



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

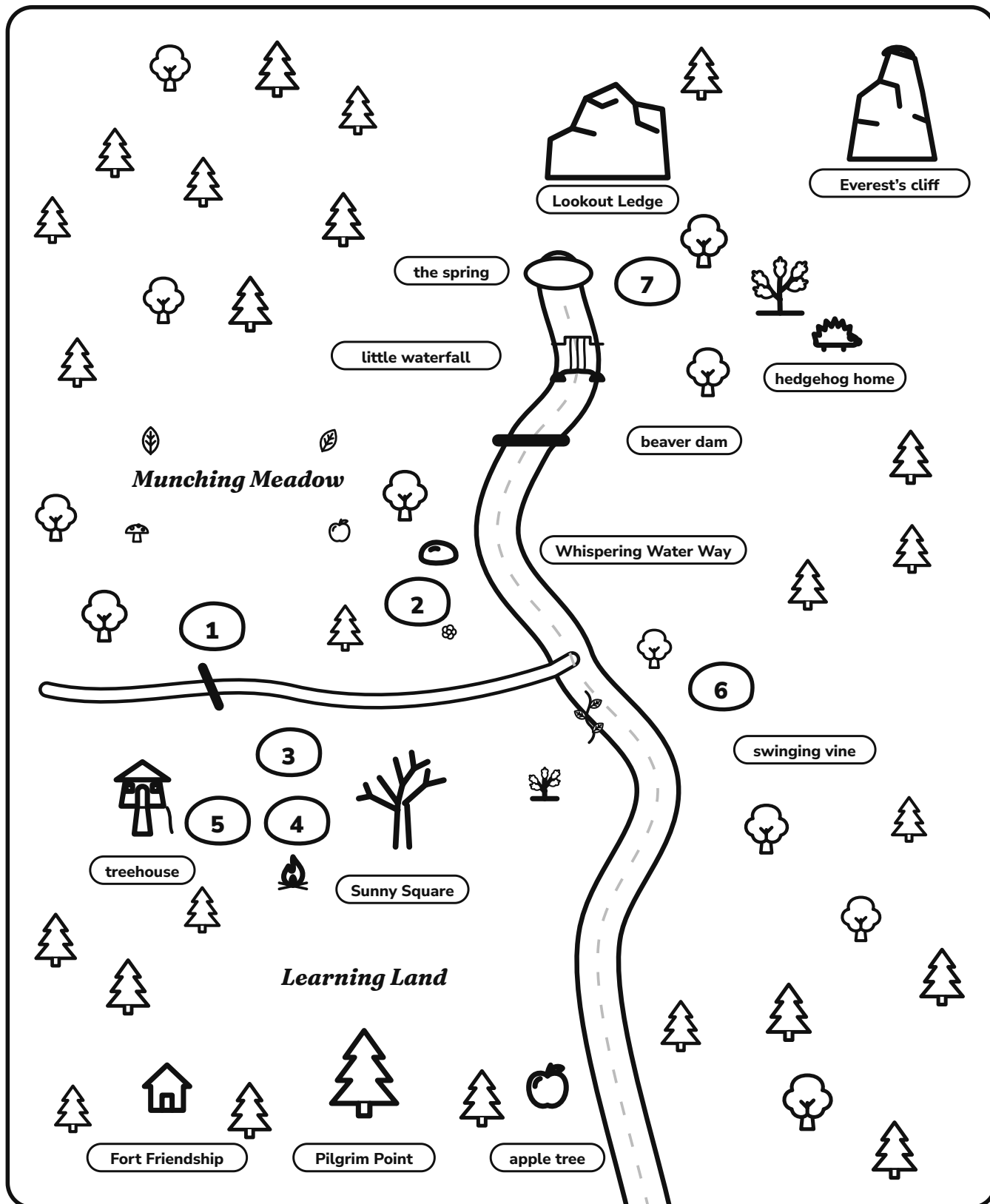
- ① **Monday:** Staying Up All Night
- ② **Tuesday:** How Far It Came
- ③ **Wednesday:** The Maple Leaves
- ④ **Thursday:** The Slow Supper
- ⑤ **Friday:** The Blanket Goes Back and Forth
- ⑥ **Saturday:** Too Busy to Swing
- ⑦ **Sunday:** Where the River Comes From

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.

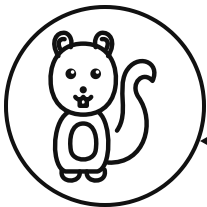
WHAT THEY STOPPED DOING...

...SO THEY COULD DO THIS FOR ME




Who? _____

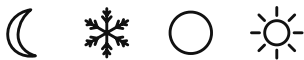
SAMMY'S JOKE



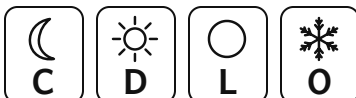
What can you catch but not throw?

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

A _____ !

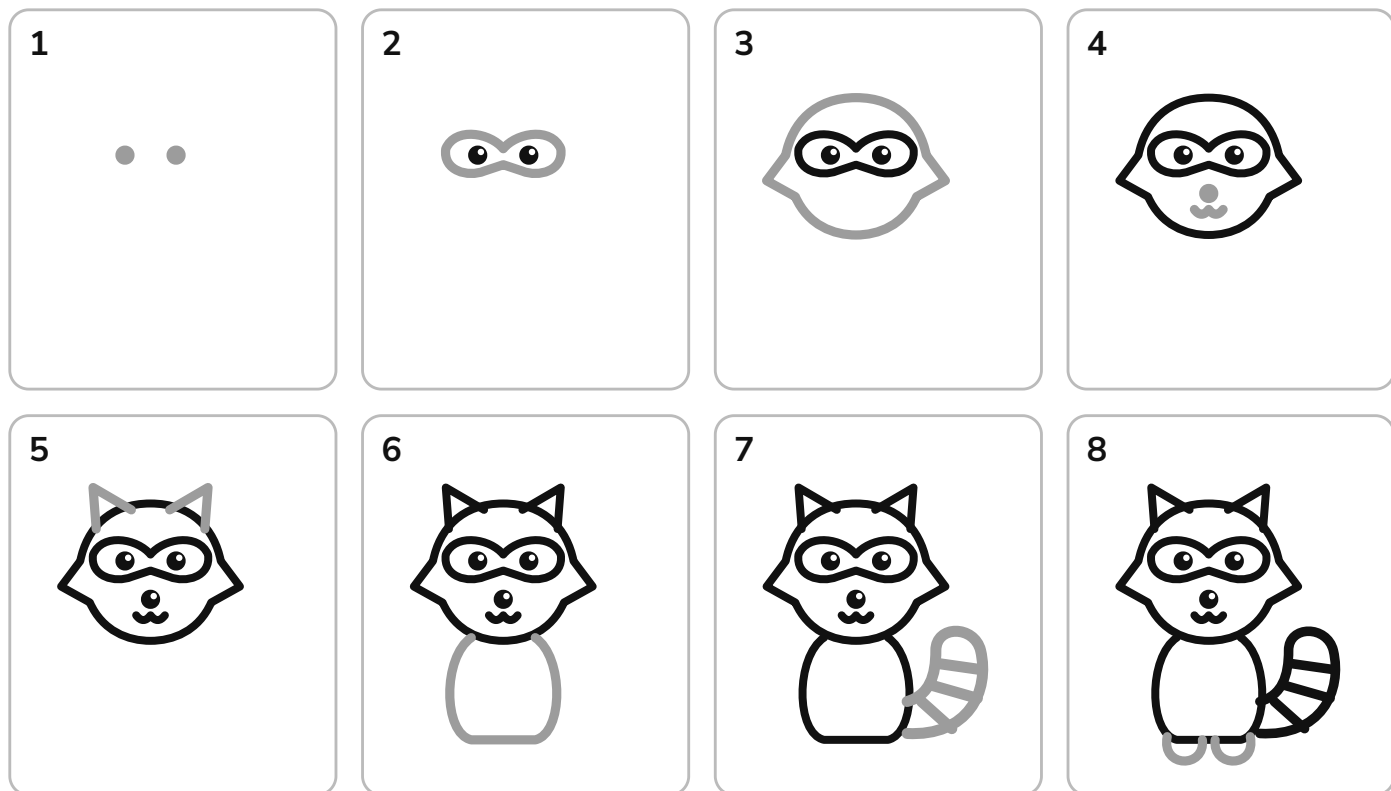


KEY



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