

Section C: Literature

This is a story about a girl that was moving.

Moving Day

Crista was the one who met the big red moving van. "Mom! Dad! The van is here!"

Mom and Dad went out to see the moving men. "Let's get going," said Dad to the men. "We have a lot to do."

The men went to get the beds and the desks. They went to get the lamps, the rugs, the pots, and the pans.

Crista sat down to see what they were getting. She felt sad when she saw the men lift her bed into the van.

She felt very sad when they hoisted her desk into the van. And she ran sobbing to Dad when they put her green lamp into the van.

"What is it?" asked Dad, lifting Crista up and hugging her.

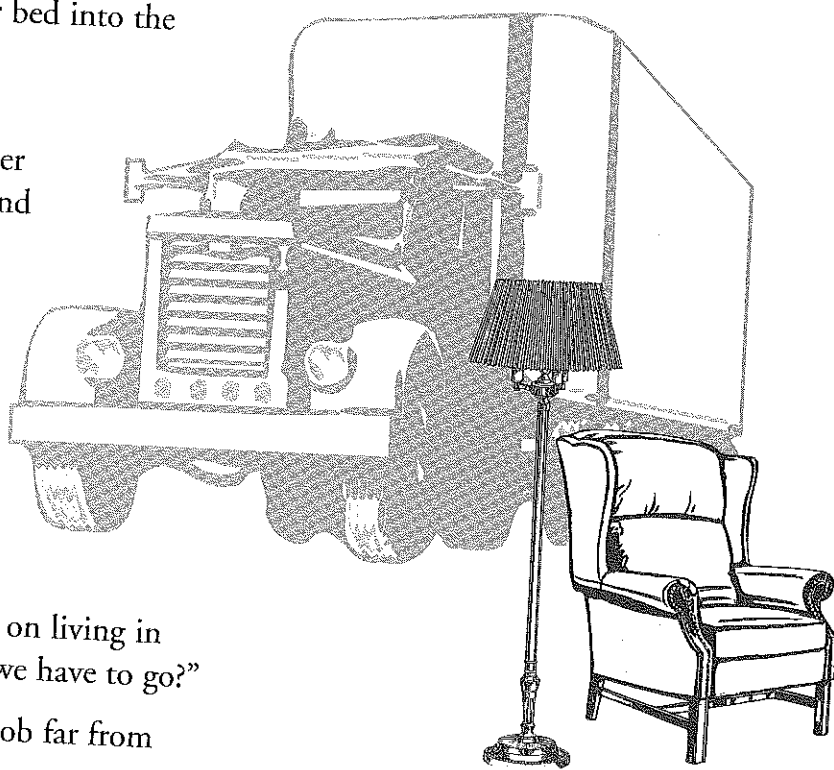
"Why don't we go on living in Henderson? Why do we have to go?"

"Because I have a job far from here," said Dad.

"But I don't have any friends there. I need my friends."

The driver of the van said to Crista, "You do have some pals where you are going. Me and my kids," said the van man, winking at her. "You see, we live where you are going."

Crista was not sad—not now. She was going to have lots of new friends.



PLEASE GO ON TO THE NEXT PAGE