

Riding the Bus to School

I ride a big yellow bus to school. I stand on the corner of our street with my friends and we wait for the bus. My friend's grandma waits with us. When it's raining, she holds an umbrella to keep us dry. Sometimes when it's cold she brings us hot chocolate.

I leave my house to walk to the bus stop after my parents go to work. I watch the clock so I know when to leave. Sometimes mom phones me from her office to remind me. Sometimes she can't call, so I have to be sure to watch the time.

Our bus driver puts his flashing yellow lights on and then stops right next to us. When he has stopped he turns the red lights on so all the cars will stop. He makes sure we are all sitting down before he starts to go. He watches out for us very carefully.

My friends and I are the first ones to be picked up by the bus. We like to sit right behind the bus driver and watch while he picks up all the other kids. We know where everyone lives. By the time we get to our school, the bus is almost full. Sometimes the kids get noisy and the driver has to remind us to keep it down. He says their noise makes it hard for him to concentrate and drive safely. I am glad that our bus driver is so careful.

Twins

Six years ago my family grew from two people to four people in one day. That was the day my sister and I were born. That was the day Mom and Dad had to start buying two of everything. My mom and dad say we were much more than twice the work of one baby. They also said we gave back more than twice as much love and fun.

We look just alike because we are identical twins, but we don't act just the same. My sister likes peas and beans and I hate them. I like grape juice and she likes apple juice. She likes to read. I would rather climb a tree than read a book.

Mom and Dad are the only ones who can tell us apart when we dress the same. They know the secret. I have a mole on my ear and my sister doesn't. We look so much alike that we can even fool Grandma and Grandpa.

It's nice to be a twin sometimes. We always have someone our own age who will share our secrets. Sometimes we don't want to share everything. Sometimes it is nice to have my mom or my toys all to myself. Dad says we aren't really that much alike because no person is exactly like anyone else.

Open House at My School

We had open house at my school last week. My whole family went: my mom, my grandma, and I. We sat together at my table in my room. It was a tight squeeze for my mom and grandma, but they made it. My class has second and third graders in it. Some of my friends were there and their families came, too. My best friend was there. His stepfather and mother sat with him at his table. They took up the whole table because his little brother came along. I waved at him.

My other friend and her big sister came, too. Their family had two classes to visit at the same time because her brother goes to my school, too. Her mom went to her brother's room, and her big sister came to her room.

I like my teacher a lot. Our room looked really nice. Our teacher had been saving all of our best penmanship and drawings. They were hung all over the walls. My grandmother could tell right away which ones were mine. She used to be an artist. She says I take after her.

My teacher told all the parents how important it is for them to make sure we do our homework. He said anytime they have questions about us they can talk to him. Afterwards he talked to my mom and me. He said what a good job I was doing and my mom gave me a big hug when we left.