1 The maple gave away every leaf. Where did the leaves go?
- 2 What is something in the world you didn't make and couldn't make, that you're glad is there?

Your Turn

The maple gives its leaves every year, and no person makes that happen! There could have been nothing there, but instead there is a tree. Draw one good thing you're glad is here, like the rain, the sun or the river.



Instead of nothing, there was _____.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What do you call a bee that can't make up its mind?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

A _____ !

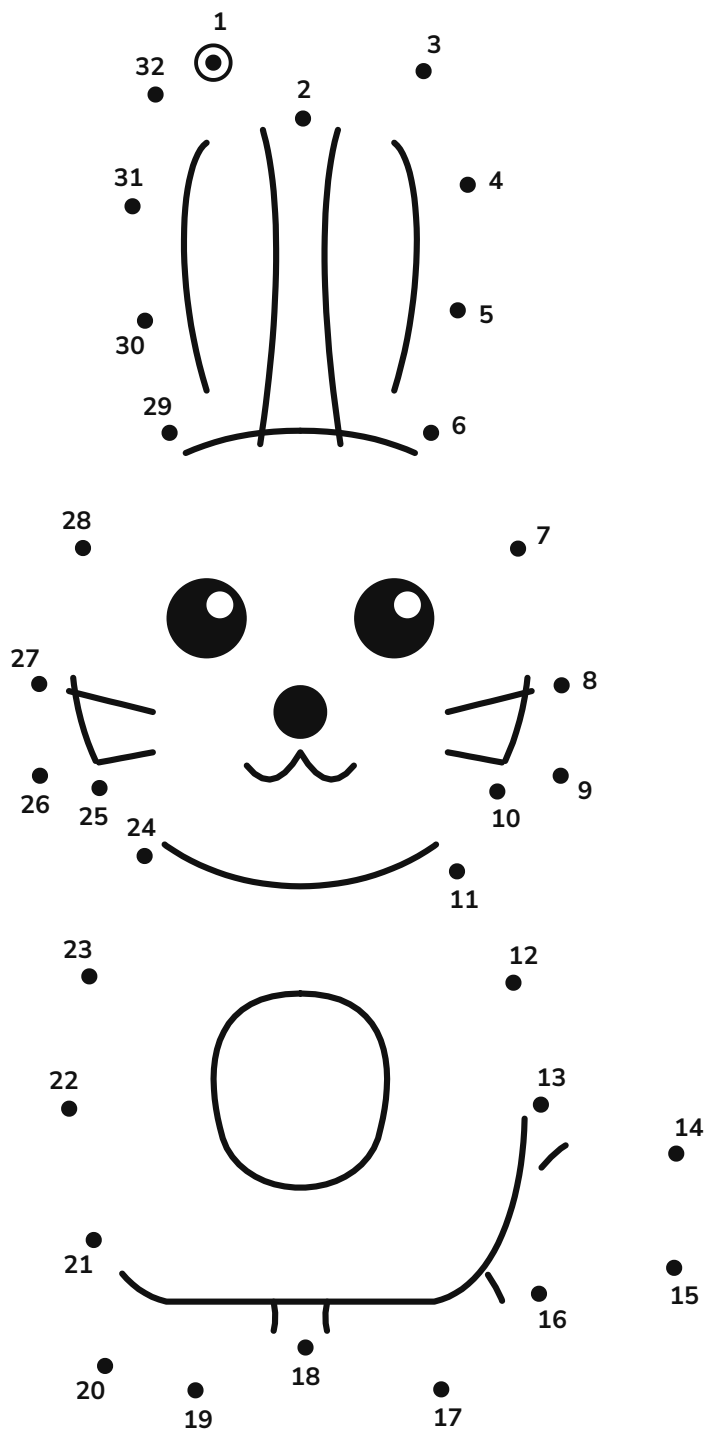


KEY



Connect the Dots

Connect the dots to find a friend who loves a warm leaf pile. Start at 1 (the circled dot) and count up to 32. Then join the last dot back to 1, and color it!



Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Dab, Dab, Dab

 got a pot.

Up, up, up! Dab, dab, dab!

 sat in it. Can  sit up?  can not!

A bug is on .

 and  get .

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Monkey  Mr. Moose  Bruno



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

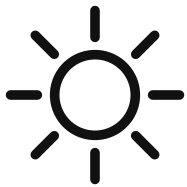
Trace the dotted words. On the line, write or draw a good gift that nobody made. Then read it out loud!

Instead of nothing

there was

👁 Instead of Nothing

Find these good things nobody in your house made. Check each one!



light coming in
a window

☐

water

☐

something that
grows

☐

the sky

☐

a sound from
outside

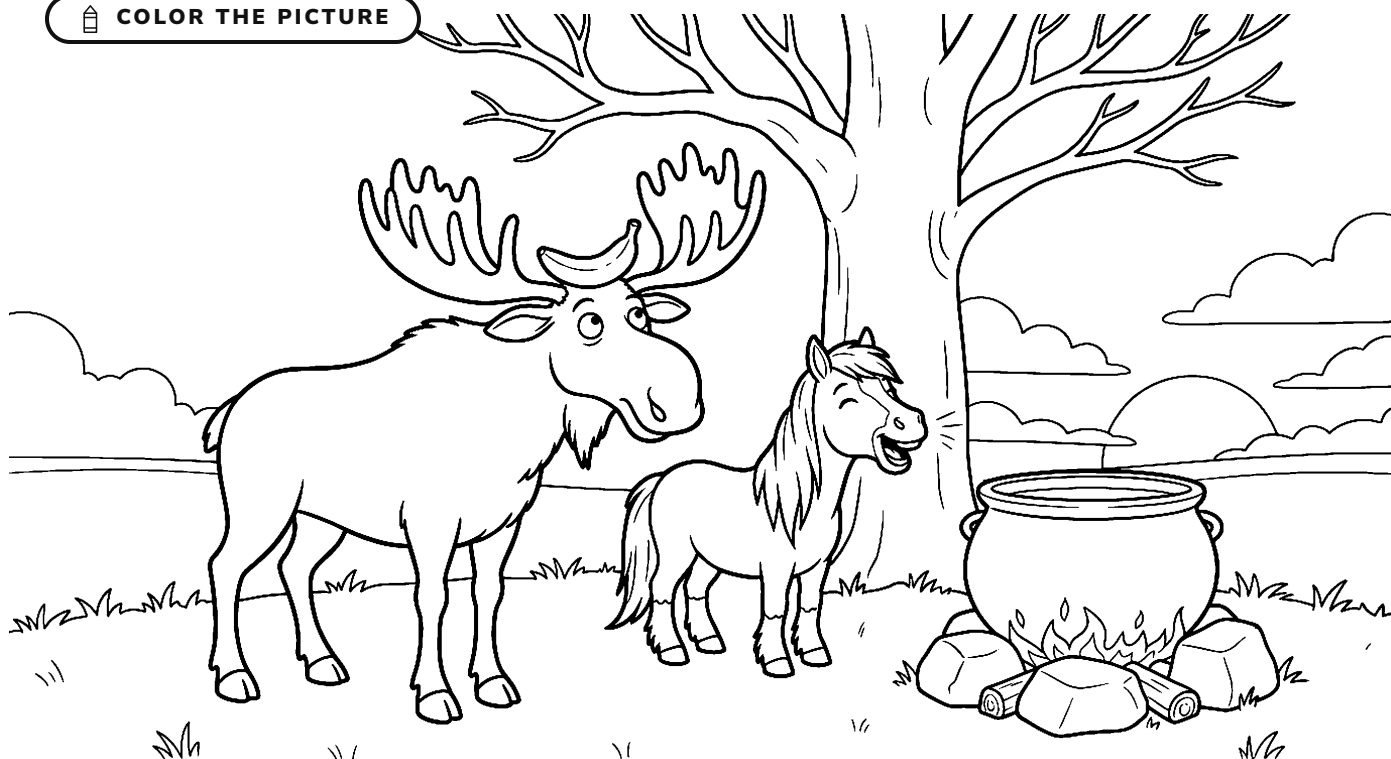
☐

food that grew

☐

The Slow Supper

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The sky was going pink and gold behind the hills, and a little fire was crackling in Sunny Square. Next to it, on three big rocks, sat the biggest pot anybody had ever seen. It was so big that Bruno could have taken a bath in it.

Mama Moose stood beside it with a long wooden spoon. “Last Thursday we ate dessert first,” she said. “Tonight we’re going slow. All week we’ve been noticing who spent time on us. So tonight, we spend some time on each other. It’s a Slow Supper.”

“What’s a Slow Supper?” asked Mr. Monkey.

“We make a stew together,” said Mama Moose. “Everybody brings one thing to put in. Then everybody takes a turn stirring. And it cooks slow, slow, slow, until it’s ready.”

“How slow?” asked Sammy.

Mama Moose smiled. “Very.”

Sammy’s tail twitched.

So everybody brought one thing. Daddy Moose brought potatoes. Mama Monkey brought carrots. Hazel brought sweet clover. Ricky brought mushrooms, every one exactly pinecone-size. Bruno brought a whole armful of acorns, and then, because nobody was looking, one more armful. Mr. Monkey brought a banana.

“In a stew?” said Mr. Moose.

“It’s my one thing,” said Mr. Monkey.

Plop, went the banana.

Then it was time to stir. Mama Moose stirred first, slow and steady, around and around. Then Daddy Moose. Then Shiloh, who stirred so gently the spoon hardly moved.

Then it was Sammy’s turn.

Sammy grabbed the spoon. “SLOW,” she said. “I can do slow. Watch me do slow.” She stirred around once, slowly. Then twice, a little faster. Then three times, faster. Then she was stirring so fast the spoon was a blur, *whirra-whirra-whirra-whirra*, and the stew went around in a whirlpool, and the whirlpool went faster, and then the banana flew straight up out of the pot like a little yellow fish.

It sailed through the air, spinning, and landed, *SPLAP*, right on top of Daddy Moose’s head, sitting between his antlers like a crown.

Everybody looked at Daddy Moose. Daddy Moose looked up, cross-eyed, at the banana.

“Is that my one thing?” said Mr. Monkey.

“Hee hee hee... *SNORT!*” went Hazel.

“Ha-ha-ha-ha!” laughed Sammy. “That was my **FAST** slow!”

Daddy Moose very carefully lifted the banana off his head and dropped it back in the pot. “Plop,” he said, in a very serious voice.

“Hee hee hee!” went Mr. Monkey. “My banana got to be a crown!”

Then they stirred. And stirred. And waited. And waited. The stew bubbled, *bloop... bloop... bloop*. It smelled so good that Bruno lay down right next to the pot with his nose as close as he could get it.

Mr. Moose took a turn. He stirred the way he did everything, very slowly and very carefully, so slowly that a

little moth landed on the spoon and rode around the pot three whole times without falling off.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey, "you're slower than Tessie."

Tessie looked up from her spot by the fire. "Nobody..." she said, "...is slower... than me."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose, and the moth flew away.

Hazel couldn't stand still. She trotted around the fire, around the Wishing Tree, around the fire again.

"Is it ready?" asked Hazel.

"Not yet," said Mama Moose.

"Is it ready NOW?"

"Not yet."

Ricky came over with his list. "Rule thirty-seven," he said. "Stew should be fast."

"There's no rule about stew," said Mama Moose kindly.

Ricky thought about it. Then he told a joke. "Why did the stew go to the doctor? It wasn't feeling... souper."

Nobody laughed. The stew went *bloop*. Ricky looked very pleased.

While the stew bubbled, Mama Monkey gathered everybody around the Wishing Tree, close to the fire, where they could see the painted leaves tied to the trunk, faces out.

"All week," she said, "we've been noticing what people gave up for us. Not just what they did. What it cost them. So tonight, each of us says one thing out loud."

She showed them how. "You say, 'Thank you, somebody, for making me feel important.' Then you say what they did, and what they gave up to do it. And everybody else says..."

"I REMEMBER THAT!" shouted Mr. Monkey, who remembered.

"Hee hee," went Benji.

Mr. Moose went first. He stood up very tall, and his voice was soft. "Thank you, Daddy, for making me feel important. You stood in the cold brook twenty-two times. You could have been warm, but you were cold for me."

"I remember that," said everybody.

Daddy Moose looked at the fire for a long time. He didn't say anything. He just put his big head down next to Mr. Moose's small one.

Mr. Monkey went next. "Thank you, Daddy, for making me feel important. You spent a whole day building me a new swing, and you missed your nap, and you missed your lunch, and you hit your thumb."

"I remember that," said everybody.

Daddy Monkey held up his thumb. It still had a little bump on it. "Worth it," he said.

Tessie went, very slowly. "Thank you... Ricky... for making me feel important. You said sorry. And you made a rule... about how far a present came."

Ricky's ears went pink. "I remember that," said everybody.

One by one, all around the fire, the friends went. Shiloh thanked Bruno for carrying him across the river in the spring flood. Dottie thanked Daddy Monkey for fixing her den roof in the rain. Benji thanked Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey for the honey-bunny leaf, and he didn't even need to whisper it.

Then Mr. Monkey noticed something. Ricky had stopped listening. He was sitting at the edge of the firelight with a pile of leaves and vines in his lap, wrapping something. Then wrapping something else. His paws were going fast.

"Ricky," whispered Mr. Monkey. "What are you doing?"

"Swap presents," said Ricky, not looking up. "Rule thirty-five. All presents have to be wrapped. And rule four, nobody gets left out. What if somebody forgets to bring one? Then they won't get one. So I'm making extras."

"How many extras?"

Ricky looked at the pile. "All of them," he said.

Mr. Monkey looked at the pile. Then at Ricky. Ricky looked tired. His whiskers were droopy. He was missing all the thank-yous.

Mr. Monkey felt it in his chest, the same tight feeling he got when he saw the bare maple. Ricky was giving away his whole night. And nobody was even noticing.

"Mr. Moose," he whispered. "Ricky's missing it."

Mr. Moose thought it through. Ricky wouldn't stop wrapping, because he was worried somebody would be left out. So what if nobody needed to be left out of anything? What if somebody wrapped with him, so he could listen at the same time?

"We wrap with him," said Mr. Moose. "Right here. While we listen."

Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey sat down on either side of Ricky, and Mr. Moose held the leaves flat, and Mr. Monkey tied the vines, and Ricky's paws slowed down. And for the first time all night, Ricky looked up and listened.

Then Shiloh, who was sitting right across the fire, said softly, "Thank you, Ricky, for making me feel important. You made rule four. Nobody gets left out."

"I remember that," said everybody.

Ricky put down the present he was holding. He didn't pick up another one.

And at last, Mama Moose dipped the spoon into the pot, tasted it, and smiled. "It's ready."

It was the best stew anybody had ever eaten. Even the banana.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey, with stew on his chin.

"Everybody put one thing in the pot. Sammy stirred so fast the banana flew out and landed on Daddy Moose like a crown. We said thank you for what everybody gave up. And we wrapped presents with Ricky, so he could listen."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

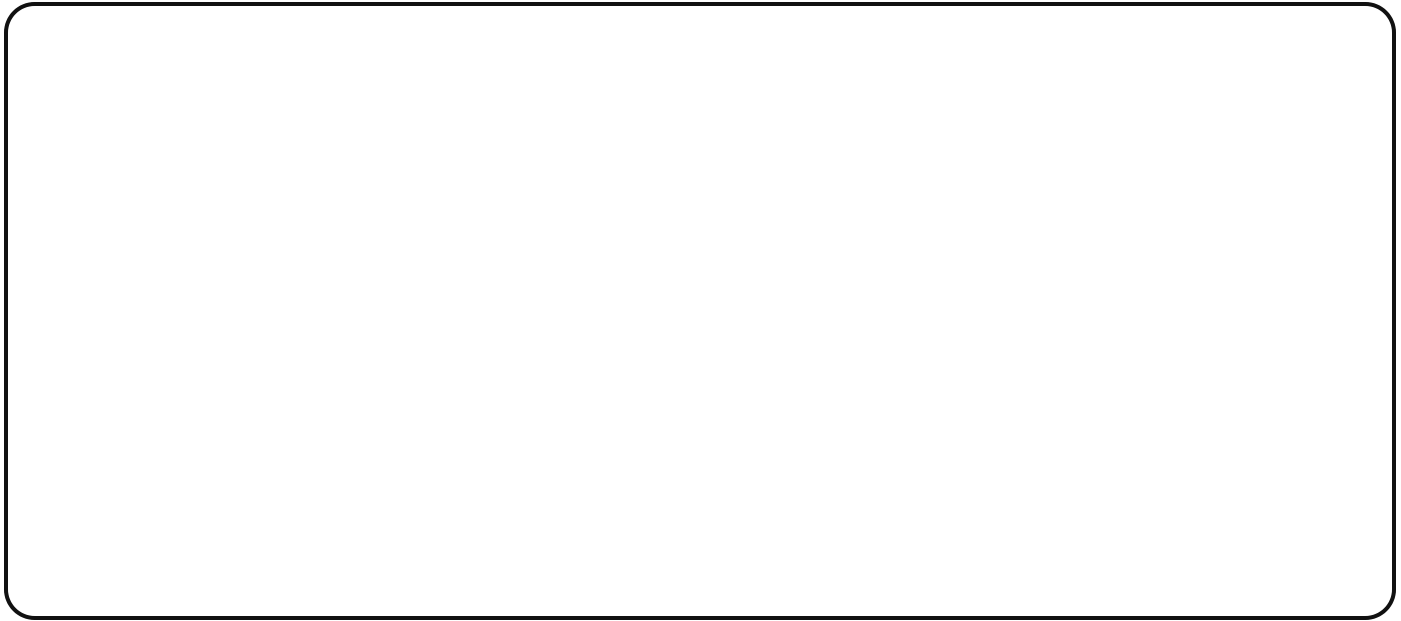
And the big pot sat warm and empty by the coals in Sunny Square, while the stars came out slowly, one at a time.

Let's Talk

- 1 Ricky was so busy wrapping that he missed everybody's thank-yous. How did Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey help?
- 2 Tonight your family follows a favorite food back to where it came from. Where do you think it starts?

Your Turn

Draw someone who gave up something so they could help you.



Thank you, _____ !

SAMMY'S JOKE



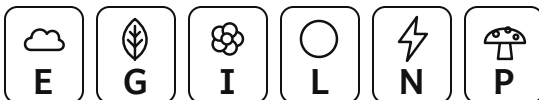
Why did the banana go to the doctor?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

It wasn't _____ well!



KEY

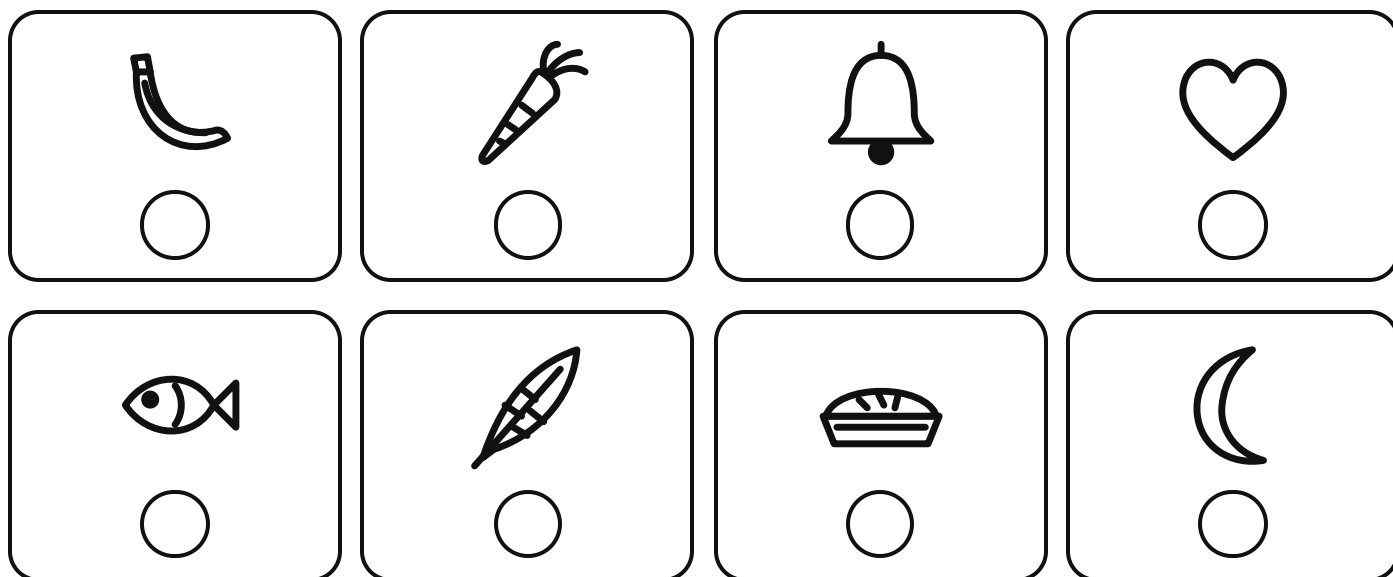


👁 Hidden Pictures

Find each hidden thing in the picture. Color it, then color its circle!



CAN YOU FIND THESE?



Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

A Nut Pot

A big pot! A big, big pot!

 set in a nut.

Mom did not see.

 set in a nut, and a nut, and a nut!

Mom did see.

“It is a nut pot!” said Mom.

PICTURE WORDS  Bruno

For grown-ups: New words to learn by heart: see.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you
for making me feel valued.

♥ Tonight's Big Words

Remember last week's big words? Your family says them together again tonight.

Grace comes in, gratitude sees it, and graciousness passes it on.



Grace

a gift you didn't earn



Gratitude

noticing the gift



Graciousness

passing it on

DRAW SOMEONE PASSING A GIFT ON TO SOMEONE ELSE.

★ Thankful Thursday

Tonight is a party night for your family. It has three parts:

1 Remember: The Cost Count

2 Rejoice: The Dish Chain

3 Ready: Cut the Leaves

Remember: The Cost Count

A guessing game! People do things for your family again and again, and every one of them costs that person time and work. How many times did each thing happen this year? Write your guess. Then a grown-up helps you figure it out. Last, draw a face or write a name for who did most of it, and thank them!

WHAT THEY DID	MY GUESS	OUR COUNT	WHO DID MOST OF IT?
 Dinners cooked			
 Rides in the car			
 Loads of laundry			
 Bedtime stories			
 My idea: _____			

Some gifts are too big to count, like someone staying up with you when you were sick. Draw one.

TOO BIG TO COUNT

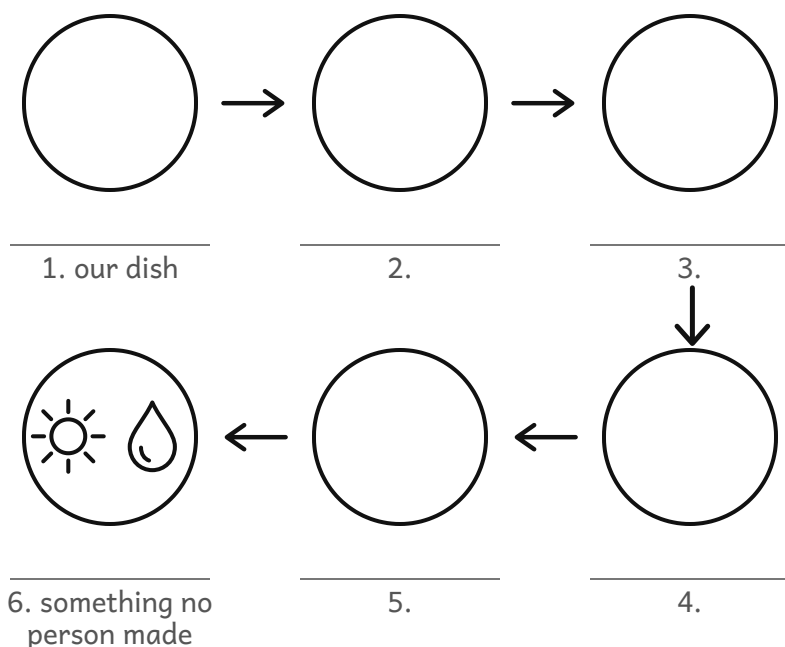
🎯 Rejoice: The Dish Chain

Tonight your family eats a favorite dish. Before anyone takes a bite, follow it back to where it came from. The youngest person asks this question, again and again, and everyone helps answer:

“And where did that come from?”

Keep asking until you get to something no person made. Draw or write each link in the chain.

Example: pie, then the baker, then the store, then the truck, then the farmer, then the sun and rain.

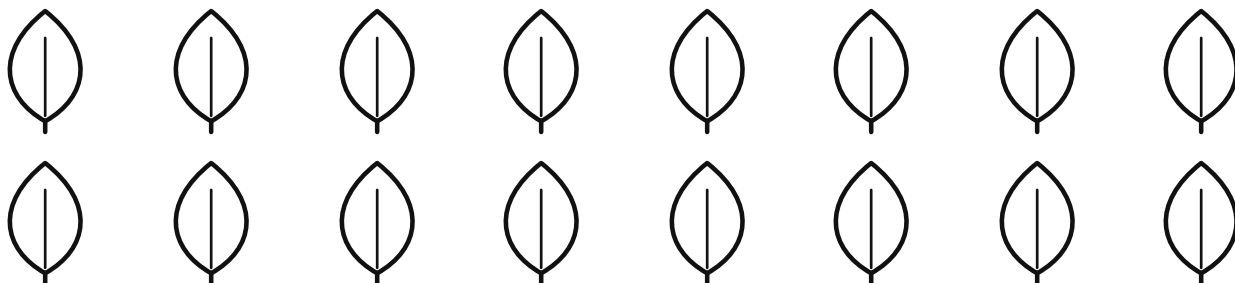


Count every circle with something in it, even the sun and rain. How many links?

✂️ Ready: Cut the Leaves

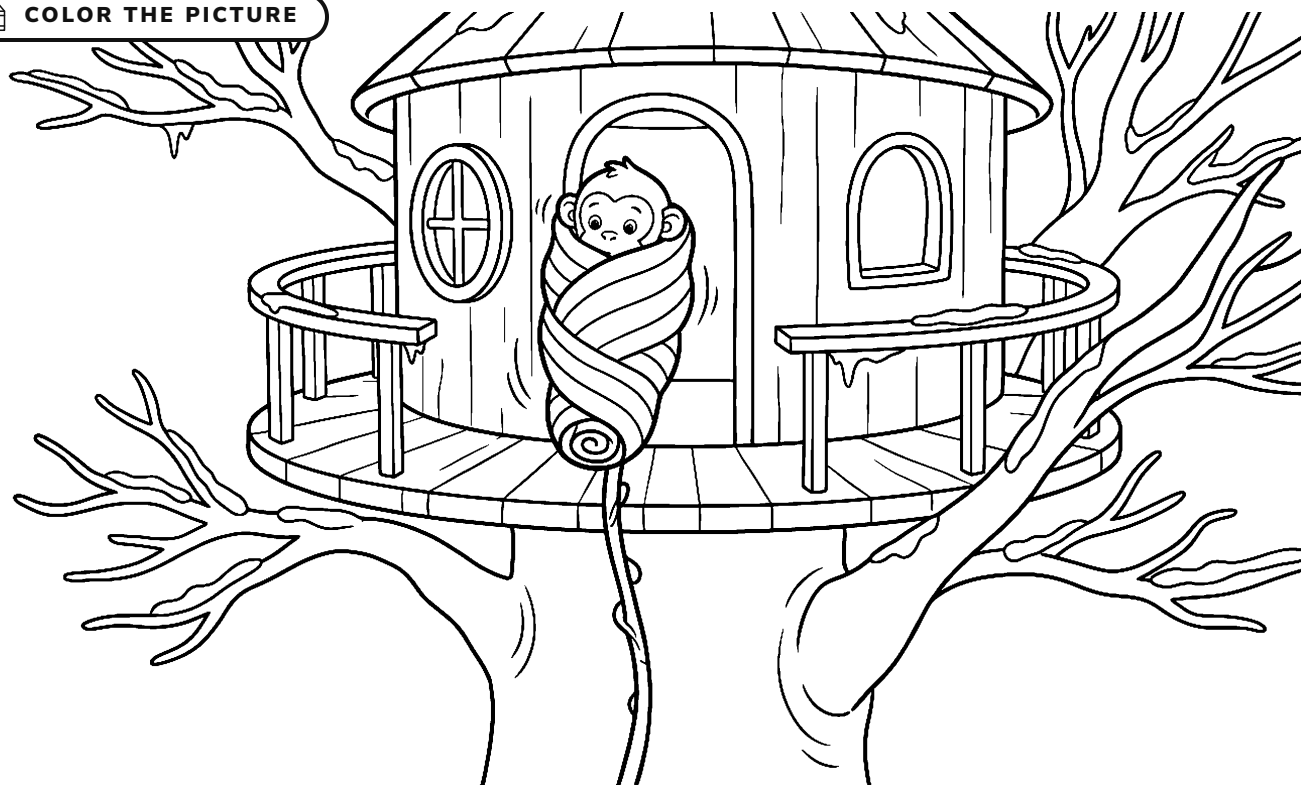
Help cut out more leaves for this weekend's thank-you notes. Draw leaf shapes on colored paper and cut along the lines with kid scissors, with a grown-up close by.

Color one leaf here for each leaf you cut!



The Blanket Goes Back and Forth

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The night had been the coldest one yet. In the morning, every branch in Wonderful Woods was white with frost, and the river had little crinkles of ice along its edges. Up in the treehouse, the wind came whistling through the cracks, *whooooo, wheeeeee*.

Mr. Monkey woke up shivering. His teeth went *chikka-chikka*. His tail was curled all the way around him, and it still wasn't enough.

Then he noticed something on top of him. A big, thick, fuzzy blanket. The striped one. Mama Monkey's blanket. The warmest blanket in the whole treehouse.

He peeked across the room. Mama Monkey was curled up in her bed with only a thin little leaf blanket, the kind you use in summer. Her toes were sticking out.

Mr. Monkey sat up. "Mama! You gave me your blanket!"

"You were cold," said Mama Monkey, yawning. "I heard your teeth chattering all the way across the room."

"But now YOU'RE cold!"

"A little," said Mama Monkey, and her teeth went *chikka*, just a little. "But I'd rather you be warm."

Mr. Monkey didn't like that one bit. He hopped up, carried the big striped blanket across the room, and tucked it around Mama Monkey, all the way up to her chin. "There," he said. "Now you're warm."

He climbed back into his own bed and curled up, shivering.

A little while later, he felt something heavy and warm land on top of him. He peeked out. It was the striped blanket again. Mama Monkey was tiptoeing back to her bed.

"Mama!"

"Shh. Go back to sleep."

Mr. Monkey waited until she was snoring. Then he crept out of bed, carried the blanket back across the room, and very, very gently laid it over her. He got back into bed. He closed his eyes.

Fwump. The blanket landed on him again.

He took it back. *Fwump*. He took it back again, faster. *Fwump*. He snuck it over to her while she was looking out the window. She snuck it back to him while he was brushing his teeth. He hid it in her bed under her pillow. She hid it back in his bed under his tail.

By breakfast, the striped blanket had gone back and forth across the treehouse so many times that Daddy Monkey had stopped counting.

"Nineteen," said Daddy Monkey, with his face in his porridge. "Twenty."

Then Mr. Monkey had his biggest idea yet. He would carry the blanket down the vines and hide it somewhere Mama would never find it, so she would have to keep it.

He wrapped himself up in it to carry it, all the way around, like a big striped burrito. Then he tried to climb

down the vine. But he couldn't use his hands. He couldn't use his feet. He couldn't even use his tail.

He started to wobble.

"Uh-oh," said the blanket.

He slid down the vine, slowly at first, then faster, *zzzzzzwip*, all the way to the bottom, and landed on the frosty grass, *fwumpf*, and rolled across Sunny Square like a big striped log, until he stopped right at Mr. Moose's front door.

Mr. Moose opened the door. He looked down at the blanket. The blanket looked up at him with two eyes.

"Mr. Monkey?" said Mr. Moose.

"I'm hiding it," said Mr. Monkey.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "You're a monkey burrito."

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey, and he wiggled one hand out of the top to wave.

Mr. Moose unrolled him on the doorstep. Mr. Monkey told him the whole thing. The cold night. The blanket. The thin summer leaf blanket and Mama's toes sticking out. Twenty times back and forth.

"She keeps giving it to me," said Mr. Monkey. "And I keep giving it back. Because now she's the cold one."

Mr. Moose thought about that for a long time. He thought about Daddy Moose standing in the cold brook, saying he'd do it again. He thought about Mama Moose sitting up all night. They didn't want it given back. They wanted to give it.

"Mr. Monkey," said Mr. Moose slowly. "When you gave Mama the blanket back, did she look happy?"

Mr. Monkey thought. "No," he said. "She looked like she wanted to give it to me again."

"Maybe that's the thing," said Mr. Moose. "Maybe giving you the blanket is her present. And if you keep giving it back, she doesn't get to give it."

Mr. Monkey looked at the striped blanket in his arms. That was a very strange idea. It made his tummy feel funny. It was so much easier to give something than to take something.

"But she'll be cold," he said.

Mr. Moose thought about that, too. He looked over at the Wishing Tree, where last week's painted leaves were tied to the trunk, and next to it, the empty spot where today's leaves would go.

"Then maybe we do two things," said Mr. Moose. "You keep the blanket. And we help her be warm a different way."

First, Mr. Monkey carried the blanket back up to the treehouse and put it on his own bed, and he kept it there. That was the hardest part.

Then he and Mr. Moose went all over Sunny Square gathering the softest, thickest, warmest maple leaves they could find. Mr. Moose pushed them into big piles

with his nose. Mr. Monkey stuffed them into an old flour sack, until it was fat and puffy and crunchy. They sewed it shut with vine, and Mr. Monkey's stitches went every which way, and some of them went right around the tip of his own tail and sewed it into the seam, so Mr. Moose had to un-sew him.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey, sewn to the sack, "I'm part of the blanket now."

"Ha-ha-ha! Hold still," said Mr. Moose.

When it was done, it was the lumpiest, crunchiest, warmest leaf blanket ever made. They carried it up to the treehouse and put it on Mama Monkey's bed.

Mama Monkey looked at it. She looked at Mr. Monkey, with his own striped blanket on his own bed. And her face went soft.

"You kept it," she said.

"I kept it," said Mr. Monkey. "Thank you, Mama."

That afternoon, it was time to paint the thank-you leaves for home. This week, Mama Moose had shown them a new way to paint the back of each leaf: first, what the person gave up. Then, what they did instead.

Mr. Monkey painted the front of his leaf: Mama Monkey's face, smiling. Then he turned it over. On the back, he painted Mama Monkey in her bed under a thin little summer leaf, with her toes sticking out, shivering. And next to her, a tiny monkey, snug and warm under a big striped blanket.

"Instead of being warm," he said, painting, "you gave me your blanket."

Then he added one more thing. In the corner of the leaf, he painted a big, lumpy, crunchy leaf blanket.

Mr. Moose painted one for Mama Moose. A dark night, a little moose asleep, and a big moose sitting beside the bed with her eyes wide open. Then one for Daddy Moose: a log, a brook, and Daddy standing in it, with little shiver lines all around him.

They tied them all to the trunk of the Wishing Tree, faces out, secrets in, two knots each.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey as they walked home. "Mama gave me her blanket, and I kept giving it back, twenty times. I rolled down the vine like a burrito. I kept the blanket, and that was the hardest thing. And we made Mama a crunchy leaf blanket, and I sewed myself to it."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And that night, up in the treehouse, Mr. Monkey slept warm under the striped blanket, while across the room, Mama Monkey's leaf blanket went crunch every time she turned over.

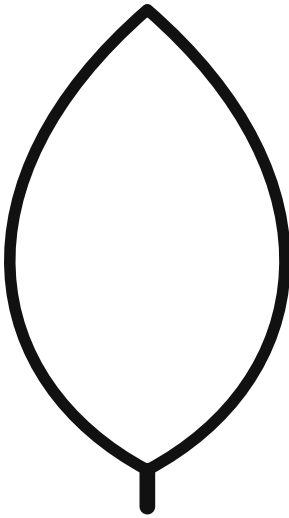
Let's Talk

- 1 Why did Mama Monkey want Mr. Monkey to keep the blanket?
- 2 Is it ever hard to let someone give you something? Why?

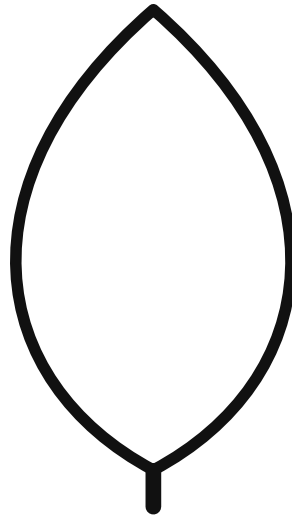
Your Turn

Plan a leaf for someone in your house. Front: their name. Back: draw what they gave up for you.

FRONT: THE NAME

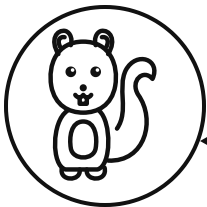


BACK: THE THANK-YOU



Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both leaves. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and save it for your family's Thanks Giving Tree.

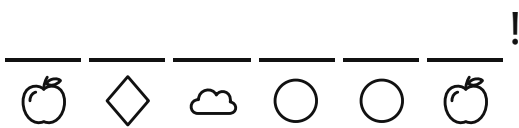
SAMMY'S JOKE



What did one eye say to the other eye?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

Between you and me, something

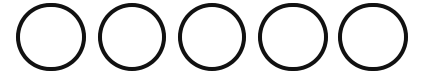


KEY



👁 Spot the Difference

Look closely. Can you find 5 differences?



Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Snug

 is not snug.

Mom sets a  on .  is snug!

But Mom is not snug.

 sets the  on Mom. Mom is snug!

Mom sets it on  and sits.

Mom sees , snug in bed.

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Monkey  blanket

For grown-ups: New sounds: k, -s on the end of a word, and blends like st, sn, sk. New words to learn by heart: sees.



Color a star each time you read it.

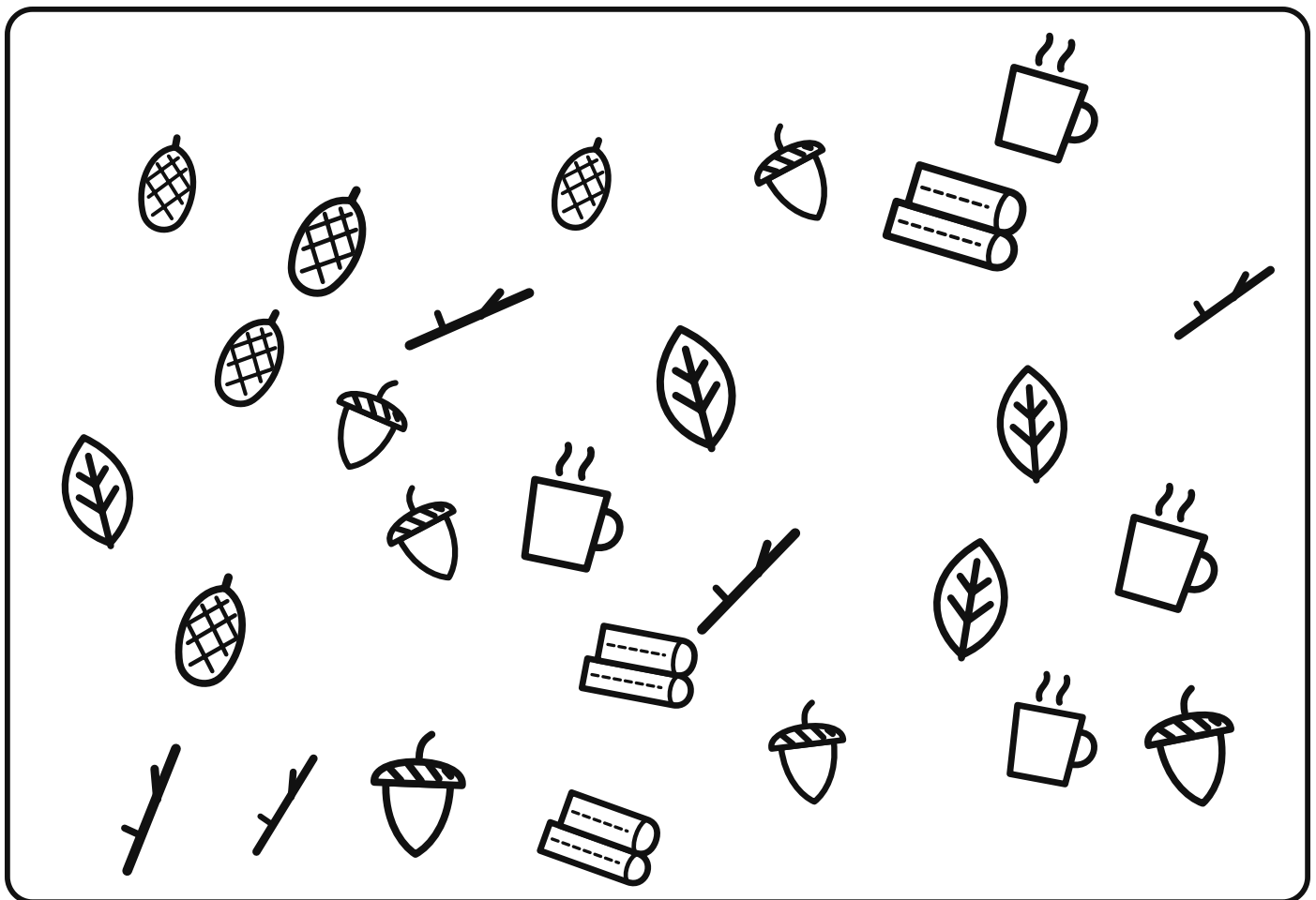
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you
for making me feel valued.

👁️ Cozy I Spy

Find and count each one. Write how many in the box.



Too Busy to Swing

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The sun came out bright and cold over Sunny Square, and the frost on the grass melted into a million tiny drops that sparkled like spilled sugar. From under the Wishing Tree came a sound: *crinkle-crinkle-twist. Crinkle-crinkle-twist.*

It was Ricky. He was sitting in the middle of an enormous pile of presents. There were presents wrapped in maple leaves, presents wrapped in birch bark, presents wrapped in big floppy cabbage leaves from Munching Meadow. Some were round. Some were lumpy. One was wiggling a little, which turned out to be a beetle who had wandered in and couldn't find the way out.

"Ricky!" called Mr. Monkey, swinging down. "Want to come swing on the river vine? Your vine? The one with your knot?"

"Can't," said Ricky, not looking up. *Crinkle-crinkle-twist.* "Have to make extras. Rule four. Nobody gets left out."

"How many extras?"

Ricky counted with one paw while he wrapped with the other. "This is number eleven. I need twelve. One for anybody who forgets theirs."

"After twelve can you swing?"

Ricky yawned so big his whiskers stretched. "After twelve I have to check them all again."

Mr. Monkey went to the river vine alone. He swung out once. *Wheeee.* It wasn't as fun without Ricky. He came back.

Ricky was still wrapping. His eyes were droopy. He had wrapping on his ears. He had a leaf stuck to his tail. He had been wrapping since before the sun came up, and he had missed breakfast, and now he was missing the best swinging day of the whole fall.

Mr. Monkey felt it, the same tight feeling he had at the Slow Supper. Ricky was spending his whole day on everybody else. His whole Saturday. And nobody had even noticed but Mr. Monkey.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey. "Ricky's spending his whole day."

Mr. Moose looked at Ricky, who was trying to tie a vine around a present and had accidentally tied it around his own paw.

"Then maybe we can't stop him," said Mr. Moose slowly. "He's doing it so nobody gets left out. But maybe we can make it go faster. If we all help, he finishes sooner. Then he gets the rest of his day back."

"A wrapping party!" said Mr. Monkey.

So Mr. Monkey called everybody. Bruno came. Dottie came. Hazel came. Sammy zipped in and zipped out and zipped back in. And they all sat down around Ricky's pile to help wrap the last present, number twelve, which was a fat, round pinecone that Ricky had painted red with berry juice.

"Okay!" said Ricky. "I need leaves. I need vines. And I need a ribbon."

Dottie's ears shot straight up. "A RIBBIT?"

"A ribbon," said Ricky.

But Dottie was already gone, bounding down to the river. A minute later she came trotting back, very proud, with a little green frog sitting on top of her head.

"RIBBIT," said the frog.

"I found one," said Dottie. "Where should he go?"

Everybody looked at the frog. The frog looked at everybody.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Dottie got a ribbit!"

"Ha! Ha!" Dottie laughed too, and the frog bounced up and down on her head. "Is it the right kind?"

"It's a good ribbit," said Mr. Moose, laughing. "Froggy Doggy."

The frog hopped off and sat on the present like a king on a throne. Ricky started wrapping, and he very nearly wrapped the frog too, but it hopped off just in time. *Ribbit*.

Then it was Bruno's turn to help. He picked up a big maple leaf in his big paws, very carefully, and wrapped it around a present. Then another leaf. Then another. He wrapped and wrapped, going around and around, until he looked up and realized he wasn't wrapping the present anymore. He had wrapped his own arm, all the way up to the elbow.

Bruno held up his leafy arm. "Is this a present?"

"Rule fifteen," said Ricky, without even thinking. "No presents that are Bruno."

"Haw haw haw!" Bruno laughed, and the leaves fluttered off his arm.

Sammy zipped through, grabbed a leaf, and wrapped it around herself like a cape. "Hey! What did the wrapping paper say to the present?" She zipped away. She zipped back. "I've got you COVERED!" And she was gone again, leaf cape and all.

Hazel helped by holding the vine with her teeth while Mr. Monkey tied it. Mr. Moose helped by holding the present very still between his front hooves. And Ricky did the knot, his best one, the one that never slips.

And then, at last, number twelve was done.

Ricky sat back and looked at the pile. Twelve presents. He looked around for the next thing to do. But there wasn't a next thing. It was only the middle of the afternoon, and the sun was still high and warm.

"I'm done," said Ricky. He sounded surprised.

"Now you can swing," said Mr. Monkey.

"But I have to check them all again," said Ricky, reaching for his list. "Twelve times."

"We'll check them," said Mr. Moose. "You go."

"I'll count," said Bruno proudly. He pointed at the presents one at a time. "One. Two. Three. Lots. Lots and lots. A WHOLE BUNCH." He looked up. "There are a whole bunch."

Ricky's mouth twitched. Then his whiskers twitched. "*Hi-hi-hi-hi!*" That's exactly right," he said. "A whole

bunch."

He looked at the river vine. He looked at his pile. He looked at the vine again. Then he stood up, stretched his whole body out long, and ran.

He grabbed the vine, his vine, the one with the knot he tied, and swung out over Rainbow River. Out and back. Out and back. Higher and higher. And at the very top, he let go and splashed into the cold water. *KER-SPLOOSH*.

He came up spluttering. "COLD!" he shouted. "It's SO COLD!" And then he was laughing, a raccoon giggle, *hi-hi-hi-hi*, and he swam back and did it again.

Mr. Monkey swung right after him. Then Bruno, who didn't swing so much as slide down the bank holding the vine, *shhhhhloop*, into the water. Then even Mr. Moose took a turn. This time he held on with his teeth, swung out very low, and dipped his whole nose in the river on the way past. He came back with a mouthful of water and a surprised fish on his chin, which slid off, *plip*, and swam away.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "Hello, fish."

Later, back at the Wishing Tree, they all sat in the sun to dry. It was time to paint the leaves for friends.

Mr. Monkey painted Ricky's face on the front, with his little mask and his clever paws. On the back, he painted Ricky in the middle of a giant pile of presents, with a leaf stuck on his tail. "Instead of swinging," Mr. Monkey said quietly as he painted, "you made presents for everybody, so nobody gets left out."

Shiloh painted one for Ricky too. Tessie painted one for Bruno, for the ride on his head. Benji painted one for Hazel, who always waited for him at the end of the meadow.

Mr. Moose painted one for Daddy Monkey, for fixing Dottie's den roof in the rain. And they tied them all to the Wishing Tree, faces out, secrets in.

Ricky found his own face on the trunk. He didn't try to peek. He just looked at it.

"Somebody made one for me," he said.

"Two somebodies," said Shiloh, very softly.

"What a day!" said Ricky, before anybody else could say it. "I made twelve presents. Dottie brought a frog instead of a ribbon. Bruno wrapped his own arm. Sammy told a wrapping joke and ran away with a cape. And I got to swing on my vine, and it was so cold!"

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And down at the river bend, Ricky's swinging vine swung slowly back and forth over the water, all by itself, still dripping.

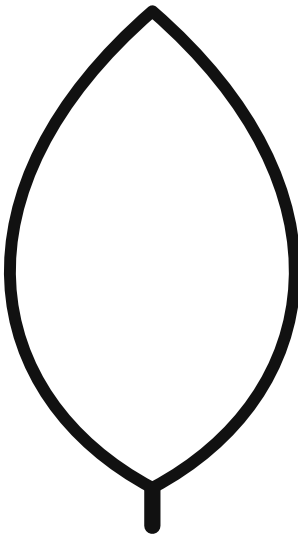
☁ Let's Talk

- 1 Ricky spent his whole Saturday wrapping. How did his friends give him some of it back?
- 2 Who outside our house gave up time for you?

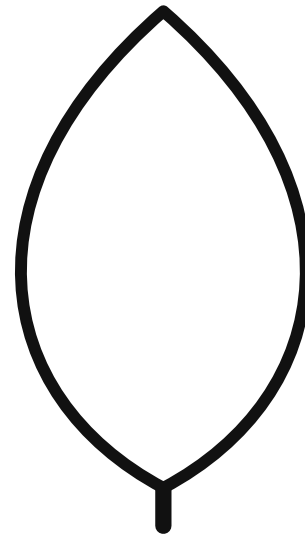
✎ Your Turn

Plan a leaf for someone outside your house. Front: their name. Back: draw what they gave up.

FRONT: THE NAME

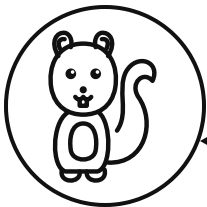


BACK: THE THANK-YOU



Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both leaves. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and save it for your family's Thanks Giving Tree.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What do frogs do with paper?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

_____ ! Rip it!

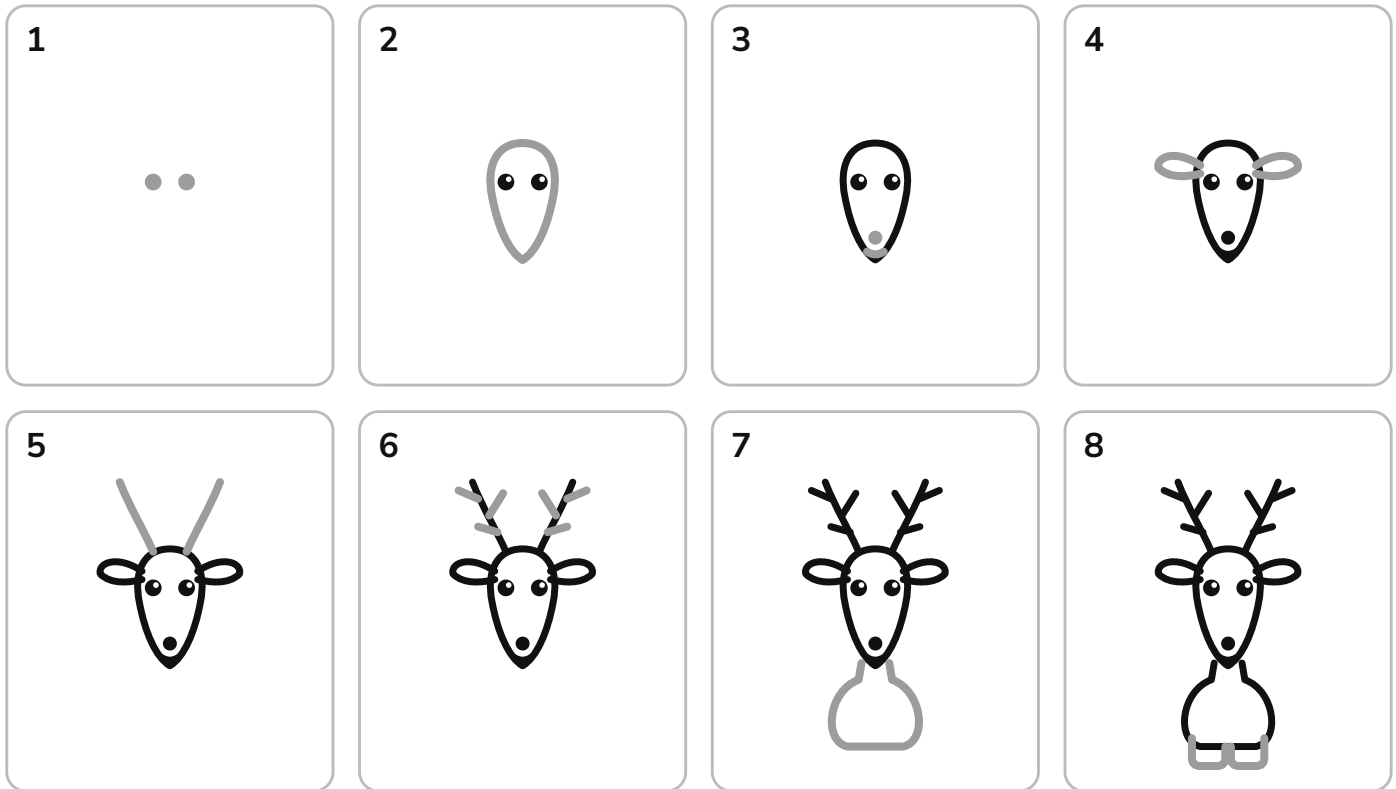


KEY



 Draw the Silent Stag!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY SILENT STAG

Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Ten Gifts

 sits in a pit of gifts.

“Is it fun?” said .

“It is not fun,” said . “I must do gifts and gifts and gifts!”

 sits. Gift, gift, gift...

Gifts, gifts, gifts!

 and  skip and dip in!

PICTURE WORDS  Ricky  Mr. Monkey

For grown-ups: New words to learn by heart: of.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

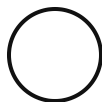
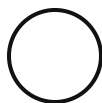
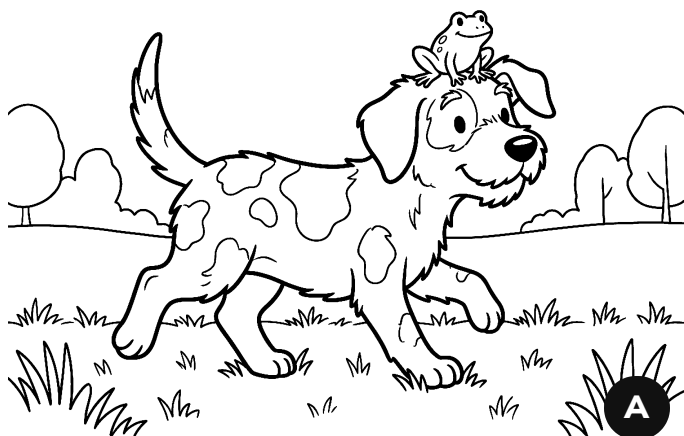
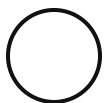
Trace the dotted words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

for making me feel valued.

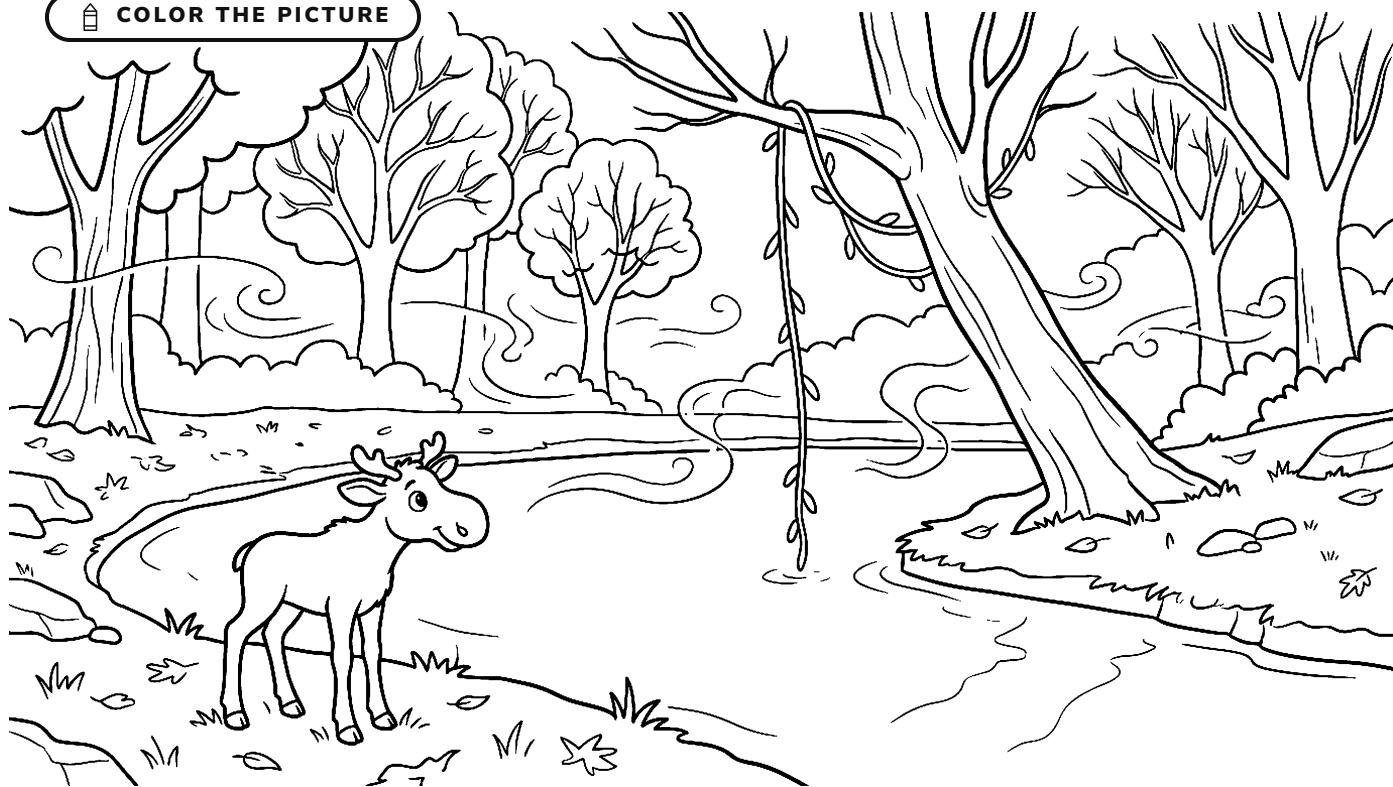
📋 What Happened First?

Write 1, 2, 3, 4 in the circles to put the story in order.



Where the River Comes From

 COLOR THE PICTURE



It was a still, cold Sunday morning, and Rainbow River was steaming. Little clouds of mist floated up off the water and drifted between the trees, and the river went *gloop-gloop-gloop* along the bank, the way it always did.

Mr. Moose was standing at the river bend, watching it go by.

"Mr. Monkey," he said. "The river is always here."

"Yep," said Mr. Monkey, hanging upside down from the cottonwood.

"Every day. Every night. It never runs out. It never stops." Mr. Moose watched a leaf float past. "Where does it all come from?"

Mr. Monkey flipped right side up. He had never thought about that. The river was just the river. It was always there, like the ground.

"Maybe it runs out at night," said Mr. Monkey, "and comes back in the morning."

"It doesn't," said Mr. Moose. "I heard it last night."

"Then let's see if it runs out," said Mr. Monkey. "I'll stop it."

He hopped down into the shallow water at the bend, put both hands flat in front of him, and pushed against the river. "STOP!"

The river went around his hands.

He stuck out his feet too. The river went around his feet. He lay down sideways across the whole stream, from one rock to another, like a little furry wall. The river went over

him, under him, and right through the gap between his ears.

"Mr. Moose," he said, with water running past his nose. "It's not stopping."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose.

Bruno came over to see. "I can help," he said. And he sat down, *KER-SPLUSH*, right in the middle of the river, beside Mr. Monkey. He was much bigger than a monkey. The water piled up behind him, higher and higher, until it was up to his chin, and then it went around both sides of him and kept on going.

"I'm a rock now," said Bruno happily.

"Haw haw haw!" he laughed, and the water rippled out in circles all around him.

Sammy zipped by on a branch overhead. "Hey! What did the river say to the ocean?" And she was gone before anybody answered. A moment later her voice came floating back through the trees: "NOTHING! It just *WAVED!*"

Mr. Monkey waved at the river. The river didn't wave back. It just kept going.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Bye, river. Hi, river. Bye, river."

They climbed out, wet and cold and shaking themselves off.

"It never runs out," said Mr. Moose, still wondering. "So it has to start somewhere."

Mr. Monkey's eyes lit up. "Then let's go find it! Let's follow it all the way to the beginning!"

So they did. Mr. Moose led, because he was good at following things slowly and carefully. Mr. Monkey went ahead, because he was good at finding the way. Bruno came along, because he was still wet anyway.

They followed the river past the willow. Past the line of pinecones, still lying along the bank from Tuesday. Past Whispering Water Way, *rusha-rusha-rusha*, where Tessie was sunning herself on her rock.

"Where are you going?" asked Tessie, slowly.

"To where the river starts!" said Mr. Monkey.

Tessie thought about it for a long, long time. "Keep going," she said.

And everywhere they went, they saw something they had never seen before. Tied to a pine near the riverbank, there was a painted leaf. Tied to a birch beyond it, another one. On a stump, on a fence post, on the door of a burrow. Painted leaves, everywhere, faces out and secrets in.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey. "Somebody else is making thank-you leaves."

"Everybody's making them," said Mr. Moose.

On one of the leaves, near a big beaver dam, somebody had painted two beavers holding hands. And underneath, a little twig was tied to the stem.

Then they saw Ricky, hurrying along the path the other way with his list.

"Ricky! Where are you going?"

"Signing up the beavers!" said Ricky. "And the otters! And the family of hedgehogs that lives past the waterfall!" He unrolled his list. It was very, very long. It hung all the way down to his feet and curled up on the ground. "The Swap is getting bigger and BIGGER! I'm going to need more extras!" And he hurried off.

Mr. Monkey looked after him. "That's a long list."

They kept climbing, past a little waterfall tumbling down over the rocks. The river got smaller. And smaller. Now it was just a brook. Now it was just a trickle, running down between the rocks at the very bottom of Lookout Ledge. And then they came around a big mossy boulder, and there it was.

A little pool, clear as glass, tucked between the roots of an old pine. And right in the middle of the pool, the water was bubbling up out of the ground. *Bloop. Bloop. Bloop.* All by itself. Cold and clean and new.

They stood there and stared.

"That's it," whispered Mr. Monkey. "That's where the river starts."

Mr. Moose bent down and looked into the pool, so close his nose almost touched the water. He could see the bottom. He could see little sand grains dancing where the water came up.

"Who fills it?" he asked.

Nobody knew. The water bubbled up all day and all night, every single day, and it ran all the way down

through Wonderful Woods, past every home, past Sunny Square, giving everybody water to drink and a place to splash and a river to swing over.

Bruno took a long, slow drink. "Mmm," he said. "It tastes new."

Mr. Monkey dipped his hand in. It was so cold it made his fingers tingle. He didn't jump this time. He just held his hand there and felt the water coming up, and up, and up, and going away down the hill, and up again.

"It gives away everything," he said quietly. "And then there's more."

That's when Bruno said, very softly, "Look."

On the far side of the little pool, between two old pines, stood the Silent Stag. He was tall and still in the misty morning light, as if he were made of morning mist and river light. He was standing right where the path went on, up the hill toward the high cliffs, toward the place where Everest Eagle lived.

He looked at them across the water. Then he lowered his great head, slowly, just once.

A puff of mist drifted up off the spring, through him, soft as a breath. When it cleared, the path was there, and he wasn't.

Mr. Moose looked at the path for a long time. It went up, and up, and up, toward the top of Everest's cliff. The highest place in the whole woods. His wish.

"Not today," he said quietly. "But someday."

Mr. Monkey picked a leaf off the ground by the spring, a small yellow birch leaf, and put it in the basket. He tied a twig to it.

"For the spring," he said. "For giving away all its water, every day."

Then he looked at the empty front of the leaf.

"I still don't know whose name goes on it," he said. "Same as the sunrise."

"Me neither," said Mr. Moose.

They walked home slowly, down the hill, following the river back the way it went. By the time they got to Sunny Square, the sun was going down, and the Wishing Tree was so full of painted leaves that you could hardly see the wishes anymore.

"What a day!" said Mr. Moose. "Mr. Monkey tried to stop the river with his hands, and Bruno sat in it and turned into a rock. Sammy said the river just waved. We followed the river all the way to the beginning, and it comes right up out of the ground, and nobody fills it. And the Silent Stag was standing by the path to Everest's cliff."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And far up the hill, at the foot of Lookout Ledge, the little spring kept bubbling up in the dark, all night long, sending its water down to everyone.

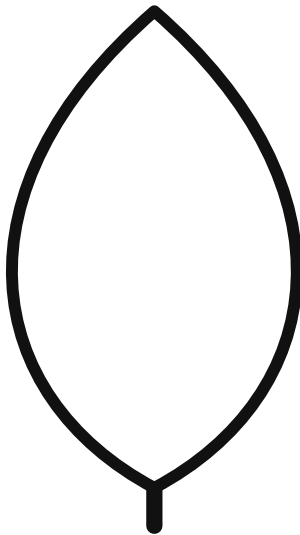
☁ Let's Talk

- 1 Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey found where the river starts. Who do you think keeps it full?
- 2 What keeps coming every single day that you didn't make?

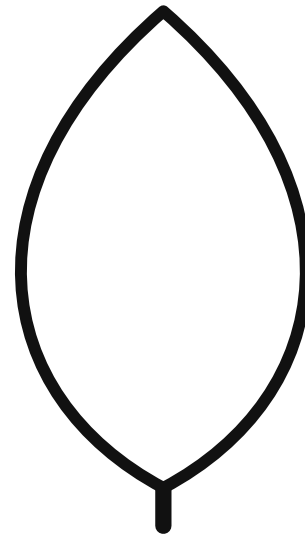
✎ Your Turn

Plan a leaf for a gift nobody made. Front: what it is. Back: draw why you're glad for it.

FRONT: WHAT IT IS

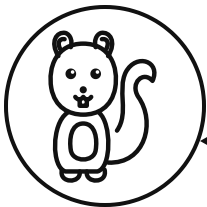


BACK: THE THANK-YOU



Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both leaves. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and save it for your family's Thanks Giving Tree.

SAMMY'S JOKE



Why are fish so smart?

Crack Sammy's code! Find each picture in the key and write its letter on the line.

They live in _____ !

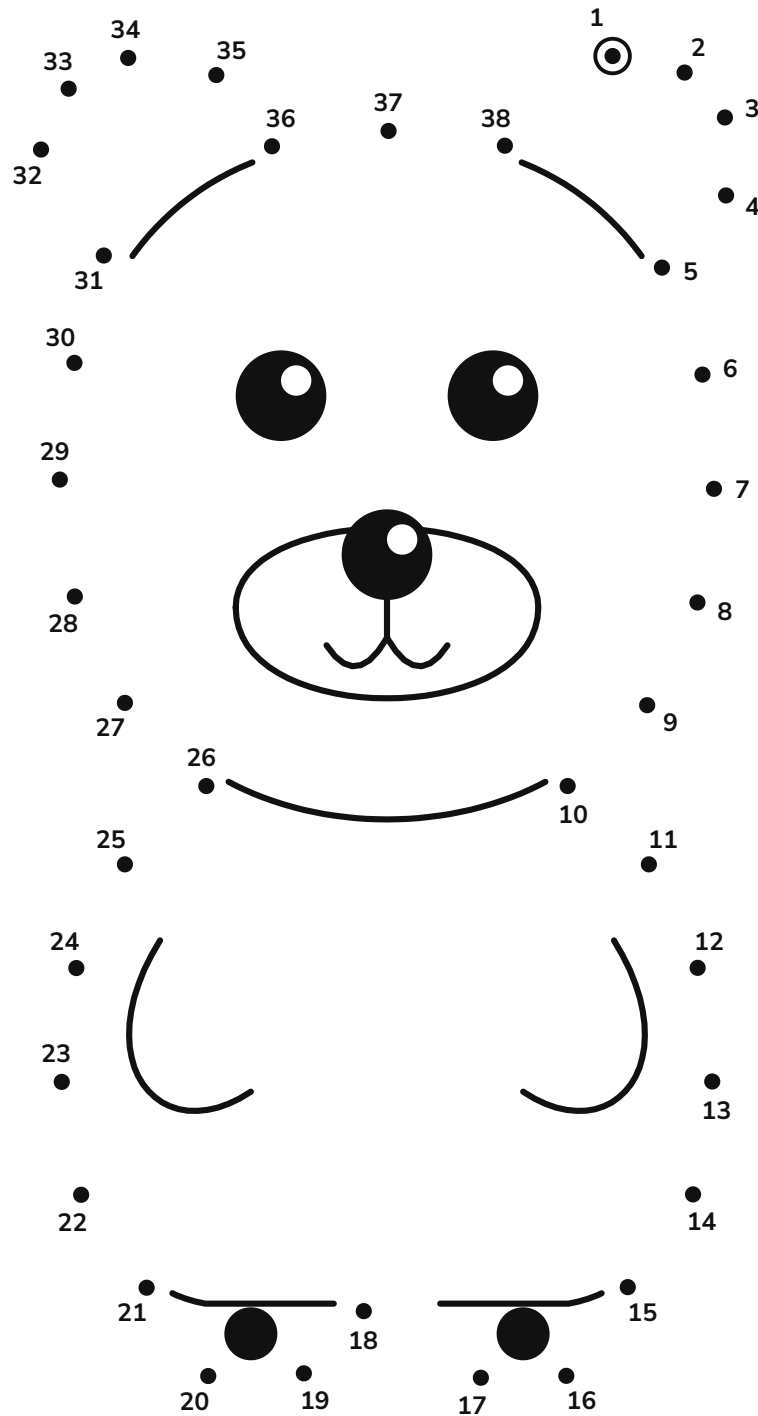


KEY



Connect the Dots

Connect the dots to find the friend who turned into a rock. Start at 1 (the circled dot) and count up to 38. Then join the last dot back to 1, and color it!



Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

It Did Not Stop

 sits in it. “Stop!” said .

It did not stop.

 sits in it. It did not stop!

Up, up, up, and up.

At the top is a pond. It pops and pops!

 sees .  nods.

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Monkey  Bruno  the Silent Stag  Mr. Moose



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dotted words. On the line, write or draw a good gift that nobody made. Then read it out loud!

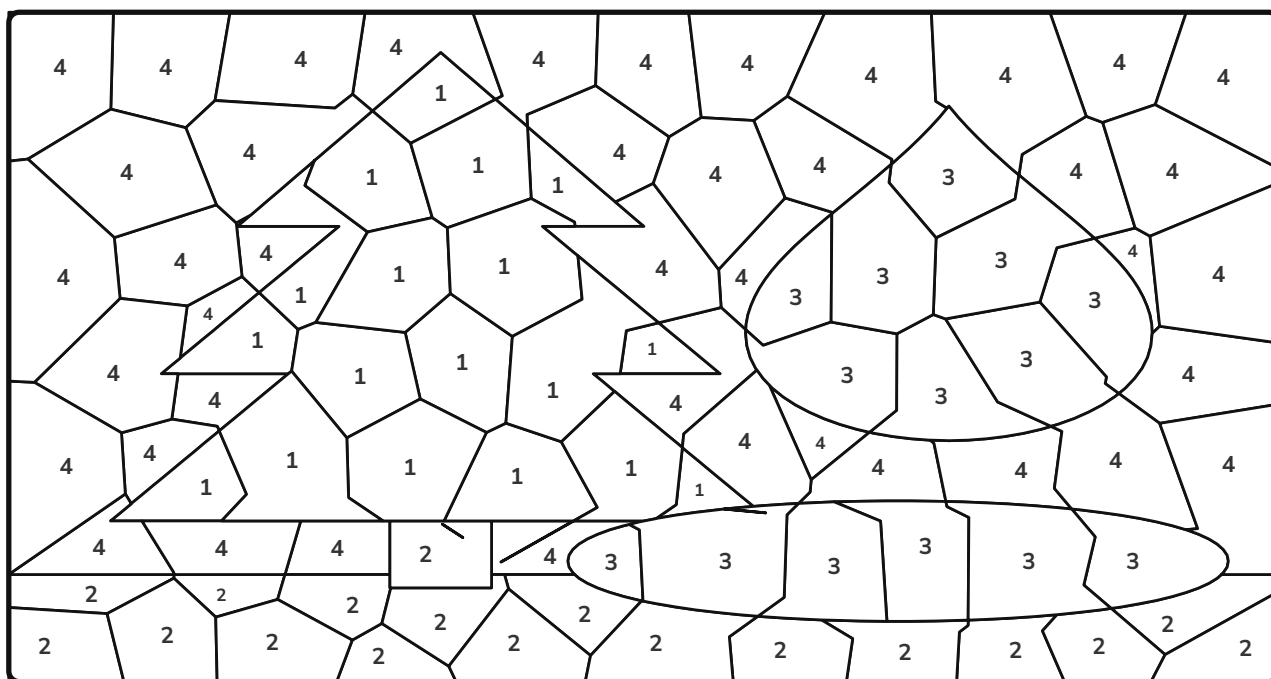
Instead of nothing

there was

🏠 Mystery Picture

Color each space by its number to find the hidden picture.

① green ② brown ③ blue ④ yellow



WEEK DONE!



Turn back to this week's map.
Color any stones you missed.



Ladybugs I found in this week's storybook pictures: _____



COLOR THE TITLE!

Thanksgiving Week

What gets in the way of seeing what we have?

Slow down and look close. Then comes the Thankful Feast!

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

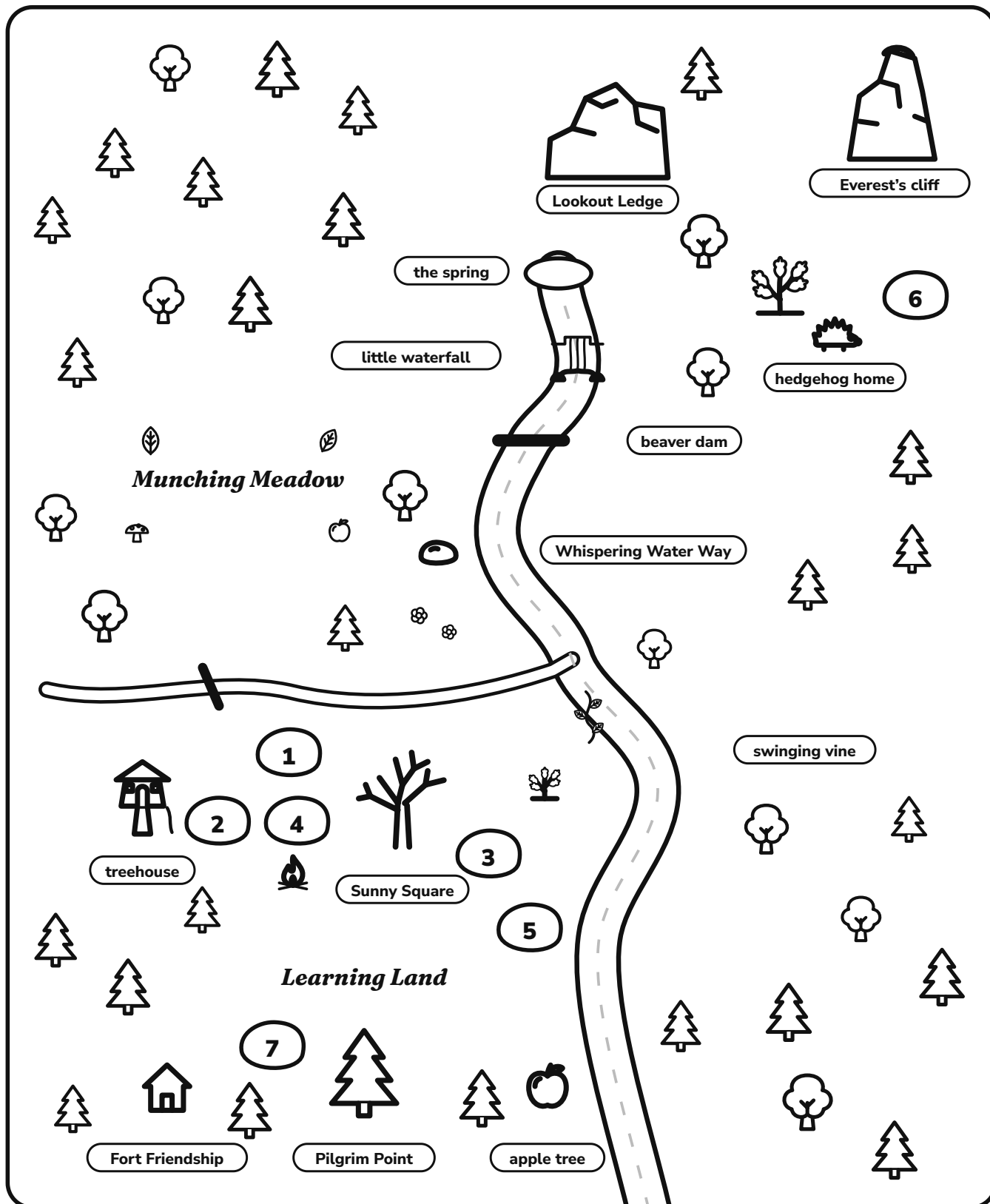
- 1 **Monday:** The Spyglass
- 2 **Tuesday:** The Moss Boss
- 3 **Wednesday:** The First Snowflake
- 4 **Thursday (Thanksgiving):** The Great Big Pile-Up
- 5 **Friday:** One True Thing
- 6 **Saturday:** The Long Way Up
- 7 **Sunday:** The Slowest Thank-You

THIS WEEK:

A new thank-you sentence every day, and Thursday is the Thankful Feast!

Where We'll Go This Week

Each day, find the stone with that day's number and color it. It shows where the day's story happens!



The Spyglass

COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning was so cold that Rainbow River had a thin skin of ice along its edges, and every twig on the Wishing Tree wore a little white coat of frost. Under the tree, Ricky stood on a stump with his bark roll and his most serious face.

"Three more days!" he announced. "Three more days until the Thankful Feast and the GREAT BIG PRESENT SWAP!"

Everybody cheered. Bruno cheered so loud that frost shook off the branches and sprinkled down on Shiloh like sugar.

"Here's how it works," said Ricky. "Everybody puts their present in the pile, with a name leaf tied on. At the Feast, I climb to the top and pull them out, one at a time. And don't forget rule thirty-six." He held it up. "The size of a present is how far it came."

Dottie's ears shot straight up. She had her present in her mouth, a stick wrapped in a leaf. "How far it came?"

"The farther it came," said Ricky, "the bigger it is."

Dottie looked at her stick. Then she took off running. She ran to the river bend and back. She ran to Munching Meadow and back. She ran all the way around Learning Land and back, and skidded to a stop in front of Ricky, panting.

"Is it bigger now?"

"Um," said Ricky.

"Ha! Ha!" barked Dottie. "It's getting HUGE!" And she was gone again.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey.

But then he stopped laughing, because he had just thought of something wonderful. Somewhere out there, far, far away, there might be a present coming for HIM. A present that came so far, it was the biggest one of all. A banana as big as him. Maybe even bigger.

"Mr. Moose," he whispered. "My banana is coming. It's just coming from really far away. That's why it isn't here yet."

"It might be," said Mr. Moose.

"It IS," said Mr. Monkey. "And I'm going to watch for it."

He ran down to the riverbank, snapped off a long hollow reed, and held it up to his eye. Through the reed, he could see one little round circle of the woods, and nothing else.

"A spyglass," he said proudly.

So all morning, Mr. Monkey walked around Sunny Square with the spyglass to his eye, pointed down the path where the far-away presents would come.

Mama Monkey came by with a cup of warm acorn cocoa. "For you," she said. "It's a cold one today."

"Not now, Mama," said Mr. Monkey, not looking. "I'm watching."

Benji hopped up beside him. Mr. Monkey didn't see him. He walked on, and Benji hopped along behind.

Then Mr. Monkey stepped, *shloop*, right into Bruno's honey pot. He didn't even notice. He just kept walking, with the pot stuck on his foot. *Clonk-shloop. Clonk-shloop. Clonk-shloop.*

"Mr. Monkey," said Bruno. "You're wearing my honey."

"Shh," said Mr. Monkey. "I'm watching."

"Haw haw haw!" laughed Bruno.

Then Mr. Monkey gasped. In the little round circle of his spyglass, something was coming down the path. Something long. Something curved. Something yellow.

"IT'S HERE!" he shouted. "MY BANANA!"

He ran, *clonk-shloop, clonk-shloop*, all the way down the path, and threw his arms around it. It was big. It was yellow. It was curved, just like a banana. So he grabbed the top to peel it.

He pulled. It didn't peel. He pulled harder. It still didn't peel. He planted both feet, honey pot and all, and pulled with everything he had, until *POP*, the stem came off in his hands and he flew over backward into a pile of frosty leaves.

He sat up, holding the stem. Mama Moose was standing over him. She had been pushing the big yellow thing home.

"Mr. Monkey," she said kindly, "that's my squash. It's for the Feast stew."

Mr. Monkey looked at the stem in his hand. "It's not a banana?"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose, coming down the path behind him. "You tried to peel a squash!"

Just then Sammy zipped by on a branch overhead. "Hey! What has lots of eyes but can't see a thing?" And she was gone before anybody could guess.

Mr. Monkey put the stem down on the squash, very gently, like he was giving it back. Then he sat in the leaves and looked at the path. It was empty. No banana. Nothing coming at all.

"I was so sure," he said quietly.

That's when he noticed Benji, sitting right next to him in the leaves. Benji had been there all along.

"Benji," said Mr. Monkey. "How long have you been following me?"

"All morning," said Benji softly. He wiggled his nose. "I wanted to ask you something. Are you still sitting next to me at the Feast? You said you would."

Mr. Monkey's chest went tight. He had said he would. Weeks ago, on treasure-hunt day, Benji had whispered his wish: somebody to sit next to at the Thankful Feast. And Mr. Monkey had said, "ME!" And all morning he had been so busy watching for a banana that he walked right past Benji, again and again, and never saw him once.

He thought about Mama Monkey's cocoa, too. He looked back up the hill. There was the cup, sitting on a stump where she had left it, with no steam coming out of it anymore.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "I missed everything."

Mr. Moose picked up the spyglass and looked through it, slowly, the way he looked at everything. He pointed it at the path. He saw the path. He pointed it at the Wishing Tree. He saw a little round piece of the Wishing Tree. He pointed it at Benji, sitting right there, and he saw one ear.

"It only shows the one thing you're looking for," said Mr. Moose. "Everything else disappears."

Mr. Monkey looked at the spyglass. Then he looked at Benji, and the whole of Benji was there: both ears, his pink nose, his fluffy tail, his eyes, waiting.

"Yes," said Mr. Monkey. "I'm sitting next to you. Right next to you."

Benji's ears went pink. "Hee hee," he said.

Mr. Moose was still thinking. "Ricky has a list of who's coming," he said. "But nobody knows where they're sitting yet. What if we make sure everybody has a place? Then nobody gets missed."

"Rule four!" said Mr. Monkey.

They gathered smooth, round stones from the river, one for everybody who was coming to the Feast. Mr. Monkey painted a face on each one with berry juice: a mask for Ricky, long ears for Benji, a curly coat for Shiloh, the biggest stone of all for Bruno, with a big purple paw print on it. Mr. Moose carried them up to the long Feast log in Sunny Square, one at a time, in his mouth, and set them down in a row.

The very first two stones went right in the middle, side by side. A little monkey face. And a little bunny face, with long ears.

"There," said Mr. Monkey. "Now nobody can miss it."

Then he ran back up the hill, picked up Mama Monkey's cup, and drank the whole thing, even though it was cold.

"Thank you, Mama!" he called up into the treehouse. "It's still good!"

"A POTATO!" came Sammy's voice from somewhere far off in the trees.

Everybody looked up. Then Mr. Monkey picked up a potato from Mama Moose's basket and looked at it very closely through his spyglass. "It does have lots of eyes," he said.

"Hee hee," went Benji.

Mr. Moose looked down the row of stones. "Tessie," he said slowly. "She lives way up past Whispering Water Way. If she's coming on Thursday..."

"She'd have to start walking today!" said Mr. Monkey.

He climbed the Wishing Tree as high as he could go, put the spyglass to his eye, and pointed it far up the river path. This time, he wasn't looking for anything. He just wondered what he would see.

And there, way, way up the path, was a little round shell, coming along very, very slowly.

"Mr. Moose!" called Mr. Monkey. "It's Tessie! She's already coming!"

As the sun went down, the friends headed home past the long log with its row of painted faces.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "I made a spyglass, and I wore Bruno's honey pot on my foot. I tried to peel a squash, because I thought it was my banana. Dottie made her present bigger by running. Benji followed me all morning, and now we have stones, right next to each other. And Tessie is already on her way."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And far up the river path, under the first evening star, one small turtle took one more slow step toward Sunny Square.

Let's Talk

- 1 The spyglass only showed Mr. Monkey the one thing he was looking for. What did he miss?
- 2 What are you hoping to get? Can you say, "I might get it," instead of, "I will get it"?

Your Turn

Put down the spyglass! Draw three good things that are right next to you right now.

One good thing I already have: _____.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What did the mama corn say to the baby corn?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



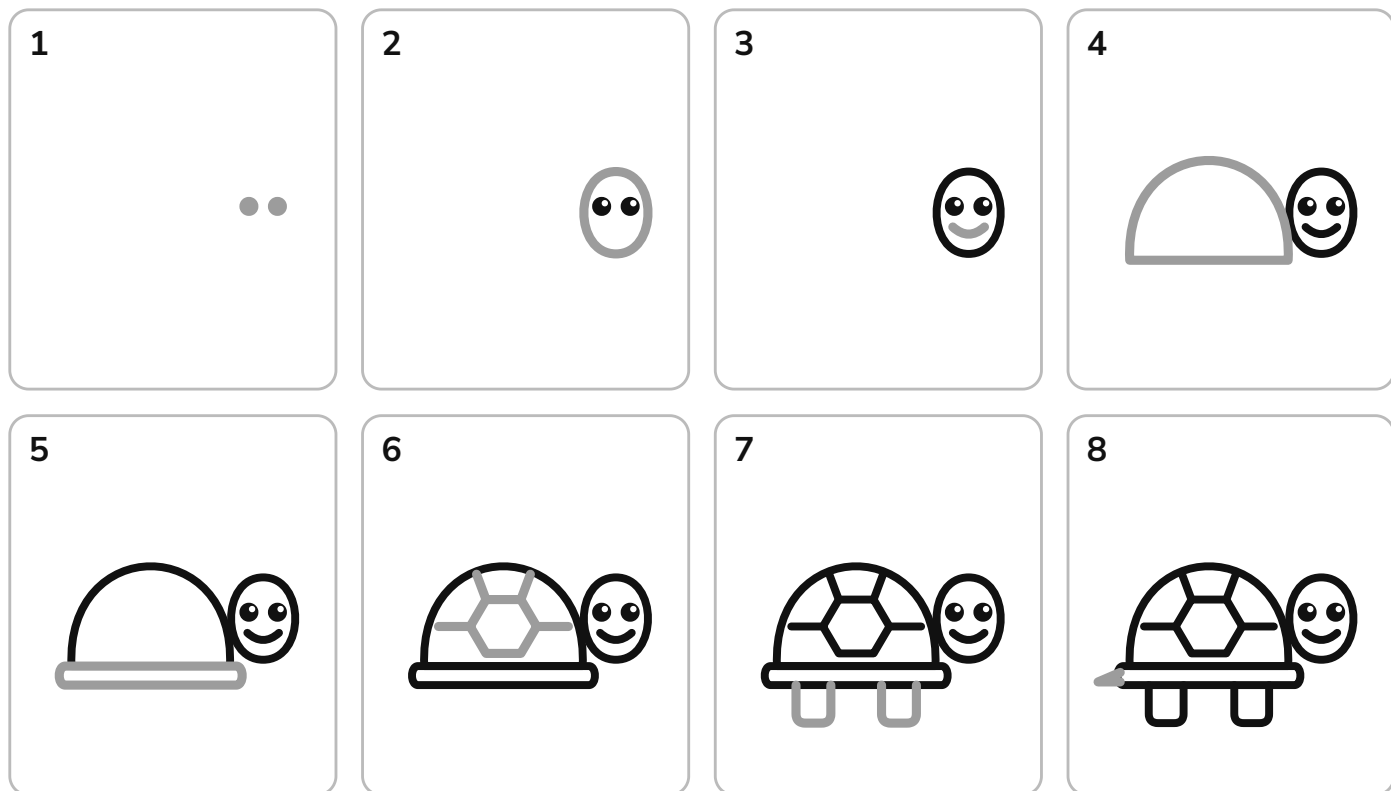
CLUE



Where's _____ corn?

 Draw Tessie Turtle!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY TESSIE TURTLE

Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Is It a Gift?

 hunts and hunts.

Is it a gift? It is not a gift. It is a frog!

Is it a gift? It is not a gift. It is a nut!

Up on top, he sees a dot.

Is it a gift? It is !

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Monkey  Tessie

For grown-ups: New sounds: h, r. New words to learn by heart: he.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dark word, then the light words. What is one good thing you already have? Write it or draw it on the line.

I already have _____

☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



wear a honey pot
on your foot

OR



wear a squash
for a hat



try to peel a
squash

OR

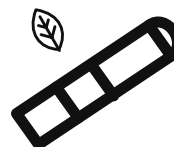


drink a whole
mug of cocoa



paint faces on
stones

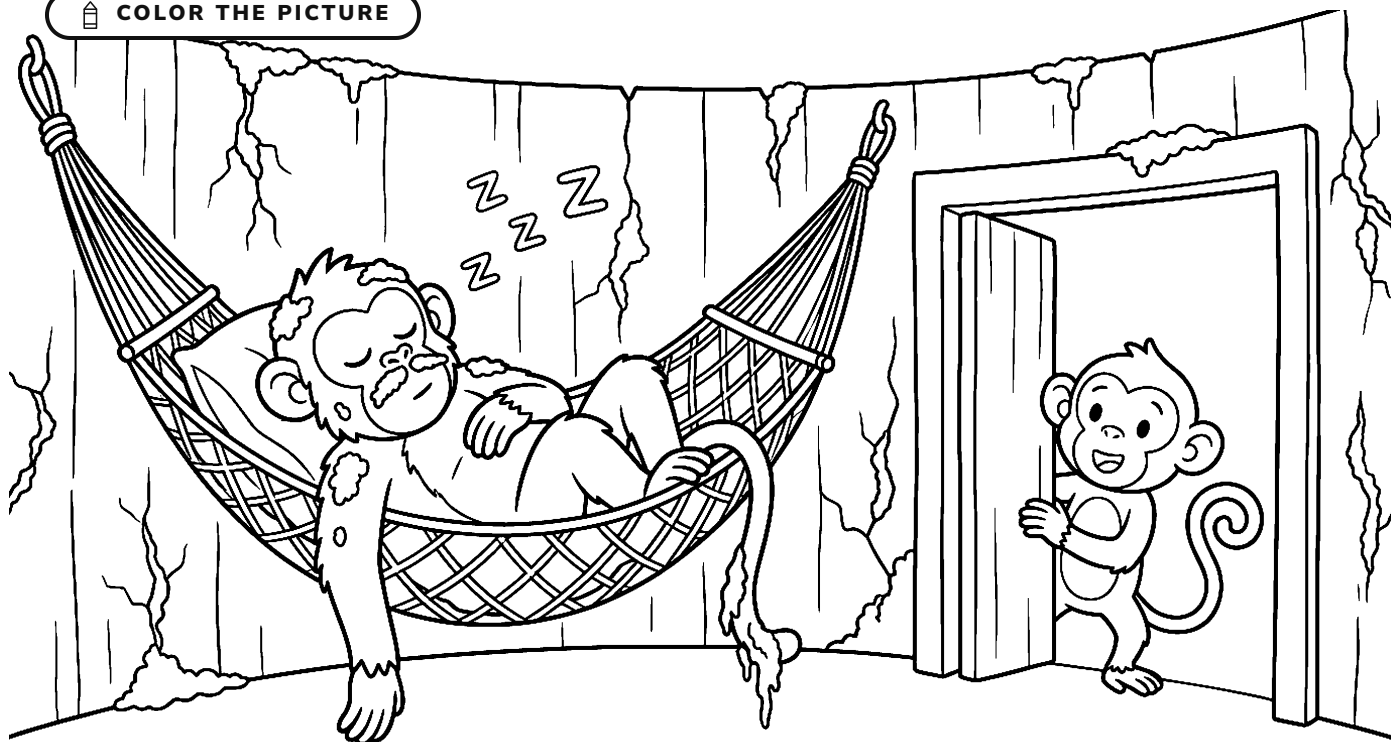
OR



make a spyglass
from a reed

The Moss Boss

COLOR THE PICTURE



All night long, the wind blew through Wonderful Woods. It went *who-ooo-ooo* around the treetops and *rattle-rattle-rattle* through the bare branches, and in the morning, the grass in Sunny Square was flat and silver with frost.

Mr. Monkey woke up warm. He ate his breakfast. He swung on the vines. He was busy painting a face on his Swap present, and he didn't think about the wind at all.

Mr. Moose stood at the bottom of the treehouse and called up. "Mr. Monkey! The wind was so loud last night. Were you cold?"

Mr. Monkey poked his head out. "Nope. I was warm."

"But last time the wind blew like that," said Mr. Moose, "it whistled through the cracks. *Wheeeeee*. Remember?"

Mr. Monkey remembered. That was the night Mama Monkey gave him her striped blanket. He pulled his head back inside and listened.

The wind was blowing. But nothing was whistling. Not one crack. He went to the wall and looked. Every single crack in the whole treehouse was stuffed full of soft, green, squishy moss. Hundreds of cracks. Hundreds of little moss plugs.

"Mr. Moose!" he called down. "Somebody fixed it! And I didn't even notice!"

Then he heard a snore. Over in the corner, in the hammock, Daddy Monkey was fast asleep in the middle of the morning. He had moss in his fur. He had moss behind

his ears. He had a little green moss mustache, and a long piece of moss hanging off the end of his tail.

"He was up late every night this week," said Mama Monkey softly, "filling a few cracks at a time."

Daddy Monkey opened one eye. "Hm?" he said. The moss mustache wiggled.

"Daddy!" said Mr. Monkey. "You're the MOSS BOSS!"

"Hee hee hee!" went Daddy Monkey. Then he rolled over and went right back to sleep, moss mustache and all.

Mr. Monkey climbed down the vines with a funny feeling in his chest. The treehouse had been warm all week. Every night, he had snuggled in and never once wondered why. Somebody had been keeping him warm, and he never even saw it happen.

"Mr. Moose," he said, "what if there are more?"

"More what?"

"More things somebody's doing that nobody notices."

Mr. Moose looked around Sunny Square. It was very busy. In the middle stood Ricky's Swap pile, already as tall as Bruno, and Ricky was running around it with his list. Dottie was running her present to the river and back again. Hazel was trying to wrap a puddle. Everybody was thinking about the Swap.

"The Feast is the day after tomorrow," said Mr. Moose slowly. "Who's making the food?"

Nobody had thought about it. Bruno thought about it right then, very hard.

"The Feast just comes," he said. "Every year. It's always there."

"But who brings it?" asked Mr. Monkey.

Bruno thought some more. "The Feast," he said.

"Let's go find out," said Mr. Moose. "Let's look for all the things nobody notices. On purpose."

So they went hunting.

Behind the big maple, they found a woodpile taller than Mr. Moose's antlers, every stick stacked neat and tight.

"Daddy," asked Mr. Moose, "when did you make all this?"

Daddy Moose dragged one more branch onto the top. "A little every day," he said. "Since summer."

Under the maple's roots, they found the cellar. Mama Moose was down there, in the cool and the dark, with baskets of potatoes and carrots and onions stacked to the ceiling. "I've been digging since the leaves were green," she said.

Up in the treehouse branches, they found long strings of berries, hung up to dry in the sun like red and purple beads. Mr. Monkey swung right through them on his way to see, and when he came out the other side, he was wearing every single one. Berry strings around his neck. Berry strings around his tail. A berry string hanging over one eye.

Bruno sniffed him. "Is that a snack?"

"No," said Mr. Monkey. "It's me."

"Haw haw haw!" went Bruno.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "You're a berry bush."

Mama Monkey helped him out of the berries, one string at a time, and hung them all back up. "I've been drying these since the summer, too," she said.

Mr. Monkey looked at all of it: the wood, the cellar, the berries, the moss. Every year, the Feast just came. And every year, somebody had been getting it ready the whole time.

Back in Sunny Square, Mama Moose sat down on the long log with a piece of bark. "Now we plan the menu," she said. "So we know what to make. Stew, of course, with the big squash. Potatoes. Berry pies. Bruno, could you please bring something for the gravy?"

Bruno's eyes lit up. "Gravel?"

And before anybody could say anything, he was gone, down to the river. A little while later he came back with a whole basket of shiny, wet river gravel, very proud.

"For the gravel," he said.

Mama Moose looked into the basket for a long moment. Then she smiled. "Bruno," she said, "this is just what the fire ring needed." And she poured the gravel in a neat circle all the way around the fire pit, where it sparkled.

"Hee hee hee... SNORT!" went Hazel.

"Haw haw haw!" went Bruno, happy as anything. "Is there more gravel on the menu?"

"Only around the fire," said Mama Moose.

Ricky came rushing by with an armful of wrapping leaves. "Can't stop! No time for food! I need WRAPPING!" And he was gone.

That afternoon, Mama Monkey brought out the paint. "These will be the very last new leaves before the Feast," she said. "Today, we paint the things that help us so quietly that we forget they're there."

Mr. Monkey painted the front of his leaf: the treehouse, with its little round windows. Then he turned it over. On the back, he painted a little monkey shivering, with the wind going *whooooo* through the walls. Then, right next to it, the same little monkey, snug and warm, with green moss in every crack.

"That's what it's like without it," he said, pointing at the shivering one. "And that's what it's like with it."

Then, way down in the corner, he painted one more thing: a tiny, sleepy monkey with a moss mustache.

Mr. Moose painted the woodpile on the front of his leaf. On the back, he painted a cold, dark fire ring with nobody around it. And next to that, the same fire ring, crackling and bright, with everybody sitting close, and a sparkly circle of gravel all the way around.

Benji painted the cellar. Shiloh painted the berry strings. And Bruno painted the Feast, a big, round, happy blob with legs, walking into Sunny Square all by itself.

"That's the Feast," said Bruno. "Bringing itself."

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "It has legs!"

They tied all the leaves to the trunk of the Wishing Tree with two knots each, faces out, secrets in. The tree was so full now that the trunk was almost covered.

When they were done, Daddy Monkey came climbing down the vines at last, rubbing his eyes, with one piece of moss still stuck behind his ear. He saw the new leaves on the tree. He saw the treehouse on the front of one.

He didn't peek. He just looked at it for a long time. Then he reached up and took the last bit of moss off his ear.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey as the sun went down. "Daddy filled every crack with moss, and he's the Moss Boss. I swung through the berries and turned into a berry bush. Bruno brought gravel for the gravy, and now the fire has a sparkly ring. And we painted leaves for all the things nobody notices."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

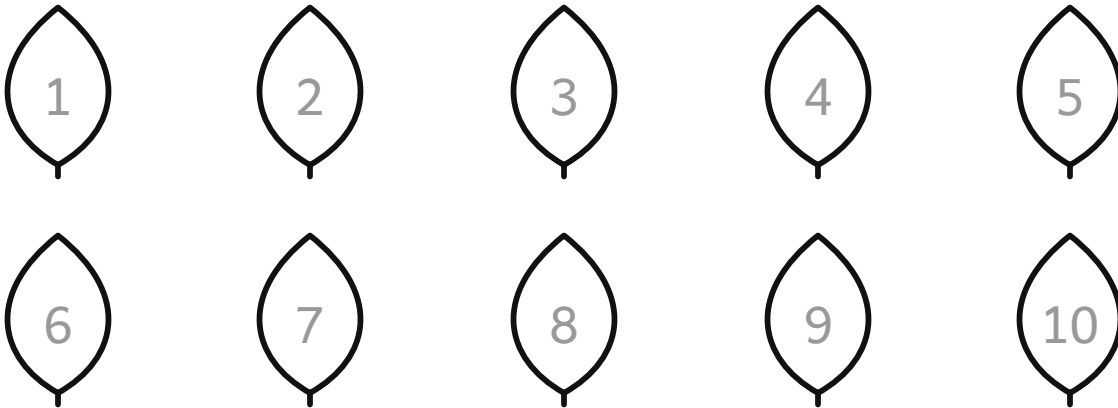
And that night, the wind went *whoo-ooo-ooo* around the treehouse all night long, but not one single crack whistled back.

Let's Talk

- 1 Who filled every crack in the treehouse with moss? Why didn't Mr. Monkey notice?
- 2 What in this room would make us sad if it stopped working?

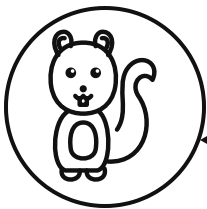
Your Turn

Thank-You Tally! Each time you say a real thank-you today, color a leaf. Say what the person did!



A thank-you counts when you say what they did: "Thank you for making lunch!"

SAMMY'S JOKE



What did the big flower say to the little flower?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



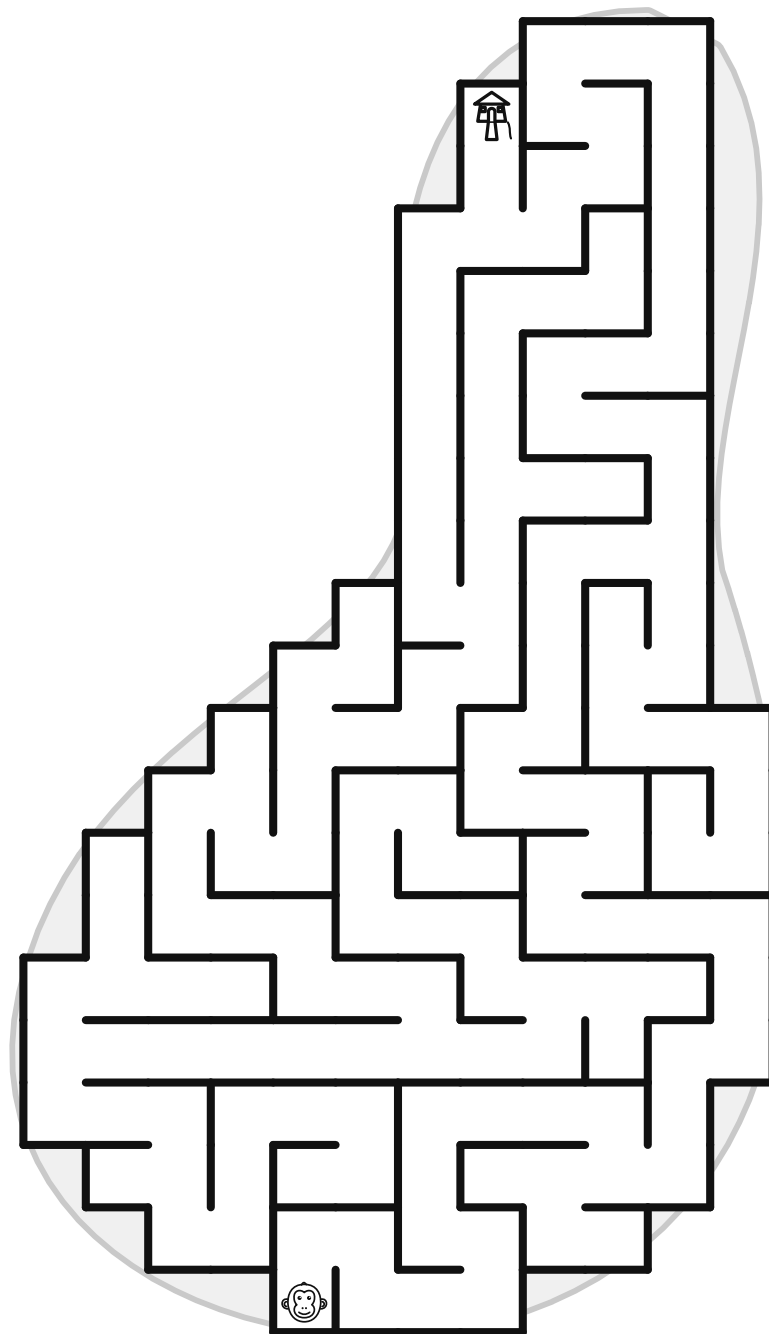
CLUE



Hi, _____!

☆ Moss for the Treehouse

Help Mr. Monkey carry the moss home to the treehouse. Start at Mr. Monkey.



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Snug in Bed sits up in bed. It is snug!“Mom did it?” said .

“Not Mom,” said Mom. “Dad did it.”

Dad naps and naps.

 hugs Dad.

Dad grins in his nap.



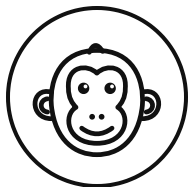
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dark word, then the light words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

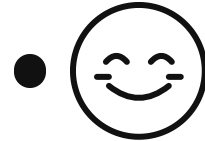
Thank you,
for the help I did not see.

♥ Feelings Match

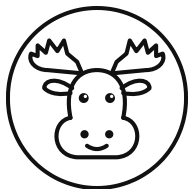
How did they feel? Draw a line from each friend to the face that matches. One face will be left over.



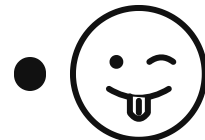
Mr. Monkey, finding moss in every crack



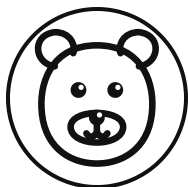
proud



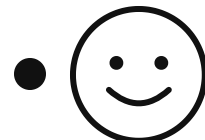
Mr. Moose, calling Mr. Monkey a berry bush



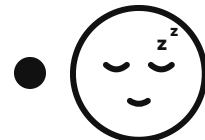
silly



Bruno, bringing gravel for the gravy



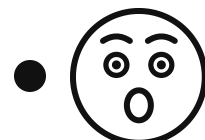
happy



sleepy



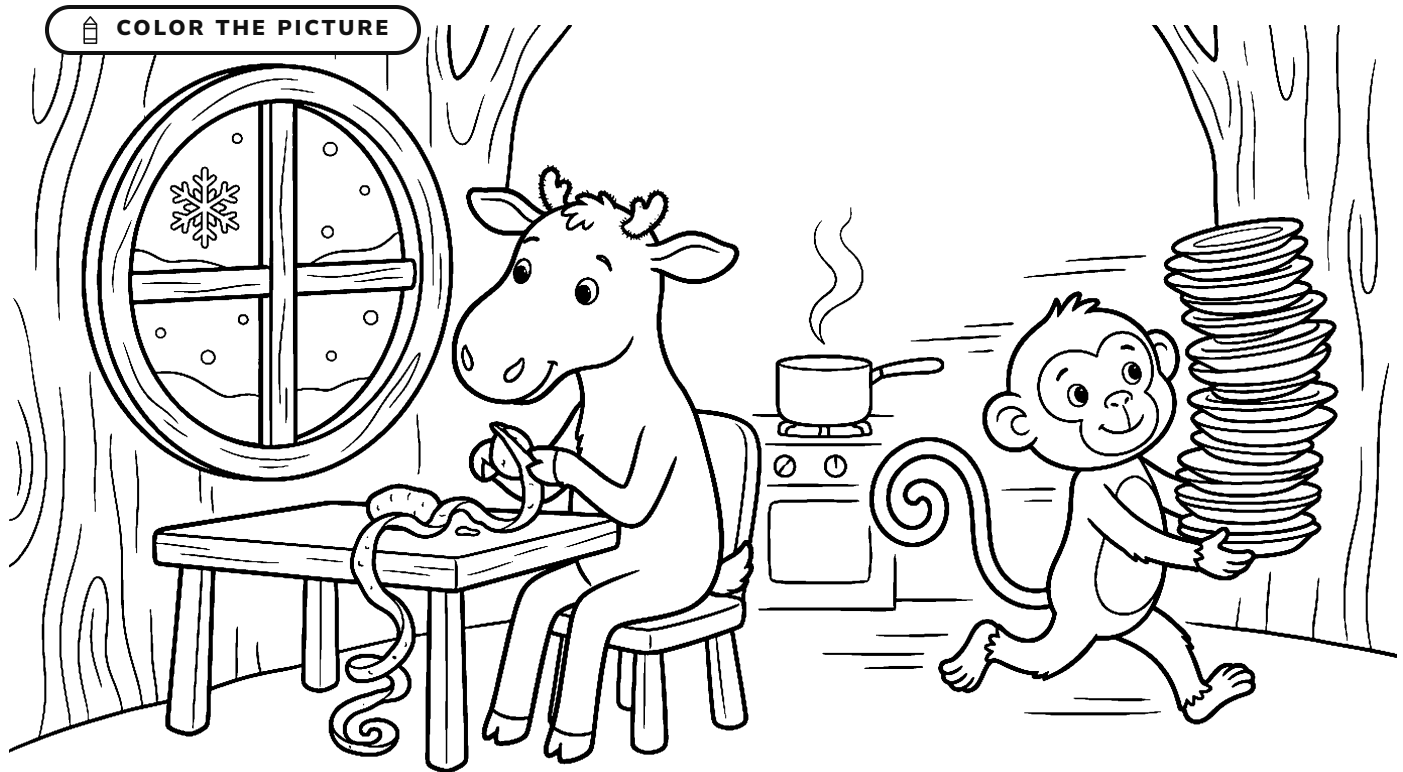
Hazel, laughing at the gravel



surprised



The First Snowflake



The sky over Wonderful Woods was soft and gray, and the air smelled cold and clean, the way it smells right before snow.

And everybody was hurrying.

Sammy zipped from tree to tree with acorns in her cheeks. Hazel galloped across Sunny Square with a basket of apples bouncing on her back. Down on Rainbow River, two otters came sliding along the water on their bellies, pushing a present in front of them, and a family of beavers paddled up on a little raft with three more. They all went straight to the Swap pile, which was taller than Daddy Moose now, and growing.

"I've got it! I've got it!" shouted Ricky, catching presents with both paws. He tied on a name leaf. He stacked it. He caught another one. "I've got it!"

"Ricky," called Mr. Monkey, "do you want help?"

"No time!" said Ricky, not looking up. "And rule twenty-two! No peeking! If you help, you'll see the names! I've got it!"

Inside the Moose home, under the big maple, Mama Moose had the oven going. "Tomorrow is the Feast," she said. "So today, we cook everything we can. That way, tomorrow has room."

She handed Mr. Monkey the potato peeler.

Mr. Monkey looked at the mountain of potatoes. Then he looked out the window at all the hurrying. He felt

hurry come right up inside him, too, buzzy and fast.

"I'll go FAST," he said.

He grabbed a potato in each hand and peeled them both at once. Then he put two more under his feet and mashed them while he peeled. Then he saw the pot of berry sauce bubbling on the stove, and he didn't have any hands left, so he stirred it with his tail.

Around and around went the tail. Faster and faster. Then he lifted it out.

The whole end of his tail was bright pink and dripping.

"Mr. Moose," said Mr. Monkey. "My tail is jam."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "You're a jam monkey!"

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey, and he licked his tail. "It's good jam."

Then he was off again, jam tail and all, to the next job, and the next. He carried firewood so fast that he dropped half of it. He set the table so fast that he put a bowl on Bruno's head.

Bruno looked up at the bowl. "Is this my hat?"

"No time!" said Mr. Monkey, already gone.

Bruno thought about it. Then he decided to help, too. "I'll hurry and finish my nap," he said, "so I can help." He lay down in the corner and closed his eyes. One second later, he popped right back up. "Done!"

"Haw haw haw!" went Bruno. "That was my fastest

nap ever.”

Out in Sunny Square, Hazel had a pie. She was galloping it to the big flat rock to cool. She galloped so fast that when she stopped, the pie didn’t. It flew up off the plate, flipped over in the air, and came down, *flump*, right on top of her head, upside down, like a hat.

Hazel stood very still. A little berry juice ran down her nose.

“Hee hee hee... *SNORT!*” she went. “I’m wearing the pie!”

Mr. Moose didn’t hurry. He couldn’t. He was sitting by the window, peeling one potato, slowly and carefully, around and around in one long, curly peel. And that’s why he was the one who saw it.

A single white snowflake came floating down out of the gray sky. It drifted past the window, turning slowly, and landed right on the windowsill, so small and so perfect that Mr. Moose could see every one of its tiny points.

“Mr. Monkey,” he whispered. “Look. The first one.”

“No time!” said Mr. Monkey, rushing past with an armful of plates.

“Mr. Monkey, it’s the first...”

But Mr. Monkey was already out the door.

When he came rushing back in a while later, he stopped beside Mr. Moose. “What was it? What did you want me to see?”

Mr. Moose looked at the windowsill. There was only a tiny drop of water.

“The very first snowflake,” he said. “Of the whole winter.”

Mr. Monkey stared at the little drop. All the buzzy hurry went right out of him, and his tummy sank. The first snowflake only came once. And he had run right past it.

“I missed it,” he said. “I was going so fast I didn’t even see it.”

Mr. Moose looked out the window at the hurrying. Ricky, stacking and tying, all by himself. Sammy, zipping. The otters, sliding. He thought about tomorrow. Tomorrow would be even busier: the Feast, the cooking, the Swap, everybody all together. What if tomorrow went by so fast that nobody saw anything?

“What if tomorrow is all hurry too?” he said slowly. “And we miss the leaves?”

Mr. Monkey looked out at the Wishing Tree. Its trunk was covered in painted leaves, all of them still turned to the trunk, waiting. “We can’t miss the leaves,” he said.

“Then we do today’s work today,” said Mr. Moose. “All of it. So tomorrow doesn’t have any left. And tomorrow, before anything else, before breakfast, even, we start at the Wishing Tree.”

They went back to the potatoes, but slowly this time, one at a time. Mr. Moose peeled. Mr. Monkey chopped.

They helped Mama Moose roll the pie crusts. They stacked the firewood by the fire ring with its sparkly gravel circle. They carried the big squash in and cut it open for tomorrow’s stew, and Mama Moose scooped out the inside and set the hollow shell by the door. And when the pies came out of the oven, they let them cool on the windowsill, where nobody could gallop them anywhere.

Then they went all around Sunny Square, telling everybody.

“Tomorrow morning,” said Mr. Monkey. “First thing. The Wishing Tree.”

“First thing,” said Benji. “The Wishing Tree.”

“First thing,” said Hazel, licking pie off her nose.

Last of all, they went to Ricky. It was almost dark now. The Swap pile was enormous, lumpy and tall, leaning a little to one side. And there was Ricky, curled up asleep at the bottom of it, with his list in his paws and a half-tied present on his tummy. He hadn’t finished. He couldn’t keep up.

Mr. Monkey felt it in his chest. “He did it all by himself,” he whispered.

Mr. Moose looked at Ricky, and at the pile. Ricky wouldn’t let anybody help with the presents. But maybe there was one thing they could still do.

They pulled a big, soft maple-leaf blanket up over Ricky, all the way to his chin, and left a slice of pie beside him for when he woke up.

Then, just as they turned to go home, it began.

Snowflakes. Not one this time. Hundreds of them. Thousands. Floating down out of the dark sky, slow and soft and silent, onto the grass, onto the pile, onto the Wishing Tree, onto Mr. Monkey’s nose.

Mr. Monkey stood perfectly still. He didn’t run. He didn’t hurry anywhere. He just tipped his head back, stuck out his tongue, and waited.

One landed on it.

“Mr. Moose,” he whispered. “I caught one.”

“What a day!” said Mr. Monkey on the way home, with snow on his ears. “I peeled with my hands and mashed with my feet and stirred with my tail, and now my tail is jam. Bruno took the fastest nap ever. Hazel wore a pie. I missed the first snowflake because I was going too fast. But then it snowed a whole bunch more, and I caught one on my tongue.”

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And in the middle of Sunny Square, the snow kept falling softly on the tall, leaning Swap pile, and on one small, sleeping raccoon.

Let's Talk

- 1 Why did Mr. Monkey miss the first snowflake?
- 2 What is one thing we can do slowly today?

Your Turn

No hurry! Look out a window for one whole minute. Then draw what you saw.

I saw _____.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What has one head, one foot, and four legs?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



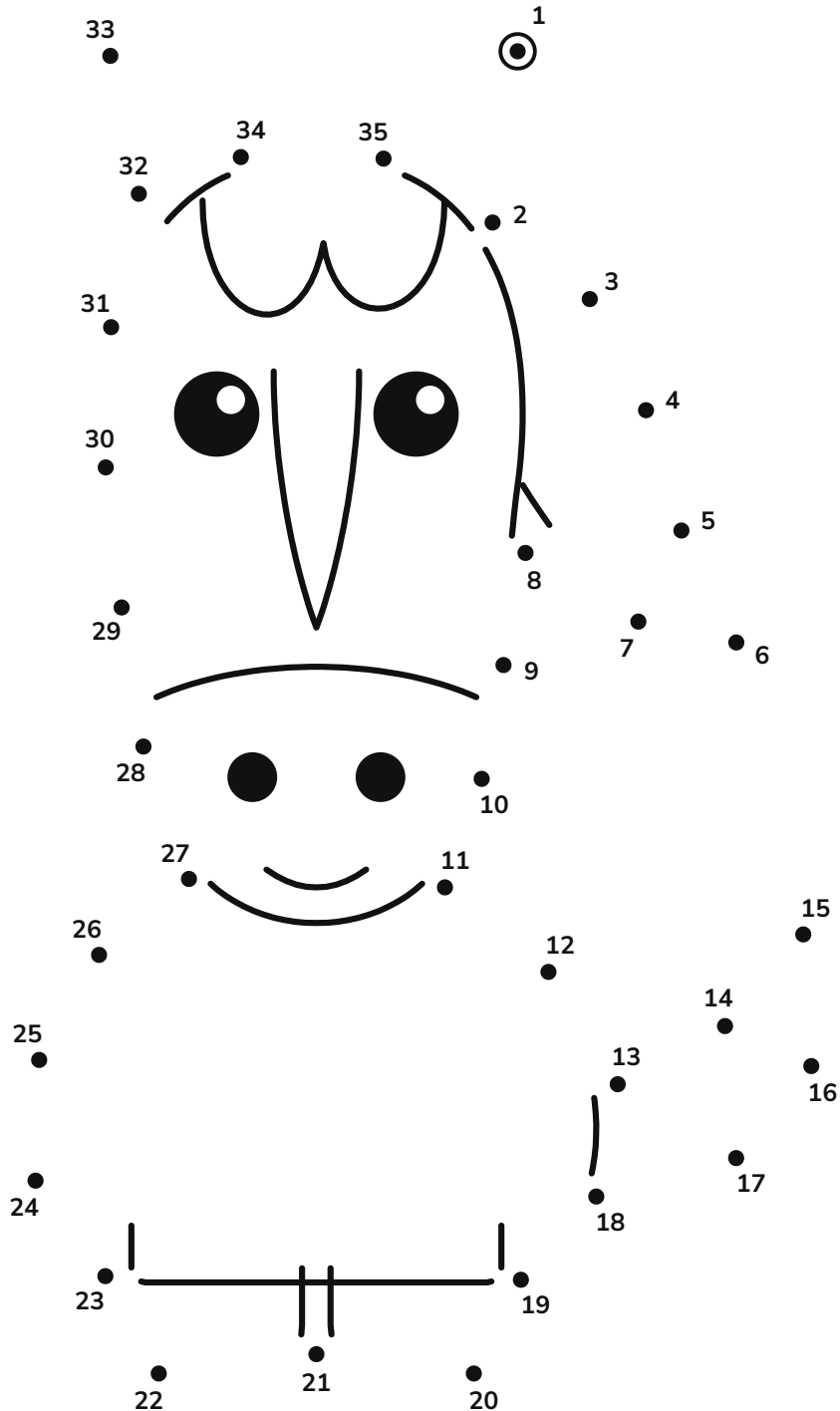
CLUE



A _____!

Connect the Dots

Connect the dots to find the friend who wore a pie for a hat. Start at 1 (the circled dot) and count up to 35. Then join the last dot back to 1, and color it!



Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Sit and See

 runs and runs.

 sits and sits.

A  drifts past .

 did not see it. He ran past.

 sits.

A  drifts on .

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Monkey  Mr. Moose  snowflake



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dark word, then the light words. What did you see when you slowed down? Write it or draw it on the line.

I slowed down

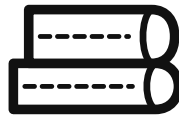
and saw

👁️ Slow Hunt

Walk slowly. Look closely. Check each thing you find!



something
white like snow

☐

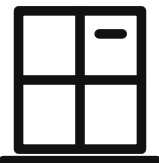
something soft
and warm

☐

something that
hums or ticks

☐

something that
smells good

☐

a window to
look out of

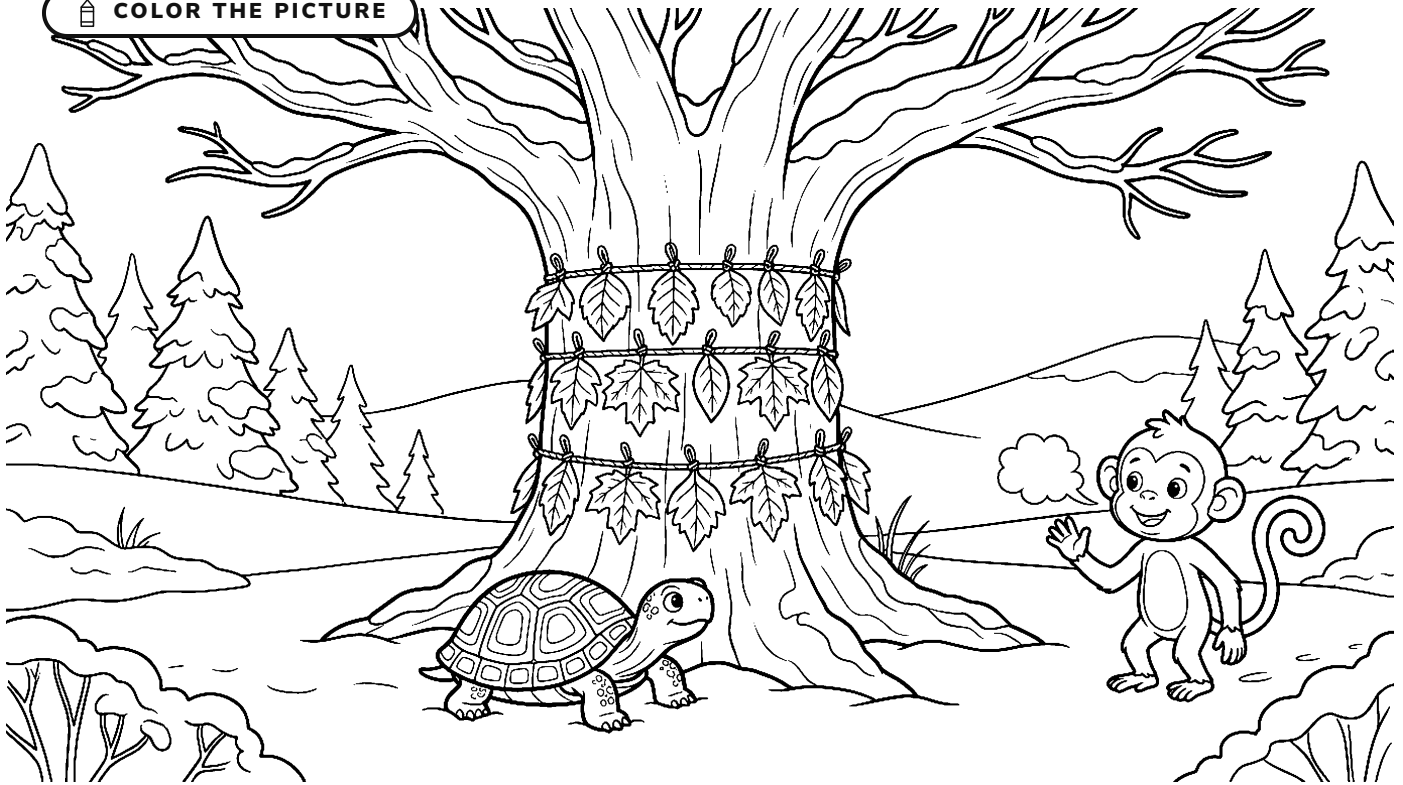
☐

someone to hug

☐

The Great Big Pile-Up

COLOR THE PICTURE



In the morning, Wonderful Woods was white. Snow covered the grass and the roofs and every branch of every tree, and the whole world was so quiet and sparkly that Mr. Monkey's breath made little clouds in the sunshine.

Before breakfast, before anything, everybody came to the Wishing Tree.

Tessie was already there, sitting in the snow by the trunk.

"Tessie!" said Mr. Monkey. "When did you get here?"

"Last night," said Tessie. "I left... on Monday."

Mama Moose stood beside the tree. Its trunk was covered all the way around with painted leaves, faces out and secrets in. "Today," she said, "we don't open these to see what we're going to get. We open them to see what we've already been given. Find every leaf with your own face on it."

Dottie found hers in one second. She sniffed once, and her nose went *right there*. "Mine! Mine! Mine!"

Bruno looked at every single leaf. "Is that me? Is that me? Is THAT me?" Then he found one with a big purple paw print on the front. "That's me," he said.

Mr. Moose reached up high for his, and his antlers went right through the vines. When he pulled his head back out, he had three leaves stuck on his antlers, and none of them were his.

"Shiloh," he said, bending down. "This one's yours. Hazel, this one's yours. Benji..."

"Ha-ha-ha!" he laughed. "I'm the delivery moose."

Then everybody turned their leaves over.

It got very quiet under the Wishing Tree.

Daddy Moose looked at the back of his leaf for a long time: a log, a brook, and a big moose standing in the water, with little shiver lines all around him. He didn't say anything. He couldn't.

Mama Monkey held hers against her chest: the striped blanket, and the lumpy, crunchy leaf blanket in the corner.

Daddy Monkey found the treehouse leaf. In the corner was a tiny sleepy monkey with a moss mustache. "The Moss Boss," he whispered.

Ricky had two leaves. On one, somebody had painted him in the middle of a giant pile of presents, with a leaf stuck on his tail. On the other, a long row of friends, with nobody left out. He looked at them, and then at the pile, and then at the leaves again.

Mr. Monkey sat down in the snow with his leaves in his lap. One from Mama. One from Daddy. And one from Mr. Moose, with two friends sitting in a leaf pile, their shoulders touching. He looked at them until his toes were cold. He didn't look up at the branches even once. Somewhere up there, almost hidden under all the leaves, was a big bark banana. He forgot it was there.

All day long, the woods got ready. And when the sky turned pink, everybody came to Sunny Square. The fire crackled inside its sparkly gravel ring. The big pot of squash stew bubbled. And everybody sat down on the long log, each one on the stone with their own face painted on it. Mr. Monkey sat on his stone, and Benji sat on his, right next to him.

Mama Monkey looked down the whole long row, at everybody, all together. "This was my wish," she said softly. "And I got it."

Then Ricky stood up. He had eaten his pie, and he was ready.

"And now," he said, "the GREAT BIG PRESENT SWAP!"

He climbed up the side of the pile. It was enormous now, lumpy and leaning, taller than the Feast fire, taller than Daddy Moose's antlers. Ricky stood on the very top and unrolled his list.

"Rule one," he began. "Everybody..."

"RIBBIT," said the pile.

Ricky stopped. Everybody looked at the pile.

Way down at the bottom, one little present gave a hop.

"RIBBIT."

It hopped again, right out from under everything. And the whole pile went *creeeeeeak*.

"Uh-oh," said Ricky.

The pile leaned left. Ricky leaned right. The pile leaned right. Ricky leaned left. "Whoa-whoa-whoa-WHOA!"

And then the Great Big Present Swap came down.

Presents tumbled everywhere. They bounced across the snow. They rolled under the log. Five of them landed on Daddy Moose's antlers, one after another, *plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk*, until he looked like a present tree. Sammy surfed all the way down the side of the pile on a big flat one, shouting, "WHEEEEE!" A whole bunch stuck in Shiloh's woolly coat, so that he stood there covered in presents from his ears to his tail. And Tessie disappeared under a great big heap, and a long, long time later, she walked slowly out the other side with a present sitting on her shell like a hat.

All the little name leaves went flying up into the wind, like a flock of birds, and blew away over the river.

And Ricky came sliding down last of all, *shhhhhhhhh*, and landed flat on his back in the snow with his list across his face.

Nobody said anything. The fire crackled. Everybody looked at Ricky.

Ricky lifted the list off his face. He looked at the presents, all over Sunny Square. He looked at the empty sky where the name leaves had gone. Nobody knew whose present was whose anymore. Nobody ever would.

Then the little present hopped right up onto his tummy. The leaf fell open, and a small green frog looked out at him.

"RIBBIT."

"Rule nine," said Ricky. "No presents that are alive."

And then Ricky laughed. He laughed first, before anybody. "*Hi-hi-hi-hi-hi!*"

"Haw haw haw!" went Bruno.

"Hee hee hee... *SNORT!*" went Hazel.

"Ha-ha-ha!" went Mr. Moose, and all five presents wobbled on his antlers.

"Heh... heh... heh," went Tessie, with her present hat.

Nobody tried to sort the presents. They just left them where they fell, and everybody squeezed in close around the

fire with their stew. And what everybody wanted to talk about was the leaves.

"Did you see the brook on mine?" said Daddy Moose. "Twenty-two times."

"Did you see the blanket?" said Mama Monkey.

"Mr. Moose," whispered Mr. Monkey. "I forgot about my banana. All day."

He put his hand on his tummy. It didn't feel heavy at all.

Tessie lifted her head, very slowly. "This morning," she said, "I got a leaf."

"That alone would have been a gift," said Mama Moose.

"We got stew," said Bruno.

"That alone would have been a gift," said everybody.

"And we're all together," said Mama Monkey.

"That alone would have been a gift."

The fire burned lower. Mama Moose stood up and looked at everyone. "We have received enough," she said. "Now we are ready to give."

Mr. Monkey looked at the fire. It was getting small. Soon it would go out, and everybody would go home in the dark, and the Thankful Feast would be over. He didn't want this feeling to go out with it.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "Can we keep some of it?"

Mr. Moose looked at the fire, and then at the door of his house, where the hollow squash shell was sitting in the snow. He thought about how you carry something warm without burning your hands.

"We could carry it," he said slowly. "In something."

Daddy Monkey cut little leaf-shaped holes all around the squash shell. Bruno gave a lump of wax from his honeycomb, and Mama Moose rolled it into a candle. Mr. Moose held the squash steady. And Mr. Monkey took a little twig, lit it from the very last of the Feast fire, and carefully, carefully, lit the candle inside.

The lantern glowed. And all over the snow, all around them, little leaf-shaped lights appeared, gold and flickering.

They hung it on the lowest branch of the Wishing Tree.

"Where's it going?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"Somewhere that needs it," said Mr. Moose.

"What a day!" said Ricky, still with snow in his whiskers.

"The leaves came down, and the presents came down, and so did I. A frog hopped out of the pile, and Daddy Moose turned into a present tree, and Tessie got a hat. Nobody got their Swap present. And it was the best Thankful Feast ever."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

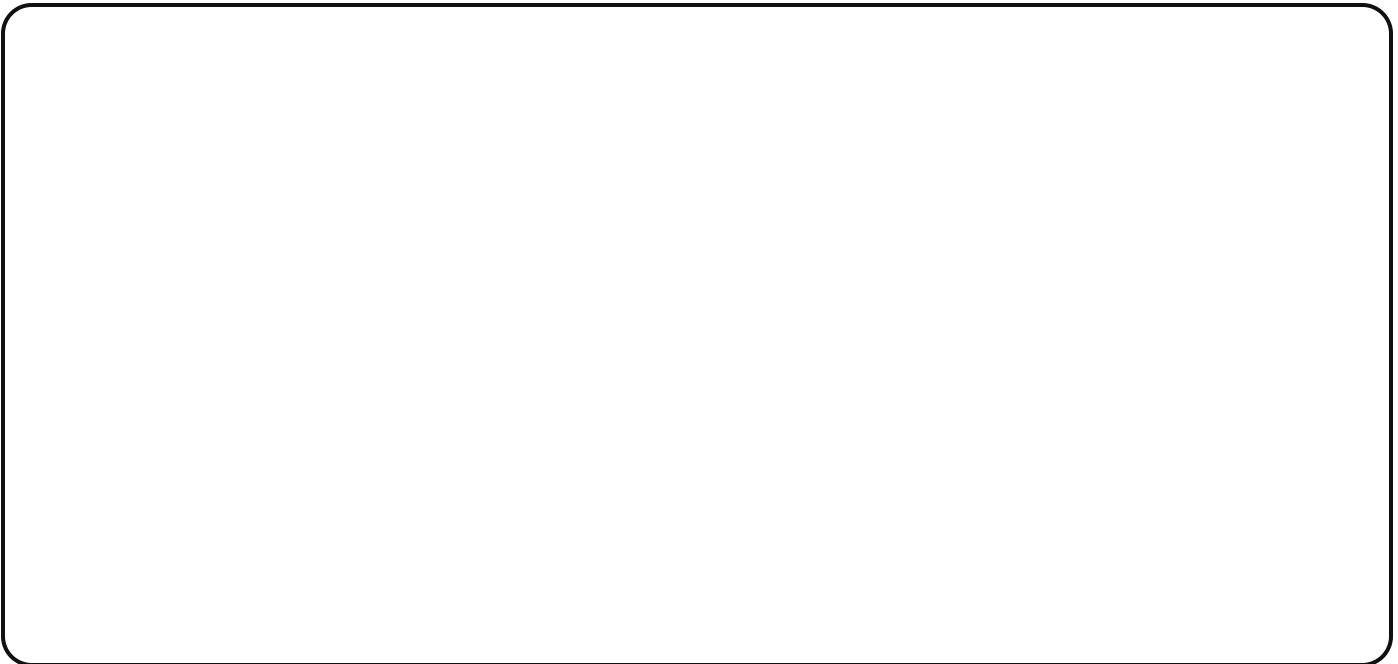
And under the Wishing Tree, the little squash lantern glowed all night in the snow, scattering golden leaves of light across Sunny Square.

Let's Talk

- 1 Nobody got their Swap present. Why was it still the best Thankful Feast ever?
- 2 Name one gift that would have been enough, all by itself.

Your Turn

Draw your family's Thanks Giving Tree the way it looked this morning, full of leaves!



SAMMY'S JOKE

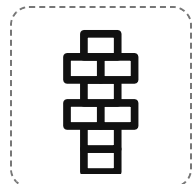


What game do frogs love to play?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



CLUE



___ scotch!

👁 Hidden Pictures

Find each hidden thing in the picture. Color it, then color its circle!



CAN YOU FIND THESE?



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Hop! Hop! is on top of the gifts.

A frog hops in the gifts. Hop, hop, hop!

The gifts tip. Bam! Bam! Bam!

Gifts drop on Dad.

A gift drops on . It is a hat!The frog is on .  grins.PICTURE WORDS  Ricky  Tessie

Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dark word, then the light words. What is one good gift you got this year? Write it or draw it on the line after "I got."

I got _____

That would have been enough

to give thanks.

♥ Today's Big Words

This morning, your family says the big words together one more time.

Grace comes in, gratitude sees it, and graciousness passes it on.



Grace

a gift you didn't earn



Gratitude

noticing the gift



Graciousness

passing it on

DRAW YOUR FAMILY SAYING THE BIG WORDS TOGETHER.

Thanksgiving Morning

Before the big Thanksgiving meal, your family does three things at home:

1 Remember: Enough Echo

2 Rejoice: The Opening

3 Ready: Pack the Giving

Remember: The Enough Echo

At the Feast, the friends said, “That alone would have been a gift.” Your family does it like this: a grown-up reads a line about something you have been given, and after every line, everyone says the same answer together:

That would have
been enough
to give thanks.

Color your answer card before you start. Then say it after every line!

Color a box each time you say it. The pictures go in order:



the sun



air and water



helpers



farmers



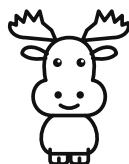
each other



the notes on
the tree

At the very end, everyone says:

We have more than enough!





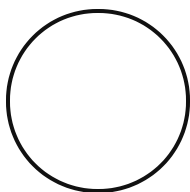
Rejoice: The Opening

Now go to the Thanks Giving Tree! Find every leaf and photo with **your** name on the front. Take them down, turn them over, and read the backs. A grown-up can read them with you.

I found  leaves and photos with my name!

Write the number, or draw a dot for each one.

My favorite one is from:
(Draw their face or write
their name.)



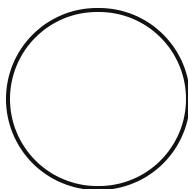
WHAT DID IT SAY? DRAW OR WRITE IT.

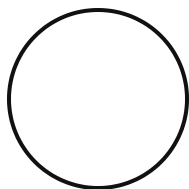


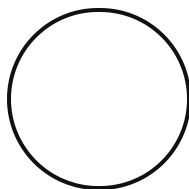
Ready: Pack the Giving

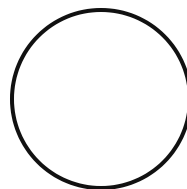
Some leaves are for people you will see today. Help put them in the bag by the door. When you see each person, hand them their leaf and say, “We wrote this for you!”

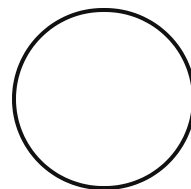
Who gets a leaf today? Draw their faces or write their names.

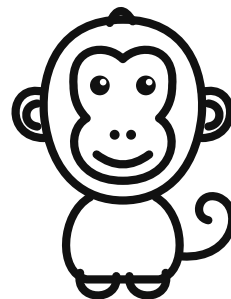






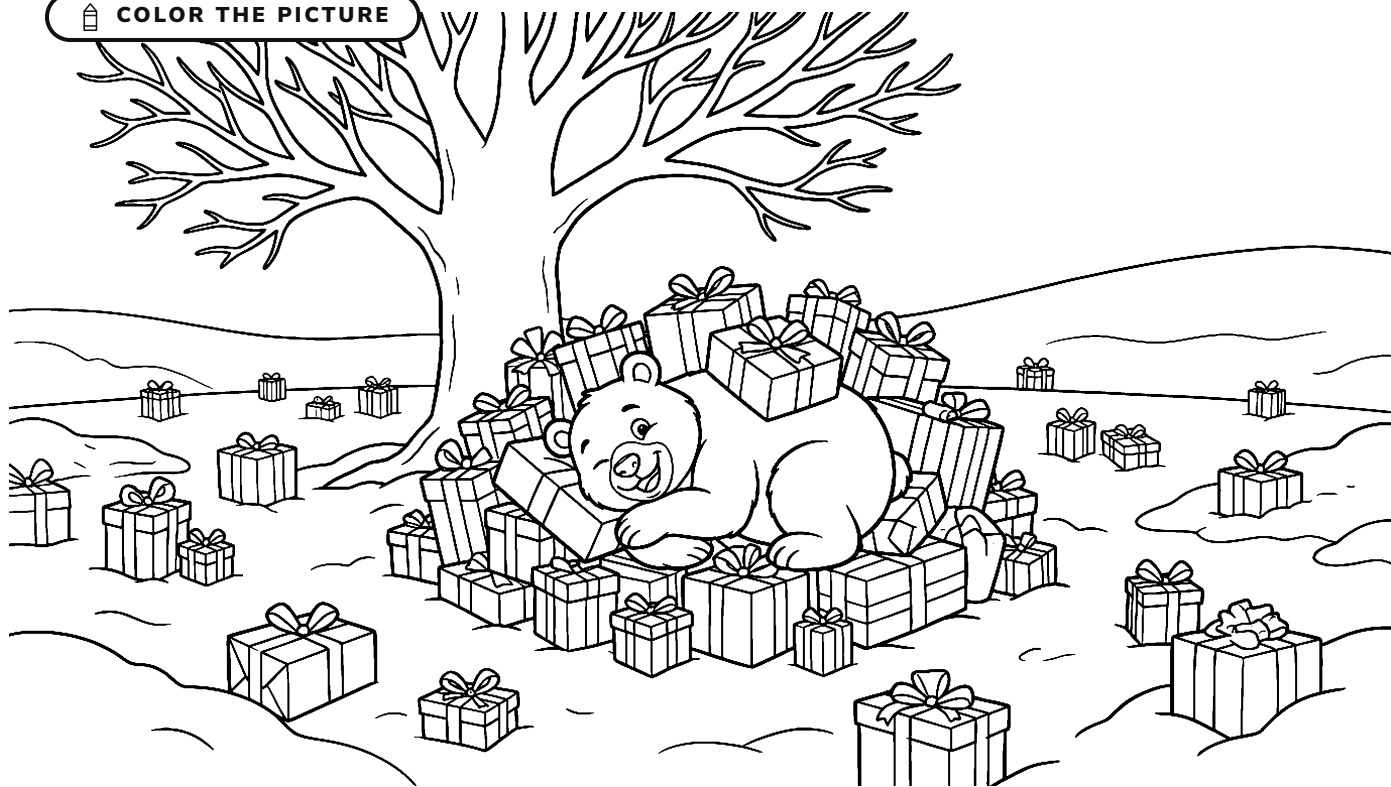






One True Thing

COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning after the Thankful Feast, Sunny Square looked like it had snowed presents.

There were presents on the roof of the Moose home. There were presents in the branches of the Wishing Tree. There was a present out on the ice of Rainbow River, and an otter came sliding across on her belly, *whiiiiish*, picked it up, and slid it back again, just for fun. And in the middle of everything, in a great big heap of presents, lay Bruno, fast asleep, with one present for a pillow and two more for a blanket.

He opened one eye. "I got my wish," he said happily. "A nap."

"Haw haw haw," he added, and went back to sleep.

On the lowest branch of the Wishing Tree, the little squash lantern was still glowing. Its leaf-shaped lights flickered gold across the snow.

Mr. Monkey was eating leftover stew for breakfast, cold, straight out of the big pot, when Sammy zipped by with a slice of leftover pie.

"Hey! What's the best thing to put in a pie?" And she was gone.

Mr. Monkey looked at his spoon. He looked at the pie crumbs she'd left behind. He thought about it all through his stew.

Then from the top of a tree came her voice: "YOUR TEETH!"

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey, and he put his teeth right into the last bite of pie.

That's when he noticed Ricky. Ricky was sitting all by himself under the Wishing Tree, looking up.

Most of the painted leaves were gone now. Everybody had taken theirs down that morning. But a few were still left: the leaves for the things nobody notices, the treehouse and the woodpile and the cellar. The maple leaf, for the maple. The birch leaf, for the spring. And way up at the very top, the leaf with no name.

"Ricky?" said Mr. Monkey. "What are you looking at?"

"There aren't any from me," said Ricky quietly.

Mr. Moose came over and looked up, too.

"Everybody made me leaves," said Ricky. "Two leaves. One with me in the presents, and one with everybody in a row. I looked at them all night." He hugged his knees. "And I didn't make one single leaf for anybody. Not one. I was too busy with the Swap."

Then he jumped up. "So I'll make them now! For everybody! Right now! And they'll be the best leaves in the whole history of leaves!"

He ran and got the paint and a big pile of leaves, and he started making rules. "Rule one. Every leaf has to say EVERYTHING."

He picked up a leaf for Mr. Moose and started painting. He painted Mr. Moose catching the rules on his antlers.

He painted Mr. Moose measuring forty-seven pinecones tall. He painted the willow, and the river, and the bark slide, and Bruno, and all the presents, and the frog, and the Feast fire, and the snow. He painted so much that when he was done, the whole leaf was one big brown smudge.

Ricky held it up. "That's you," he said. "And everything."

"Which part is me?" asked Mr. Moose.

Ricky looked at it. "All of it."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose.

So Ricky tried another one. This time, he decided to say it all in words. "Thank you, Mr. Moose, for catching my rules, and for being my Sign-Up Helper, and for holding the cards up, and for..." He painted the words as fast as he could. They went across the leaf. They went off the end of the leaf. They went across the snow and down the hill and halfway to the river, a long, wiggly line of berry paint, with Ricky crawling along at the end of it, still painting.

He looked up from the bottom of the hill. "I'm not done yet."

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey from the top.

Ricky sat down in the snow at the end of his long line of words. There was paint on his paws. There was paint on his tail. There was a big purple stripe right across his little black mask.

"It's too much," he said. His whiskers drooped. "I can't say everything. There's too much everything."

Mr. Monkey felt it in his chest. Ricky wanted so badly to say thank you, and every time he tried, it got bigger and harder. Mr. Monkey slid down the hill and sat right next to him in the snow.

Mr. Moose came down slowly, thinking. He thought about Ricky's two leaves, the ones Ricky had looked at all night. What was on them? Shiloh had painted just one thing: a row of friends, with nobody left out. Mr. Monkey had painted just one thing: Ricky making presents instead of swinging.

"Ricky," said Mr. Moose. "Your leaves only had one thing on them each. And you looked at them all night."

Ricky thought about that. "One thing," he said.

"One true thing," said Mr. Moose. "That's enough."

They walked back up the hill, past the long wiggly line of words. Mr. Moose found a fresh leaf, a big smooth one. Mr. Monkey held it flat on the stump. And Ricky dipped his paw in the berry juice and thought, very hard, about just one thing.

For Mr. Moose, he painted a moose standing in the river with a long, wet roll of bark hanging off his antlers. Just that.

For Mr. Monkey, he painted two friends swinging out over Rainbow River on the same vine. Just that.

Then he picked up a third leaf, and stopped. "The hedgehogs," he said. "They walked all the way from past the waterfall to bring their present. In the dark. They had to start home before the Feast was even over, because it's such a long way. They came the farthest of anybody."

He painted a little hedgehog family walking along a long, long path, with a present on top of their spines. Just that.

When the leaves were dry, Ricky stood up. He didn't tie the first two on the tree. He walked right over and held them out.

"For you," he said. "And for you."

Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey turned the leaves over and looked.

Mr. Monkey's whole face lit up. "That's us! On your vine!"

Mr. Moose didn't say anything. He just looked at the bark roll on the antlers and smiled, slowly, all the way.

And Ricky watched their faces. He watched them for a long time. Something warm went all through him, from his ears down to his painty paws.

"That felt better," he said slowly, "than the whole Swap."

Then he turned around and looked at Sunny Square, all covered in presents. Presents on the roof. Presents in the tree. Presents under Bruno.

"What if we did it the other way?" said Ricky.

"What other way?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"The Swap was, everybody gives one and everybody gets one back," said Ricky. "But the leaves aren't like that. You just give them. You don't get one back." He looked at all the presents. "What if the presents were like the leaves?"

Mr. Moose looked at the presents, too. "Then who would get them?" he asked.

Ricky scratched his painty head. "I don't know yet," he said.

He tied the hedgehog leaf onto the Wishing Tree, right next to the squash lantern, so it would be ready.

"What a day!" said Ricky as the sun went down.

"Bruno slept on the presents. Sammy said the best thing in a pie is your teeth. I painted everything on one leaf and it turned brown, and I painted so many words they went halfway to the river. Then I painted one true thing. And I gave my first leaves ever."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And all through Sunny Square, the snow fell softly on the scattered presents, while the little lantern glowed beside the one leaf still waiting to go.

Let's Talk

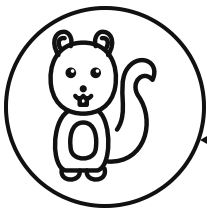
- 1 Ricky tried to paint everything on one leaf. What worked better?
- 2 Who should get a thank-you that hasn't gotten one yet?

Your Turn

Draw one true thing for them: just one thing they did.

Thank you, _____ !

SAMMY'S JOKE

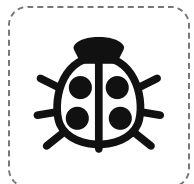


Why are frogs so happy?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!

g b u s

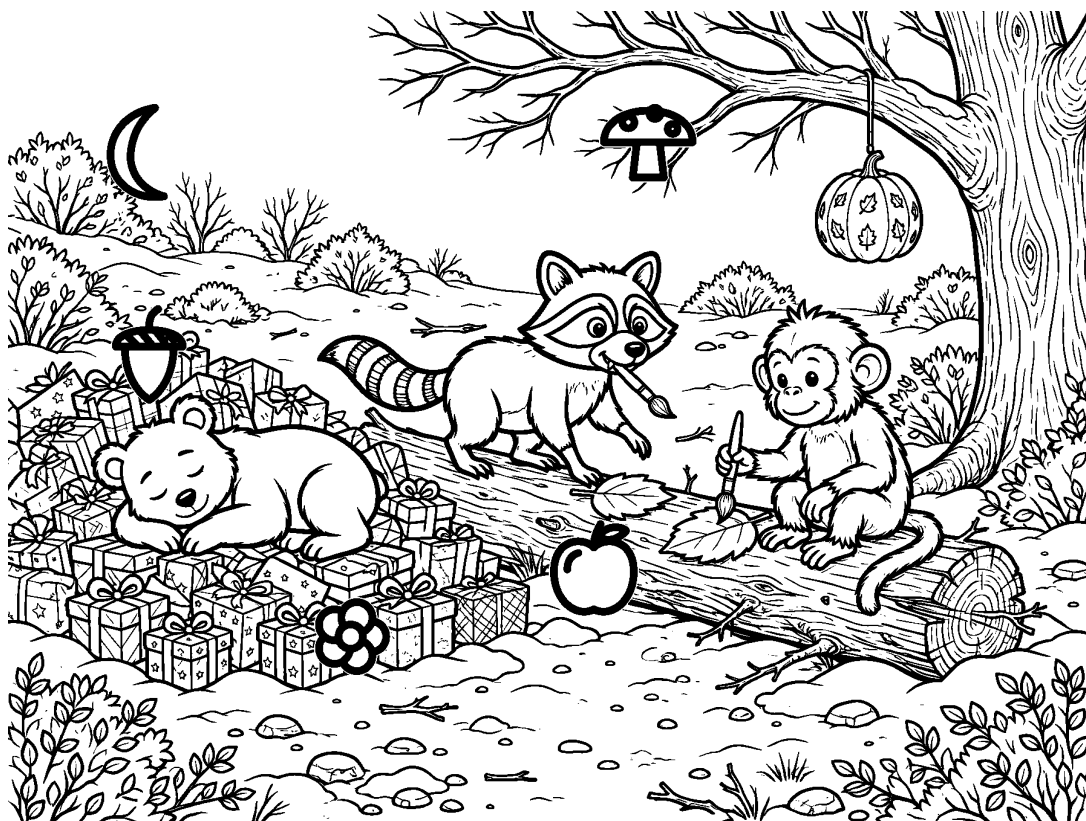
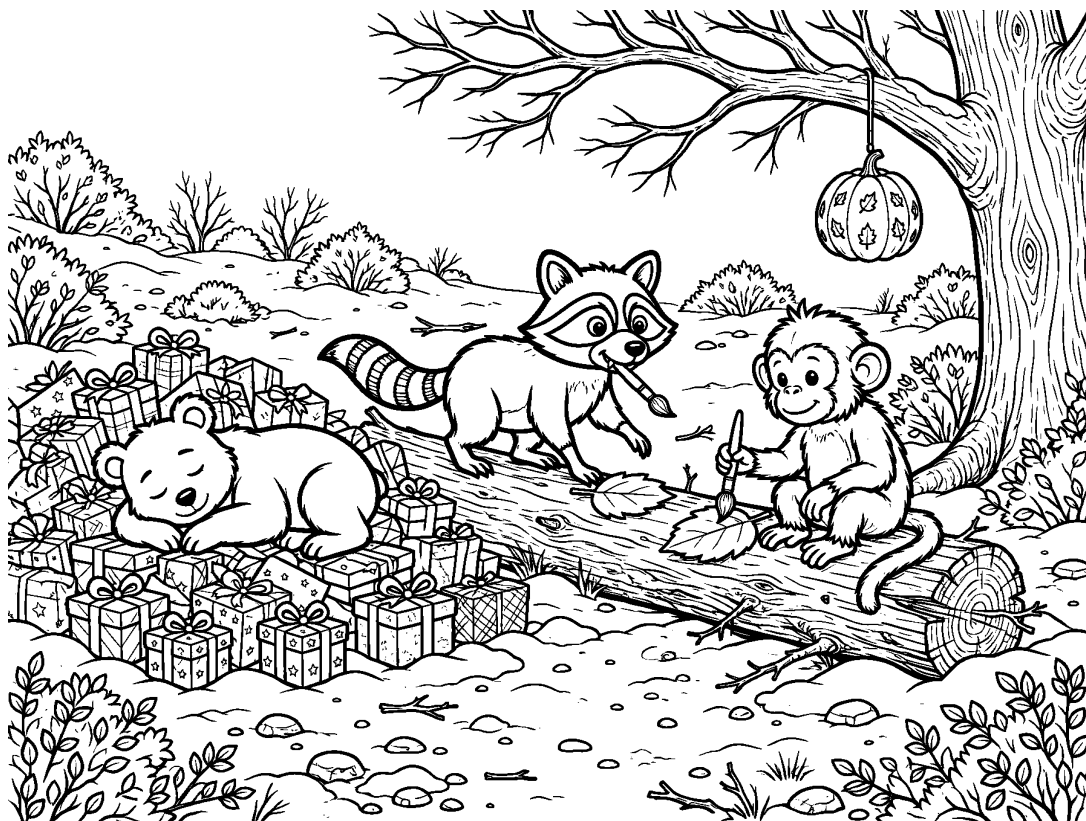
CLUE



They eat whatever _____ them!

👁 Spot the Difference

Look closely. Can you find 5 differences?



Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

The Best Bit

 dabs a lot on it. Drip, drip, drip!

It is a big mud spot!

“Not a lot,” said . “The best bit.”

 sets the best bit on it.

 grins.  grins.

It felt grand!

PICTURE WORDS  Ricky  Mr. Moose

For grown-ups: New sounds: l, w.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

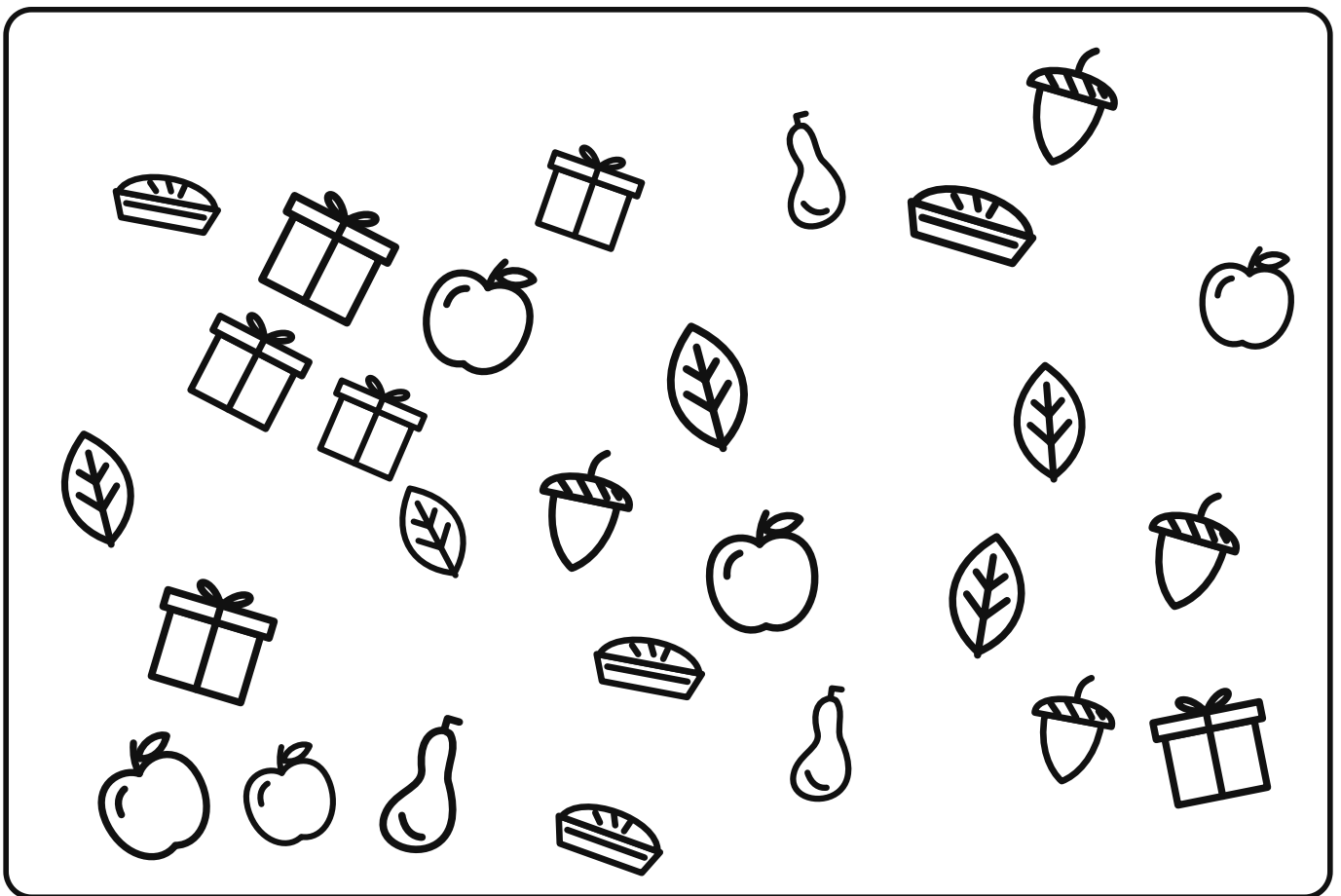
Trace the dark word, then the light words. On the first line, write their name. On the second, write or draw what they did. Then read it to them!

Thank you,

for

👁️ Feast I Spy

Find and count each one. Write how many in the box.



											
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The Long Way Up

COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning was bright and blue, and the snow was so crunchy that every step went *crumpf, crumpf, crumpf*. Icicles hung from the edge of the treehouse roof, and when the sun hit them, they dripped, *plink... plink... plink*, onto the snow below.

Ricky untied the hedgehog leaf from the Wishing Tree. "The hedgehogs live past the little waterfall," he said. "It's a long, long way."

"We'll all go," said Mr. Monkey.

Then he looked up. At the very top of the Wishing Tree hung the leaf with no name, the one for the sunrise. Next to it hung the birch leaf for the spring, with its front still empty, too.

Orion had asked about the sunrise leaf, back when they first pulled it up there: "Who will take it down?" Nobody had taken it down. Nobody knew where it should go.

Mr. Monkey climbed all the way to the top, untied them both, and tucked them into his basket. "Just in case," he said. "In case we find out whose they are."

So they set off, up the river: Mr. Moose, Mr. Monkey, Ricky, Bruno, and Shiloh. They walked past the willow. They walked past the long row of little bumps in the snow where the pinecone line was hiding. They walked past Whispering Water Way, which was half frozen and went *tinkle-tinkle-rush* under its ice. They crossed the river on top of the beaver dam, one careful step at a time, and the beavers popped their heads out of the water and waved.

Then they heard a long, low sound, *shhhhhhhhhhh*, and came around a bend to the little waterfall.

Shiloh stopped. His eyes went wide. "The water FELL?"

"It's a waterfall," said Ricky.

"Oh no," said Shiloh. "Is it okay?"

He ran right up to the edge, where the water was spilling over the rocks, and tried to catch it in his mouth, to help it. He got a big mouthful. But the water kept on falling. He caught some more. It kept on falling.

"It's STILL falling!" said Shiloh, with water dripping off his chin. "It's falling all the time!"

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Shiloh, I think it likes falling."

Shiloh looked at the water, tumbling and splashing and singing over the rocks. He thought about it. "It does look happy," he said.

Past the waterfall, the path got smaller and smaller, and the trees got closer and closer together, until they came to a little clearing at the foot of Lookout Ledge, under a big old oak.

"Here," said Ricky. "The hedgehogs live right around here."

Bruno looked. "Where?" He walked across the clearing. "I don't see it." He turned around and walked back. "Where is it?" He turned around again, and walked across again.

"Bruno," said Mr. Moose. "Look down."

Bruno looked down. Right between his two big feet was a tiny round door, in a tiny round log, almost buried in the snow. He had walked right over it three times.

"Oh," said Bruno. "It's small."

"Haw haw haw!" he laughed, and stepped back very, very carefully. Then he bent down to look, and his big black nose covered the whole tiny door.

From inside came a tiny voice. "Mama! The door has a NOSE!"

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey.

Bruno backed away, and Ricky knocked. *Tap-tap*. The tiny door opened, and out came Mama Hedgehog, and then three little hedgehogs, one, two, three, round and prickly, with tiny black noses.

"Ricky!" said Mama Hedgehog. "From the Swap!"

"I have something for you," said Ricky. "It's not from the Swap. It's from me." And he held out the leaf.

The hedgehogs turned it over, all four of them, their little noses close. On the back was a hedgehog family walking along a long, long path, with a present on top of their spines.

"That's us," whispered the smallest one. "Walking to the Feast."

Mama Hedgehog looked at it for a long time. "It's such a long way," she said softly. "We got there late, and we left early. We didn't think anybody even saw us come."

"I saw you," said Ricky.

Then the three little hedgehogs were so happy that they curled up into balls and rolled around and around in the snow under the oak, and when they uncurled, they had dry oak leaves stuck all over their spines. Three round, walking leaf piles.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "You're Hedgie-Wedgies!"

"Hedgie-Wedgies!" squeaked the little hedgehogs, and rolled some more.

When it was time to go, everybody waved goodbye and started down the path toward home. The walk was long, and the sun was already starting down the sky. Bruno was thinking about supper. Shiloh was thinking about the waterfall. Ricky was thinking about the hedgehogs' faces.

But Mr. Monkey was looking into his basket.

The two leaves with no names were still in there. The sunrise leaf, and the spring leaf. They had come all this way, and they were going right back home again, still in the basket.

Mr. Monkey stopped walking. Every single morning the sunrise came, all gold over the hills, whether anybody asked for it or not. Every single day the spring bubbled up out of the ground. And nobody had ever said thank you where it could reach.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "These haven't gotten where they're going."

Mr. Moose stopped too. He looked at the leaves. Then he remembered what he had said, back when they pulled the sunrise leaf to the top of the Wishing Tree: that it should go as high as it could go, the closest place to where the sunrise comes from.

He looked up. Right above them, high and rocky and white with snow, was Lookout Ledge.

"This is the highest place we can get to," said Mr. Moose.

"And we're already here."

So they turned around.

They climbed Lookout Ledge together, step by careful step. Mr. Monkey went first, finding the way between the rocks. Mr. Moose came after, slowly, putting each hoof where Mr. Monkey's feet had been. Ricky and Shiloh came next, and Bruno came last, so he could catch anybody who slipped. Nobody slipped.

At the top, the whole of Wonderful Woods spread out below them, white and quiet in the evening light. They could see the river winding through the trees like a long silver ribbon. They could see the beaver dam, and Whispering Water Way, and the little waterfall. And way, way down in Sunny Square, they could see one tiny golden light, the squash lantern, glowing on the Wishing Tree.

The wind was blowing up here, cold and strong, right up the side of the ledge toward the sky.

Mr. Monkey held up the two leaves. The wind tugged at them.

"Do we let go?" he whispered.

"I think so," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Monkey let go.

The wind took the leaves straight up. Up and up they went, turning over and over, the empty fronts and the painted backs, gold and then gray and then gold, higher than the ledge, higher than the trees. Then the wind went quiet, and the leaves began to flutter down.

And out of the sky came Everest Eagle.

He came out of the clouds so fast and so smooth that nobody even heard him. He swept past the falling leaves, and with one great foot, he caught them, both at once. Then he turned, and with three slow beats of his enormous wings, he carried them up, up, up, past the clouds, all the way to the top of his high gray cliff.

The highest place in the whole woods.

Nobody said anything. Mr. Moose looked at the top of the cliff for a long, long time.

"He took them higher than we could," whispered Mr. Monkey.

"All the way to the top," said Mr. Moose.

They climbed down in the blue dusk and walked the long way home, following the river and the little golden light.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey when they got back to Sunny Square. "Shiloh tried to catch the waterfall. Bruno walked over the hedgehogs' door three times. The hedgehogs rolled in the leaves and turned into Hedgie-Wedgies. We turned around and climbed Lookout Ledge, and we let go of the leaves with no names. And Everest Eagle caught them and took them all the way up to the top."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And high above Wonderful Woods, on the very top of the highest cliff, two small leaves lay side by side in the snow, under the first stars.

Let's Talk

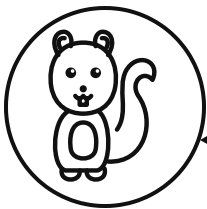
- 1 The hedgehogs said, "We didn't think anybody even saw us come." How did Ricky's leaf make them feel?
- 2 Who can we give a thank-you to in person today?

Your Turn

With a grown-up, carry a thank-you (a leaf, a card or a drawing) to someone's door. Draw who you gave it to.

I gave it to _____.

SAMMY'S JOKE

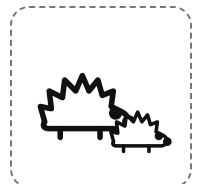


What did the little hedgehog say to the cactus?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



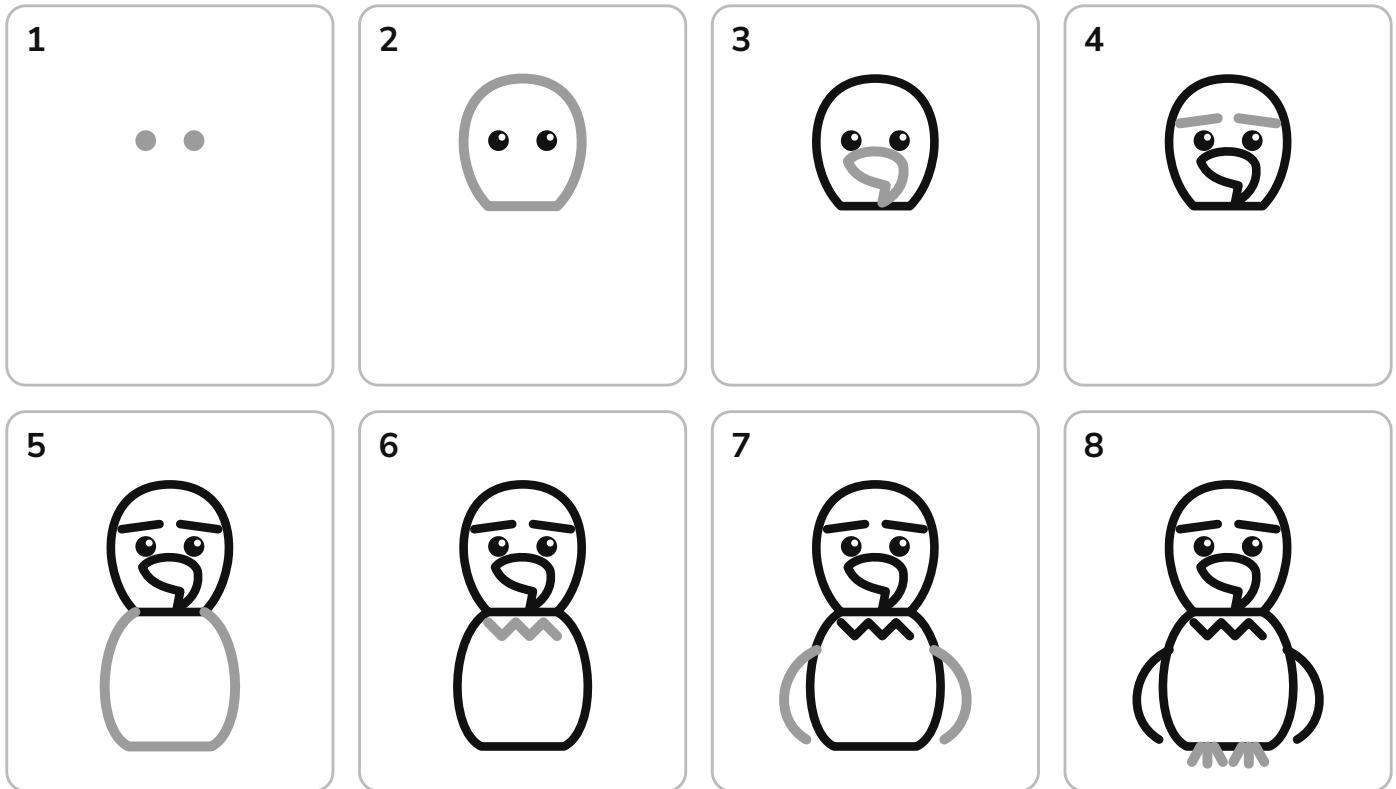
CLUE



Is that you, _____?

 Draw Everest Eagle!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY EVEREST EAGLE

Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Up, Up, Up!

Up, up, up!  and  get to the top.

The wind is fast.

 lifts it up. The wind gets it!

Up, up, up it went.

 grabs it!

 sets it on top.

PICTURE WORDS



Mr. Moose



Mr. Monkey



Everest

For grown-ups: New words to learn by heart: to.



Color a star each time you read it.

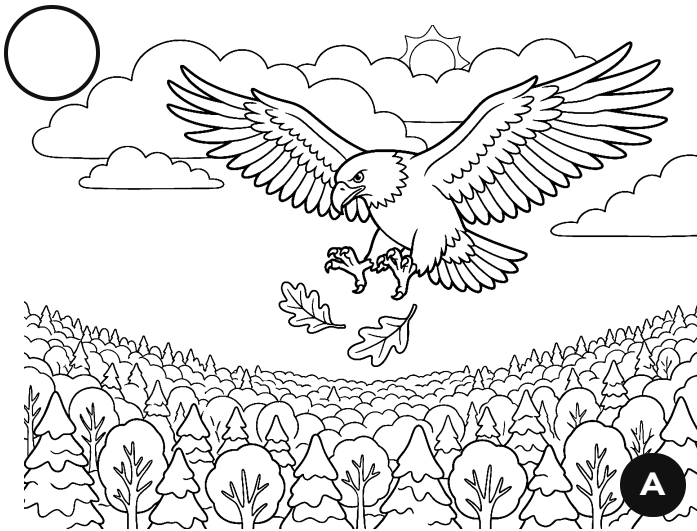
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dark word, then the light words. Who did you give your thank-you to? Write their name on the line.

I gave my thank-you
to

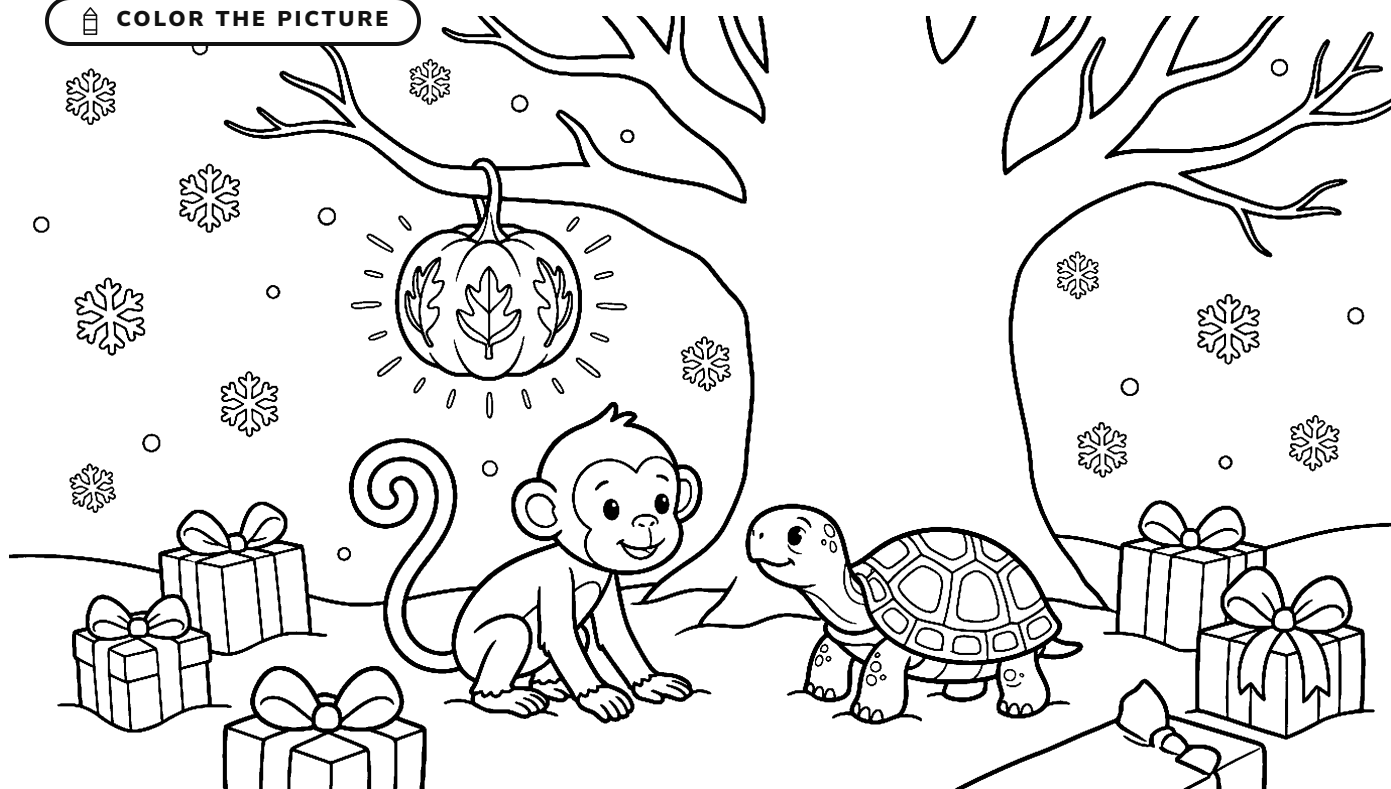
📖 What Happened First?

Write 1, 2, 3, 4 in the circles to put the story in order.



The Slowest Thank-You

COLOR THE PICTURE



It was a soft, snowy Sunday in Wonderful Woods. Big lazy flakes drifted down over Sunny Square, landing on the Wishing Tree, on the squash lantern glowing on its branch, and on all the presents still scattered around in the snow.

Tessie was still there.

"Tessie," said Mr. Monkey, "when are you going home?"

Tessie thought about it for a long time. "Oh," she said. "I'll start... soon. Maybe... by spring."

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey.

But Tessie wasn't sitting by the fire this morning. She was sitting at the foot of Pilgrim Point, the giant old pine, with her head tipped all the way back, looking up at the high branch where Orion slept.

"Tessie?" said Mr. Moose. "What are you looking at?"

Tessie was quiet. Then she said, very slowly, "A thank-you... I never said."

Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey sat down in the snow beside her.

"When I was very small," said Tessie, "smaller than an acorn... I slipped off a rock into Whispering Water Way. The water was fast. It rolled me over and over... and carried me away." She closed her eyes. "Then something swooped down out of the sky. A young owl. He scooped me right out of the water... and set me down on a big, flat, warm rock."

"Your rock!" said Mr. Monkey. "Your sunning rock!"

"My rock," said Tessie. "I've sat on it... ever since."

She looked up at Orion's branch again.

"I never said thank you. First, I was too little. Then, I was too shy. And then..." She was quiet for a long time. "And then it had been so long... it felt too late."

"How long?" whispered Mr. Monkey.

"A long... long... time."

Mr. Monkey felt it in his chest, big and warm and hurting all at once. Tessie had been carrying her thank-you around for longer than almost anybody in the whole woods had been alive. Longer than his mama. Longer than the big maple, maybe.

"It's not too late!" he said. "It's NOT. You have to tell him!"

"He's... up there," said Tessie. "And I'm... down here."

Tessie decided to try climbing. She put one front foot on the trunk of Pilgrim Point. Then she thought about the next foot. She thought about it for a long time.

Mr. Monkey went and helped Mama Moose shovel snow. He came back.

"How far did you get?"

Tessie looked up at the trunk. "One... step."

"Heh... heh... heh," she laughed, very slowly, at herself.

Bruno came over to help. He picked Tessie up very gently in his two big paws and held her up over his head, as high as he could reach, standing on his tiptoes.

"Higher," said Tessie.

Bruno climbed up on a stump and held her up again, wobbling.

"Higher... please."

Bruno looked up at Orion's branch, way, way up in the top of the pine. Then he looked at Tessie. "I'm not tall enough," he said. "I'm only one Bruno."

Mr. Moose was thinking. He remembered the leaf with no name, and how they had sent it all the way to the top of the Wishing Tree. A long vine. Over a high branch. And somebody pulling, slow and steady, at the bottom.

"Mr. Monkey," he said slowly. "What if Tessie goes up the way the sunrise leaf did?"

Mr. Monkey's eyes went wide. "In a BASKET!"

Mr. Monkey climbed up Pilgrim Point with a long vine, all the way up to the branch right next to Orion's, and threw it over and down. Daddy Monkey brought his biggest basket. Ricky tied the vine to the handle with his best knot, the one that never slips. Tessie climbed in, very slowly. And Mr. Moose took the other end of the vine in his teeth, with Bruno right behind him, holding on gently, and they walked backward across the snow, one slow step at a time.

The basket rose. Up past the bottom branches. Up past the snow on the needles. And as it went, it began to turn, slowly, around and around.

"Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee," said Tessie.

It was the slowest wheee anybody had ever heard. It lasted all the way past the middle of the tree.

"Hee hee hee... *SNORT!*" went Hazel, watching from below.

Mr. Monkey was climbing up beside the basket to make sure Tessie was okay, when the vine caught his tail. It wrapped right around it, and up he went too, hanging upside down underneath the basket, spinning slowly around with Tessie.

"Mr. Moose," he called down, upside down. "I'm going too!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose, through the vine in his teeth, and he kept on pulling, slow and steady.

Then the basket stopped. It hung in the air, gently swaying, right in front of Orion's branch, with Tessie in it and Mr. Monkey dangling underneath.

The afternoon was getting late, and the snow had stopped. Orion opened one golden eye. Then the other. There, right in front of his branch, was a turtle in a basket.

"Hoo?" said Orion.

Tessie looked at him. She took a long, slow breath.

"Thank you," she said. "For pulling me out... of Whispering Water Way. When I was very small."

Orion didn't say anything. He didn't move at all. He looked at Tessie for so long that a snowflake landed on his head and he didn't even notice.

"That little turtle," he said at last. "That was you?"

"It was me."

Orion's feathers fluffed up, slowly, all over. "All these years," he said softly, "I've wondered whether that little turtle was all right."

"I was," said Tessie. "I am."

And two of the oldest friends in Wonderful Woods looked at each other across the cold air, and neither of them said anything else for a long, long time. They didn't need to.

Mr. Monkey, hanging underneath, felt something warm all the way down to his tail. It wasn't too late. Not even a little bit.

Mr. Moose let the basket down slowly, slowly, until Tessie and Mr. Monkey were back in the snow. Then Orion looked down from his branch at Sunny Square, at all the presents lying scattered around the Wishing Tree.

Ricky was over there, gathering them up into one neat pile. Beside the pile lay a brand-new piece of bark, with nothing written on it yet.

"Orion," called Mr. Monkey. "Ricky wants to give all the presents away. The other way. Not a swap. Just giving. But we don't know who they're for."

Orion blinked his round golden eyes. "Hoo," he said. "Who do you suppose they're for?"

Then he spread his wings and glided off into the evening, to find his supper.

Everybody looked at the pile. Mr. Monkey looked at it. Ricky looked at it. Shiloh, who had wished that nobody would be left out, looked at it longest of all.

"Somebody who needs them," said Shiloh softly.

"Somebody who didn't get anything," said Ricky. He picked up the new bark. At the very top, in big letters, he wrote: WHO NEEDS THEM?

"Then we find them," said Mr. Moose. "And we give them the presents."

"And we don't even tell them it's us!" said Mr. Monkey. Then he looked over at the squash lantern, glowing on its branch. "And we take the lantern."

"Somewhere that needs it," said Mr. Moose.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "Tessie climbed one step. Bruno held her up, but he's only one Bruno. Then Tessie rode up Pilgrim Point in a basket, going wheeeee, the slowest wheee ever, and I went up too, by my tail. Tessie said thank you to Orion after a long, long time. And now we're going to give the presents away."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And beside the neat pile of presents in Sunny Square, the little lantern glowed on, waiting to go somewhere new.

Let's Talk

- 1 Tessie waited a long, long time to say thank you to Orion. Was it too late?
- 2 Who should get a thank-you letter from you?

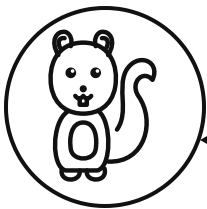
Your Turn

Write or draw a thank-you letter. A grown-up can help you write.

Dear _____ ,

Love, _____

SAMMY'S JOKE

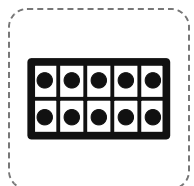


How do you make an octopus laugh?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



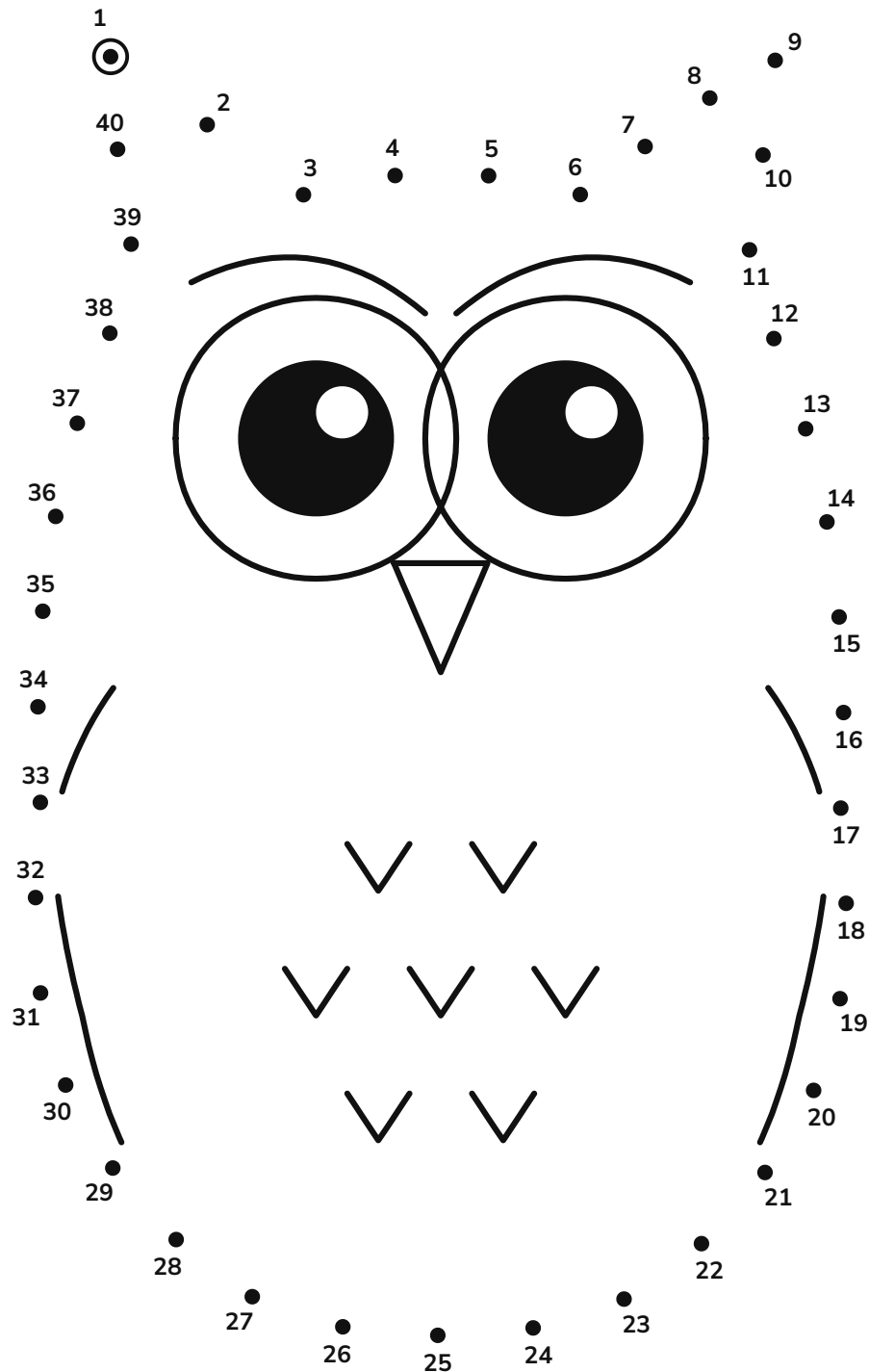
CLUE



With _____-tickles!

Connect the Dots

Connect the dots to find the friend Tessie thanked. Start at 1 (the circled dot) and count up to 40. Then join the last dot back to 1, and color it!



 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

At Last! must get up to .

Step, step... flop!

 sits up on top. and  tug and tug. Up, up, up!At the top,  said it at last. felt glad.

PICTURE WORDS



Tessie



Orion



Mr. Monkey



Mr. Moose



Bruno



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dark word, then the light words. On the line, write the name of someone you never thanked (or draw a tiny face). Then go tell them!

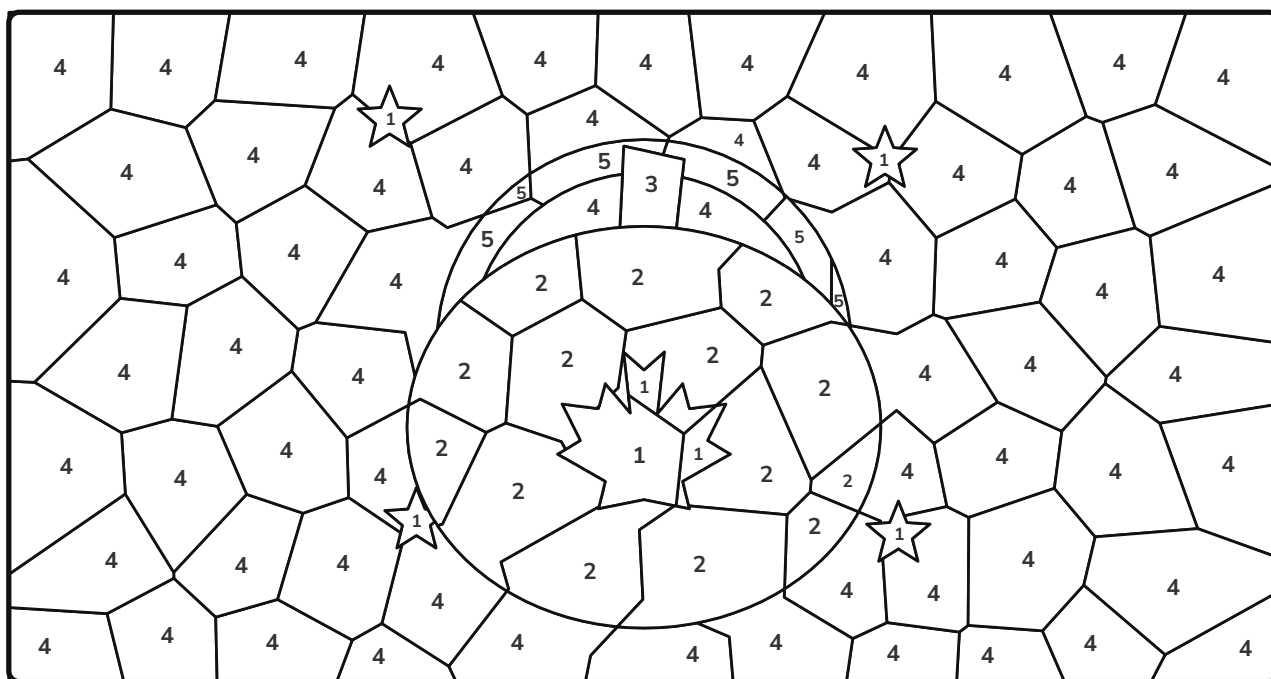
It is not too late!

Thank you.

🏠 Mystery Picture

Color each space by its number to find the hidden picture.

① yellow ② orange ③ green ④ dark blue ⑤ brown



WEEK DONE!



Turn back to this week's map.
Color any stones you missed.



Ladybugs I found in this week's storybook pictures: _____

★ Answers

SAMMY'S JOKES

Introductions Day 1. What did the tree say to the wind?
Leaf me alone!

Introductions Day 2. Why did the dog sit in the shade? *He didn't want to be a hot dog!*

Introductions Day 3. Why do fish live in salt water?
Because pepper makes them sneeze!

Introductions Day 4. What's orange and sounds like a parrot? *A carrot!*

Improvement Day 1. What goes up but never comes down? *Your age!*

Improvement Day 2. What is a monkey's favorite cookie?
Chocolatechimp!

Improvement Day 3. How do you catch a squirrel? *Climb a tree and act like a nut!*

Improvement Day 4. Why did the teddy bear say no to dessert? *It was already stuffed!*

Improvement Day 5. What do you call a pig that does karate? *A pork chop!*

Improvement Day 6. How do you know carrots are good for your eyes? *Have you ever seen a bunny wearing glasses?*

Improvement Day 7. Why did the sun go to school? *To get brighter!*

Important Day 1. What can you catch but not throw? *A cold!*

Important Day 2. What has lots of needles but can't sew?
A pine tree!

Important Day 3. What do you call a bee that can't make up its mind? *A maybe!*

Important Day 4. Why did the banana go to the doctor? *It wasn't peeling well!*

Important Day 5. What did one eye say to the other eye?
Between you and me, something smells!

Important Day 6. What do frogs do with paper? *Rip it! Rip it!*

Important Day 7. Why are fish so smart? *They live in schools!*

Thanksgiving Week Day 1. What did the mama corn say to the baby corn? *Where's pop corn?*

Thanksgiving Week Day 2. What did the big flower say to the little flower? *Hi, bud!*

Thanksgiving Week Day 3. What has one head, one foot, and four legs? *A bed!*

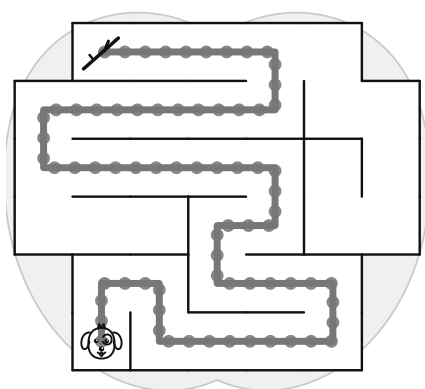
Thanksgiving Week Day 4. What game do frogs love to play? *Hopscotch!*

Thanksgiving Week Day 5. Why are frogs so happy? *They eat whatever bugs them!*

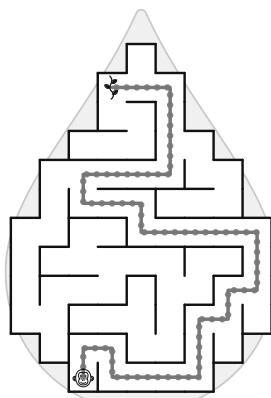
Thanksgiving Week Day 6. What did the little hedgehog say to the cactus? *Is that you, Mom?*

Thanksgiving Week Day 7. How do you make an octopus laugh? *With ten-tickles!*

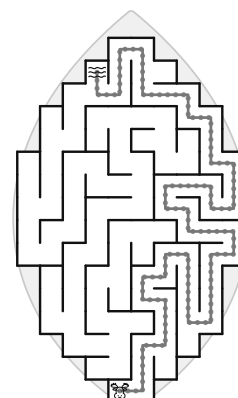
MAZES



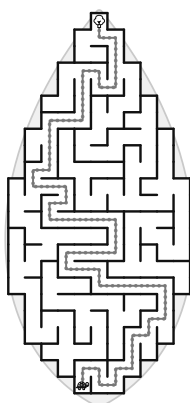
Introductions Day 2



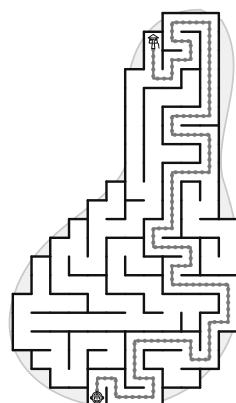
Improvement Day 2



Improvement Day 6



Important Day 2



Thanksgiving Week Day 2

FEELINGS MATCH

Introductions Day 2: Ricky, when Dottie ran off with his list → worried; Dottie, playing fetch with the list → excited; Bruno, wrapped up like a present → surprised; Mr. Monkey, giving away apples → happy

Improvement Day 2: Mr. Monkey, when Ricky was too busy to listen → sad; Ricky, when he saw his knot holding tight → surprised; Mr. Moose, plowing across the river → silly; Ricky, after telling his rope joke → proud

Important Day 2: Tessie, when Ricky said her stone didn't count → sad; Dottie, looking at all those pinecones to fetch → excited; Bruno, under a pile of pinecones → silly; Ricky, when he saw how far Tessie walked → surprised

Thanksgiving Week Day 2: Mr. Monkey, finding moss in every crack → surprised; Mr. Moose, calling Mr. Monkey a berry bush → silly; Bruno, bringing gravel for the gravy → proud; Hazel, laughing at the gravel → happy

I SPY

Improvement Day 5: leaf 6, acorn 5, pinecone 4, apple 3, pumpkin 4, mushroom 5

Important Day 5: blanket 3, pinecone 5, acorn 6, leaf 4, mug 4, stick 5

Thanksgiving Week Day 5: pie 4, gift 6, squash 3, leaf 5, acorn 4, apple 5

WHAT HAPPENED FIRST?

Improvement Day 6: 1 = frame B, 2 = frame A, 3 = frame D, 4 = frame C

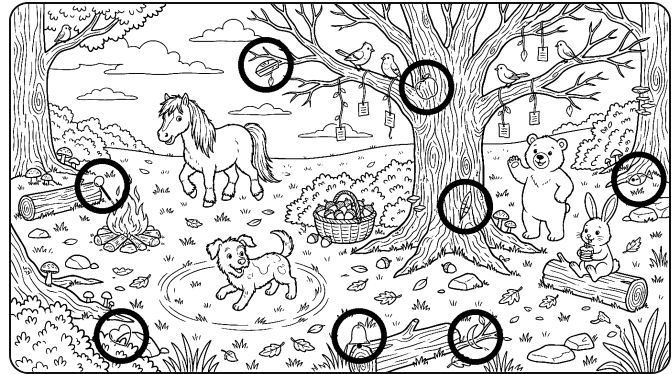
Important Day 6: 1 = frame B, 2 = frame A, 3 = frame D, 4 = frame C

Thanksgiving Week Day 6: 1 = frame D, 2 = frame B, 3 = frame C, 4 = frame A

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE AND HIDDEN PICTURES (CIRCLED)



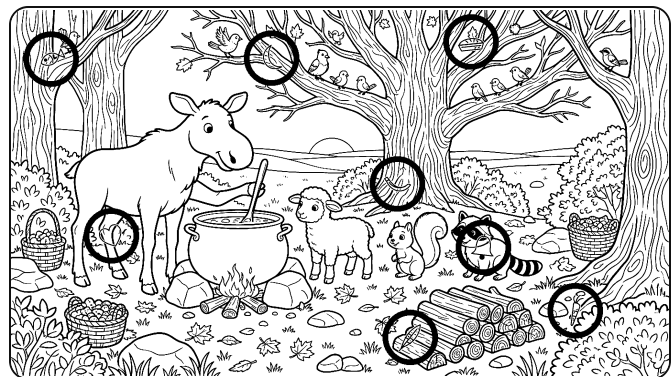
Introductions Day 4



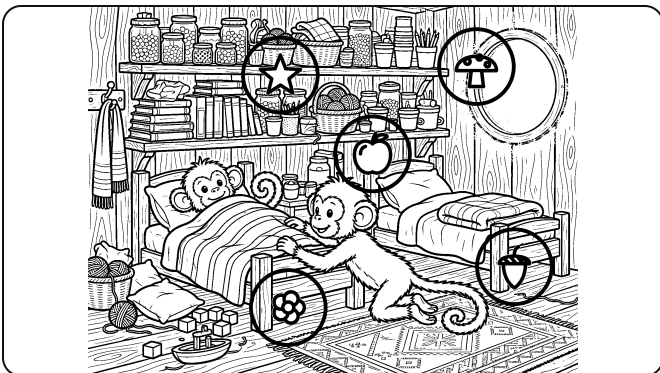
Improvement Day 4 (hidden pictures)



Improvement Day 5



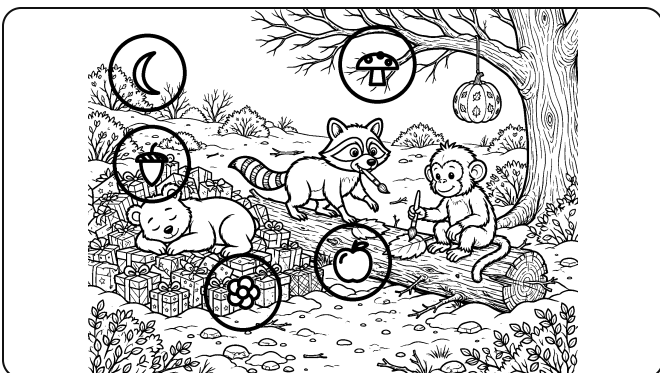
Important Day 4 (hidden pictures)



Important Day 5



Thanksgiving Week Day 4 (hidden pictures)



Thanksgiving Week Day 5