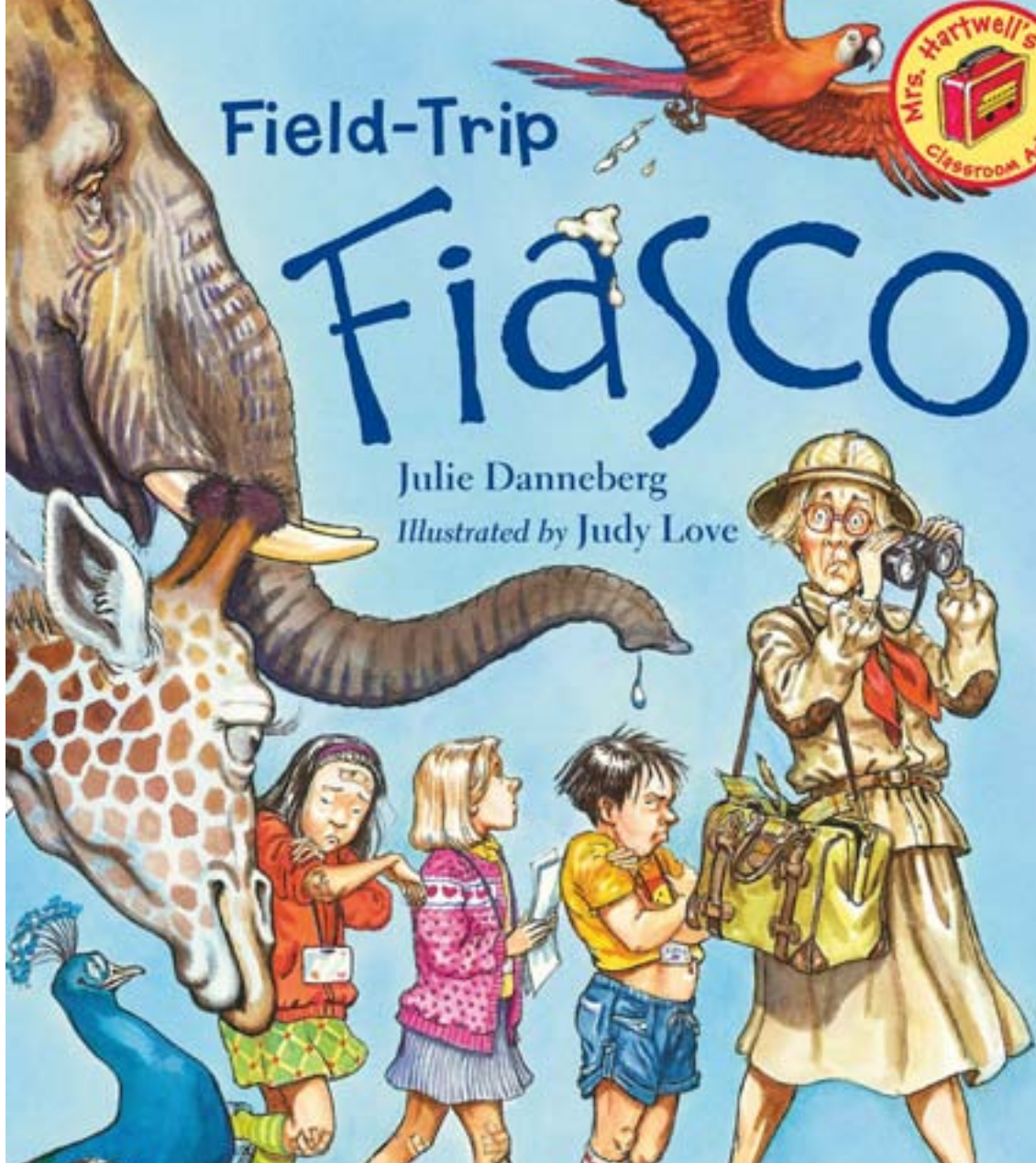


Field-Trip

Fiasco

Julie Danneberg

Illustrated by Judy Love



Many thanks to all the teachers and students
at Falcon Creek Middle School. You are the best!
—J. D.

In memory of my mother, Dorothy Love,
master of the Family Field Trip.
—J. L.

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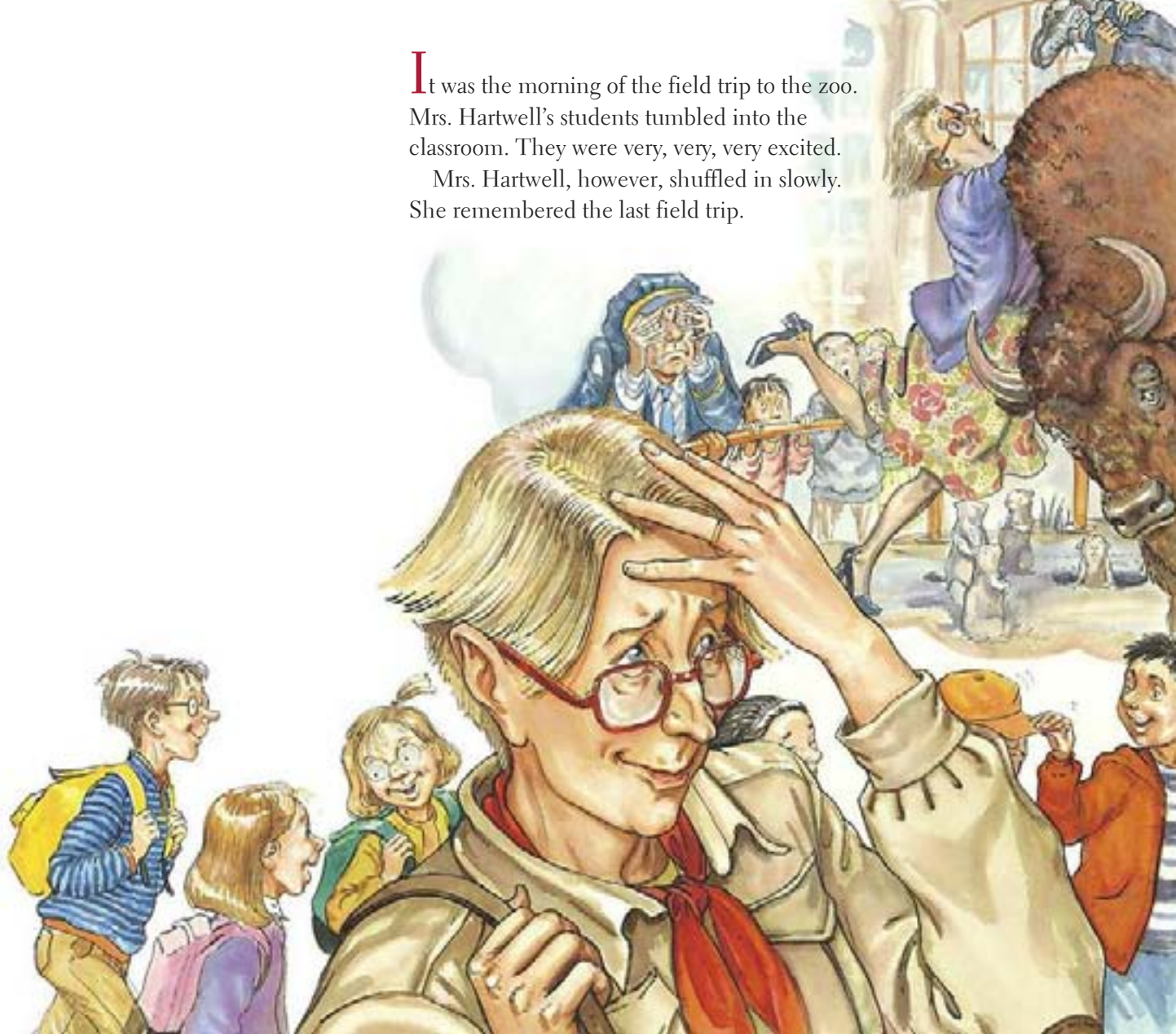
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It was the morning of the field trip to the zoo. Mrs. Hartwell's students tumbled into the classroom. They were very, very, very excited.

Mrs. Hartwell, however, shuffled in slowly. She remembered the last field trip.



It took a little bit of rest, and a little bit of time, and a lot of research, but eventually Mrs. Hartwell was ready to try again.

The morning of the field trip she wrote out her very own list of field-trip tips and put together her handy-dandy, just-in-case-something-unexpected-happens bag. Mrs. Hartwell felt ready for anything.



During circle time Mrs. Hartwell helped her students get ready. “When does the fun start?” Andy asked.

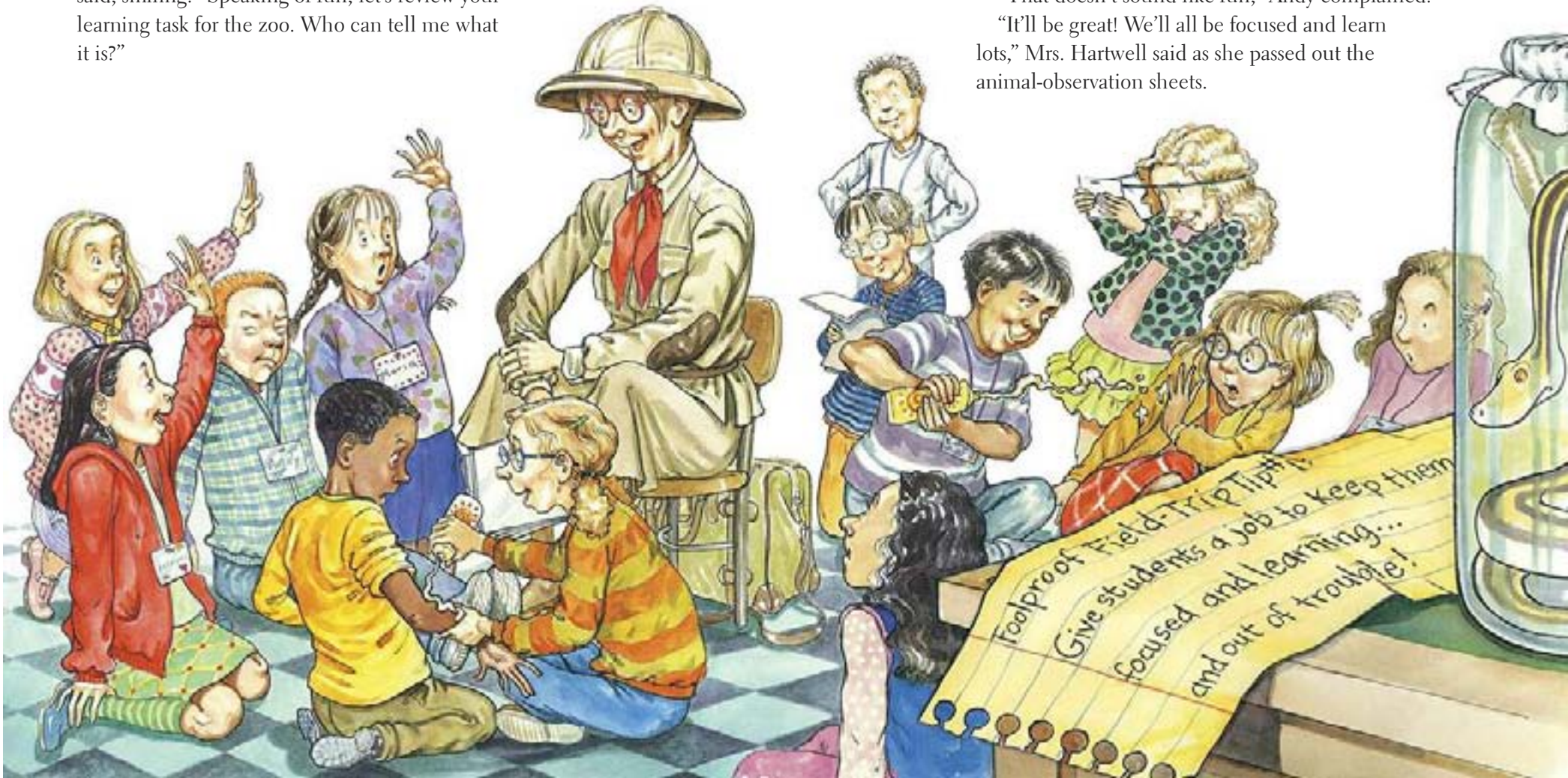
“Getting organized is fun,” Mrs. Hartwell said, smiling. “Speaking of fun, let’s review your learning task for the zoo. Who can tell me what it is?”

“We’re supposed to be animal observers,” Madison called out.

“And write down what we see animals doing,” Alexandra added.

“That doesn’t sound like fun,” Andy complained.

“It’ll be great! We’ll all be focused and learn lots,” Mrs. Hartwell said as she passed out the animal-observation sheets.



“Can I go to the bathroom?” Eddie asked just as he got to the bus.

“Hurry back,” Mrs. Hartwell said distractedly as she assigned everyone their seats.



“Darn!” Andy said, when he saw where he was seated.

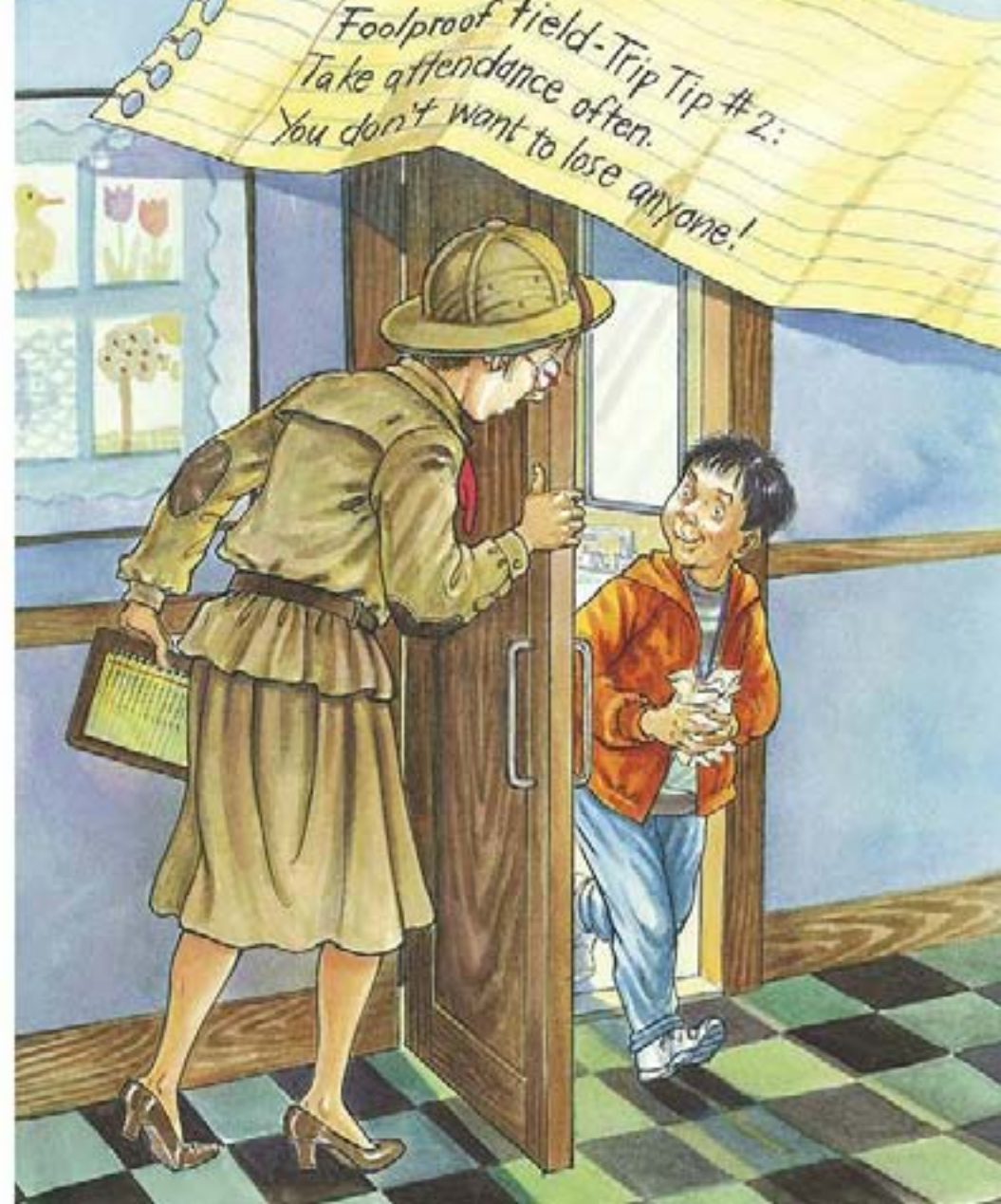


Mrs. Hartwell felt good. She felt prepared. She felt relieved that they'd gotten this far without any problems. As the bus began to pull away from the curb, Mrs. Hartwell looked over her list again.



"STOP!" she yelled, running down the aisle.

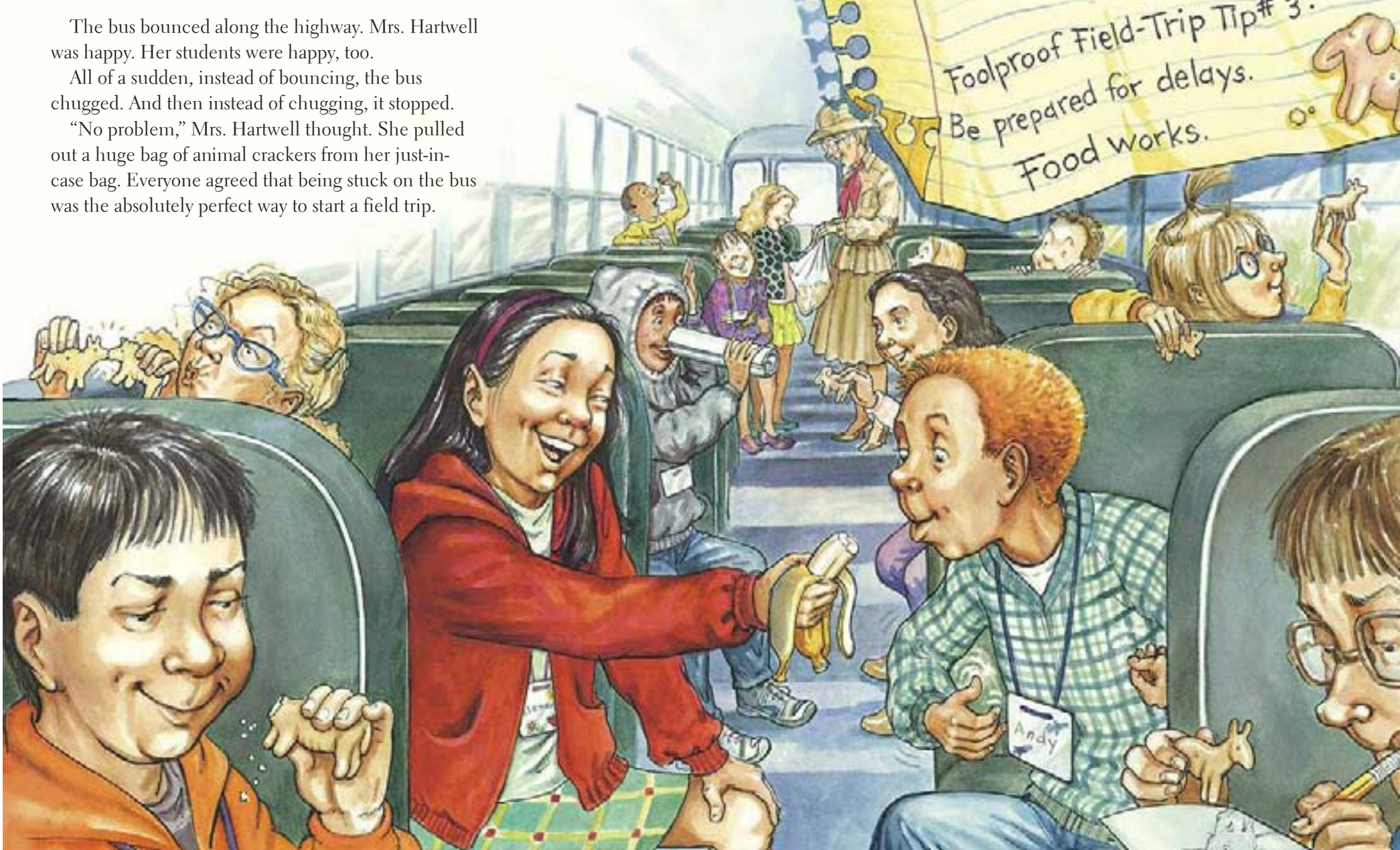
Mrs. Hartwell hurried off the bus, into the school, and almost into the boys' bathroom.



The bus bounced along the highway. Mrs. Hartwell was happy. Her students were happy, too.

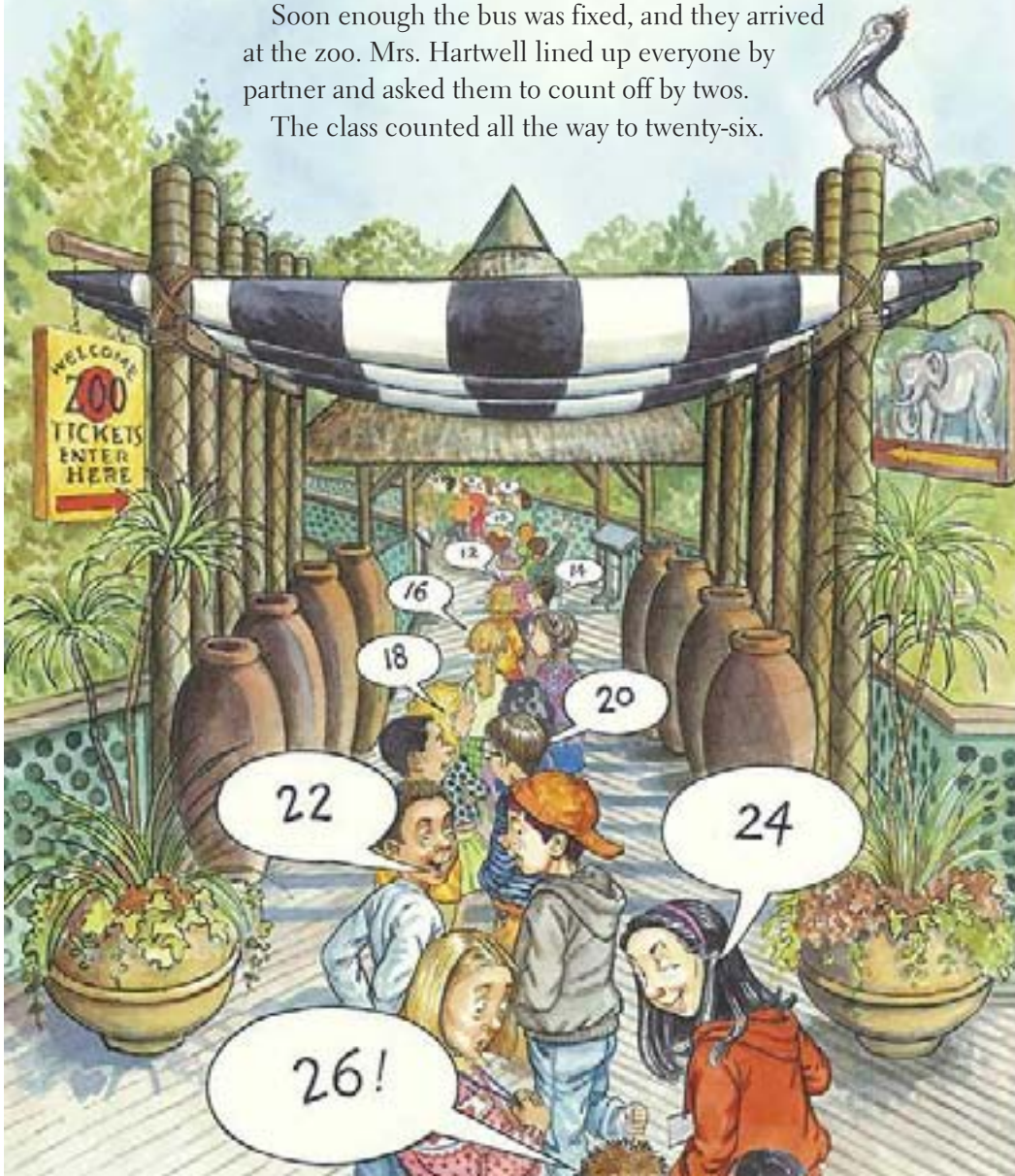
All of a sudden, instead of bouncing, the bus chugged. And then instead of chugging, it stopped.

“No problem,” Mrs. Hartwell thought. She pulled out a huge bag of animal crackers from her just-in-case bag. Everyone agreed that being stuck on the bus was the absolutely perfect way to start a field trip.



Soon enough the bus was fixed, and they arrived at the zoo. Mrs. Hartwell lined up everyone by partner and asked them to count off by twos.

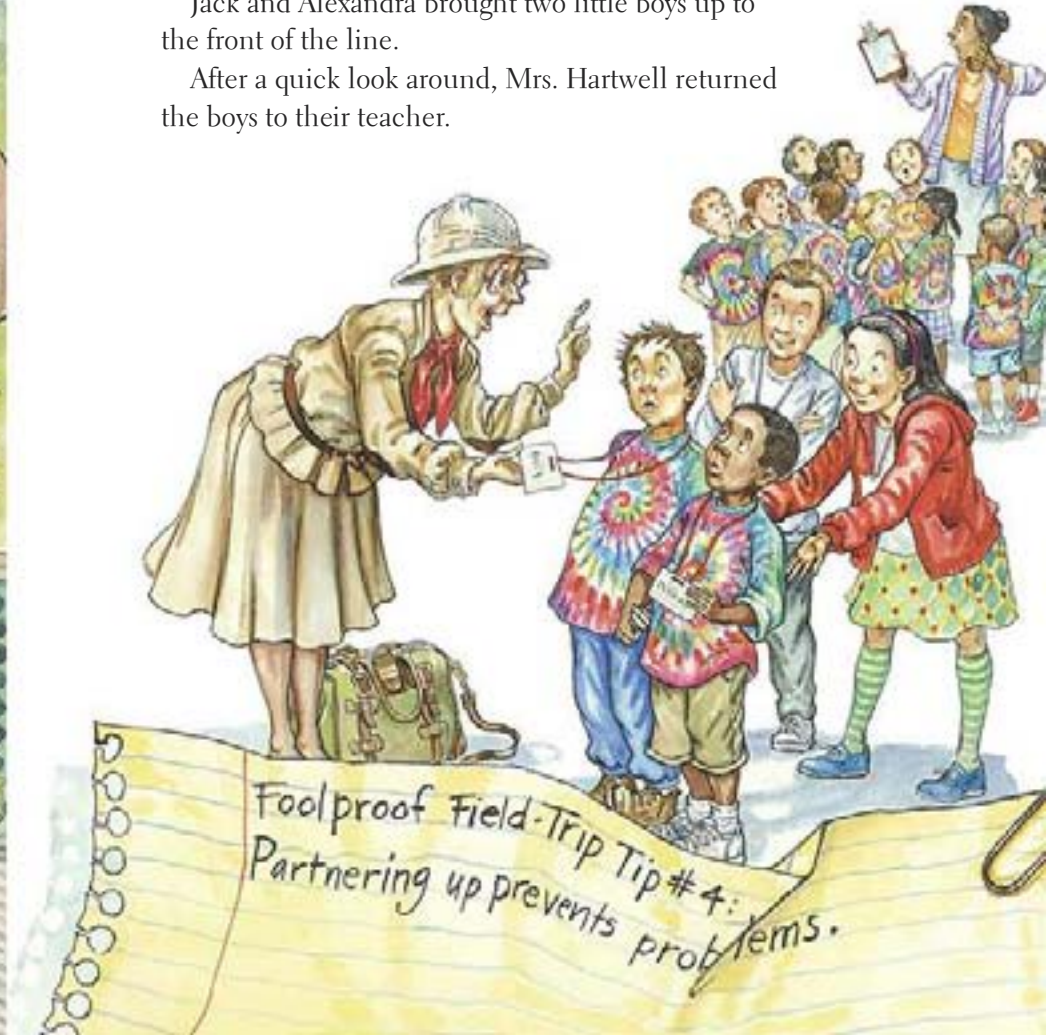
The class counted all the way to twenty-six.



“Twenty-six?!” Mrs. Hartwell exclaimed when they stopped. “But we only have twenty-four students in our class! Who’s in our class who’s *not* in our class?”

Jack and Alexandra brought two little boys up to the front of the line.

After a quick look around, Mrs. Hartwell returned the boys to their teacher.



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