

Gail's Garden



Complete the story by writing in the empty boxes below.



Gail knelt in her garden, pulling weeds in her tomato patch. Sunlight streamed through the leaves of the apple tree, casting pretty shadows across the yard. A bluebird perched on top of the fence, singing a little song.



Suddenly, a rustling came from behind the sage bushes. Gail turned just in time to see her cat Geranium dash across the yard!
“Geranium!” Gail called. “Come back here! What are you chasing--or, what’s chasing you?”



Empty box for writing the next part of the story.



Empty box for writing the next part of the story.



Empty box for writing the next part of the story.



Gail picked up Geranium and cradled her in her arms. “I sure am glad you’re okay,” she told the purring cat. “I guess the weeds aren’t the only wild thing in the garden!”

