



COLOR THE TITLE!

Joy

Who made me so glad?

Joy is when the long wait is over. Christmas is coming!

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

- 1 **Tuesday, Dec. 22:** The Big Phew
- 2 **Wednesday, Dec. 23:** Every Story Gets a Cheer
- 3 **Thursday, Dec. 24 (Christmas Eve):** Shi-LOUD
- 4 **Friday, Dec. 25 (Christmas Day):** The Overflow Feast
- 5 **Saturday, Dec. 26:** Percy Comes Down
- 6 **Sunday, Dec. 27:** Tessie's Seeing Glasses
- 7 **Monday, Dec. 28:** You Made It, Tessie!

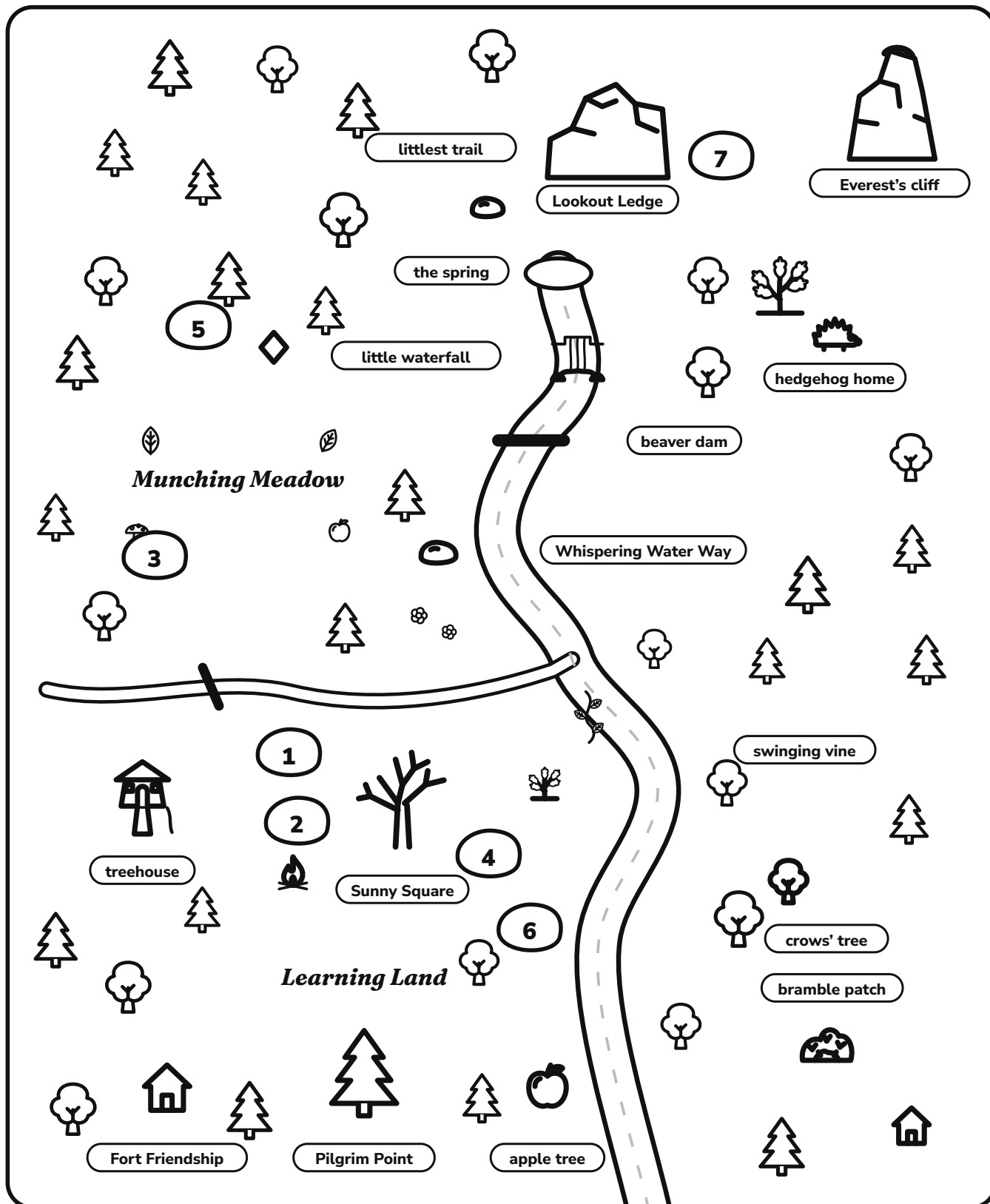
THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____, for making me so glad.

Then we give: time, things, and words.

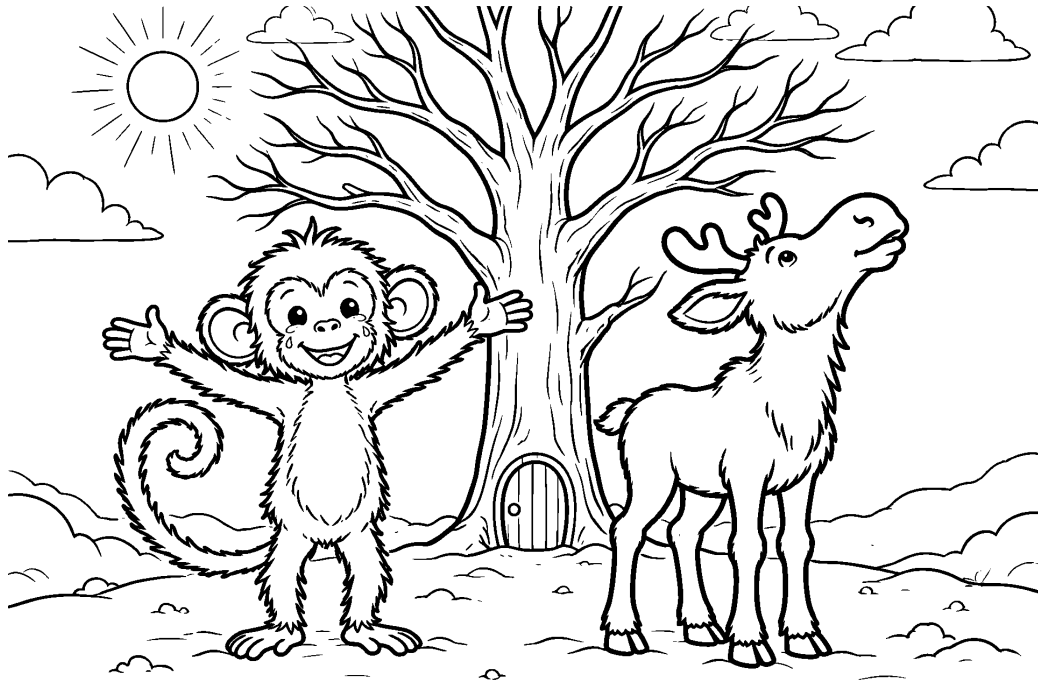
Where We'll Go This Week

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



The Big Phew

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The sun came up over the hills, on a day a tiny bit longer than the day before, and it poured gold light across the snow. Icicles along the Moose home's roof began to drip, *tink... tink... tink*, and every drop caught the sun on its way down.

Breakfast was over. Both families were still at the Moose home: Mama and Daddy Moose, Mama and Daddy Monkey, Mr. Moose, and Mr. Monkey. The gold candle on the table had burned all night long and was only a little stub now, but it was still lit.

Mr. Monkey ran outside into the sunshine. This was it. The longest night was over. Every light had stayed lit. The light at the top of Everest's cliff was still glowing, way up high. He had been waiting for this morning for days and days.

He was going to be SO happy. He was going to do a cartwheel, and then a backflip, and then a cartwheel AND a backflip at the same time.

He put his hands up to start the cartwheel.

And then he sat down in the snow instead, *flump*, with his legs sticking straight out in front of him.

He didn't know why. His arms felt floppy. His legs felt floppy. His tail lay in the snow like a wet noodle. And then, all by themselves, his eyes started to leak. Big round tears rolled down his cheeks and dripped off his chin, *plip, plip*, into the snow.

Mr. Moose came out the door and stopped.

"Mr. Monkey," he said softly. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing!" said Mr. Monkey, and another tear fell off his chin. "Nothing's wrong! Everything's right! That's the problem! Why am I crying when everything's right?"

Mr. Moose sat down in the snow beside him. He didn't know either. He thought about it. He thought about it very hard.

Mr. Monkey wasn't sad. He was sure of that. Sad was when something was broken. Nothing was broken. So what was this?

"Daddy," called Mr. Moose. "Why would somebody cry when everything is right?"

Daddy Moose came out and looked at Mr. Monkey sitting in the snow, all floppy, and he didn't look worried at all. He looked like he knew exactly what this was.

"Come here," he said. "I'll show you something."

He led them back to the door of the Moose home, and Mr. Monkey stood in the doorway. "Push your arms out against the sides," said Daddy Moose. "Hard. As hard as you can. And keep pushing while I count."

Mr. Monkey pushed against the sides of the doorway with both hands. He pushed so hard his face scrunched up. Daddy Moose counted, slowly, all the way to thirty.

"Now step out," said Daddy Moose. "And let your arms go."

Mr. Monkey stepped out of the doorway and let go.

And his arms floated up. All by themselves. Up, up, up,

until they were sticking out on both sides like the wings of a bird, and he wasn't doing it at ALL.

"MY ARMS ARE FLOATING!" shouted Mr. Monkey.

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

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey, with tears still on his cheeks. "Mr. Moose, I'm not doing it! They're doing it by themselves!"

Of course, then everybody had to try.

Daddy Monkey went next. He pushed and pushed, counted to thirty, and stepped out, and his arms floated straight up over his head. "Look!" he said. "I'm a tree!" And he stood there in the snow with his arms up like branches, and a little bird came down and landed right on his hand.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Daddy, you ARE a tree!"

Mama Monkey went after him. She stepped out of the doorway, and her arms floated up and out, and before she could stop them, they floated right around Mama Moose and gave her a big surprise hug.

"Oh!" said Mama Moose.

"I didn't do it!" said Mama Monkey. "My arms did!" And she didn't let go.

Then it was Mr. Moose's turn. Mr. Moose didn't have arms like a monkey. But he had antlers. So he stood in the doorway and pushed his antlers up against the top of it, hard, as hard as he could, while Daddy Moose counted to thirty.

He stepped out.

And his head floated up. Up, up, up, slowly, until his nose was pointing straight at the sky.

"I can see the clouds," said Mr. Moose, very seriously, looking straight up. "I didn't mean to look at the clouds."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Daddy Moose, which almost never happened.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Mr. Moose is looking at the clouds with his whole head!"

"Daddy Moose, now you!" said Mr. Monkey.

So Daddy Moose stood in the doorway and pushed his big antlers up against the top of it. He pushed so hard that the whole Moose home creaked, *crreeeeak*, and all the snow on the roof slid off at once, *SHHHHHUMP*, right on top of him.

Daddy Moose stood there, all white, with only his eyes and his nose showing.

"Phew," said Daddy Moose, from somewhere inside the snow.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose. "Daddy's a snow-moose!"

When everybody's arms and Mr. Moose's head had come back down, and Daddy Moose had shaken off the snow, Mr. Moose looked at the doorway. Then at Mr. Monkey. And he figured it out.

"You pushed and pushed," he said slowly. "All week. You pushed to keep the lights lit. You pushed up the

windy ridge. You pushed to stay awake on Lookout Ledge. You pushed all through the longest night. And this morning, you finally stopped pushing."

Mr. Monkey stared at him.

"So now it's floating up," said Mr. Moose. "Only it's not coming out your arms. It's coming out your eyes."

Mr. Monkey wiped his face with his tail. "My eyes are floating?"

"Kind of," said Mr. Moose.

Mr. Monkey thought about that. And then he felt it, for real this time. The tears had made room. Underneath them, the happy came. It came up from his toes and filled up his tummy and his chest, and then it came out his mouth as a whoop so loud that the icicles shook.

"WHOOOOOOP! WE DID IT!"

"We did it," said Mr. Moose, and his eyes were a little shiny too.

They ran around the Moose home three times. Mr. Monkey finally did his cartwheel, and then his backflip, and then he tried both at once and landed in a snowbank with only his tail sticking out, wagging. Mr. Moose galloped behind him, slowly, with his long legs going every which way.

Then, inside by the fire, the families painted gold circles.

"Paint somebody in your house," said Mama Moose, "who helped carry the wait with you."

Mr. Monkey knew right away. He painted Daddy Monkey on the front, with his arms up like a tree. On the back, he painted Lookout Ledge in the dark, and Daddy Monkey bringing the big blankets, and holding him up when he fell asleep standing.

Mr. Moose painted Mama Moose on the front. On the back, he painted a row of new candles, all the ones she had rolled, one after another, every time the old ones burned down.

They hung them on the little green pine by the door, painted side to the trunk, to wait.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey, when the sun was going down. "The longest night was over, and I wanted to do a cartwheel, but I sat down in the snow and cried instead. Daddy Moose showed us the doorway trick. My arms floated, and Daddy turned into a tree, and Mama hugged Mama Moose by accident, and Mr. Moose looked at the clouds with his whole head. Daddy Moose turned into a snow-moose. Then the happy came, and I whooped so loud the icicles shook."

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

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

And outside the Moose home, the icicles went on dripping in the last of the sun, *tink... tink...*, as light as anything.

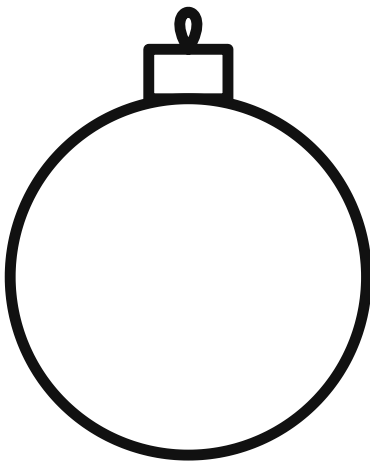
Let's Talk

- 1 Why did Mr. Monkey cry when everything was right?
- 2 Who in our house made you glad this year?

Your Turn

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

FRONT: THE NAME



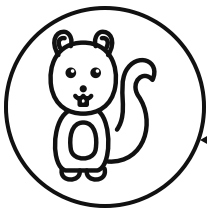
BACK: THE THANK-YOU



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

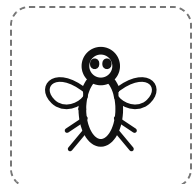


What do you call a fly with no wings?

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



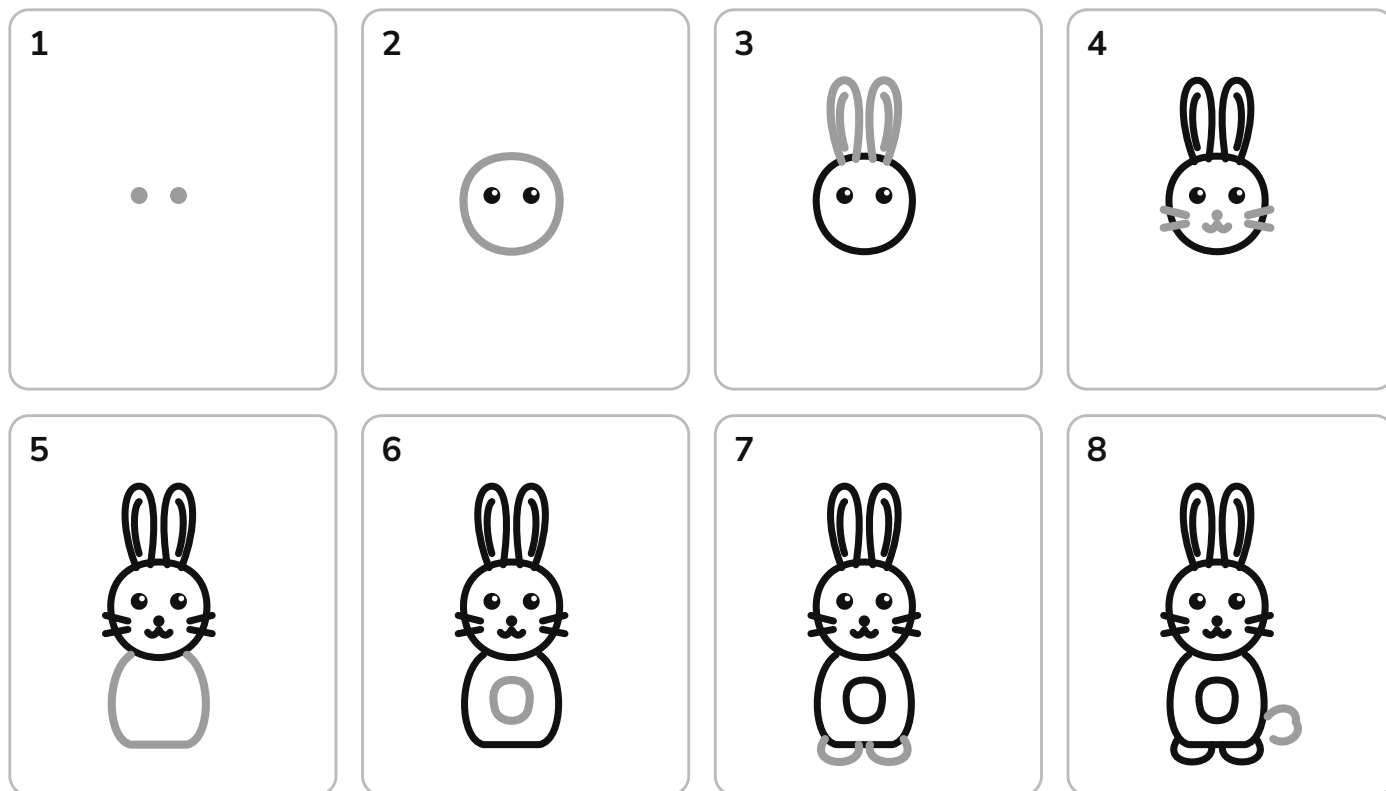
CLUE



A _____!

 Draw Benji Bunny!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY BENJI BUNNY

 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

Up Went His Hands!

The lamps are still lit.  sits on the step and sobs.

Is he sad? No! He is glad!

“Stand in this gap. Press and press,” says ’s Dad.

“When I nod, let go!”

Up went his hands! Up, up, up!

Then ’s Dad stands in the gap. Press, press, press! Thud! A big lump of slush lands on him. Ha!

“We did it!” yells . “We did it!”

PICTURE WORDS  Mr. Monkey  Mr. Moose

For grown-ups: New sounds: wh and ph (when, phone).



Color a star each time you read it.

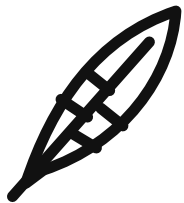
♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dark word. Then trace or write the light words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you
for making me so glad.

☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



make your arms
float up like
wings

OR



look at the
clouds with your
whole head



turn into a
snow-moose

OR



turn into a tree
with a bird on
your hand



roll down a
snowy hill

OR



do a backflip