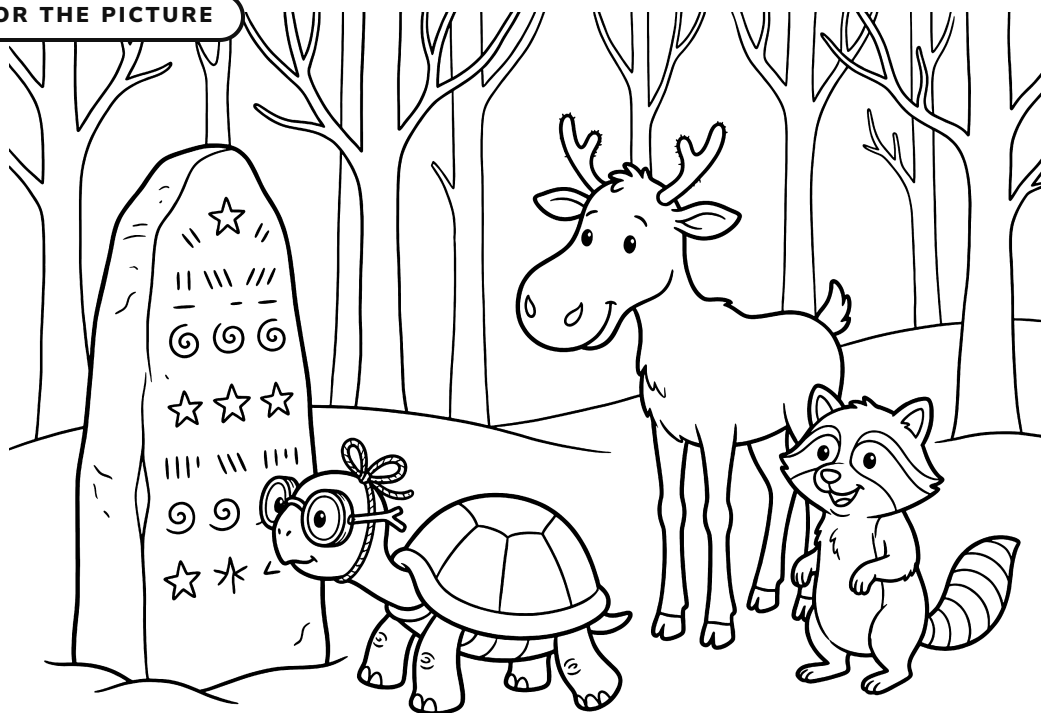


Tessie's Seeing Glasses

 COLOR THE PICTURE



The morning was bright and still, and frost covered every twig in Wonderful Woods, so that the trees looked like they were made of white lace. When the sun touched them, they sparkled.

Ricky was sitting on a rock by the river, holding up one of his jars and looking at a little bug through the thick, round glass bottom.

"Whoa," he said. "It's GIANT."

Mr. Monkey came over to look. Through the bottom of the jar, the little bug looked as big as a berry. Every tiny leg was easy to see.

Then Ricky turned the jar around and looked at Mr. Monkey through it. Ricky's eye, on the other side of the glass, was enormous. It blinked.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Ricky, you have a GIANT eye!"

Ricky walked around looking at everything through his jar. Everything was huge. He walked right into Bruno's tummy, *boing*, and looked up through the jar, and Bruno's nose was the size of a pinecone.

"Bruno," said Ricky. "Your nose is ENORMOUS."

"Haw haw haw! It's a regular nose!" said Bruno.

Mr. Monkey was still giggling when he remembered something. Tessie, at the Overflow Feast, holding her circle close, and then far, and then close. *Is this a*

turtle... or a rock? And Tessie, on the night the sky danced: *It's a little blurry these days.*

Tessie couldn't see things anymore. Not clearly. Not her circle. Not the sky. Not her friends' faces.

"Mr. Moose," he said. "Tessie can't see the pictures. She can't see anything clearly at all. And she can't read the Story Stone anymore, either. She told me once. She hasn't read it in years and years."

The Story Stone was the big old rock by the Listening Log, with words carved into it, a long time ago, by somebody nobody remembered. Tessie used to read it every day. Now she just sat beside it.

Mr. Moose was thinking. He looked at Ricky's jar. He looked at the bug. He looked at Bruno's giant nose.

"Ricky's jar makes little things look big," he said slowly. "And blurry things look clear. What if Tessie had two jar bottoms? One for each eye?"

"Seeing glasses!" said Mr. Monkey.

But to make seeing glasses, they would need two jar bottoms, and something to hold them together, and something to hold them on. And Ricky only had one jar that was thick enough. It was his favorite. The best one in his whole collection.

Ricky held his favorite jar tight against his chest. He had found it in the river all by himself. It was the clearest, roundest, best jar he had ever found. He

looked at it for a long time.

"You can have it," he said finally, and he held it out. Then he looked at it again. "But it's only one. And Tessie has two eyes."

First they went to Tessie, to see if a jar would work at all. Tessie took Ricky's jar in both front feet, and instead of looking through the bottom, she put her whole head inside it, like a fishbowl.

"Everything is very... big," said Tessie, from inside the jar, "and very... round."

"Hee hee hee! Tessie, it goes on your EYES, not your whole head!"

"Heh... heh... heh," laughed Tessie, and her laugh went *bwoh... bwoh... bwoh* inside the glass.

Everybody brought something.

Daddy Monkey carefully took the bottom off Ricky's jar, *pop*, because he was the best fixer in the woods. Bruno brought honey to stick things together. He held the honey pot while Mr. Monkey dipped the twigs in it. But every time Mr. Monkey looked away, Bruno took one tiny lick. And then another tiny lick. When Mr. Monkey reached in for more, the pot was empty, and Bruno had honey all over his chin.

"Bruno," said Mr. Monkey. "Where did the honey go?"

Bruno thought about it. "In me," he said. "Haw haw haw! I'll get more."

And he did, a whole new pot. Benji brought two thin, bendy twigs from his clover patch. Shiloh pulled a long piece of soft wool from his own coat for the strings. Percy came running up the hill with the thick, round bottom of an old bottle, the shiniest thing left in his whole pile. "For the other eye," he said, all out of breath. It was one of his favorites too. Mr. Moose held everything steady, and Mr. Monkey tied the knots.

They made the first pair of seeing glasses, and they were too big. Tessie put them on, and they slid right down her nose, and down her chin, and onto the snow.

"Heh... heh... heh," laughed Tessie.

They made the second pair, and they were too small. They pinched Tessie's nose so tight that she sounded like a duck when she talked. "Thank you, dears," she said, like a duck.

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Tessie's a duck!"

They made the third pair. Mr. Monkey tied the wool string very carefully behind Tessie's head. And Tessie opened her eyes.

She didn't say anything for a long, long time.

She looked at Mr. Monkey. She looked at Mr. Moose. She looked at Benji and Shiloh and Ricky and Percy, one face at a time, slowly, the way you look at something you haven't seen in a very long time.

"Oh," said Tessie. "There you all are." And then she looked up at Bruno.

"Bruno!" said Tessie. "When did you get so BIG?"

"Haw haw haw! I've been this big for a long time!"

Tessie looked at the red circle Benji had painted, up close. "It's not a rock," she said softly. "It's me."

Then, very slowly, Tessie turned toward the Story Stone. She walked over to it, one slow step at a time, and she put her face right up close to the old carved words. And for the first time in years and years, Tessie read them out loud.

It wasn't a story. It was a song. And Tessie sang it, slow and crinkly and warm:

*"Sing, little river, sing, tall tree,
Sing, every rock and hill with me.*

*The long wait's over, the light is here.
Sing it again, so the whole woods hears."*

When she finished, it was quiet.

Then Mr. Monkey sang it back. Then Mr. Moose. Then everybody, all together. And the song went out across Sunny Square, and into the trees.

And the woods sang it back. The river went bubbling under its ice. The wind went whistling through the frosty pines. The birds started up in every tree. Down the hill, all of Percy's shiny things jingled in the breeze. And across the river, the old crow and his son and the three grandchicks sang it too, though the grandchicks were still mostly mooing.

The song went farther and farther, from home to home, until the whole woods was singing it, all at once, every rock and hill and tree.

Tessie stood beside the Story Stone, with her seeing glasses on, and sang it one more time, very slowly.

"I waited... a long time... to read that again," she said.

"What a day!" said Mr. Moose, on the way home. "Ricky looked at a bug through his jar, and he had a giant eye, and Bruno had a giant nose. Ricky gave his favorite jar, Percy gave his shiniest bottle, and everybody gave something, and we made Tessie seeing glasses. The first ones fell off, and the second ones made her sound like a duck. Then she could see, and she read the Story Stone, and the whole woods sang."

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

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

And all through the frosty woods, long after the sun went down, a little bit of the old song kept going, in the river and the wind, as if the woods didn't want it to stop.

Let's Talk

- 1 Ricky gave his favorite jar, and Percy gave his shiniest bottle. What did their gifts let Tessie do?
- 2 What could you give that would make someone really glad?

Your Turn

Draw something you could give that would make someone glad.

I will give _____.

SAMMY'S JOKE



What did one bell say to the other bell?

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



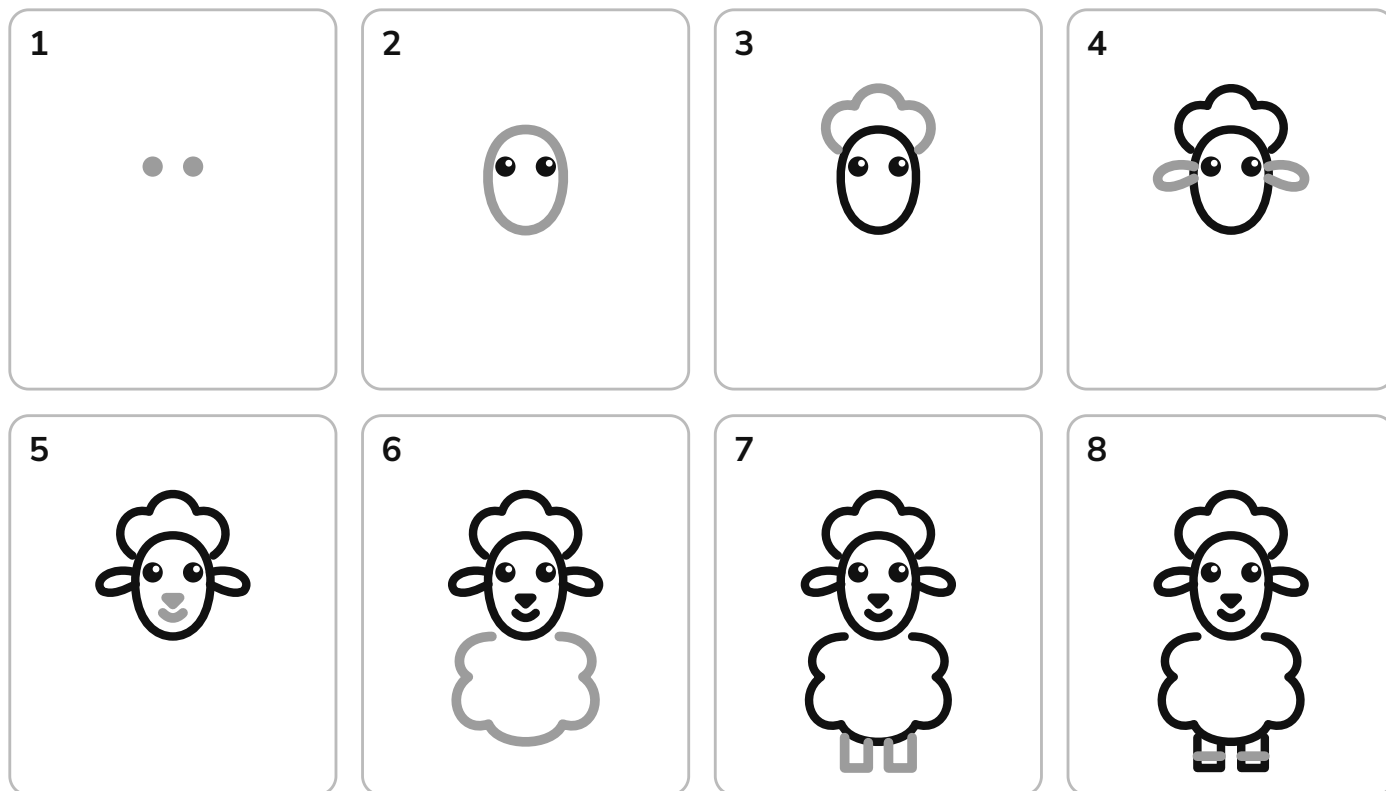
CLUE



Give me a _____!

 Draw Shiloh Sheep!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY SHILOH SHEEP

 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

 Can See! looks at a bug in the jug. The bug is big, big, big! can not see well.The pals fix up  for .The  are big. Flop! Off they fall.The next  are snug.They fit! “I can see you!” says .Then  sings a song, and the pals sing it back!PICTURE WORDS  Tessie  Ricky  glasses

Color a star each time you read it.

My Gift

Trace the dark word. Then trace or write the light words. What did you give, and who got it? Fill in both spaces.

I gave

to

Song Day: Mystery Picture

Today's song is "Joy to the World." Sing or listen while you color each space by its number.

① yellow ② red ③ green ④ light blue ⑤ brown

