



Unit 5 – Lesson 3

Bread for Bullie (1)

Last week, Katy's class a math test. Today, the students going to find out their grades. Katy insecure as Miss Park handed out their test papers.

"Math is really difficult for me," Katy thought.

Miss Park put Katy's test on her desk. Katy down at it—2 out of 10! She wasn't surprised. "I'll keep, " she said to herself. Suddenly, Sam, tall like a giraffe, was over her. He shouted out to his friends.

"Ha, ha! Katy got a 2 on her test! I'd be so if I only got a 2!"

Sam's friends laughed. Katy put her paper away, but she felt small a snail and wanted to hide in her shell.

Luckily, the next class was Katy's favorite—





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Bread for Bullie (2)

“OK, today we’re learning how to make” Miss Park said.

Katy waited. They usually in pairs or groups in science class. “Please, please, don’t me with Sam,” she thought.



“For this project, you’re going to work on your own,” Miss Park

“Phew!” thought Katy. She was like a mouse as she concentrated on the instructions from Miss Park. She really the feel of the bread and the shapes she was making. She put hers in the oven first. When it was ready, Miss Park tasted it.

“Katy, that’s! You’re great at this. And you work as fast as lightning. If you had a bakery, I’d buy your bread.

Good job!”





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Bread for Bullie (3)



Katy was a little embarrassed. Her face turned red a tomato. But she felt warm and happy inside. She was so pleased that she decided make some more bread at home later that afternoon.

“What are you making, Katy?” her dad asked.

“Bread. I was by my science project! It’s really interesting.”

She took the bread out of the oven, and her family tasted it.

“Wow! This tastes fantastic!” said her dad. “Maybe you can make some for our friends?”

“Oh, I would love that,” replied Katy. “Do you think I sell it to them? Then I can save for a new bike.”

“That’s a good idea, Katy,” said her dad. “I’ll call some of our and ask them.”





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Bread for Bullie (4)

After that day, Katy spending Saturdays baking bread, and she was proud of herself for learning a new skill. When the bread was, she took it on her old bike to their friends and neighbors. The bread was very popular, and soon Katy was as as a bee.



One Saturday, she knocked on a door on her street, and Sam, her classmate, answered.

Katy was to see him. She turned to walk away, but Sam called her back.

“Katy, I’d really like of your bread. My friends said it’s delicious. I’m sorry we mean to you. I acted like a”

“Thank you for apologizing,” Katy said. “Would you like me show you how to make the bread?”

