



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

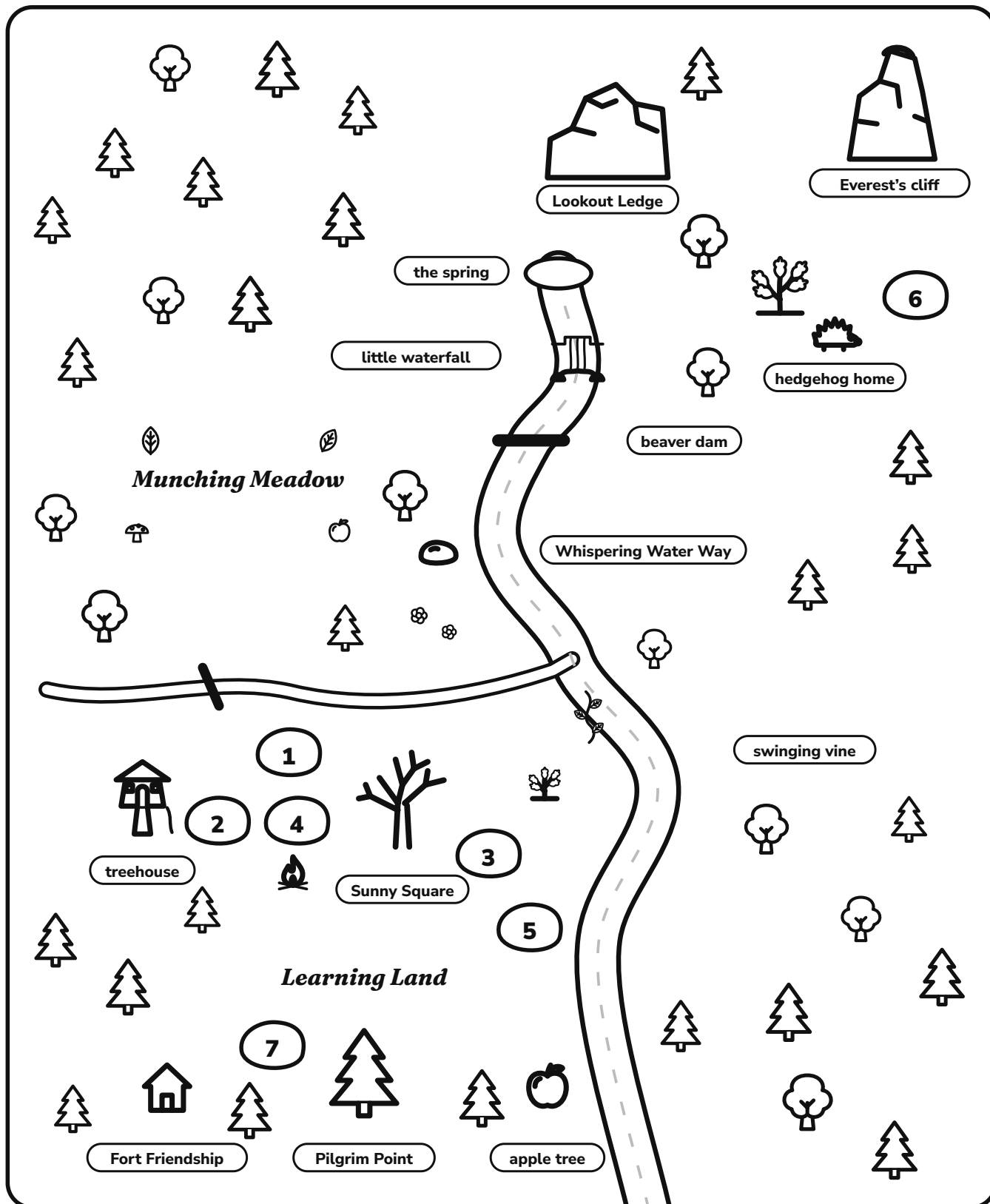
- 1 **Monday:** The Spyglass
- 2 **Tuesday:** The Moss Boss
- 3 **Wednesday:** The First Snowflake
- 4 **Thursday (Thanksgiving):** The Great Big Pile-Up
- 5 **Friday:** One True Thing
- 6 **Saturday:** The Long Way Up
- 7 **Sunday:** The Slowest Thank-You

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

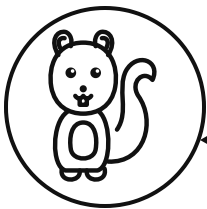
- 1 The spyglass only showed Mr. Monkey the one thing he was looking for. What did he miss?
- 2 What are you hoping to get? Can you say, "I might get it," instead of, "I will get it"?

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!



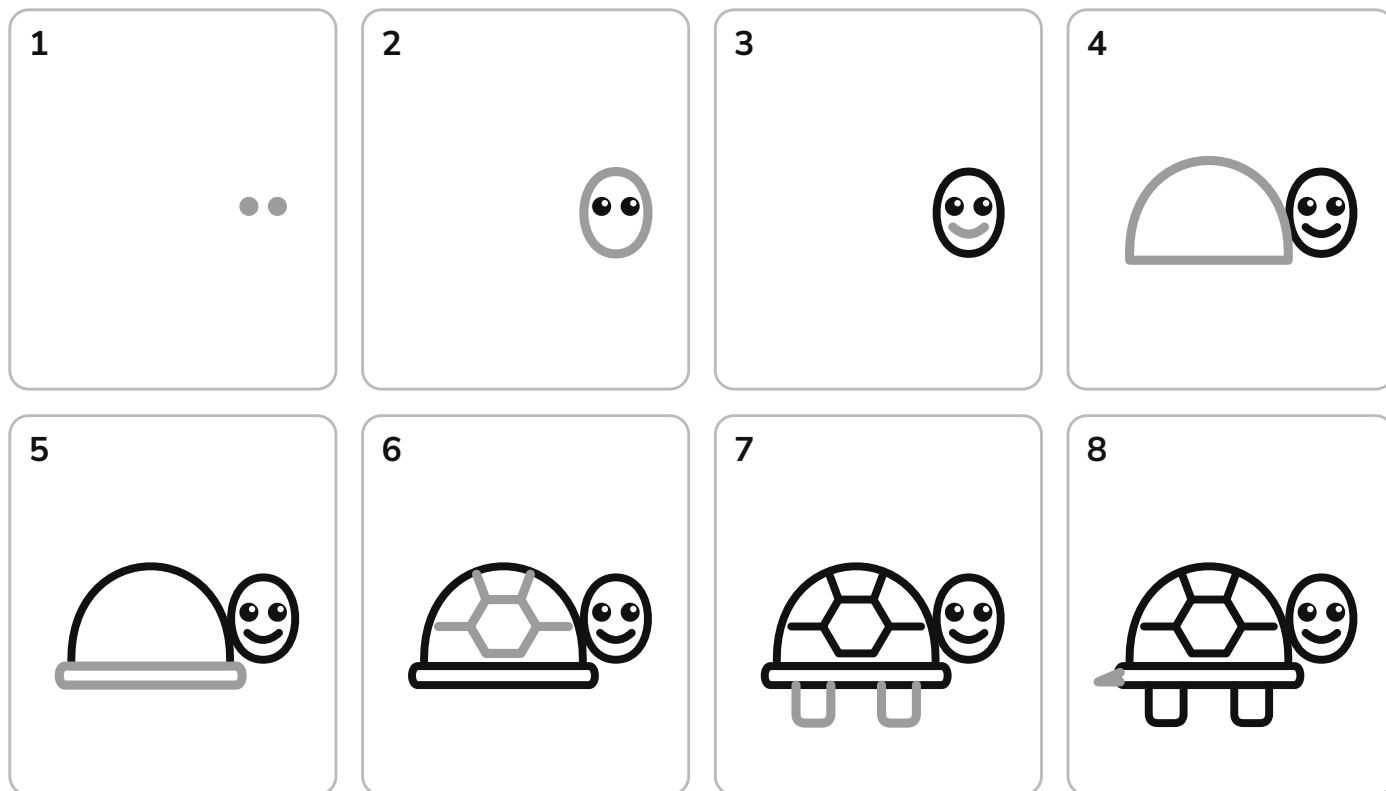
CLUE



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

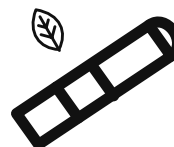


drink a whole
mug of cocoa



paint faces on
stones

OR



make a spyglass
from a reed