



Every fall morning, after chasing leaves, Rocket would lie down in his favorite spot under his favorite tree. There he'd sniff the neighborhood smells and settle in for a good nap.



But one day . . . a little yellow bird startled Rocket. “Aha! My first student! Wonderful!” she sang.

Rocket was confused. “Student? I’m not a—”

“But if I am your teacher,” the bird interrupted, “then you must be my student.”

Rocket found it hard to argue with this bird.

“I am so glad you saw my sign!” the bird chirped.

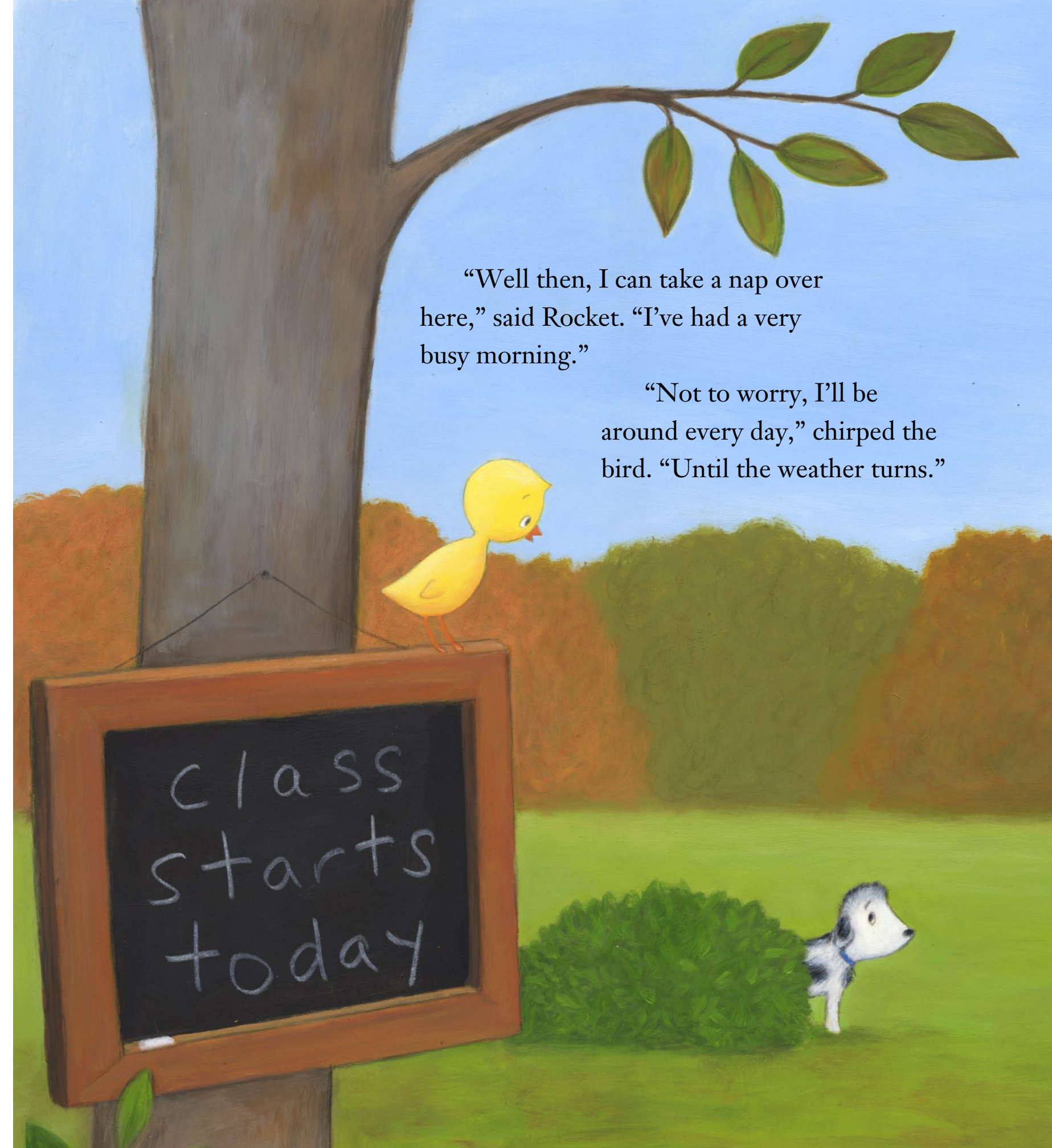
“Oh, yes, I can *see* it,” Rocket said. “But I don’t know how to read.”



“Can’t read? Fantastic!” She waved a wing. “Welcome to my classroom.”

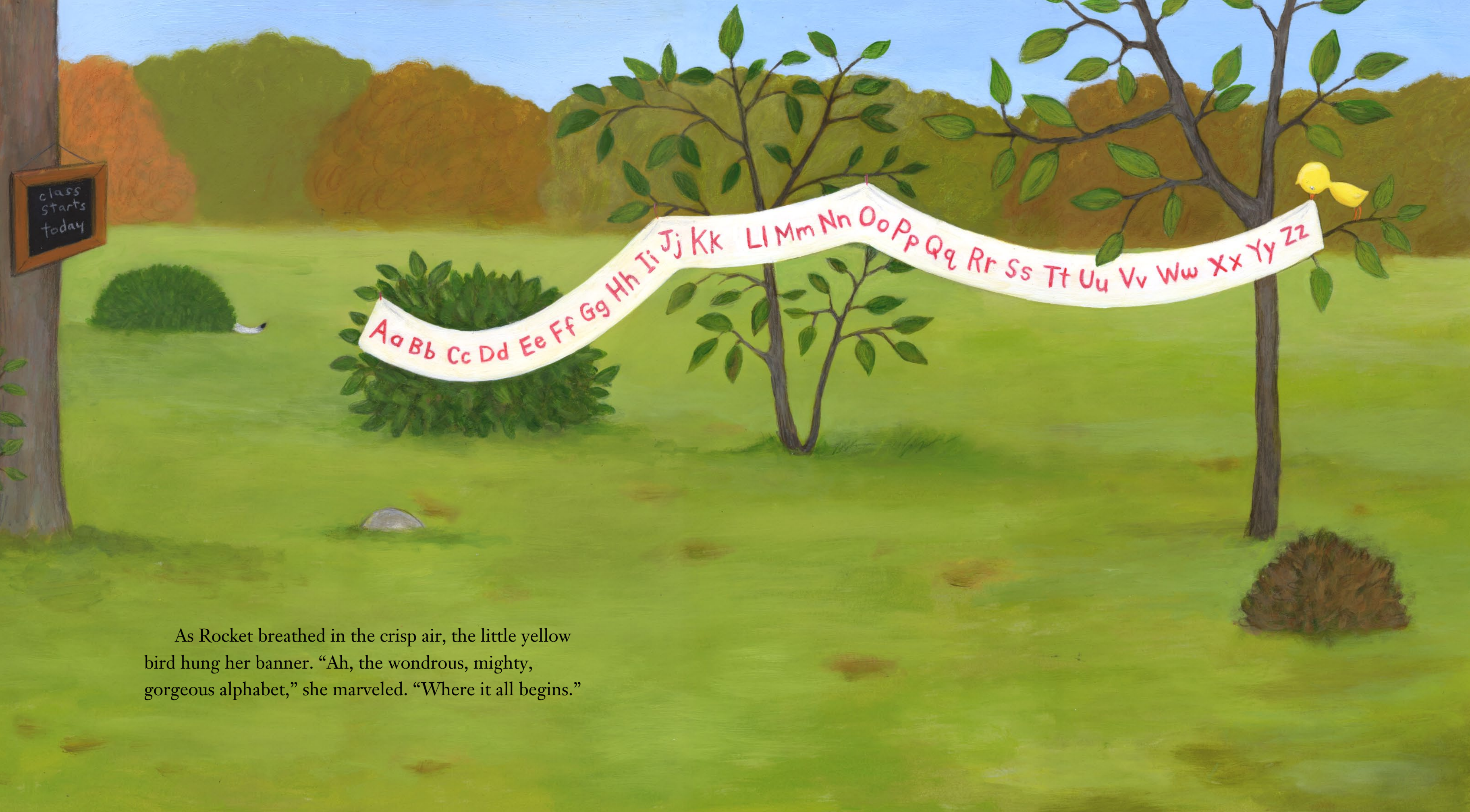
“But I just came here to nap,” Rocket said.

“No, no! There will be no napping in class,” declared the bird. “Except of course during naptime.”



“Well then, I can take a nap over here,” said Rocket. “I’ve had a very busy morning.”

“Not to worry, I’ll be around every day,” chirped the bird. “Until the weather turns.”



As Rocket breathed in the crisp air, the little yellow bird hung her banner. “Ah, the wondrous, mighty, gorgeous alphabet,” she marveled. “Where it all begins.”