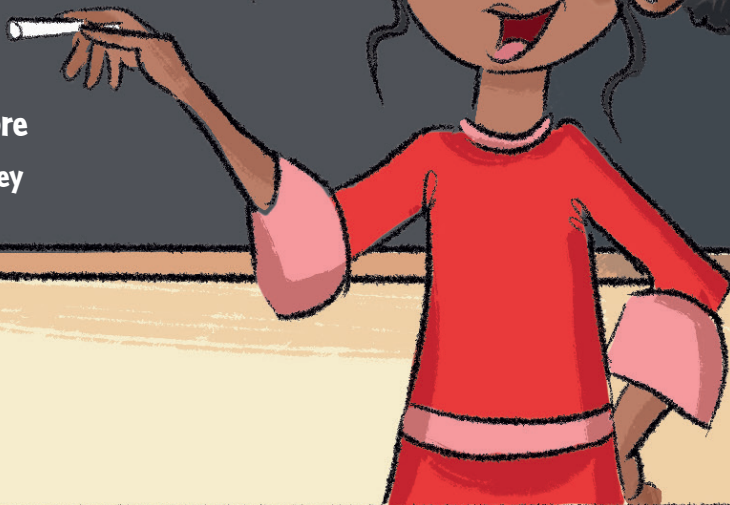


STORY JOBS TERRIFIC TEACHER

Written by
Stephanie Perry Moore
Illustrated by Jim Crawley



Crabtree
Leaves

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I'm Story!

Yep, Story Jobs, that's me. I use my imagination to discover who I want to be.

My parents named me Story for three reasons.

First, my mother is an author of fiction books.

Second, my father said I should remember to make every day have a happy ending.

Lastly, they told me I am the best part of their story.

Still, I get in trouble during school days. Guess I better not get in my own way.

To help me do that, my homeroom teacher is sending me to Mr. Gray's Refocus Room once a week.

Real talk, I have to go because, well, my "talk" is not always "real." I tend to exaggerate. I know it's wrong not to be truthful. I've got to change my ways if I want people to trust me.

If you like exploring, join me and my frenemies, Maury and Nelly, in the Refocus Room.

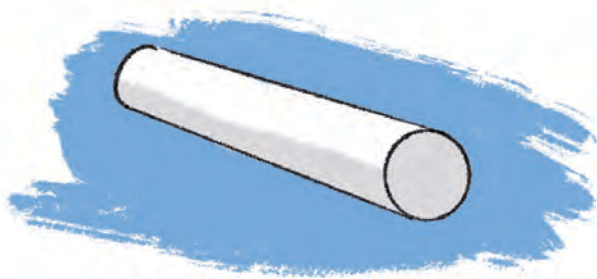
We will learn to build better habits and practice good behavior. That way we can go after any career we choose.

Come on!

Refocus
room

GYM →





Chapter 1

Learn

Story enjoyed school. However, sometimes she got into trouble. She loved telling a good story, but she had a bad habit of exaggerating. It made the story more exciting, but it wasn't always the truth. That's what got her sent to Mr. Gray's Refocus Room once a week.

"I said I wouldn't lie again. Why doesn't my teacher believe me?" Story



grumbled as she went down the hall and saw her frenemies, Maury and Nelly.

“You should have thought about that before you got in trouble,” Maury said, punching the air like a boxer.

Nelly said, “Maury, she is not the only one that didn’t LEARN to act right. We’re headed there too.”

Story laughed. “Nelly is right, Maury. And stop playing before we get into more trouble.”

Maury frowned, but dropped his fists. The girls gave him a thumbs-up.

“Just wish teachers would give us a break,” said Story.

“Me too,” Nelly said as they got to

Mr. Gray's door.

A sign said, "Teaching GRAY is a cool way!"

Story said, "Wonder what that means?"

Maury and Nelly shrugged their shoulders. Teachers could be weird, but they all secretly liked Mr. Gray.

Story yelled, "Mr. Gray, how are you today?"

"Well, I'm doing great," Mr. Gray responded. "Come on in and have a seat. Looks like we need to discuss your conduct."

The students frowned as they sat down at their desks. Mr. Gray squinted.