Progress Monitoring Probe 18

My Little Pal

When I got home from the mall, I went to my room and put on some cheerful music, thinking it would help improve my mood. I started working on my homework, too, just to take my mind off of Lamar's news. While I was working, I heard somebody knocking on my door.

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one of my old sneakers in its mouth. Laughing, I picked the with its wet tongue. As I stroked its soft fur, its tail, which had a puppy up to take the shoe from its mouth, and it licked my face disappeared into my closet. A few seconds later, it returned with white tip, was wagging so fast it looked like a blur. white puppy bolted into the room, ran in circles, and then telling me it was time for dinner. Instead, an adorable, brown and When I opened the door, I expected it would be my mother 227 212 186 164 152 238 198 175

Next, my mother and father walked in with huge grins on their faces. They explained that they had heard Lamar's news, too, and they wanted to cheer me up. I had been asking them if I could have a pet for years, and they finally had agreed. While the puppy continued to lick my face, we discussed that taking care of the puppy would be my responsibility. We reviewed my responsibilities for caring for the puppy, and then they asked me

My Little Pal (Continued)

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Notes:

My Little Pal

This day has certainly been a day of highs and lows. This morning I went to the mall with my best friend Lamar, and while we were there, he told me that his family was moving to another state in four weeks. He and I have been best friends for six years, ever since we met in kindergarten at age five. Even though we immediately began making plans for me to visit his new home, his news made me feel as unhappy as I ever can remember feeling.

When I got home from the mall, I went to my room and put on some cheerful music, thinking it would help improve my mood. I started working on my homework, too, just to take my mind off of Lamar's news. While I was working, I heard somebody knocking on my door.

When I opened the door, I expected it would be my mother telling me it was time for dinner. Instead, an adorable, brown and white puppy bolted into the room, ran in circles, and then disappeared into my closet. A few seconds later, it returned with one of my old sneakers in its mouth. Laughing, I picked the puppy up to take the shoe from its mouth, and it licked my face with its wet tongue. As I stroked its soft fur, its tail, which had a white tip, was wagging so fast it looked like a blur.

Next, my mother and father walked in with huge grins on their faces. They explained that they had heard Lamar's news, too, and they wanted to cheer me up. I had been asking them if I could have a pet for years, and they finally had agreed. While the puppy continued to lick my face, we discussed that taking care of the puppy would be my responsibility. We reviewed my responsibilities for caring for the puppy, and then they asked me

what I would like to name him. I took one look at the cuddly ball of fur in my arms and the perfect name popped into my head. I decided to call my new pet "Pal."