

**4. An Old-Fashioned Saturday by Margaret Hockett**

**A** <sup>1</sup>I hear a whistle and then a whinny. <sup>2</sup>Prancer is off! <sup>3</sup>I nearly fall off the edge of the sled. <sup>4</sup>I grab the tank for balance. <sup>5</sup>The sap sloshes around as we bump over rocks and glide around muddy corners. <sup>6</sup>The sled slows, and I jump off. <sup>7</sup>I trudge through ankle-deep snow.

**B** <sup>8</sup>I'll be soaked to the skin, but what can Ma say? <sup>9</sup>She's the one who wanted me to get outside. <sup>10</sup>I didn't want to come to the woods at first. <sup>11</sup>Now I think it's fun!

**C** <sup>12</sup>I take a bucket off the maple tree and carry it to the tank. <sup>13</sup>I pour the bucket into the tank without spilling any sap. <sup>14</sup>I'm just tall enough. <sup>15</sup>Then I hang the pail back on that tree and walk to the next tree. <sup>16</sup>When the tank is full, Prancer pulls us to the sugar shack. <sup>17</sup>We drain the sap into the pans. <sup>18</sup>It will be boiled and made into syrup. <sup>19</sup>Then we go back and collect sap until all the buckets have been emptied. <sup>20</sup>Finally, I go home for a cup of hot chocolate.

