GEORGE

When I was younger, probably about 9 or 10 year old, I had this friend named George. George was my softball coach and had the best yard to explore in. The front was all nice and neat like everybody else's yard, but in the back there were plants everywhere. They were so high that I couldn't even see over them. The plants brought in all kinds of animals like birds, snakes, butterflies, mice, and all kinds of insects. George loved nature and enjoyed having all of the different animals right in his back yard. You could tell that he really cared about them. I loved going over to George's house and exploring.

One day George got a call from his wife while he was at work. She said, "George you have to come home from work right away! There is a snake chasing the kids and it is trying to get inside the house!" Well, George was in the middle of a meeting and there was no way for him to leave. He told his wife "I can't come home right now, why don't you call (insert your name) he/she knows a lot about snakes." A minute later the phone rang at my house and she said, "(your name), you have to come over right away, there is a snake chasing the kids and trying to get into the house! George can't come home and he thought that you could help!" So I jumped on my bike and peddled over to George's. I figured that if the snake was chasing the kids it must be pretty big.

I decided that I should start looking around the house since that was where is was trying to get in. I had made about two circles when George pulled into the driveway. We decided to divide and conquer. He went one way and I went the other. About ten minutes later I heard "I've found it!" I ran around the corner of the house toward the garage. George had the snake backed into a corner. I got there just in time to see George take a shovel and whack, he hit the snake and killed it. I was heartbroken. How could my friend George, who loved nature and animals have done such a thing? I turned and jumped onto my bike without saying a word.

When I got home, I found my book about snakes and looked up the snake that had been in George's garage. It said that it was a bull snake and they like to eat mice. Where do you think mice like to live? That's right, in that tall grass in George's back yard. It said that snakes when cornered coil up, that way they can see all parts of their body and try to protect it. It also said that snakes will usually run away before you even get a chance to see them. That snake wasn't trying to get the kids, it was trying to get away. It wasn't trying to get George either in the garage, it was trying to protect itself. I was sure George didn't want mice in his house, so it would have been better to keep the snake in his yard. I sat around on the couch for awhile thinking about what I had learned. My mom came in and asked if I was ready for my softball game. I told her I wasn't going. She was quite surprised and asked what was wrong. At first I didn't want to tell her, but she finally coaxed it out of me. I told her what had happened at George's and what I had learned. She asked if I thought George knew about the things I had read in my book and said that I might feel better if I went back and talked to him about it.

I hopped back on my bike and rode over to George's. I knocked on the door and he said, "Hi there (your name)! Are you ready for the big game tonight?" I said, "No I'm not. I want to talk to you about what happened today." "Yeah", he said " that was a pretty big snake!" I asked him if he knew that the snake was a bull snake and that they like to eat mice? Did he know that snakes try to get away from people rather than chase

them? I also told him that snakes when cornered coil up to see all of their body for protection. George stood there for a minute and then said, “I didn’t know anything about that snake.” “I’m really sorry, I wish I would have known more before.” I felt a lot better after I talked to George and explained what I had learned.

Questions asked after the story:

Who was the teacher in this story?

Can you ever be teachers?

Knowledg + Caring = Responsible Choices: Which one was George missing?

That is why I am here today. I know that everyone here has the caring, I am here to help bring you some knowledge.