

Grade 4 Informational

Puppy Pals

If you have some free time, you might think about starting a business. Dog walking is a service that working people need. Pet owners feel good having someone check on and exercise their pet. Dogs left alone get bored and may destroy things. If you love animals and know how to care for dogs, you and a friend could start a dog walking service.

First, check with your parents to see if they approve of your plan. You will need comfortable shoes and clothing. Plastic bags for cleanup are important. You should start out on a small scale working with people that you know.

Then, decide how much you will charge and how often you will offer your services. Plan to allow a half hour for each dog that you walk. During your visit, you should play with your new pal.

Next, print flyers and post them where customers will see them. Supermarkets, restaurants, veterinarian offices, and pet supply stores are good places to hang your ad. You could also print some business cards.

Offer discounts for homes with more than one dog. Offer a discount for referrals. Draw up a contract that includes the pet(s) you will care for, days and times you will work, and the services you will provide. Both the pet owner and you should sign the contract and keep a copy of it.

Not only will you have fun with your new dog-walking business, but you will also provide a much-needed service. You will make some new friends and earn spending money.

Grade 4 Narrative

**Burnett, Frances Hodgson. *The Secret Garden*. New York: HarperCollins, 1985. (1911)
From "There's No One Left"**

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagree- able-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful, ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in every- thing, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

"Why did you come?" she said to the strange woman. "I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me."

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more

angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.