

CURLY-HAIRED CLARE

Clare Potts was a third grader at Rosewood Elementary School. She had two brothers, a dog, [gland/ four/ flip] gerbils, and a pet rock. Clare Potts [time/ would/ skate] have been an ordinary third grader [at/ so/ too] Rosewood School except for one interesting [poor/ thing/ frame]. Clare Potts had very, very curly [hair/ slant/ soap].

"Hey! Curly-Haired-Clare! Curly-Haired-Clare!" several classmates would [girl/ tree/ shout] on the playground. Others would run [cap/ but/ up] behind her and pull her long ringlets [and/ two/ for] say "Boi-ing! Boi-ing!" like a bouncing [sum/ ball/ trip]. "My name is not Curly-Haired-Clare! It's [bat/ stone/ just] Clare, Clare Potts. Please leave me [place/ alone/ glare]!" she cried. That afternoon as Clare [black/ shape/ walked] home from school her eyes were [full/ bill/ back] of tears. She could not understand [why/ for/ car] people were so cruel sometimes. Along [sit/ foe/ the] way, she was joined by her [blush/ friend/ gripe], Daryl, who was generally nice to everyone, [soap/ some/ and] Clare hoped he would not say anything [purr/ about/ make] her hair.

"Hello, Daryl. You may [pow/ walk/ book] with me, but please don't say anything [mean/ mate/ step] about my hair," said Clare. "Okay," [said/ fort/ pale] Daryl, "but all of this reminds [beg/ two/ me] of something. Do you remember when [pie/ you/ yet] called Terry 'Smarty-Pants' on Monday just

because [sell/ far/ you] were jealous of his 'A' when [back/ you/ pet] got a 'C'? His feelings were [drag/ dog/ hurt]." "That's not the same thing," said Clare, [and/ set/ bed] they walked on home.

As Clare [headed/ which/ plate] for her house, she saw Miss Lowe [wash/ down/ drip] the street working in her garden. Miss Lowe [was/ prim/ rat] the most beautiful woman Clare had [ever/ plum/ try] seen. She was tall with long, [dish/ brown/ glum] hair.

Clare decided to walk down [fat/ cup/ and] say "hello." "How are you, Clare?" Miss Lowe [trim/ asked/ peach]. "I'm depressed because everyone teases me [tale/ from/ about] my curly hair," replied Clare. "I [flash/ wish/ dip] I looked like you."

Miss Lowe laughed [and/ pack/ some] said, "Why, when I was in [splat/ school/ tattle], everyone called me 'Too-Tall-Tracy'." Clare could [not/ if/ two] believe it!

"We all have been [hurt/ box/ mate] by mean names. You just have [pat/ see/ to] remember how it feels," [hang/ said/ wall] Miss Lowe.

Clare thought about Terry [meow/ and/ sit] she smiled because she knew she [dime/ thing/ would] never call anyone names again.