bag, so I packed lightly. Of course I wore the heart-shaped locket that's always around my neck. My great-grandmother had given me the locket. It was the only thing she'd been able to save when her family's pensione in Italy was destroyed in an earthquake. She was just a girl at the time.

Subtotal

This page

2011, 2008 by Irene C. Fountas and Gay Su Pinnell. Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann.

V M

| age | Text |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 | After nearly two days of seemingly endless travel, we |
| | finally arrived at our assigned village. There we were greeted |
| | by our hosts, seventeen-year-old Daw and her older |
| | brother Aran. |
| | Aran took Dad to the site of the school he'd be helping |
| | rebuild, while Daw showed Mom and me the temporary |
| | school. Mom would instruct the children-mostly orphans- |
| | in English. I felt absolutely useless: I couldn't teach or build. |
| | Had I traveled so far to do nothing? |
| | Subtotal |
| 7. | End Time min sec. Totals |