

THE STAR CHART *

Comic

Jenna really doesn't feel like doing her chores tonight, so she decides to trick her little sister into doing them for her.

Jenna: Julie, see this chart? It's a list of chores that Mom made. It says, "make bed, set the table, clean room." Each time I do one of these things, Mom gives me a star. A shiny star! A beautiful star! Sometimes even gold! Look over here. There's my name and — hey! You're name isn't on here at all! Oh no! That means you can never, ever, ever get any stars! That's not fair. I bet you'd love lots of pretty stars, wouldn't you? Mom must think you're too young to earn stars. Hey! I have an idea to help you out, Julie. I'll make a chart like this with *your* name on it and keep it under your pillow. Then every time you clean up my room or make my bed, I'll give you *three* stars! I'll feel kinda sad to only get one measly star from Mom, but I'll do it 'cause I know it will make you happy. Want some cool silver stars right now?! Okay — go set the table.

THE EMPTY FISH BOWL *

Dramatic

Amber just got to school and has to tell her teacher what happened to the class pet last night.

Amber: Miss Jenson? I know I was supposed to bring Goldie back today, but. . .um. . .Well, me and my dad put his fish bowl on my desk in my room. And I fed him just a pinch of food like you showed me and I watched him swim around until I had to go to bed. Well, this morning I woke up and Goldie was gone from his bowl! So I called my dad and he looked all over my room and then. . .he found a small piece of his tail. My cat Toby killed him and it's all my fault! I should have closed the door! I should have locked Toby out! I didn't mean for it to happen. I didn't mean for him to die. *(Beat.)* Miss Jenson, do you think Goldie went to Heaven?

*SANTA'S SECRET HELPER

Dramatic

Becky is about to ask Santa for the most important gift she's ever wanted.

Becky: Santa? I hope you can hear me 'cause I was coloring with my new markers, so I don't have any paper left. I already wrote you a letter saying that I want new Barbies and a magic set and some pretty purple clothes, instead of those itchy, hot sweaters Aunt Millie keeps giving me. I'm sure you got it by now. But I hope it's not too late, 'cause I wanna change my Christmas list. I don't want any toys or any clothes. I just want one thing. Santa? Can you please make Mommy and Daddy stop yelling at each other? They fight all the time and it always makes me cry. Can you please make them happy again? That's all I want for Christmas. I promise I'll be really good. I love you, Santa. Thank you.