



COLOR THE TITLE!

Hope

Who helped me keep going?

Mr. Moose says, “A wish just sits there. I want mine to walk.”

Hope is a wish that walks!

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

- 1 Tuesday, Dec. 8: A Rope for Mr. Moose
- 2 Wednesday, Dec. 9: The Littlest Trail
- 3 Thursday, Dec. 10: Yes Before How
- 4 Friday, Dec. 11: The Tail Train
- 5 Saturday, Dec. 12: The Slow Way Home
- 6 Sunday, Dec. 13: Who Left These?
- 7 Monday, Dec. 14: One Word Each

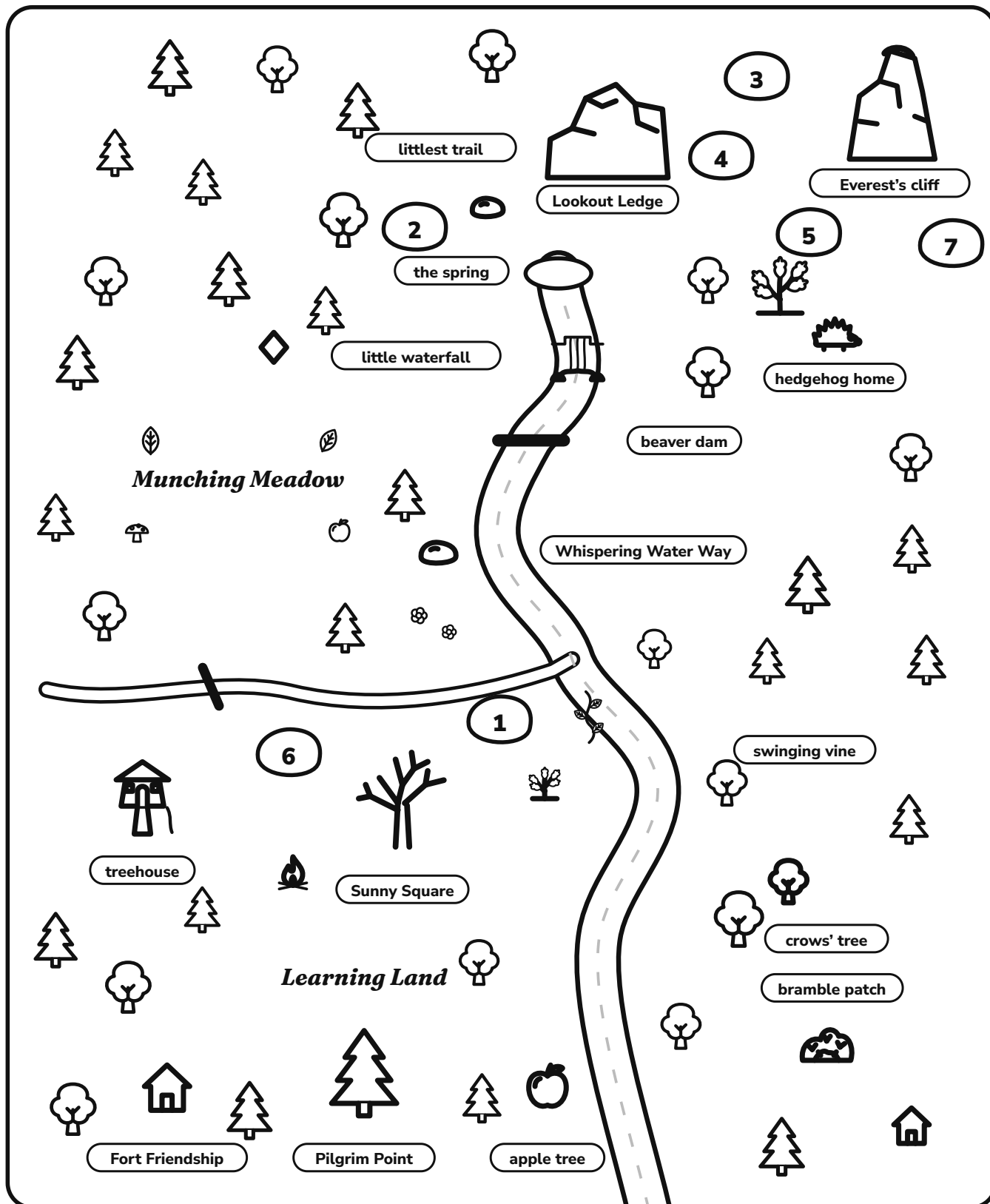
THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____, for helping me keep going.

Then we give: time, things, and words.

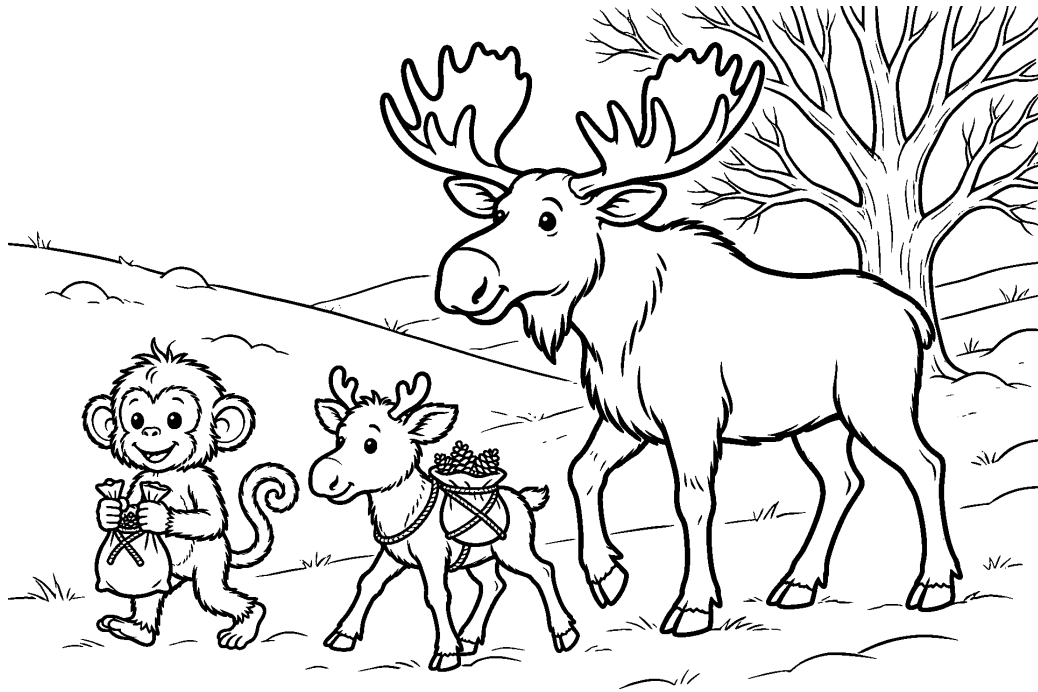
Where We'll Go This Week

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



A Rope for Mr. Moose

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The sun came up pink over Wonderful Woods. It touched the very top of Everest's high gray cliff first, before it touched anything else, so for a few minutes the top of the cliff glowed like a candle while the rest of the woods was still blue and asleep.

Mr. Moose stood by his door, next to the little green pine, and watched it.

"Mr. Monkey," he said. "I want to take the lantern up there."

Mr. Monkey looked at the little squash lantern on the Wishing Tree. Then he looked at the cliff. It was very far away. And very, very high.

"All the way to the top?"

"All the way to the top," said Mr. Moose. "Everest lives up there by himself. It's cold, and it's dark, and it's the highest place in the whole woods. He came all the way down to walk us home. I want to bring him some light."

Mr. Monkey's eyes went big. "Then let's go! Right now!"

Bruno was walking by with his breakfast. He stopped. "What does Mr. Moose have?"

"A big hope," said Mr. Monkey.

Bruno's ears shot up. "A big ROPE? I have a big rope!"

And before anybody could say anything, he ran off to his den and came back with the biggest coil of rope anybody had ever seen. It was so big he had to wear it, around and around his middle, like a giant doughnut.

"For your rope," said Bruno proudly, and he unwound it and wound it right around Mr. Moose instead.

Mr. Moose stood there in a big lumpy rope coat. "Thank you, Bruno."

"Haw haw haw!" went Bruno. "Now you have two ropes."

So off they went, Mr. Moose in his rope coat, Mr. Monkey hopping ahead, toward the big hill at the bottom of Lookout Ledge.

The hill was steep. It was covered in ice from the cold night, smooth and shiny. Mr. Monkey scampered right up it on his hands and feet and tail. Mr. Moose put one hoof on the ice. Then another. Then his long legs went four different ways, and he slid all the way back down to the bottom on his tummy, *shhhhhhhhhwoop*, spinning around once at the end.

He got up. He tried again. *Shhhhhhhhhwoop*. Back to the bottom.

He tried a third time. *Shhhhhhhhhwoop*.

"Mr. Moose," called Mr. Monkey from the top of the hill. "You're a sled!"

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey.

"Ha-ha-ha," laughed Mr. Moose, lying flat at the bottom with his rope coat all tangled. But it was a small laugh. And then he just lay there.

Mr. Monkey slid back down to him. "Mr. Moose?"

"I can't even get up the first hill," said Mr. Moose quietly. He looked up at the cliff, so far away above them. "How am I going to get all the way up there?"

He sat up in the snow. "I wish I could fly," he said. "Like Everest."

Mr. Monkey hated seeing Mr. Moose sad. And he wanted to help so badly that an idea popped right out of him.

"Then you'll FLY!"

He ran and found two big, bushy pine branches and tied one on each side of Mr. Moose with Bruno's rope. "Wings! Now flap!"

Mr. Moose flapped. The pine branches swished. Snow flew everywhere. Pine needles flew everywhere. Mr. Moose flapped and flapped until he was puffing, and he didn't go up even a little bit. All he did was blow a big pile of snow right onto Mr. Monkey.

Mr. Monkey popped up out of the pile with pine needles sticking out all over him, like a little porcupine. "Hee hee hee! You flew the SNOW!"

"Ha-ha-ha," laughed Mr. Moose, a real laugh this time. Then he stopped flapping and looked down at his pine-branch wings. "Moose can't fly, Mr. Monkey."

"I know," said Mr. Monkey. "But you looked so sad."

Mr. Moose sat down in the snow and thought. He thought about wishing. Wishing he could fly was just sitting here, flapping, going nowhere. He could wish all day long, and the cliff would still be just as far away. If he really wanted to get up there, he couldn't just want it. He had to start walking. Even if it was a little walk. Even if it was the bottom of the littlest hill.

"A wish just sits there," he said slowly. "I want mine to walk."

"How?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"I practice," said Mr. Moose. "Starting with a little hill."

And from behind them, a deep voice said, "I know a little hill."

It was Daddy Moose. He'd come out to fetch firewood, and he'd seen the whole thing: the sliding, the flapping, the snow. He untied the pine-branch wings, very carefully, and set them aside. He left Bruno's rope on.

"Behind our maple," said Daddy Moose. "It's small. It isn't icy. And I'll walk it with you."

The little hill behind the big maple wasn't very big at all. Mr. Monkey could have jumped over half of it. But Mr. Moose walked up it, one hoof at a time, with Daddy Moose walking right beside him, and he walked down. Then he walked up again. Then down again.

Daddy Moose filled a little sack with pinecones and tied it to Mr. Moose's back with Bruno's rope. "Up there," he said, "you'll be carrying the lantern. So now, you carry these."

Mr. Moose carried the pinecones up the little hill and down. Mr. Monkey carried a sack of pinecones too, just so Mr. Moose wouldn't be carrying his alone. On the fifth time up, Mr. Moose's antlers caught on a low branch. He kept walking. The branch bent, and bent, and bent, and then it let go, *THWANGGG*, and dumped a whole branch-full of snow right down the back of his neck.

"OOOOH, COLD," said Mr. Moose, and his whole body shivered from his ears to his tail.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Daddy Moose. Mr. Monkey had never heard Daddy Moose laugh out loud before. It sounded like a big drum.

Up the little hill. Down the little hill. All morning. All afternoon. Daddy Moose never hurried him and never told him how to do it. He just walked beside him, every time, steady as a tree.

By the time the sun was going down, Mr. Moose walked up the little hill and down again ten times in a row without slipping once, with his sack of pinecones on his back.

He was still very far from the top of Everest's cliff. But he wasn't sitting anymore.

That night, by the little green pine, Mama Moose brought out the gold paint again. "In this house," she said, "who helped you keep going toward something you wanted?"

Mr. Moose painted a gold circle for Daddy Moose. On the back, he painted a little hill, and a little moose walking up it with a sack on his back, and a big moose walking right beside him. Then, way up in the corner, very small, he painted the top of a cliff, glowing pink.

Mr. Monkey painted one for Mama Monkey, for the whole spring she'd spent in the river with him while he learned to swim, holding him up under his tummy every morning until he could paddle all by himself.

They hung them on the little pine with the painted side to the trunk.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey. "Bruno thought Mr. Moose had a rope, so he brought him one. Mr. Moose slid down the icy hill three times like a sled. I made him pine-branch wings, and he flew the snow onto me. A branch dumped snow down his neck, and Daddy Moose laughed like a drum. And Mr. Moose walked up the little hill ten times."

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

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

And far away, as the sun went down, the very top of Everest's cliff glowed pink one more time, the last thing in all of Wonderful Woods to let go of the light.

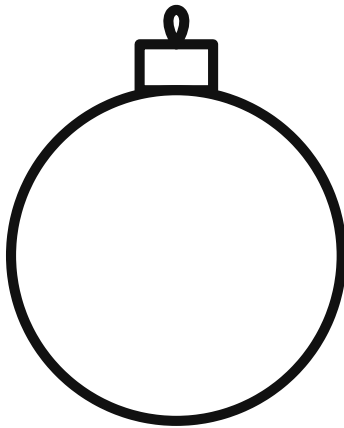
Let's Talk

- 1 Mr. Moose said, "A wish just sits there. I want mine to walk." What did he do to make his wish walk?
- 2 Who in our house helped you keep going when something was hard?

Your Turn

Make a gold ornament for someone in our house who helped you keep going.
Front: their name. Back: draw what they did.

FRONT: THE NAME



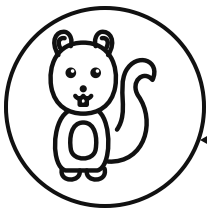
BACK: THE THANK-YOU



This one is gold. Color it yellow or gold when you are done!

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

SAMMY'S JOKE



What did the dog say when he sat on sandpaper?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!



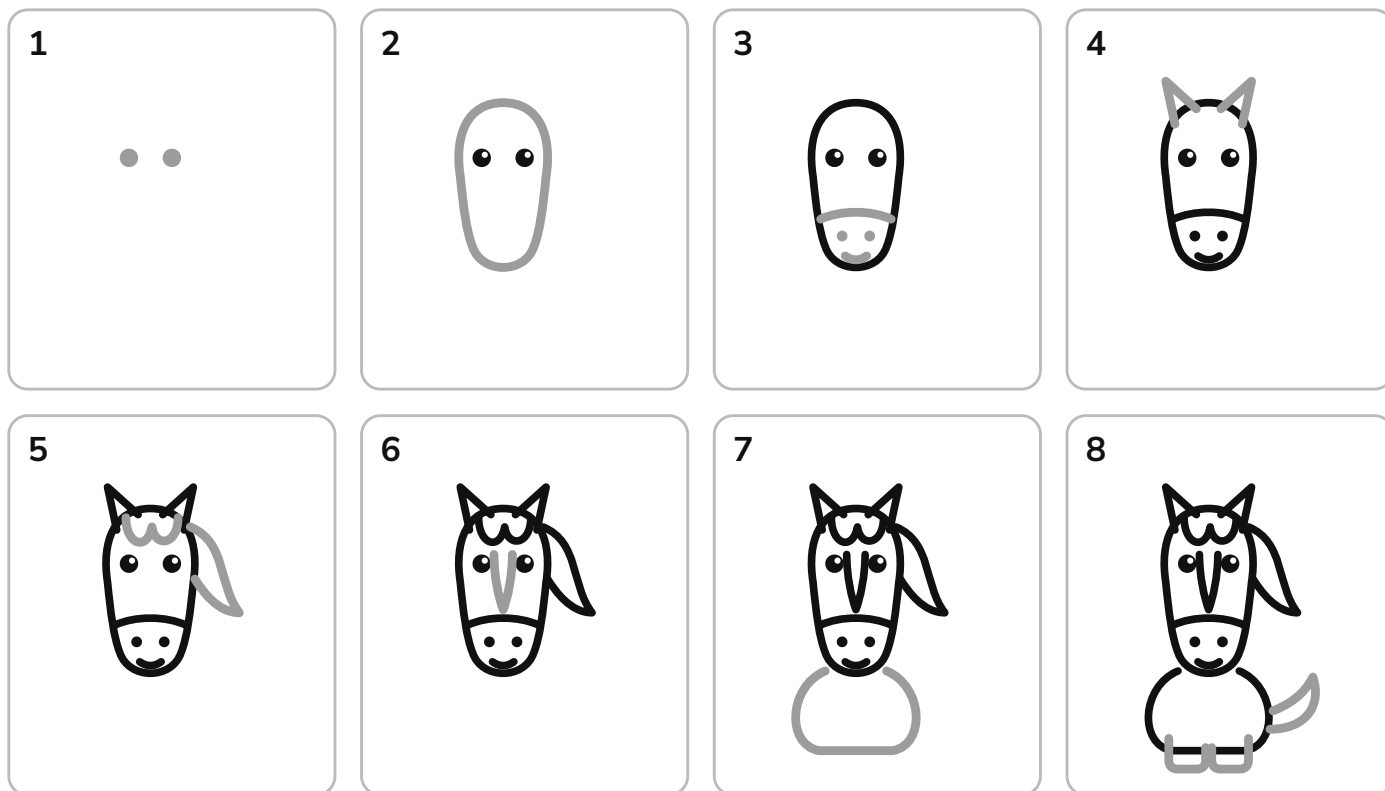
CLUE



_____!

 Draw Hazel Horse!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY HAZEL HORSE

 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

**Will Not Quit**

steps up the big hill.

Slip! Flop!  is back on his rump.Will  quit?  will not!

Dad has a plan. “Get up this hill. It is not big.”

Up and back, up and back.  did ten trips!“Next,” said  “the big hill!”**PICTURE WORDS**  Mr. Moose

For grown-ups: New sounds: double letters at the end of a word: ff, ll, ss, zz (puff, hill, kiss, buzz).
New words to learn by heart: back, this.



Color a star each time you read it.

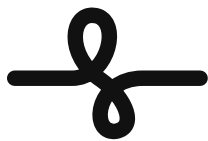
♥ My Thank-You

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 helping me keep going.

☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



wear a big rope
coat

OR



wear pine-
branch wings



slide down an icy
hill like a sled

OR



carry a sack of
pinecones up a
hill



get snow down
your neck

OR



get pine needles
stuck all over
you