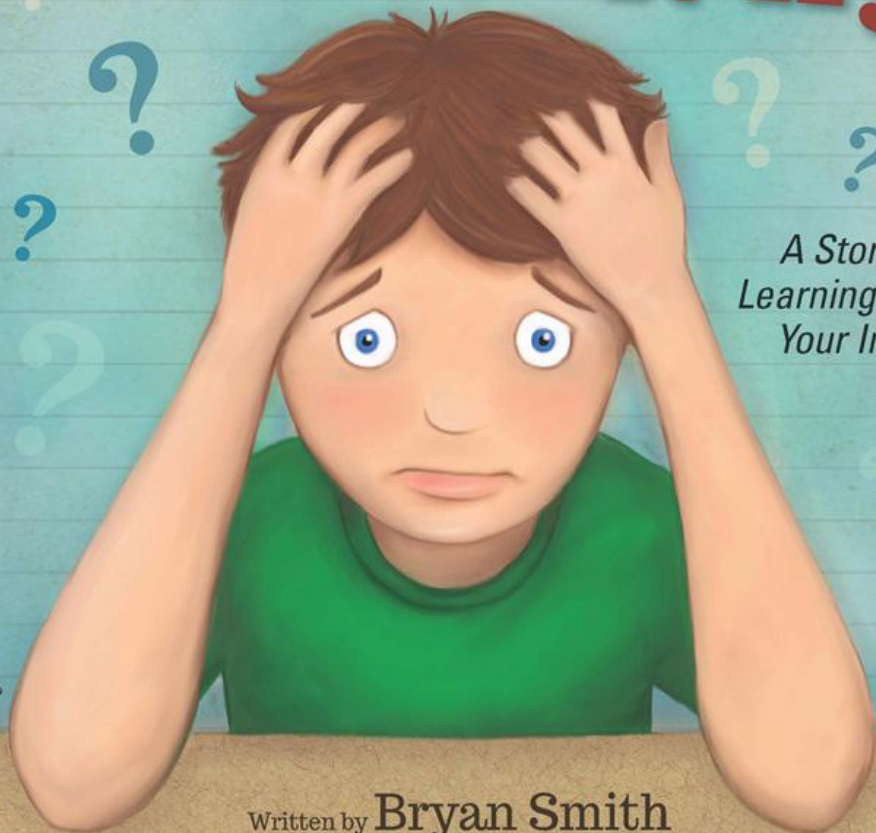


# What Were You Thinking?



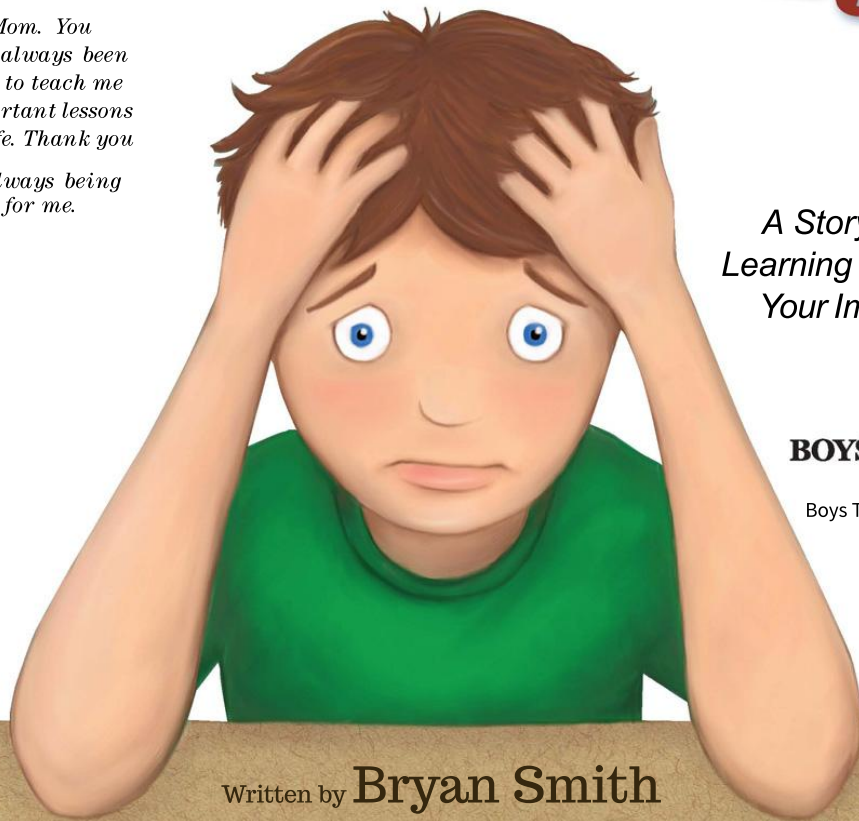
*A Story about  
Learning to Control  
Your Impulses*

**BOYS TOWN**  
Press

Written by **Bryan Smith**  
Illustrated by **Lisa M. Griffin**

# What Were You Thinking?

*For Mom. You  
have always been  
there to teach me  
important lessons  
in life. Thank you  
for always being  
there for me.*



*A Story about  
Learning to Control  
Your Impulses*

**BOYS TOWN.**  
Press

Boys Town, Nebraska

Written by **Bryan Smith**

Illustrated by **Lisa M. Griffin**



Hi, my name's Braden and  
I'm in the third grade.

Just so you know, I'm probably the  
funniest kid in my school.

**SERIOUSLY!**

I have made some kids cry  
and almost wet their pants  
because they were laughing so hard.

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WELCOME



Anyway, this year school started the same way it does every year.

The teacher explains the **rules**.

We practice the **rules**.

And then we practice them some more.

Don't teachers realize third graders know how to follow the **rules**?

Well, on Friday, I realized why we practice the rules.



My teacher began class by saying,

“Good morning,  
boys and girls.  
Today **WE** are going to...”

That’s when it just  
happened.... I shouted out,

“Talk about  
how **AWESOME**  
I am!”

The class giggled. My teacher, Mrs. Vickerman, said, “Whoa. Braden, we have rules to follow in class. Is interrupting me when I’m talking to the class following the rules?”

**“No, I guess it isn’t being respectful,”** I answered.



“Right! Remember, the first day of school we talked about what those rules look like in class, and we said *one way to show respect is to raise your hand if you have something to say*, and calmly wait for the teacher to call on you. That is one way that we control our impulses.”



# “Control our **WHAT?**”

*I'm sorry, Mrs. Vickerman, but that sounds like grown-up talk.”*

Mrs. Vickerman smiled and said, “They are big words, but what they mean is that sometimes our bodies are telling us to do things, and we have to decide whether or not to do them.”



Later on, Mrs. Vickerman pulled me aside. She asked,  
“When you shouted out, saying we were going to ‘talk about how awesome you are,’ what were you thinking?”

“Well, I thought it would be really funny.”

“Right, but did that make the situation **better** or **worse**?”

I sat there for a second, then sighed and said, “**Worse.**”





Mrs. Vickerman explained there are times to be funny and times to be serious at school. She asked me, “When is it a good time to be funny at school?” **“I don’t know. Maybe lunch, recess, and free time.”** “Right.”

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