

Max was very proud when he learned how to write. Soon, he could not get enough of writing. He would write letters. He would write stories. He wrote all the time. One day, Max got up early. There was no school that day. It was Sunday. He decided to write a story for his mom. Max could not decide what to write about. Maybe his mom would like a story about a bunny. She always smiled when they watched rabbits playing at the pet store. She might prefer a story about flowers. She liked to smell them in the spring. Max knew his mom liked to ride her bike. Maybe she would like a story about a new bike. Max sat in the kitchen and thought. He wanted to write a story his mom would really like. Then, he had a great idea.

Max got a piece of paper and pens. He drew a picture of his mom. He gave her a big smile. He put pretty flowers in her hand. He drew a rabbit near her feet. He drew a bike behind her. Next to his mom, he drew a picture of himself. Now Max was ready to write the words for his story. He wrote about a beautiful lady. He told about how much her son loved her. He wrote about the fun they had on their bikes. The story talked about her pet rabbit. It told about the flowers in her hand. He knew his mom would like this story.