

Section 4

Read & Illustrate

SAMPLE

Sammy's Big Dream

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This is the Deluxe Story Set version of Sammy's Big Dream - Read & Illustrate.

SAMPLE

It all began the day after holiday vacation ended.

“Boys and girls, I have fantastic news!” said our teacher, Mrs. Gold. “We won the space science essay contest.”

“All right!” we cheered.

“The prize is that we all get a chance to ride the world’s first outer space roller coaster,” she said.

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“Calm down, kids. There are two conditions,” said Mrs. Gold. “You will need permission to go from your parents, and you will also need three-hundred dollars each to help pay for the trip.”

Mrs. Gold was right. The news was fantastic. It gave me goosebumps imagining myself riding the space coaster.

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I immediately began to think and plan how to make this big dream come true!

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As soon as the bell rang, I ran home as fast as I could.

“Mama! Papa!” I yelled.

“They’re not home,” said my brother, Garbanzo.

“Guess who is going to ride the world’s first space coaster?” I bragged.

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“Huh?” said Garbanzo.

“I just need permission to go and three-hundred dollars,” I said.

“Not a chance,” laughed Garbanzo. “Mama and Papa will never give you permission and three-hundred dollars.”

Just then, my parents came home.

“Mama! Papa!” I began. “My class won the space science essay contest. We get to ride the world’s first space coaster. May I go? The whole trip only costs three-hundred dollars. It would be a big dream come true!”

“Three-hundred dollars!” gasped Papa.

“Pleeeeeease, Papa?” I begged. “I will never ask for anything again.”

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“You cannot give him three-hundred dollars,” said Garbanzo.

That was when I jumped on Garbanzo and tackled him.

“Sammy, get off your brother!” said Mama.
“Let Papa and me talk this over.”

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That night, Papa said, “Sammy, I know that winning the essay contest was not easy.”

“No, Papa, it was hard,” I said.

“Mama and I have decided to give you half the money for the trip from our savings account, if you can earn and save the other half. Can you do it?”

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I remembered the secret
Auntie Squirly had taught me:
Saving is a great habit!

“I can do it!” I said.

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The announcement startled Garbanzo. “You must be kidding, right, Sammy? You will never be able to earn and save one-hundred-fifty dollars in time for the trip.”

“I only need to earn and save one-hundred dollars,” I said. “I already have fifty dollars in my savings account.”

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“You will not be able to save one-hundred dollars either,” said Garbanzo.

“Maybe Sammy can do it,” said my sisters, Dyme and Penny.

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“No, he can’t.”

“Yes, he can!”

“Cannot!”

“Can too!”

I left them arguing and ran down the hall to my room. I had to write down my new plan and goal. I counted the days on my calendar. It was exactly one-hundred days to blast off. *If I save one dollar a day, I can go*, I thought.

“Saving is a great habit!” I said to my dog, Nickel. “You remember. A habit is something we repeat again and again.” I can do this.

“Woof!” replied Nickel. (I took that as a yes.)

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I worked and saved every day for weeks.
I did not stop even to play with my friends.
I was determined to reach my goal.

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Everything was all right until some of the kids in my class lined up early one morning to buy their tickets for the space coaster.

“Sammy,” they asked. “When are you going to buy your ticket?”

“I am not sure,” I said. “I have to save some more money first. How did you earn and save your money so fast?”

“We did not need to,” they replied. “Our parents just gave us the money.”

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Snap! I broke the pencil I was holding.

“That is not fair,” I growled.

“Take it easy, Sammy,” said my friend, Jammer. “Breaking your pencil will not help. But we could work and save together. That might help.”

“We could try, I guess.” I sighed.

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When I got home, Mama knew something was wrong.

“Sammy, you look sad. What is wrong?”

“Other kids are already buying their tickets for the space trip,” I said. “I will never be able to reach my goal and make my big dream come true.”

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“Things are not always easy, Sammy,” said Mama. “But you can do anything you want to if you work hard and do not give up.”

“Your mama is right, Sammy,” said Auntie Squirly. “Do not give up! Keep working toward your goal, one step at a time. You will make it.”

“All right.” I grinned. “I’ll keep trying.”

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That night, I dreamed about the space coaster. I was racing through space, past moons, meteors, and stars.

But suddenly the dream
turned into a nightmare.

“You won’t be able to earn and
save one-hundred dollars,”
teased Garbanzo.

*That is it! I thought.
I will save more than one-
hundred dollars, no matter
what.*

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In order to save more, I chose not to buy some of my favorite things, like ice cream, candy, and baseball caps. *Keep saving!* I told myself. I was more determined than ever to ride the world's first space coaster.

Finally, the last day to buy a ticket had arrived.

“I do not think I have saved enough,” I said to Nickel. I held my breath as the teller counted my money.

“Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, one-hundred, one-hundred-fifty, two-hundred dollars.”

“I did it!” I shouted. “Nickel, I did it!”

I raced home with Nickel barking and chasing me.

“Mama! Papa!” I yelled. “I did it! I did it! I saved an extra one-hundred-fifty dollars! I have two-hundred dollars in all! With the one-hundred-fifty you gave me, I have fifty dollars more than I need. I can go!”

Thump!

Everyone looked around. Garbanzo had fainted.

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Just then, the phone rang.

“Sammy, I have bad news,” said Jammer. “I cannot go. I still need twenty-five dollars more.”

“Hold on, Jammer,” I said. “Mama, may I give Jammer twenty-five dollars so he can ride the space coaster too?”

“Sammy, it’s your money. You earned and saved it,” said Mama. “You may give it to Jammer if you want to.”

“Jammer, you can go!” I said. “I have twenty-five dollars I can give you.”

“No way!” said Jammer. “Really?”

“Yes, really,” I said. “It would not be fun riding the space coaster without you.”

Jammer spent the night at my house.

“Can you believe it?” I asked. “Tomorrow we will be riding in the world’s first space coaster!”

“I can hardly wait!” said Jammer.

“Me either,” I said.

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Just like in my dream,
we went flying past stars,
meteors, and the moons
of planets far from Earth.

“Yahoo!” I yelled.

“Ahhhhhhhhh. I think I am getting sick,” said Jammer.

“Hold on,” I said to my friend. “The ride is almost over. I cannot wait to tell Garbanzo about it. He will probably faint again.”

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As we rode home, I pointed out the window.
“Jammer, I want to go there next.”

Jammer grinned and said, “You will get there sooner than you think, Sammy, if you just keep remembering what Auntie Squirly taught you.”

“Right!” I laughed. **“Saving is a great habit!”**