





Listen to this book: storyj.mp/ah4b5v22qixe



## Classmates:

Clever and hard-working
They read, write and learn
They write, they work, they play
Friendly, helpful, supportive
Friends!







## Education

4th graders, Școala primară EuroED, Iași, Romania



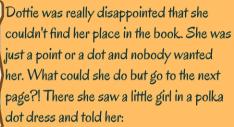
## **Education:**

Useful and magical
Working, hoping, persevering
Passion, support, good will
Unique and wonderful
School!

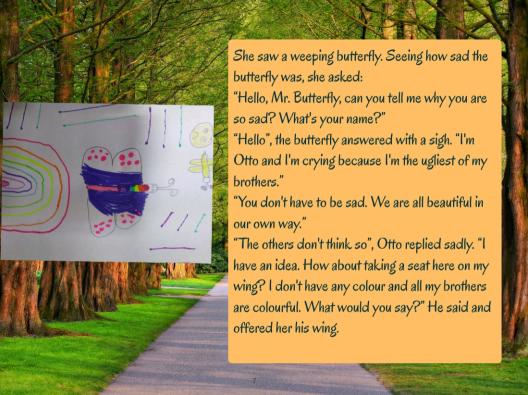




(Lucia, Scoala Al. I. Cuza, Fălticeni)



"Hello, beautiful girl. Can you tell me if I have a place on this wonderful dress?"
"I do not think so! I don't need any other polka dots. Goodbye!" said the girl.
"Okay", Dottie sighed. "A beautiful day, though!" Dottie said half-heartedly. Then she turned to the next page, hoping she would find her place by the end of the book.





Dottie's face filled with happiness. She managed to get a friend! She thought she could travel wherever she wanted with the butterfly and also drive Otto's sadness away. So she said: "With my greatest pleasure."

"Perfect! Let's get going!"
And so Dottie and Otto travelled far away happily and made a lot of friends.



Natalia, Scoala Al. I. Cuza, Fălticeni

Dottie saw a bee without an antenna. She then had an idea and asked the bee if she wasn't, in fact, the missing point of the antenna. The bee, for unknown reasons, felt offended and stung Dottie, who, in turn, got angry and therefore left the book. Dottie felt sick, had a fever and chills and turned yellow, to the point where she became an emoticon.

After our little dot became fully "emoticonized", a boy saw it on the carpet and said: "Hey, a sticker! I'll call it Dottie!"

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## The kitten

Mircea Cezar, Scoala Al. I. Cuza, Fălticeni

My parents love animals; they are especially fond of cats. When they got married the first thing they brought into their hose was a beautiful grey cat. After that it was me! So I grew up with the cat and I also loved him very much. One day the cat left us and never came back. We were all very sad for a while.

One day when I came home I saw a white furry ball in the corner of the sofa. I hadn't realized what it was until it started moving: it was a kitten my mother had brought home. Its tail was as bushy as a squirrel's. It was so scared of me that she was moving from one corner of the room to the other.





