



☞ On Saturday, Rex was wearing his big dragon wings and running as he looked up to the **sky**. He hadn't grown his real wings yet, and he loved imagining he was a giant dragon flying high in the . . .



☞ . . . **sky**.



☹ Later that day, his mother reminded him that he was starting **school** in two days.

Rex flapped his big dragon wings and said, "Dragons do NOT go to . . .

☹ . . . **school."**



☞ “Dragons DO go to **school**,” Rex’s mother said. “That’s where *little* dragons learn how to be *big* dragons. Don’t you want to learn how to breathe fire and fly?”

“I do want to learn those things,” Rex said.
“But I do not want to go to . . .

☞ . . . **school.**”



☹ Rex's mother looked at **him**. "Why don't you want to go to school?" she asked.

Rex looked at the floor. "Because I don't know anyone there. What if no one wants to be my friend or play with me?"

Rex's mom told **him** she was sure that he would make a new friend who would play with . . .



☹ . . . **him**.