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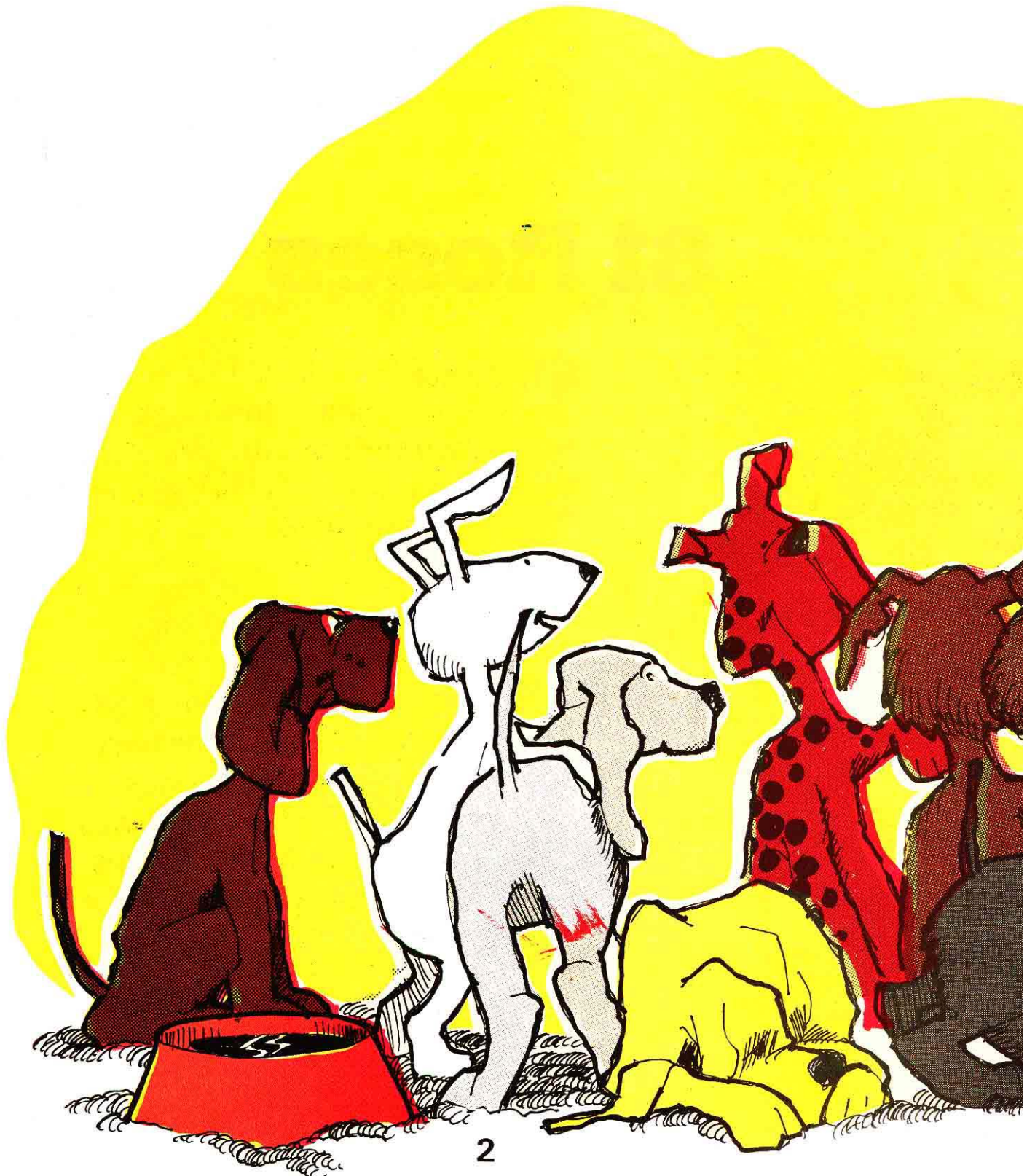
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# **81 Roses**

by Frederique

Pictures/Design

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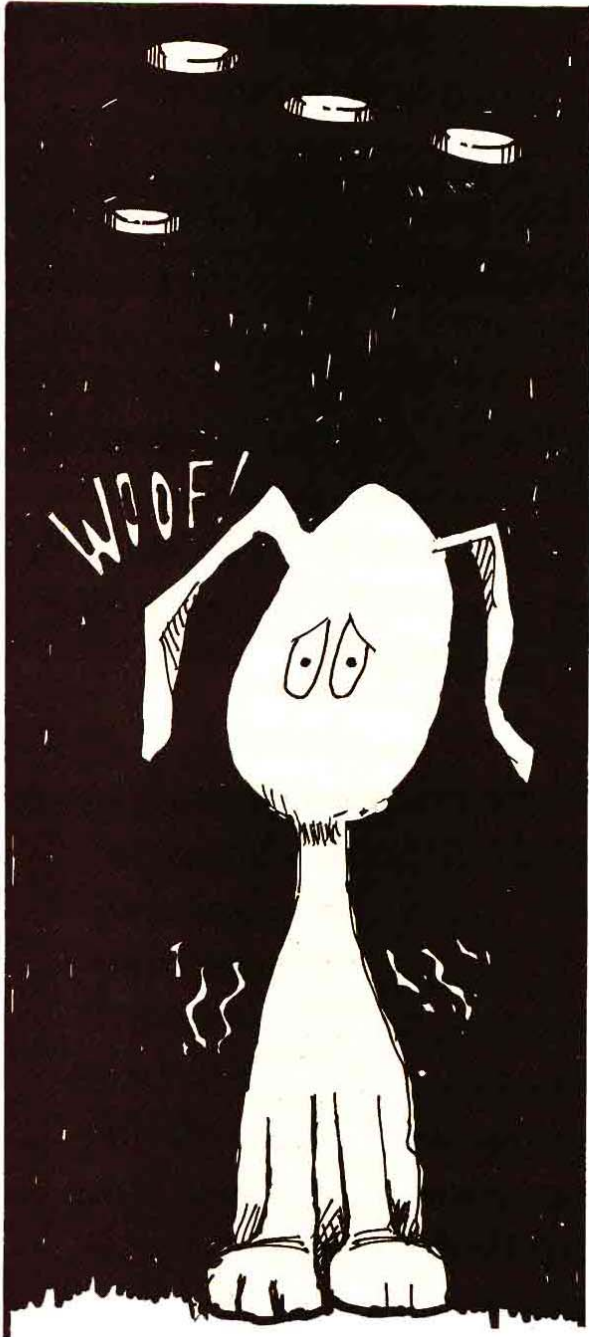
I am a little white dog.

My mother left me when I was one month old. I cried a lot.

Then I lived in a pet store with many other dogs for a whole month. We slept in the store window, all curled up together.

The children of the neighborhood visited us very often. They enjoyed our company. I was their favorite, because I was very tiny and my coat was very smooth. Sometimes they took me in their arms and I licked their noses. I was so happy to be played with. I soon forgot my mother.





One day the owner of the pet store put me in a large covered box. It was dark in the box, and I was frightened.

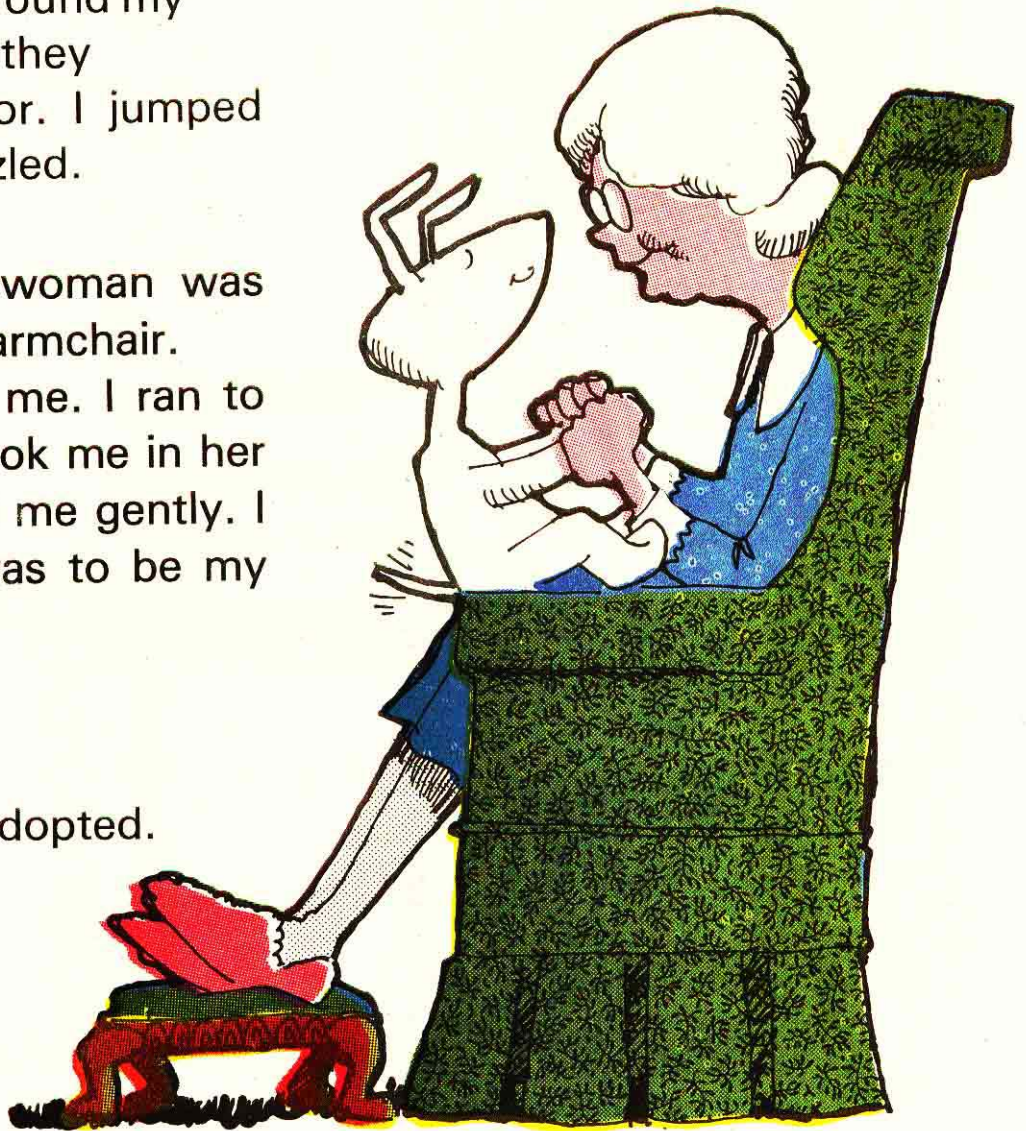
I did not understand what was happening to me. I barked sadly.

I was all alone for the first time in my life. I was cold. Very soon I realized I was in a train. I could hear its whistle. The rocking of the train soon put me to sleep.

When I awoke, I was no longer on the train, and children were whispering and laughing around my box. Suddenly they opened its door. I jumped out, a little dazzled.

A very old woman was sitting in a big armchair. She smiled at me. I ran to her and she took me in her lap and patted me gently. I realized she was to be my new mother.

I had been adopted.





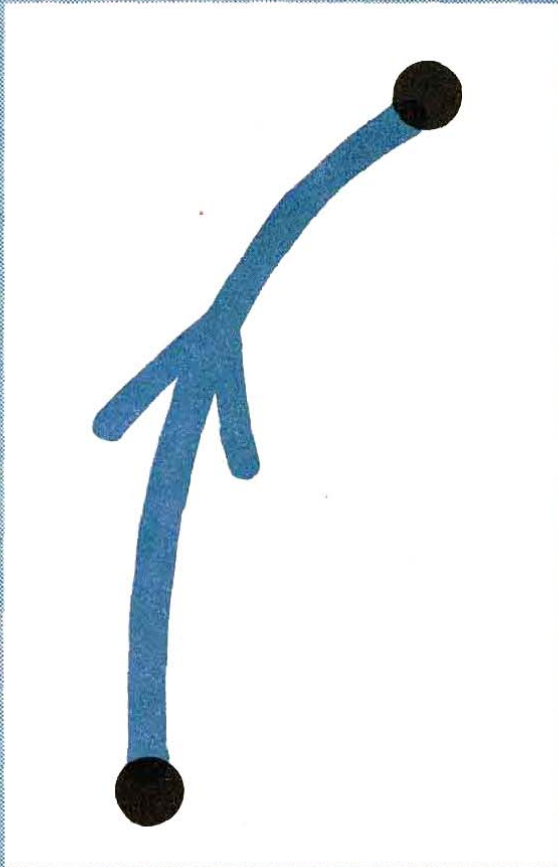
I looked around me.

The room was very lively. I sniffed some pleasant smells from the kitchen. I saw a big cake decorated with a lot of candles. There were far too many for me to count. A little girl told me there were 80 candles. I realized I was invited to a birthday party. It was my new mother's birthday.





All day long I stayed very close to my new mother. I never left her. Each time she moved around the room, I followed her immediately.



I spent the night under the bed.



The next day my mother packed her suitcase. I was afraid that she would leave me like my first mother did. But she patted me softly, and then I knew she was going to take me with her. I relaxed.

We got on the train. This time I was not in a box but on my mother's knees. I was warm and comfortable. I fell asleep.

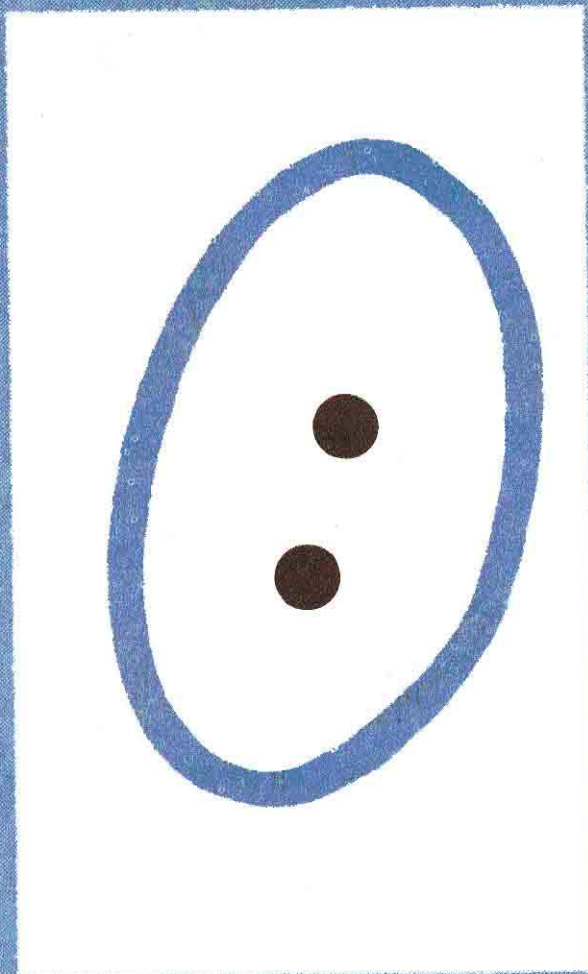
The train stopped. I woke up. I was a little stiff. I jumped to the ground, and a lot of people bumped into me.

My mother took me in her arms and we left the station. We took a taxi.

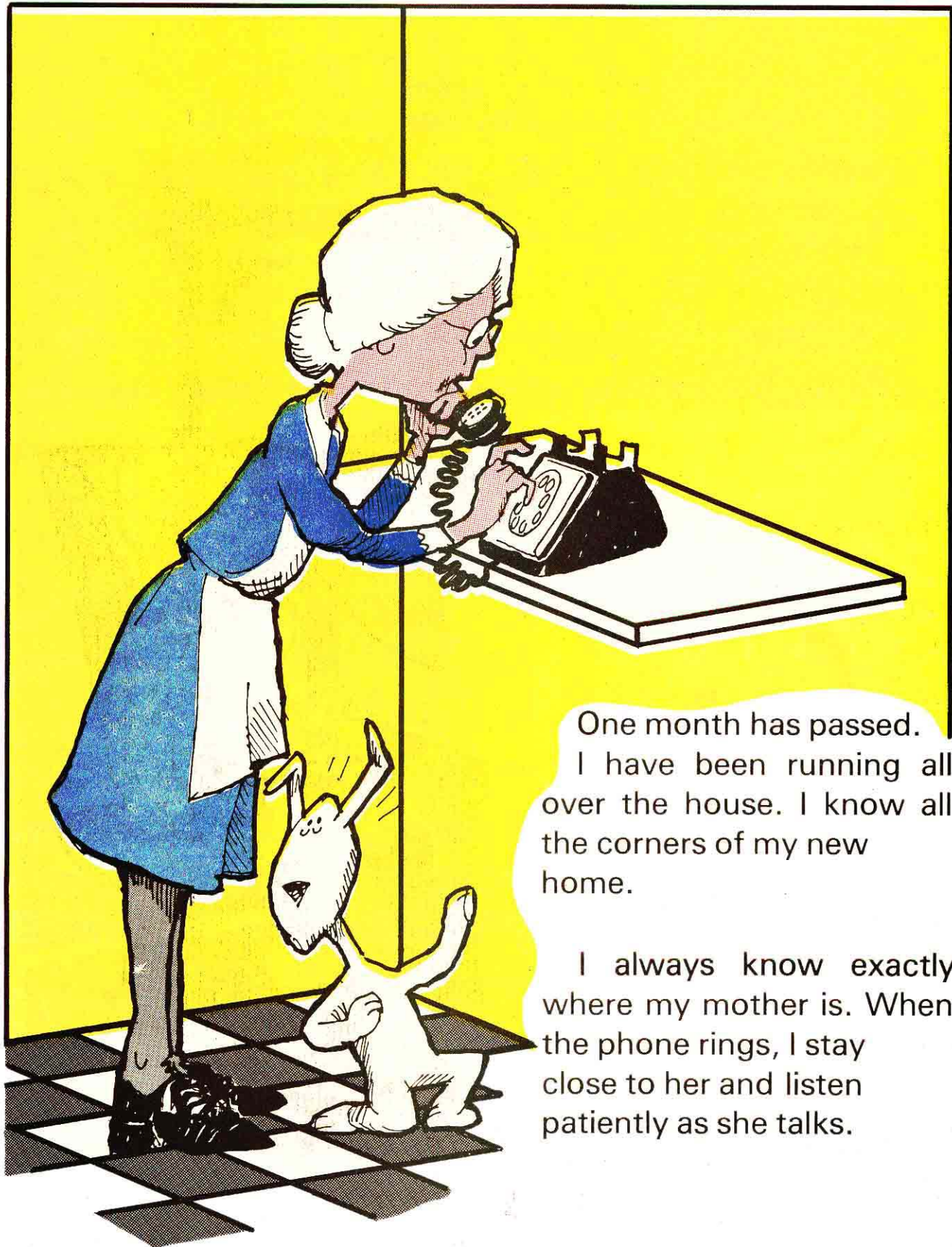




We arrive at our new home. I am going to live here with my mother. You can hear my heart beating. I am so happy.







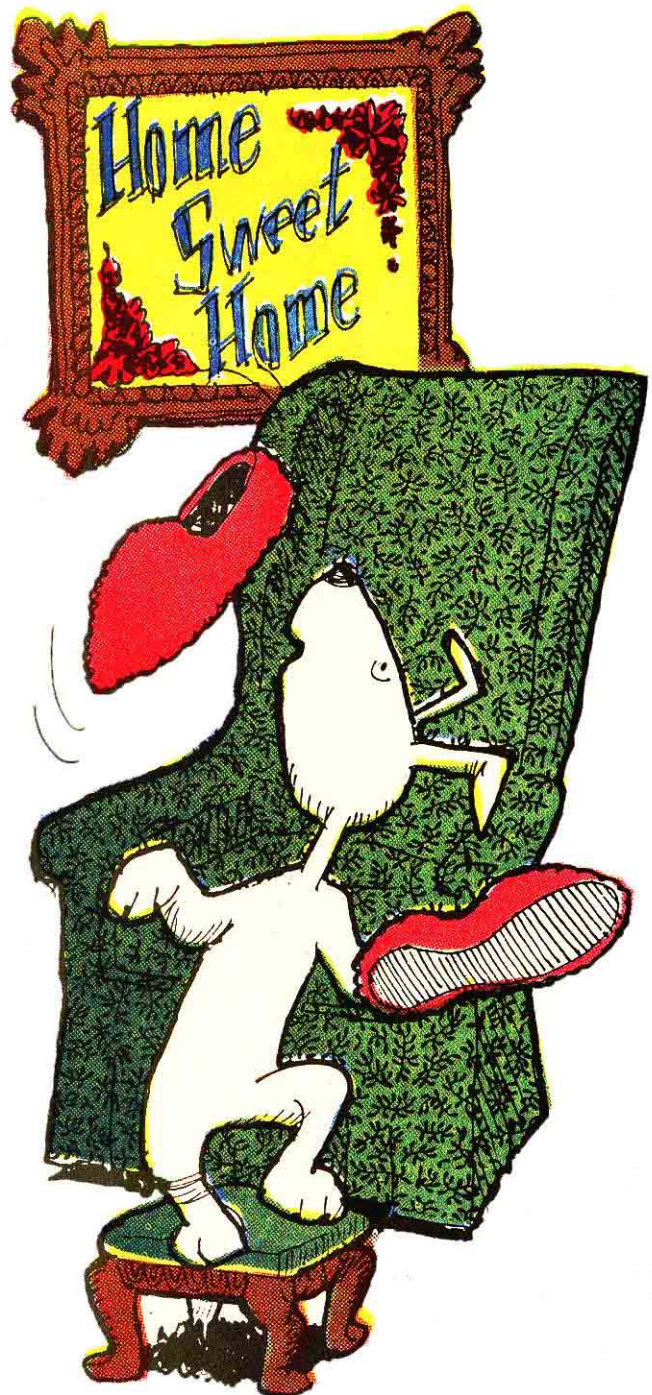
One month has passed. I have been running all over the house. I know all the corners of my new home.

I always know exactly where my mother is. When the phone rings, I stay close to her and listen patiently as she talks.

In the afternoon my mother went out to visit her sister who is very ill. She left me all by myself. The first few days I cried and barked a lot.

To comfort me, my mother gave me her old slippers to play with. This cheered me up quite a bit.

Now I am sure my mother will never abandon me. When she goes out, I am sad, but I sleep quietly.





Now two months have passed.

I am getting stronger and stronger.

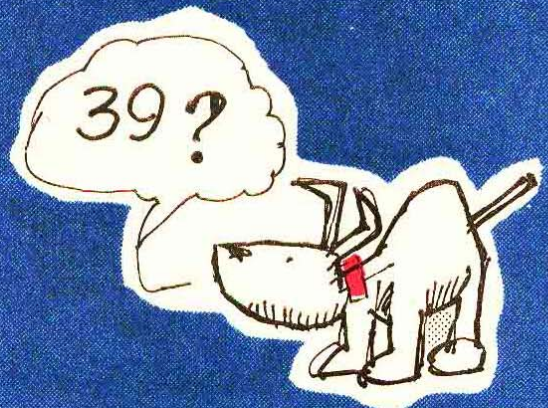
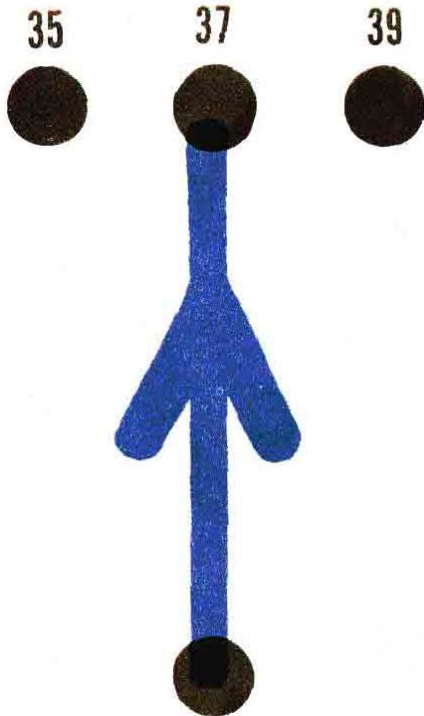
I have grown a lot taller. My mother measures me every week. She seems to be afraid that I will become a giant.

I like going for walks. I have a red leash that I bite all the time. After two weeks, my mother bought me a much stronger one.

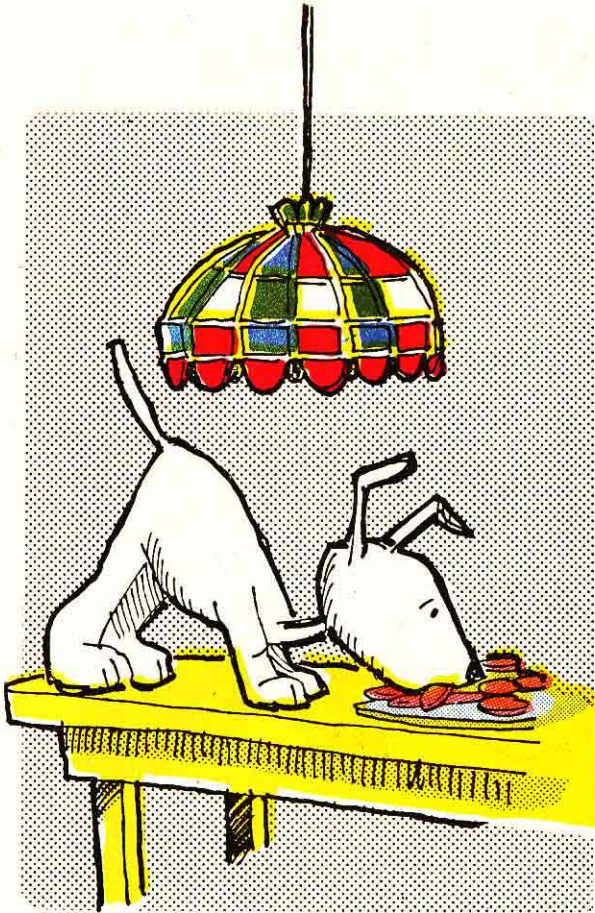




37 is the number of our house. My mother is very proud of me because I recognize this number. But sometimes I stop in front of number 39. I pretend I have forgotten 37. But I am only joking.



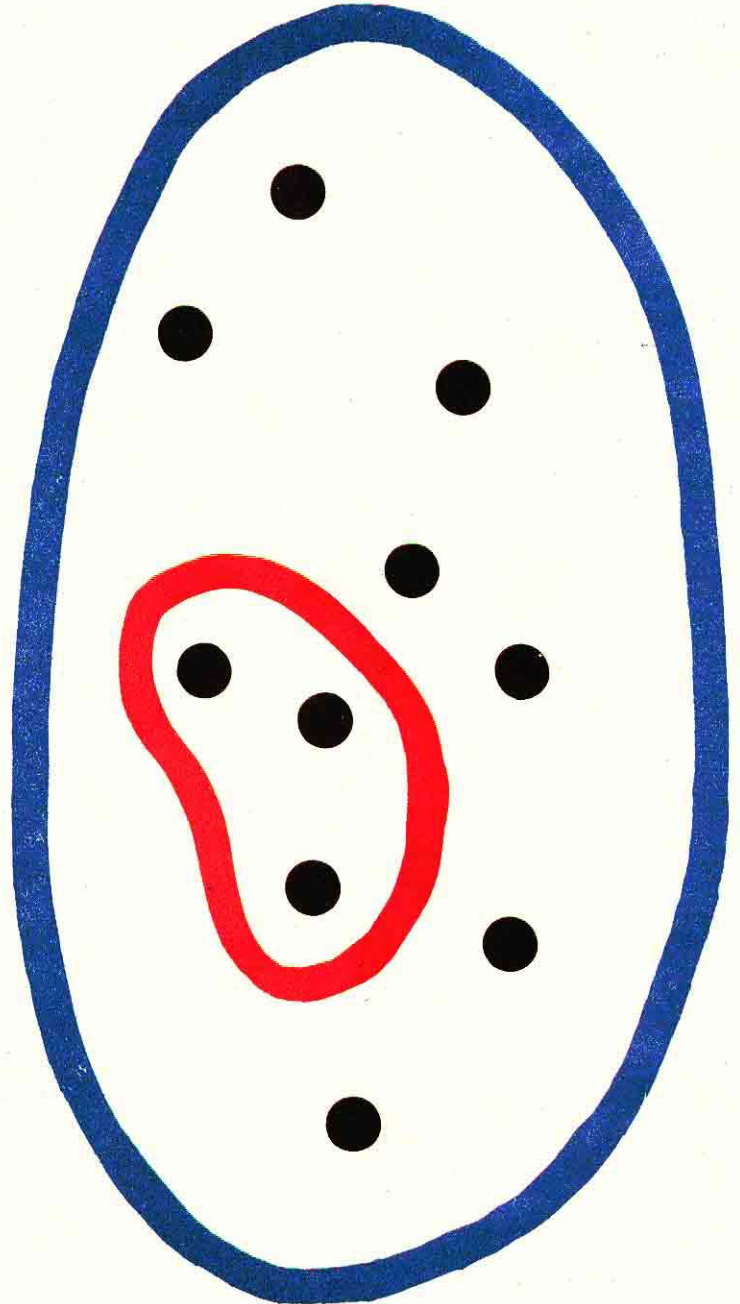




I am very greedy.

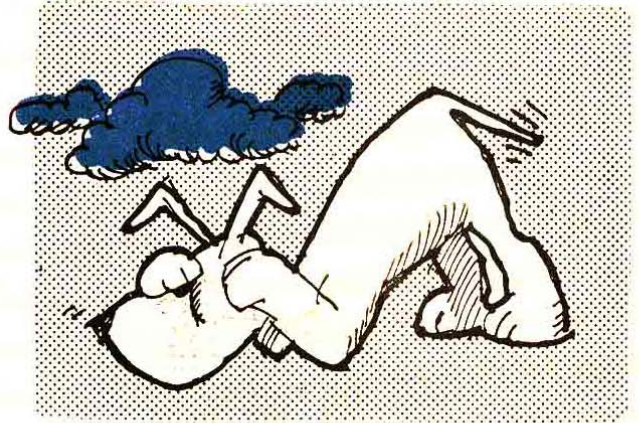
Yesterday my mother put some cookies on the table and left the room.

I immediately jumped onto the table and stole 3 of them.



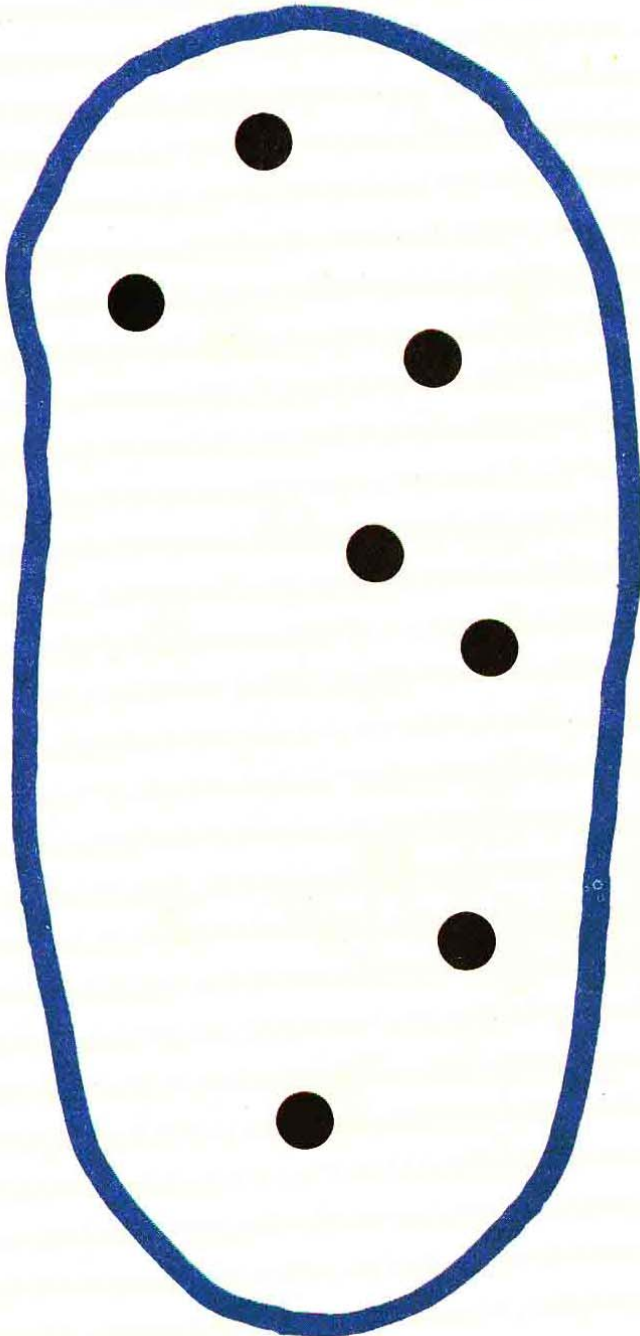


When my mother saw her plate, she looked at me suspiciously. She knew I had eaten 3 cookies.



My mother was upset because she had invited some friends for an afternoon snack. She did not have enough time to bake new cookies.

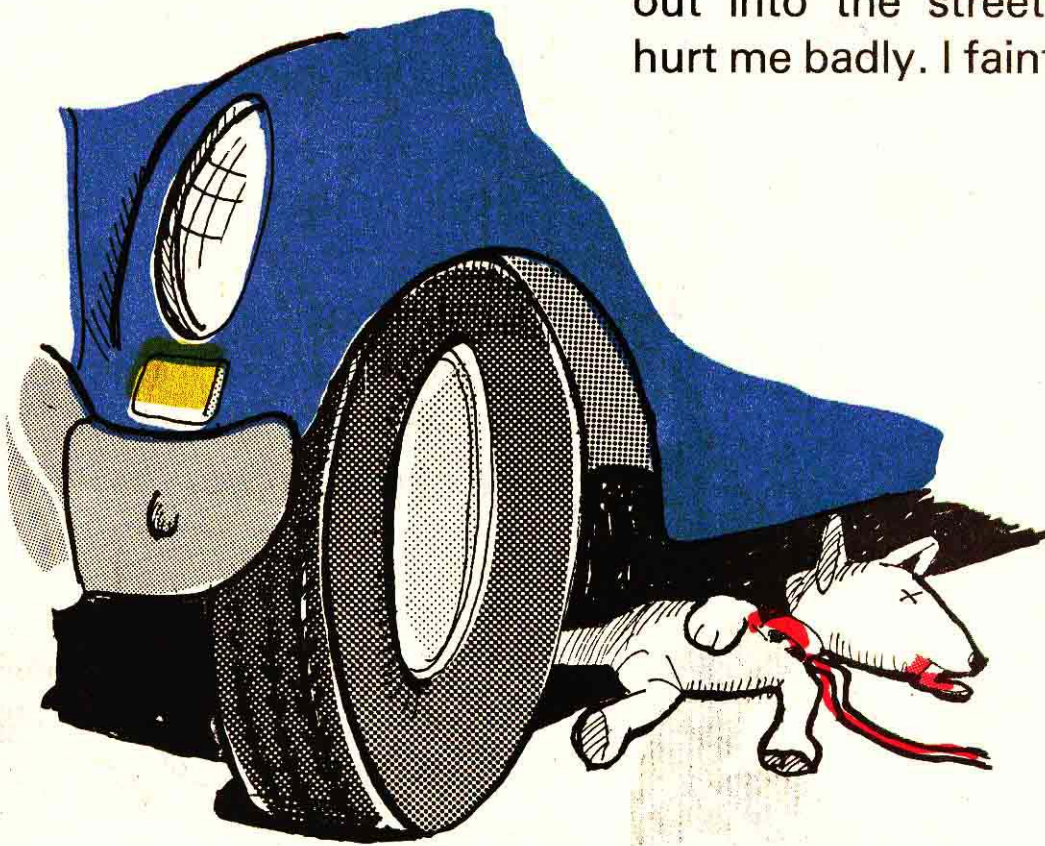
I was ashamed and I hid under a big armchair. I was very sad that it was all my fault. But the cookies were so good!





I like to run freely in the street. But when I walk with my mother, she always holds me on a leash.

A few days ago, I was in a bad mood because my mother was walking too slowly for me. I pulled against my leash. I jumped out into the street. A car hurt me badly. I fainted.

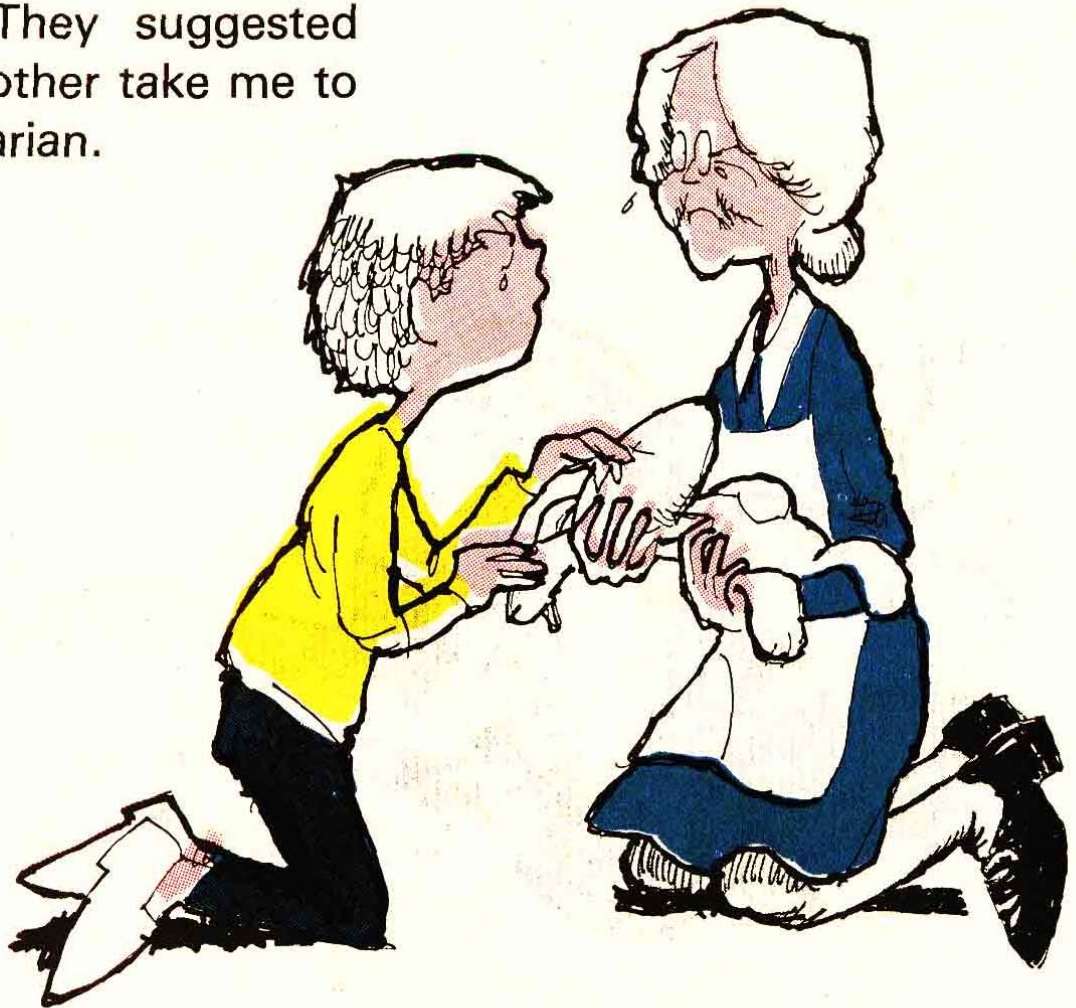




My mother thought I was dead.

She took me in her arms and ran home with me. She did not know what to do.

Two children saw the accident. They suggested that my mother take me to the veterinarian.





When I awoke, I was in a new basket that was much larger than my old one, and I had a beautiful red cushion.

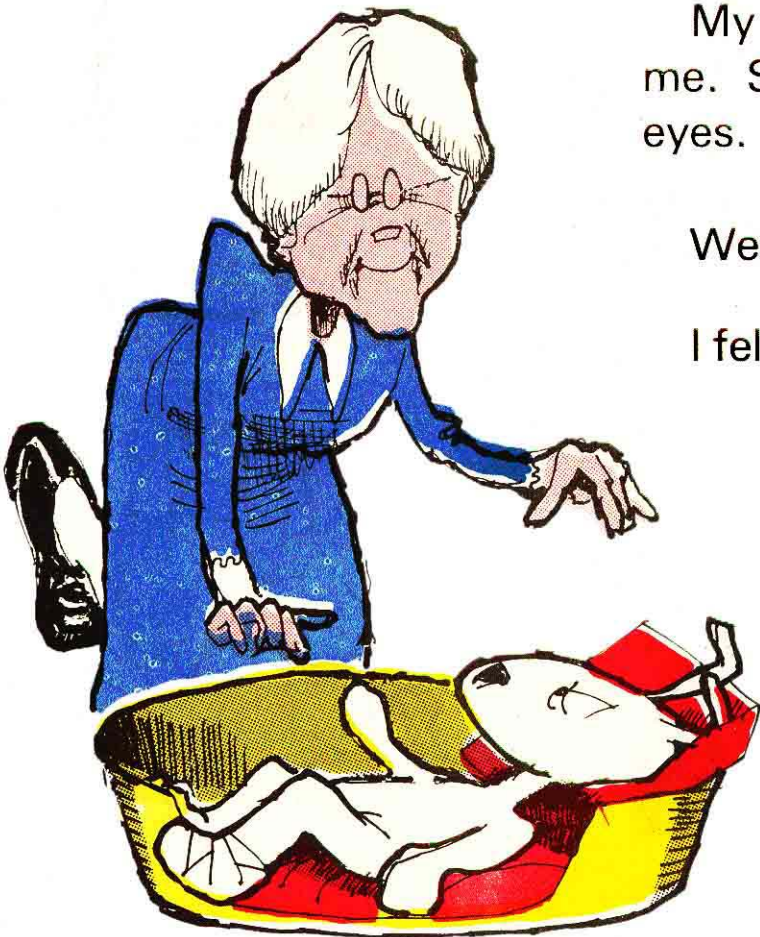
I was shivering.

One of my legs hurt a lot.

My mother was close to me. She had tears in her eyes.

We smiled at each other.

I fell asleep.

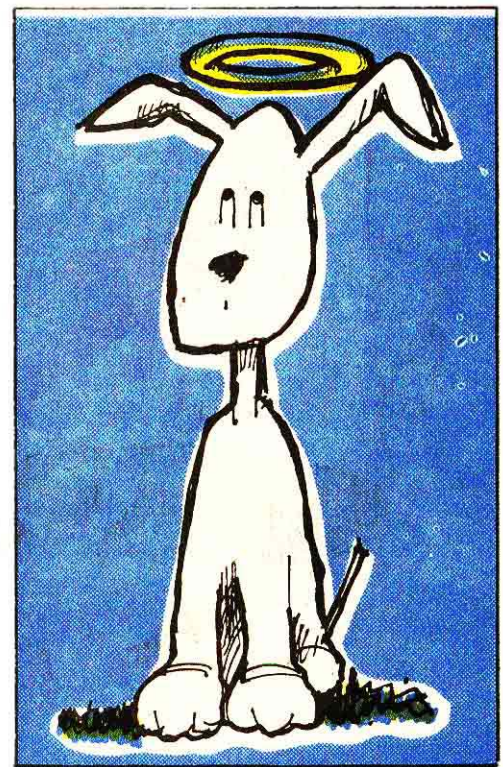




I had to take a lot of pills. I spit them out because I hated the way they tasted. Then my mother mixed the pills with marshmallows, and I liked them much better.

I got well very quickly because I am a healthy dog. I can walk again, but I cannot jump yet.

My mother is very proud of my progress.



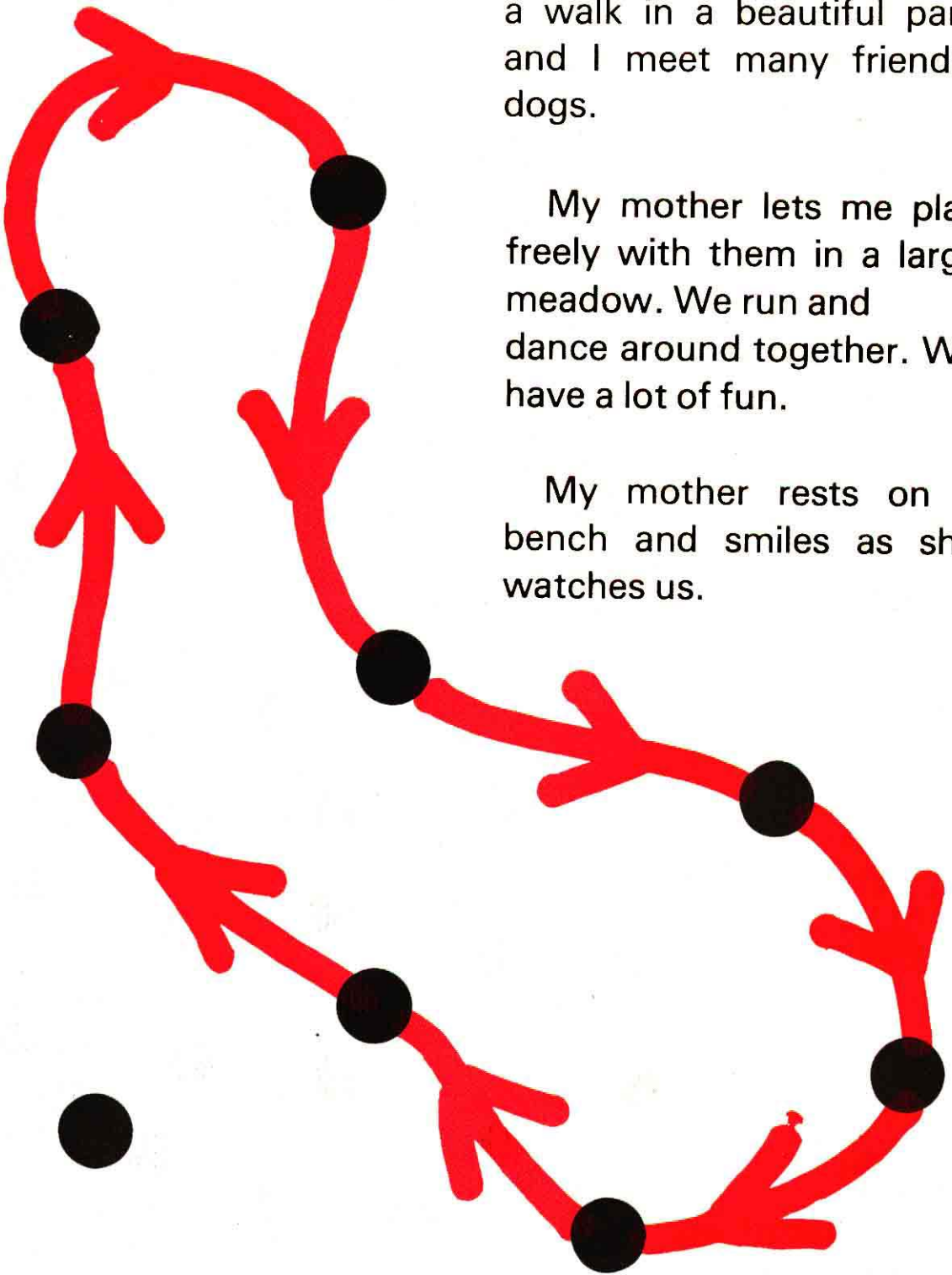
I promised myself that I would be more obedient.



Now it is summertime. Each afternoon we go for a walk in a beautiful park, and I meet many friendly dogs.

My mother lets me play freely with them in a large meadow. We run and dance around together. We have a lot of fun.

My mother rests on a bench and smiles as she watches us.

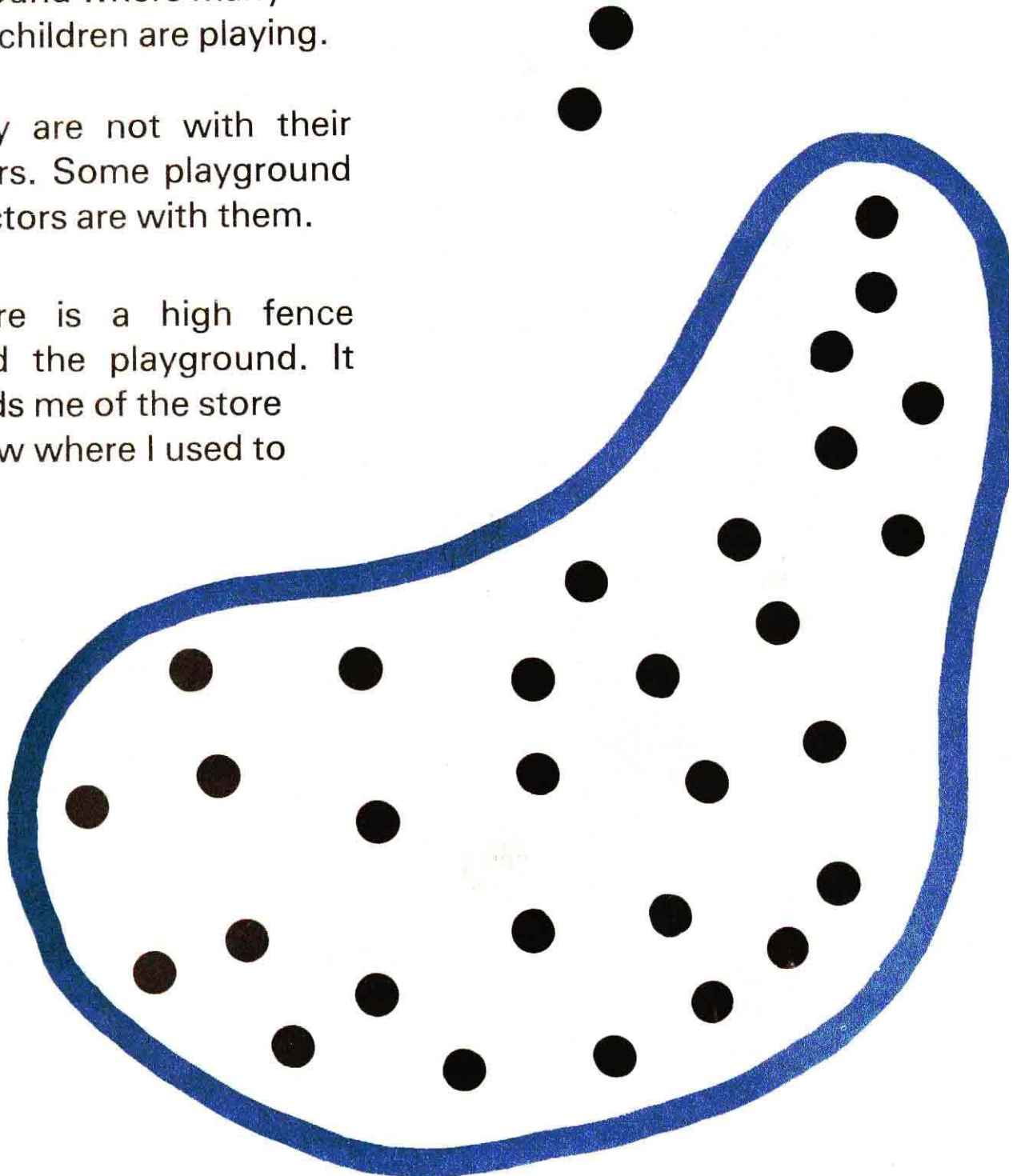




Afterwards we go to a playground where many young children are playing.

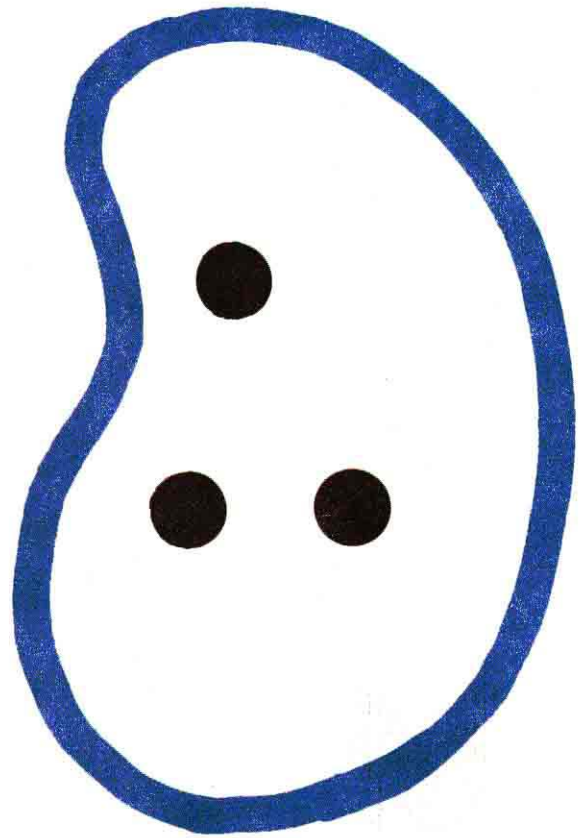
They are not with their mothers. Some playground instructors are with them.

There is a high fence around the playground. It reminds me of the store window where I used to live.





Each day the same little boy waits for us at the playground. There is a hole in the fence. I jump through it.

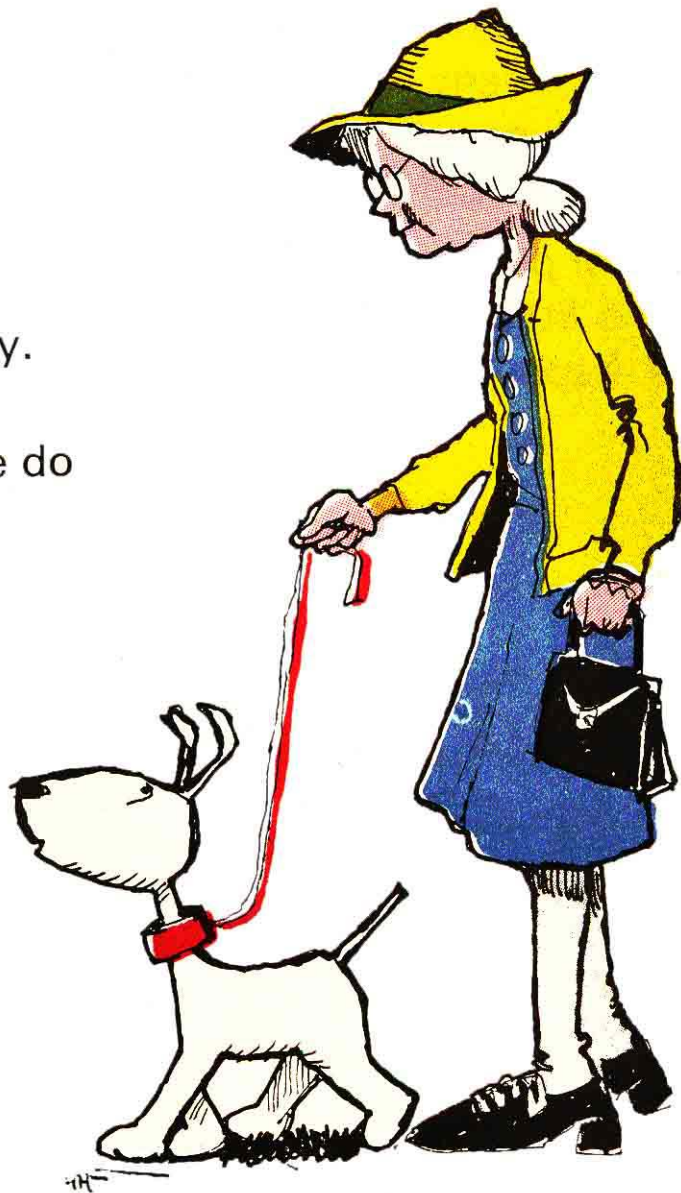


The little boy takes me in his arms. I lick his nose. He scratches me behind the ears. He talks with my mother. We all become good friends.



Then we have to say  
good-bye to the little boy.

On our way home we do  
not talk. We are both  
thinking of our friend. I  
walk very close to my  
mother.



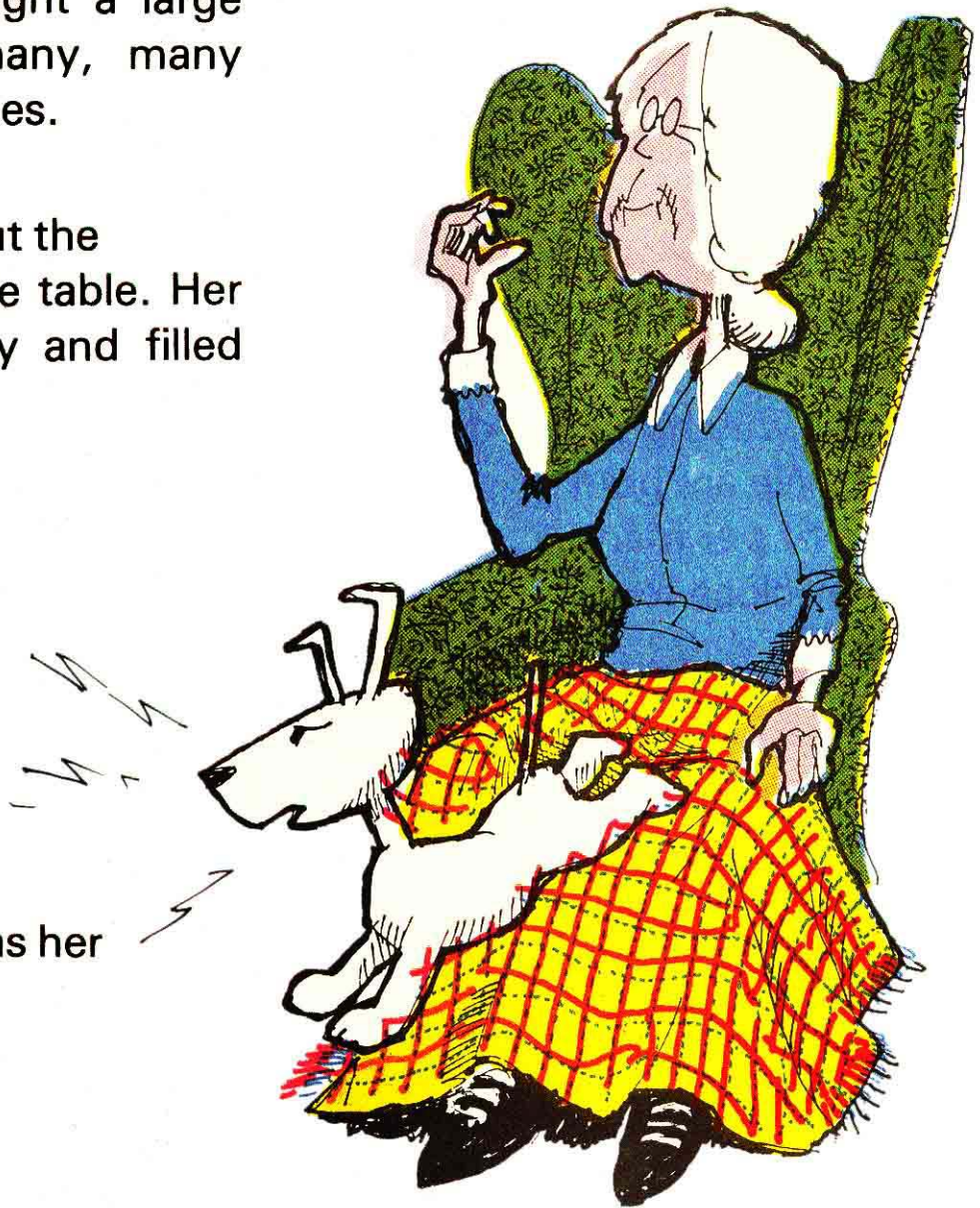


Last Sunday I was sleeping on my mother's lap when the doorbell rang.

I jumped to the floor, barking loudly. It was the florist. He brought a large basket with many, many beautiful red roses.

My mother put the basket on a little table. Her face was happy and filled with joy.

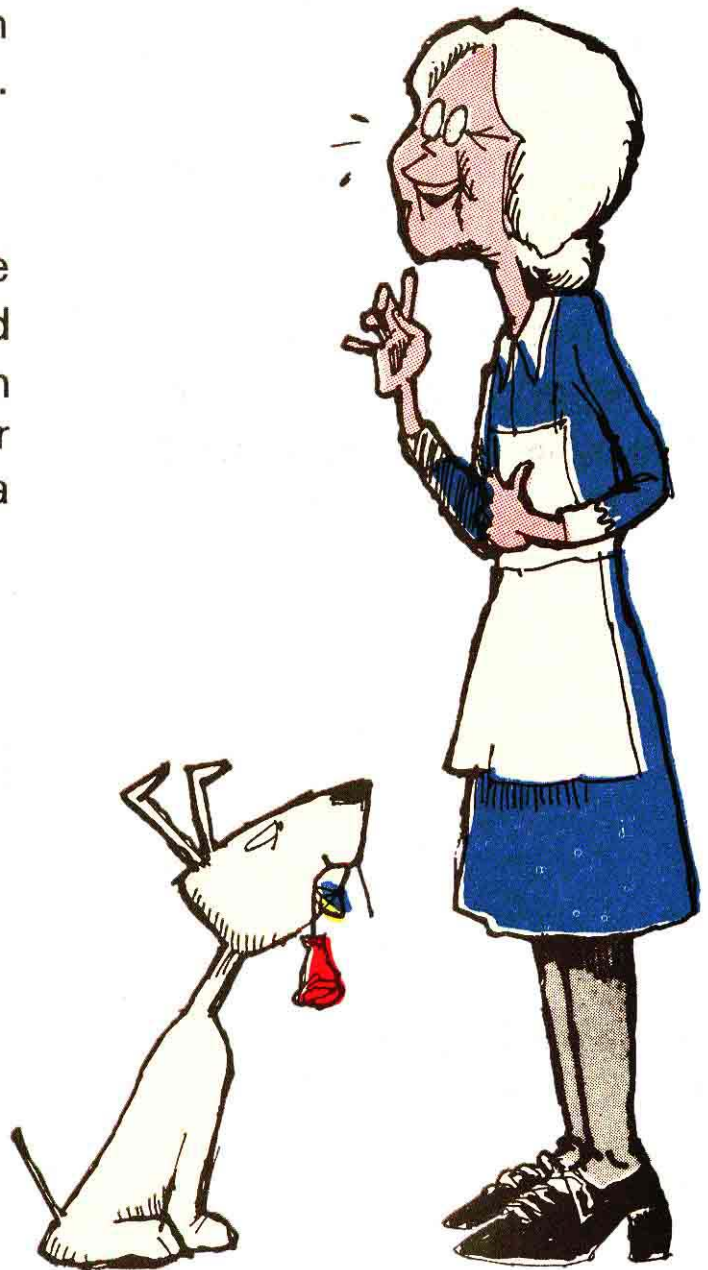
I realized it was her birthday again.





To share her happiness, I jumped onto the table and took one of the flowers. I ran up and down the room with the rose in my mouth. I was very excited.

My mother looked at me laughingly. "I cannot scold you. You are so cute with that red flower against your white coat. You are such a lively little dog."





My mother watered the flowers. "81 roses," she said softly. "81 years; that is a very long time."

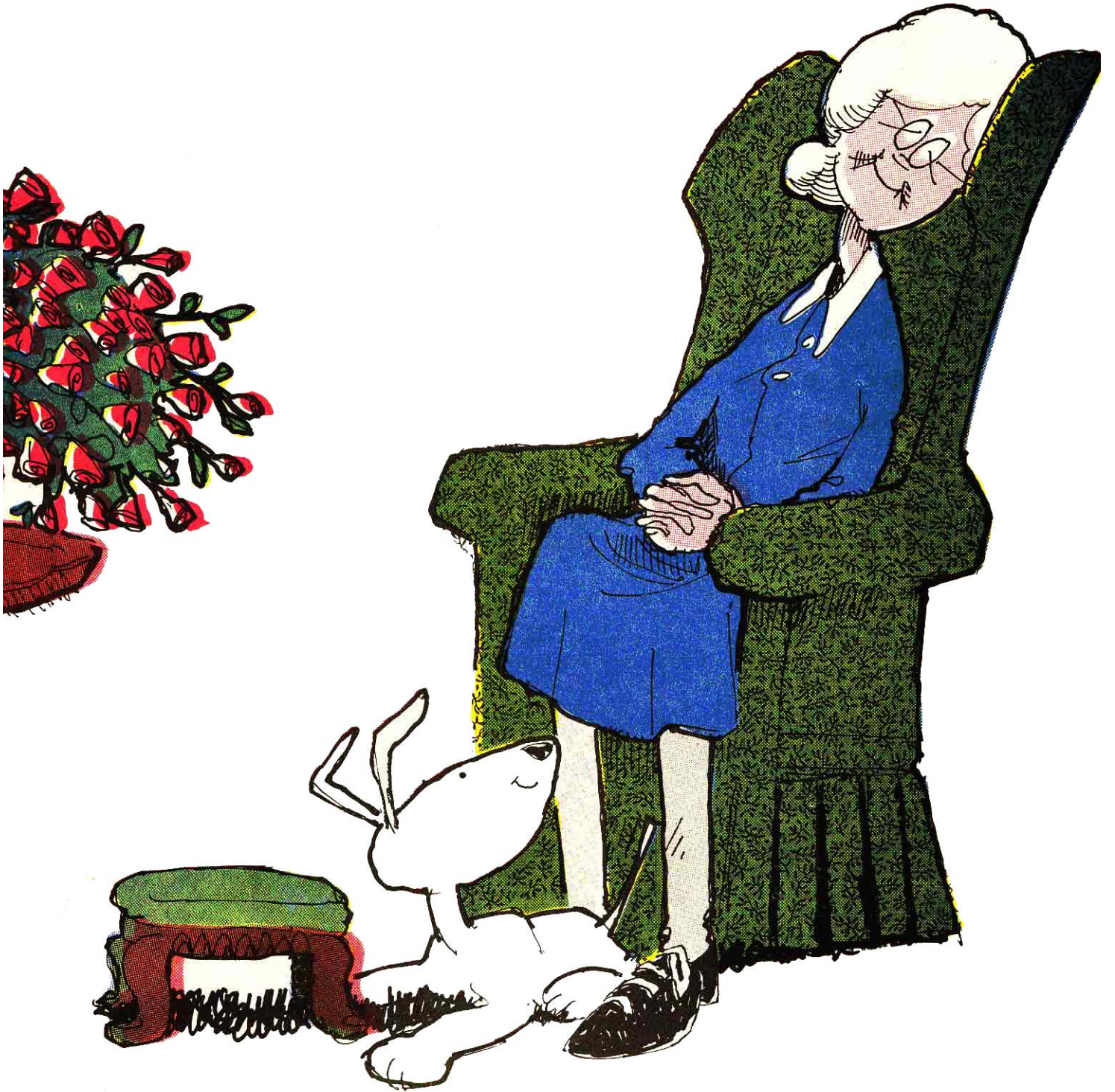
I listened to her without moving.

I could see she was thinking about her past. She smiled a little sadly.

I went very close to her. I laid down at her feet and looked at her lovingly.









## 81 Roses

"81 Roses" is a love story about a little white dog and his 81-year-old "mother." The little puppy explores the strange and sometimes frightening world of grown-ups. He experiences insecurity, fear and joy — he grows and he learns — and, most important, he responds with happiness and affection to the warmth of those who love and respect him. Young children who are so sensitive to their own feelings will empathize with the little white dog and with his friends, young and old.

With vivid simplicity, the pictures of dots, strings and arrows reinforce the story. If you ask about these pictures, a child will point to the puppy or his "mother," or show you the house numbered "37," or count the cookies the puppy ate. You may be surprised to see how concretely these abstract pictures speak to him. And so, in a very personal way, the young child begins to enter the world of mathematics.

Ann Karmos



Stories by Frederique

Age 5 to 8

The Playful Numbers

81 Roses

I Am A Very Happy Boy

One Out Of Seven

The Happy Puppet

The Old Shoemaker

Two By Two

The Little Dreamer

The Little Donkey

The Magic Box

The Baby Is Born

The Weird Story of 24

Age 8 to 12

Where's My Nose?

Singing Friends

Dancing Friends

The Living Lines

I Am Not My Name

Nabu Wins An Award

The Square Trap

Summer School In The Old Days

Age 10 to 14

The Hidden Treasure

A Very Strange Neighborhood

Election In The Number World

A Valentine Mystery



**Comprehensive School Mathematics Program**

