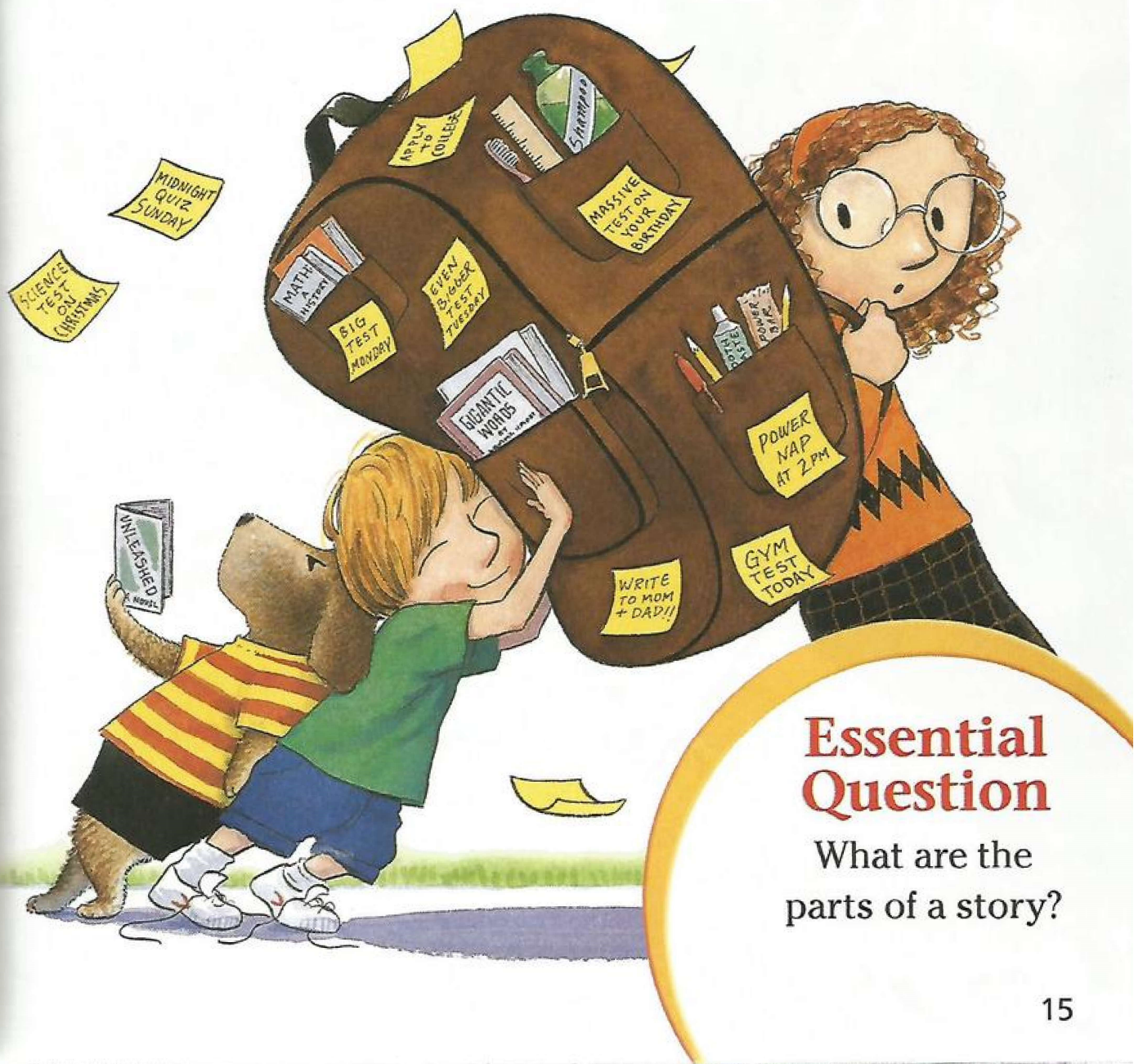


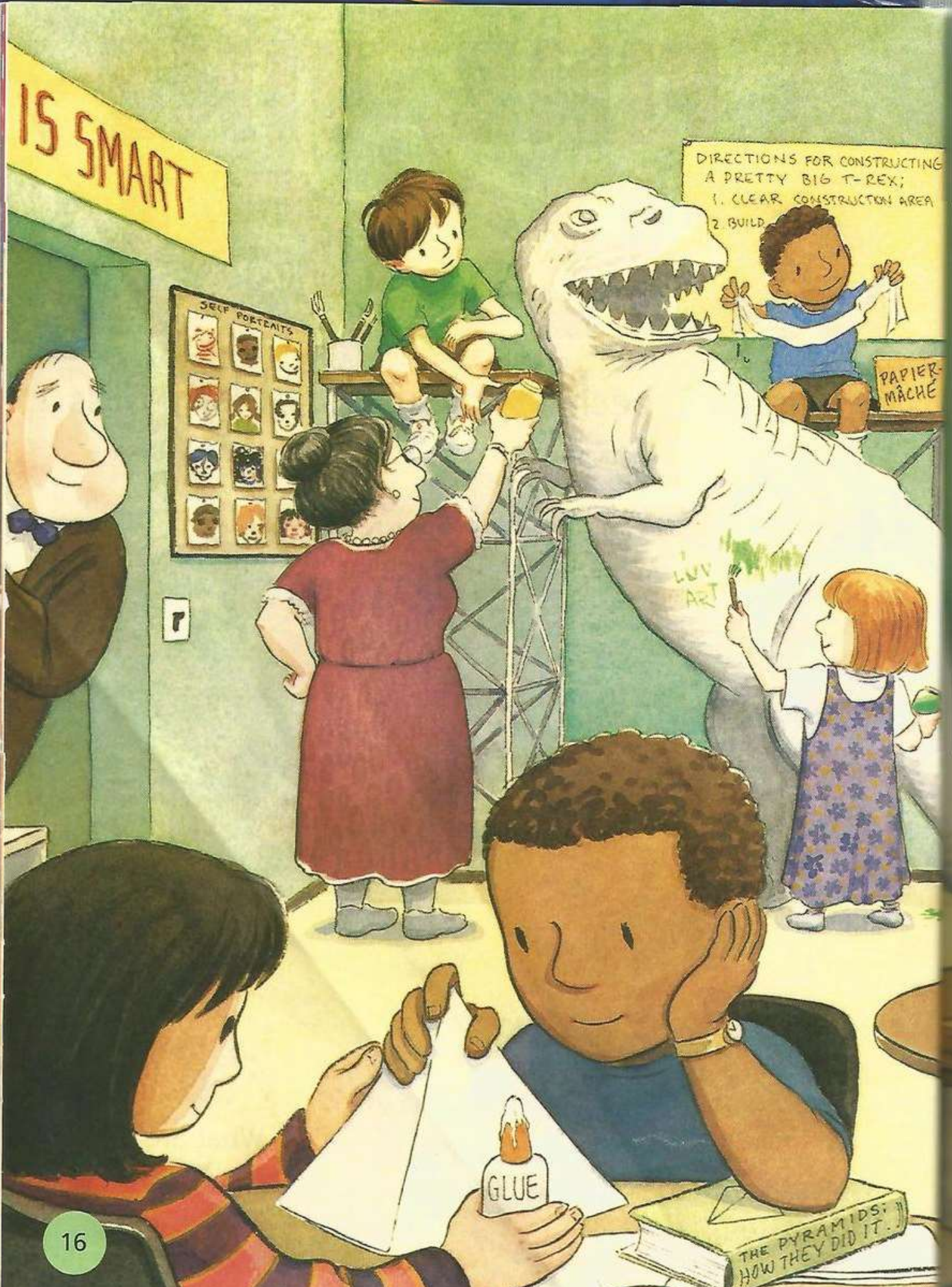
A FINE, FINE SCHOOL

by Sharon Creech 🍎 pictures by Harry Bliss



Essential Question

What are the parts of a story?



IS SMART

SELF PORTRAITS

DIRECTIONS FOR CONSTRUCTING
A PRETTY BIG T-REX;
1. CLEAR CONSTRUCTION AREA
2. BUILD

PAPIER-
MÂCHÉ

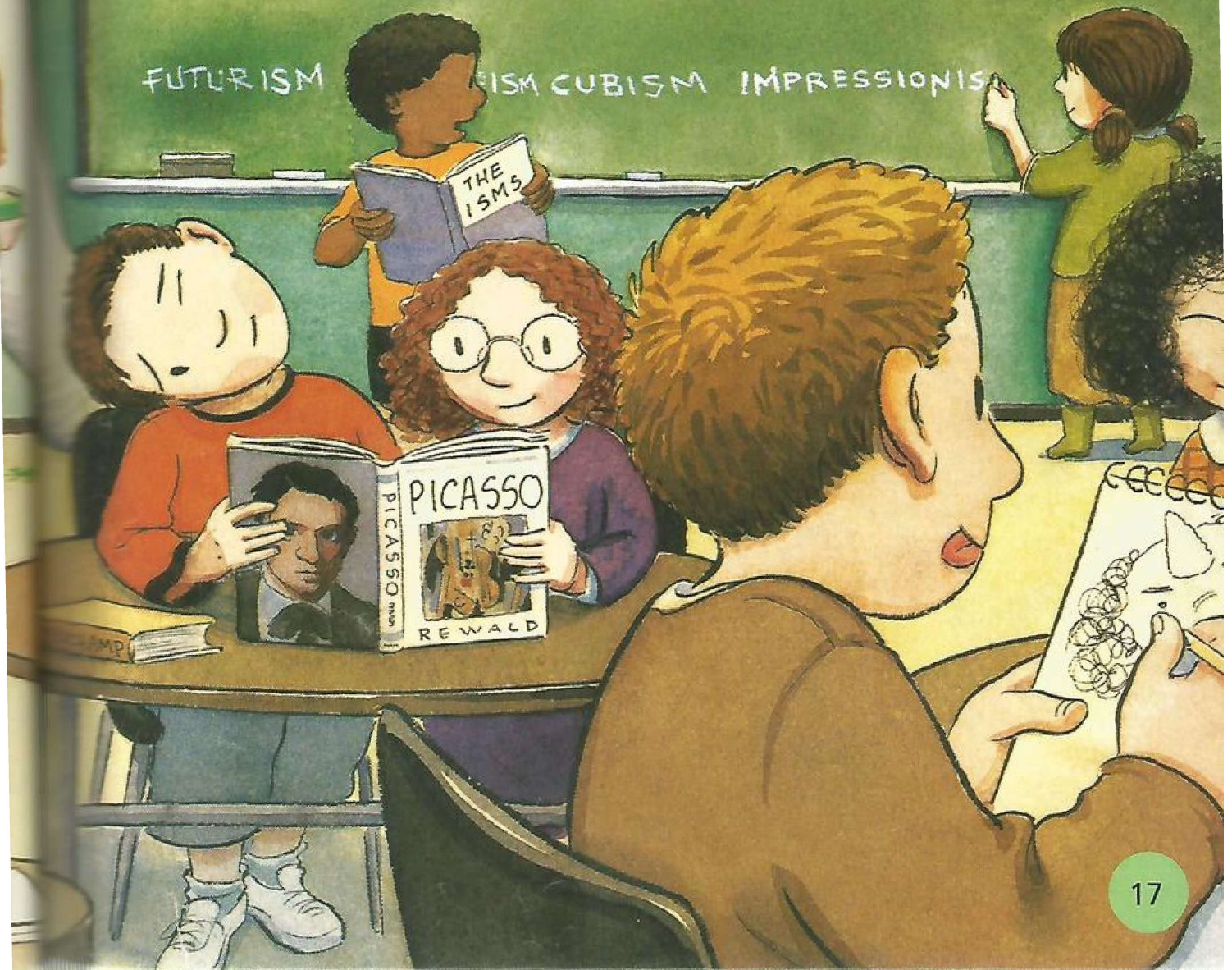
LUV
ART

GLUE

THE PYRAMIDS:
HOW THEY DID IT.

Mr. Keene was a principal who loved his school. Every morning he strolled down the hallway and saw the children in their classes. He saw them learning shapes and colors and numbers and letters. He saw them reading and writing and drawing and painting. He saw them making dinosaurs and forts and pyramids.

"Oh!" he would say. "Aren't these fine children? Aren't these fine teachers? Isn't this a fine, fine school?"



Near Mr. Keene's school, Tillie lived with her parents and her brother and her dog, Beans, in a small house next to a big tree.

On Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays and Thursdays and Fridays, Tillie went off to school.

At school, Tillie learned her shapes and colors and numbers and letters. Sometimes, when she saw Mr. Keene standing in the hallway, he waved.

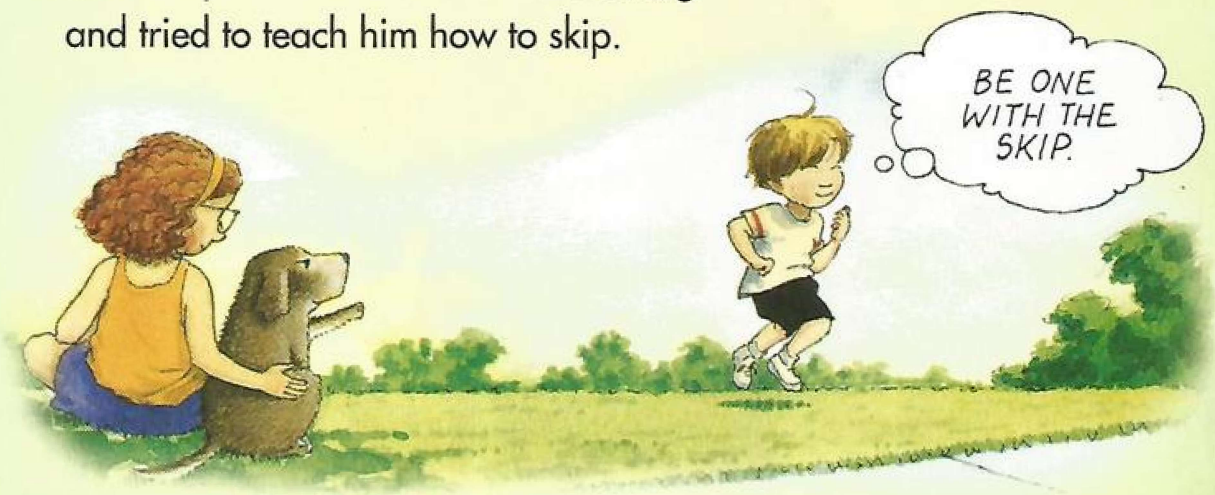
"Aren't these fine children?" he said to himself. "Aren't these fine teachers? Isn't this a fine, fine school?"



On the weekends—Saturday and Sunday—
Tillie climbed her favorite tree, and she took
Beans on walks and threw him sticks,



and she pushed her brother on a swing
and tried to teach him how to skip.



But on Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays
and Thursdays and Fridays, Tillie went off to school.

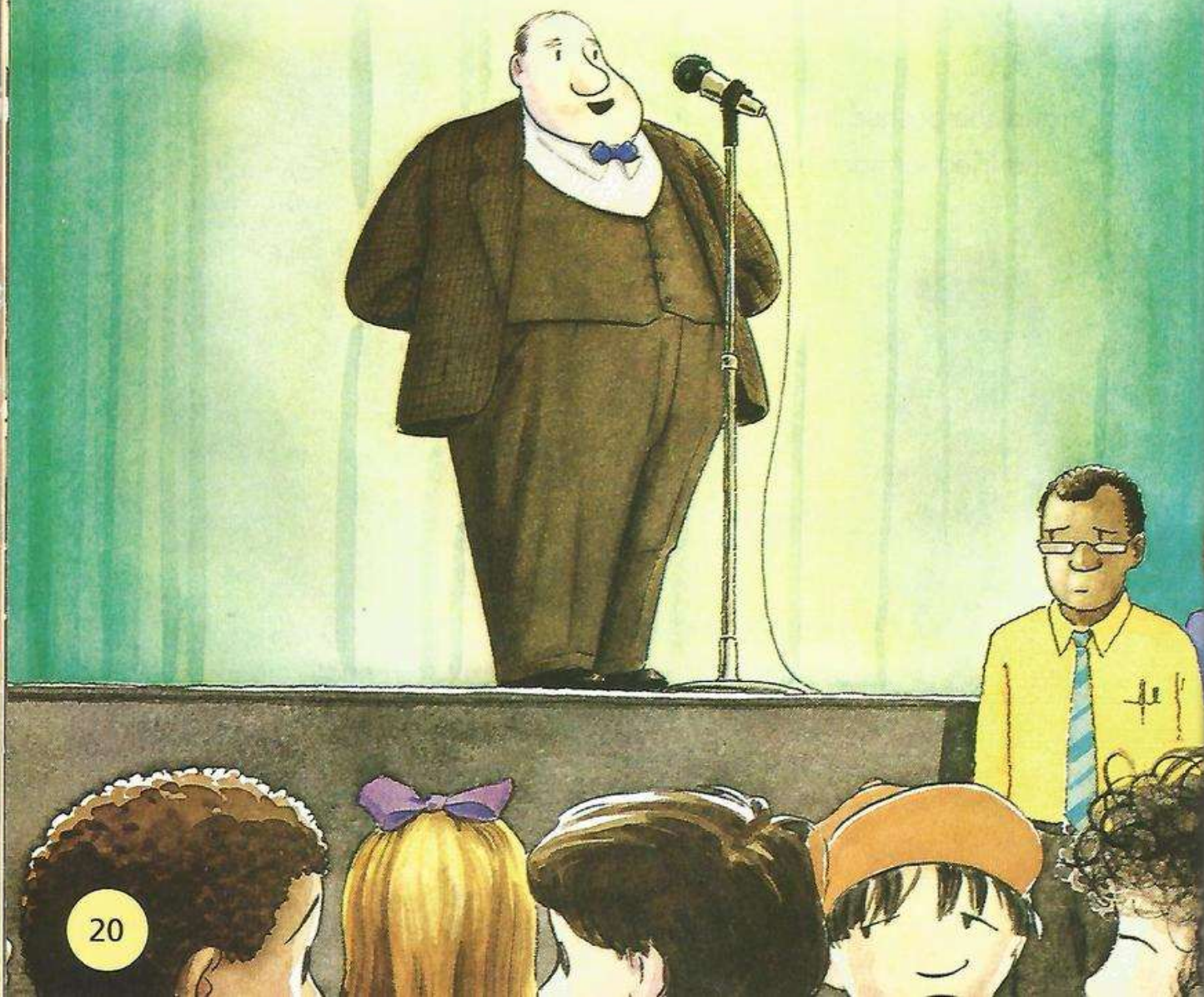
Beans and her brother did not like to see her go.
"Hurry, hurry, hurry home!" her brother called.

One day, Mr. Keene called all the students and teachers together and said, "This is such a fine, fine school! I love this school! Let's have more school! From now on, let's have school on Saturdays, too!"

The teachers and the students did not want to go to school on Saturdays, but no one knew how to tell Mr. Keene that. He was so proud of the children and the teachers, of all the learning they were doing every day.

And so, that Saturday, Tillie set off for school.

"But it's Saturday! What about the swings?" her brother called.





The following month, Mr. Keene **announced**, "This is such a fine, fine school! I love this school! Let's have more school! From now on, let's have school on Sundays, too!"

The teachers and the students did not want to go to school on Sundays, but no one knew how to tell Mr. Keene that. He was so proud of the children and the teachers, of all the learning they were doing every day.

And so, that Sunday, Tillie set off for school.

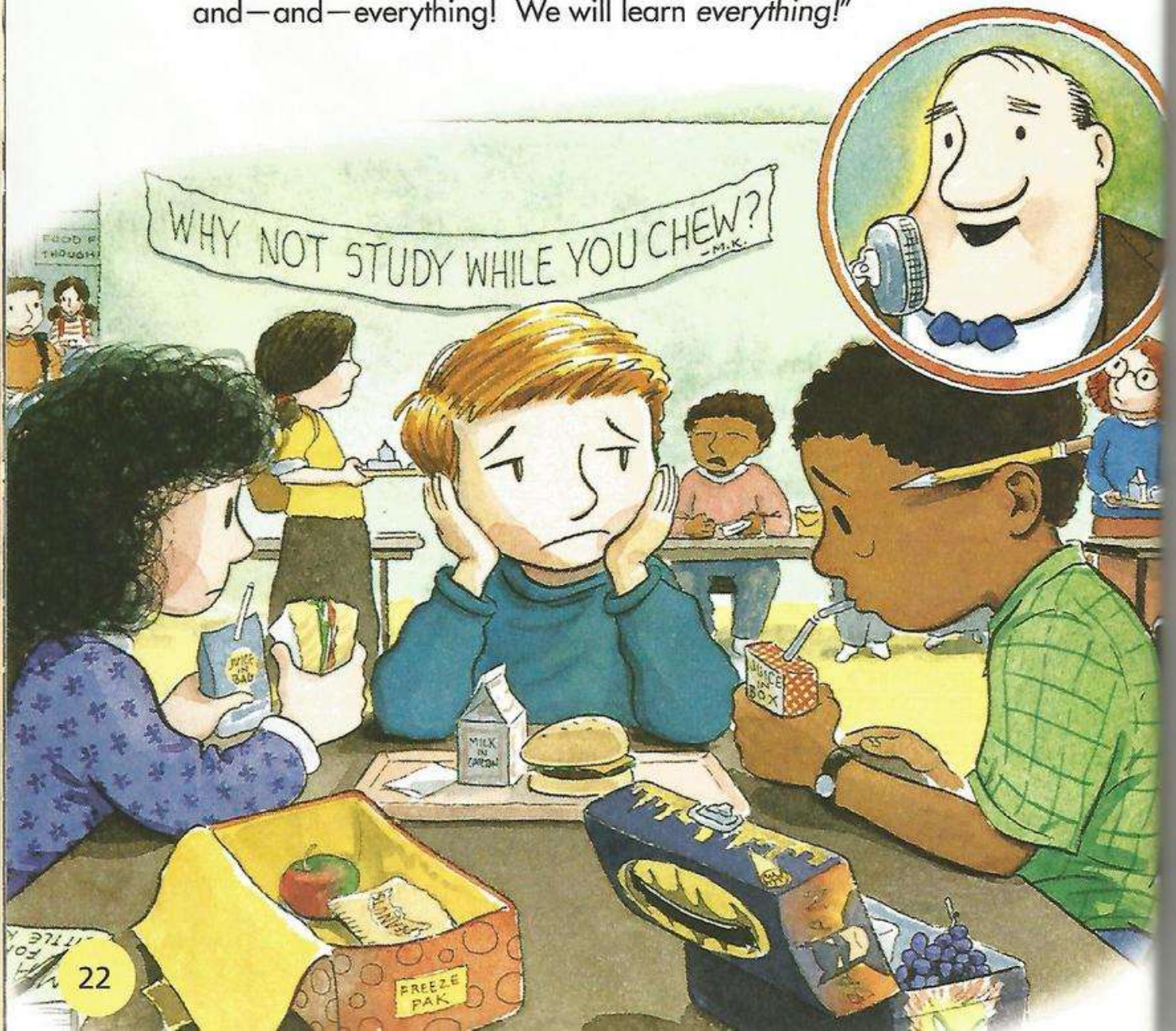
"But it's Sunday! What about the skipping?" her brother called.

STOP AND THINK

Author's Craft Find places on pages 17–21 where the author repeats words and sentences to make the story more fun to read.

The following month, Mr. Keene called everyone together again and said, "This is such a fine, fine school! I love this school! Let's have more school! From now on, let's have school in the summer, too, all summer long, every single day!"

"How much we will learn!" he said. "We can learn everything! We will learn all about numbers and letters, colors and shapes, the Romans and the Egyptians and the Greeks. We will learn about dinosaurs and castles and—and—everything! We will learn *everything!*"



The teachers and the students did not want to go to school on Saturdays and Sundays and holidays and all summer long, every single day. But no one knew how to tell Mr. Keene that. He was so proud of the children and the teachers, of all the learning they were doing every day.

And so, on the first day of summer, Tillie set off for school. "But it's summer! What about summer?" her brother called.



STOP AND THINK

Story Structure What is the main problem in this story? Which story character is responsible for this problem?

And that day, Tillie went to see Mr. Keene. She stood in his office, in front of his desk.

"What a fine, fine school this is!" Mr. Keene said. "What amazing things everyone is learning!"

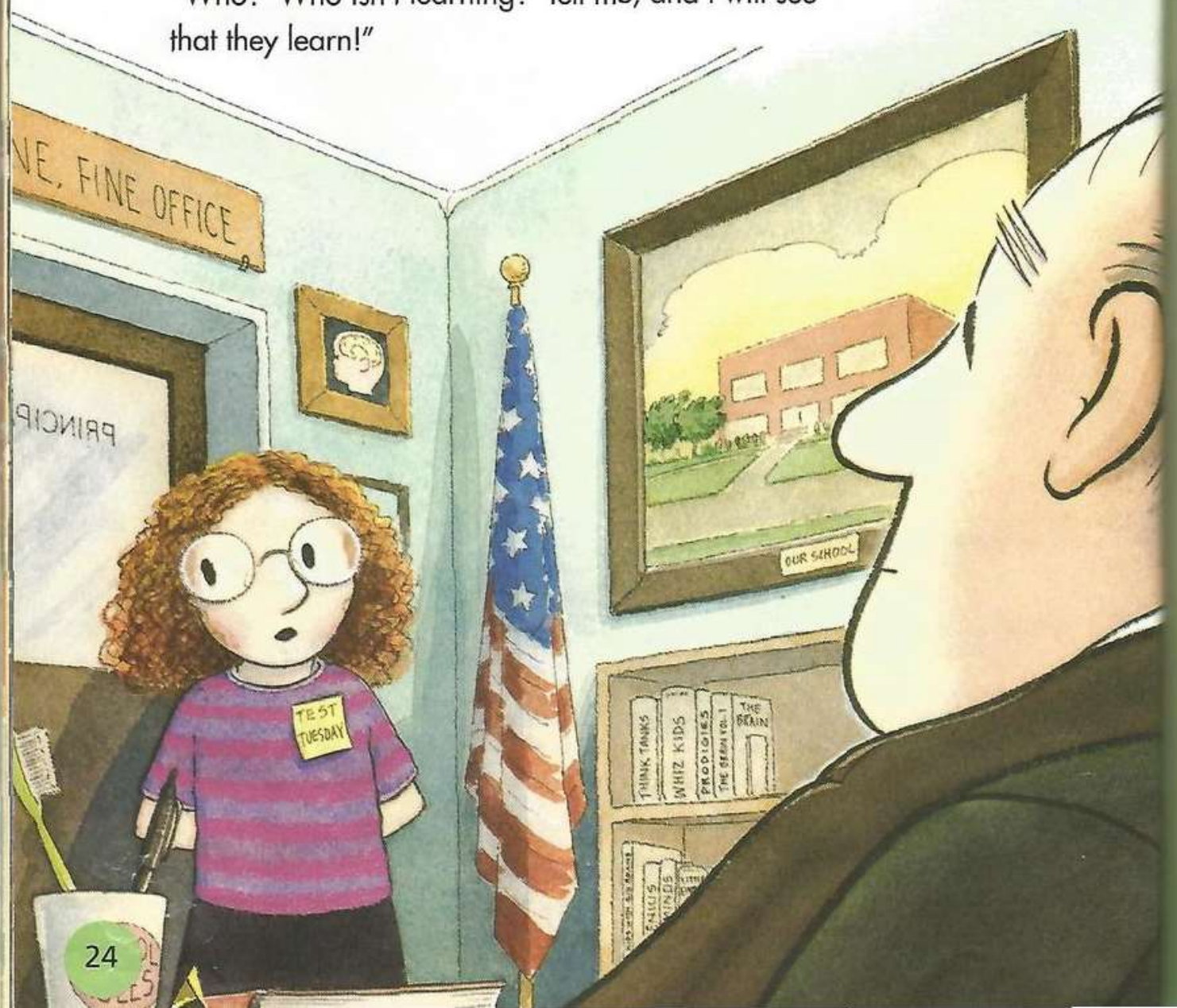
"Yes," Tillie said, "we **certainly** are learning some amazing things."

"A fine, fine school!" Mr. Keene said.

"But," Tillie said, "not everyone is learning."

"What?" Mr. Keene said. He looked very **worried**.

"Who? Who isn't learning? Tell me, and I will see that they learn!"





"My dog, Beans, hasn't learned how to sit," Tillie said. "And he hasn't learned how to jump over the creek."

"Oh!" Mr. Keene said.

"And my little brother hasn't learned how to swing or skip."

"Oh!" Mr. Keene said.



"And I—" she said.

"But you go to school!" Mr. Keene said.

"To our fine, fine school!"

"True," Tillie said. "But I haven't learned how to climb very high in my tree. And I haven't learned how to sit in my tree for a whole hour."

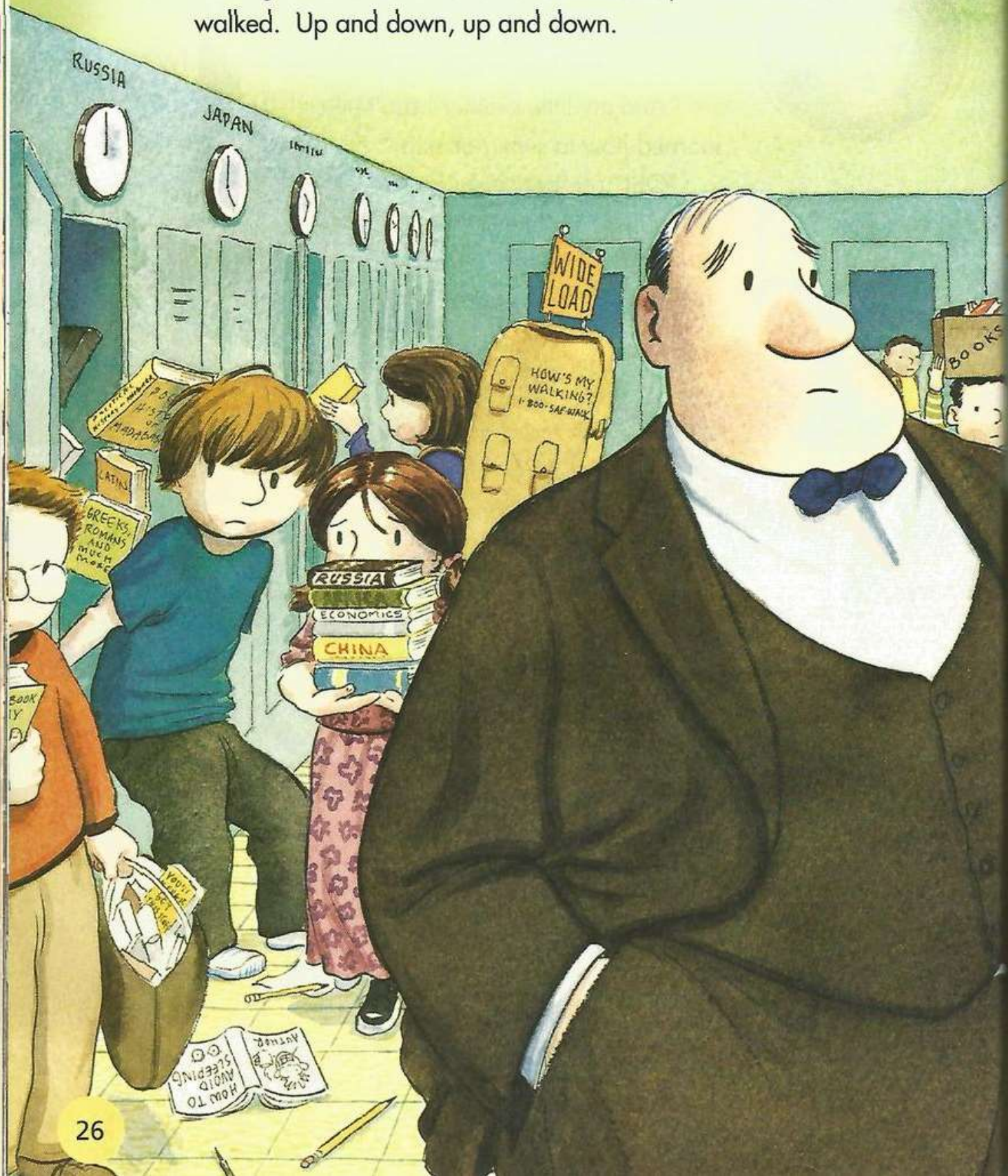
"Oh!" Mr. Keene said.

STOP AND THINK

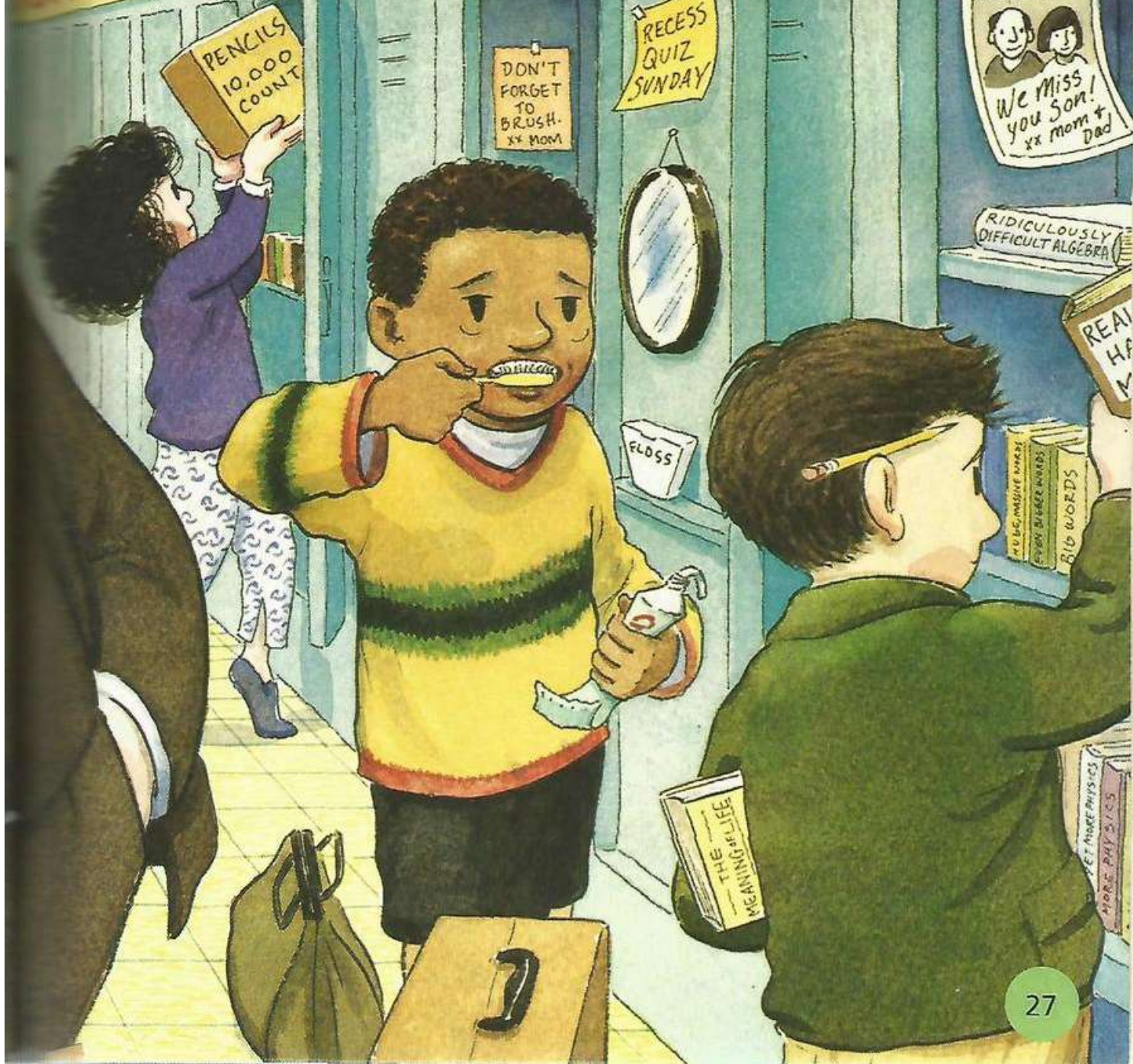
Summarize In your own words, summarize the things Tillie and others are not learning because of the extra school days.



That day, Mr. Keene walked up and down the halls, looking at the children and the teachers. Up and down he walked. Up and down, up and down.



... IS SCIENCE MONTH

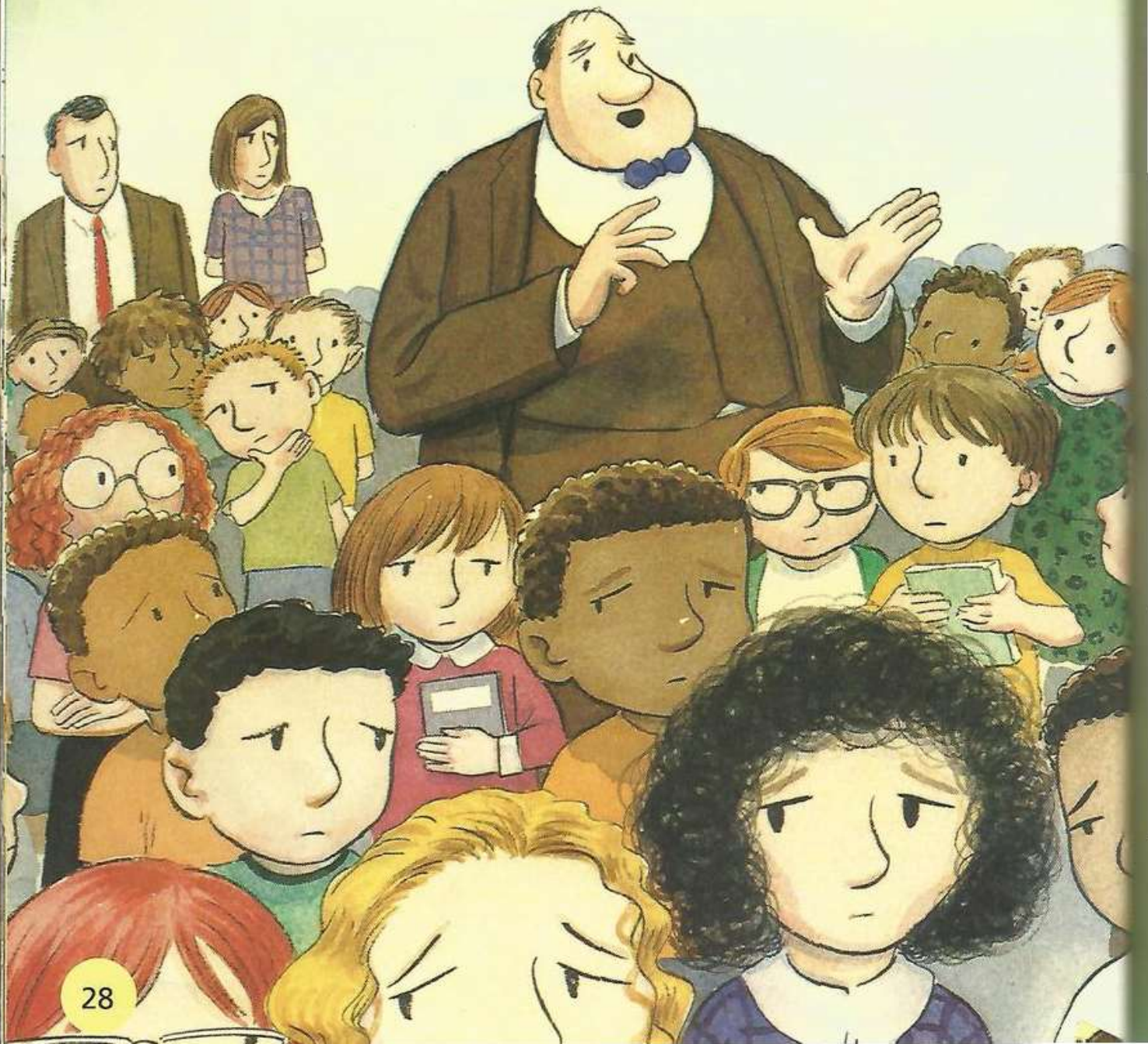


The next morning, Mr. Keene called everyone together. The children and the teachers were very worried.

Mr. Keene said, "This is a fine, fine school, with fine, fine children and fine, fine teachers. But not everyone is learning."

The children and the teachers were very, very worried.

Mr. Keene said, "There are dogs who need to learn how to sit and how to jump creeks."





What did he mean? Was he going to make their dogs come to school?

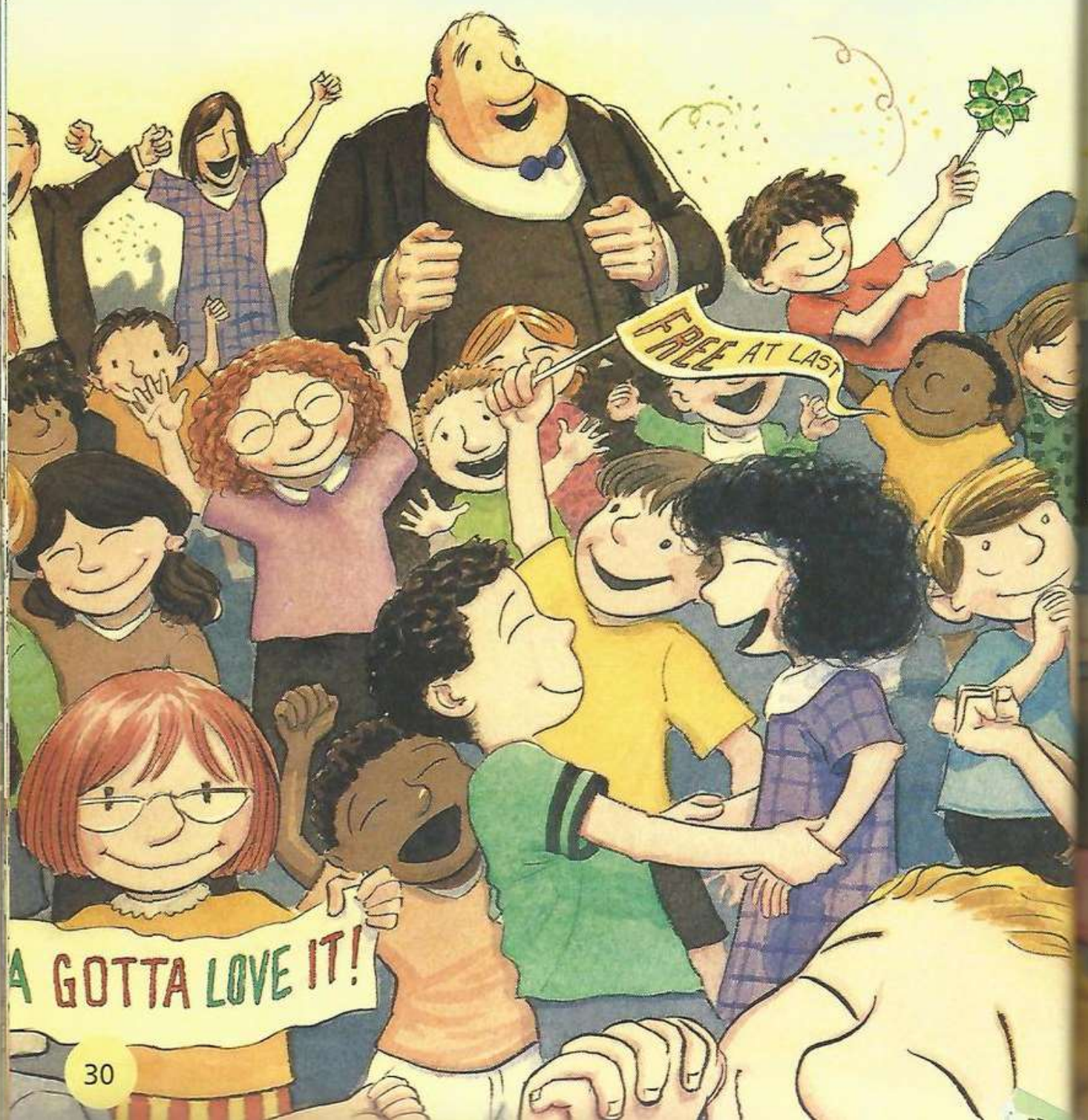
"There are little brothers and sisters who need to learn how to swing and how to skip."

What did he mean? Was he going to make their younger brothers and sisters come to school, too?

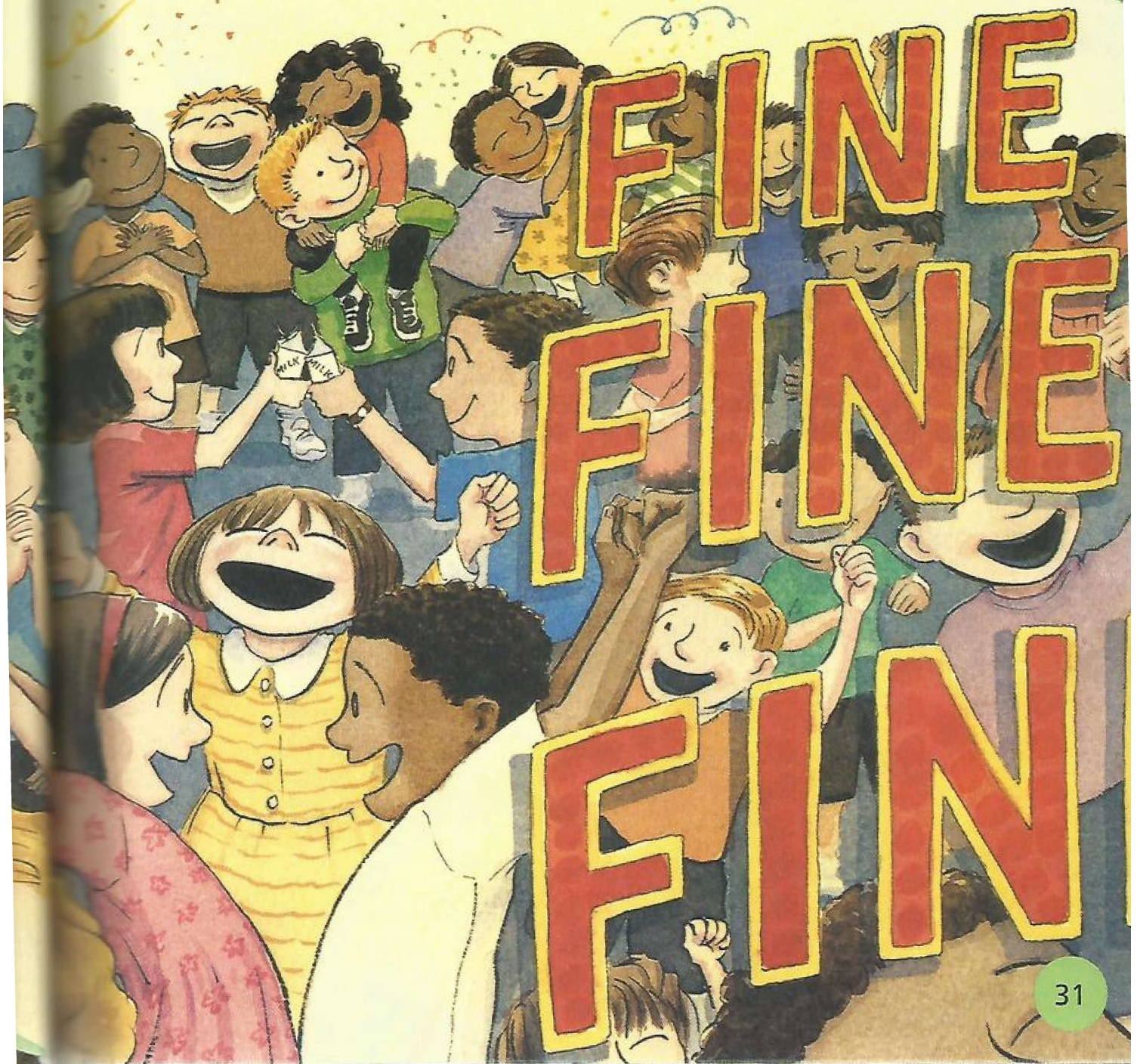
The children and the teachers were very, very, very worried.

"And you, all of you—children and teachers—you need to learn how to climb a tree and sit in it for an hour!" Mr. Keene said.

The children and the teachers were very worried.
"And so from now on we will . . . **not** have school on
Saturdays or Sundays or in the summer!"



A huge, enormous, roaring cheer **soared** up to the ceiling and floated out the windows so that everyone in the town heard the fine, fine children and the fine, fine teachers shout, "Fine! Fine! Fine!"



And the fine, fine children and the fine, fine teachers lifted Mr. Keene up, and they carried him down the hallway and out the doors and through the town, up and down, in and out. And everywhere they went, the people said, "What a fine, fine school with such fine, fine teachers and fine, fine children and a fine, fine principal!"

