Football and the Rose Bush – Version #1:

Jason loved summer. He loved the way the grass smelled, he loved the birds singing, and he loved the sunshine. Most of all, he loved not having to go to school and being about to play outside all day.

Jason’s family lived in a big house with an even bigger yard. He loved to play baseball and football with his friends Tommy and Joe. They came over almost every day. Jason ate his breakfast very quickly each day so he would be ready when they came over.

Every morning was the same. Jason would eat and wait by the window for Tommy and Joe. When he saw them pull up on their bikes, he ran towards the door. “They’re here, Mom. I’ll be outside,” he would holler.

Every day, his mother’s response was the same. “Have fun. Make sure to stay away from my rose bushes.” Jason’s mom loved her rose bushes. She took care of them every day. Jason’s dad called them “her baby.”

One day, Jason was playing football with Tommy and Joe. Tommy was the quarterback and Jason was the wide receiver. Joe tried to keep Jason from catching the ball. “Go long,” Tommy yelled. “Jason started running. “Farther,” he heard Tommy say. Joe was right behind him.

Tommy threw the ball. It was going over Jason’s head. He ran faster. His eyes were glued to the football so he could catch it. He didn’t notice he was heading toward his mother’s roses. The only thing he cared about was catching that football.

Jason ran as fast as he could. He caught the football just as Joe reached out his hand to try to tap it away. The two boys ended up colliding, and falling right into the roses.

“Oh, no!” Jason yelled, looking at the broken and squished flowers. “My mom is going to really mad.”

The boys walked into Jason’s house, trying to figure out how to tell his mom about the roses. She was still in the kitchen.

“I’m really sorry, Mom,” Jason began. “Really, really sorry.”

“What happened?” she asked. “Is everyone ok?”
“Yes, we’re fine, but your roses aren’t. I’m really sorry. We fell on them.”

Jason’s mom looked outside and the flattened bush. “Was it an accident?” she finally asked.

“Yes,” the boys said in unison.

“Then it will be okay,” she said. “Accidents happen. I’m sure I can salvage them. Just make sure to stay FAR away from now on.”

The boys breathed a sigh of relief. “We will,” they said. The rest of the day, they played on the other side of the house.
Football and the Rose Bush - Version #2:

Jason loved summer. He loved the way the grass smelled, he loved the birds singing, and he loved the sunshine. Most of all, he loved not having to go to school and being about to play outside all day.

Jason's family lived in a big house with an even bigger yard. He loved to play baseball and football with his friends Tommy and Joe. They came over almost every day. Jason ate his breakfast very quickly each day so he would be ready when they came over.

Every morning was the same. Jason would eat and wait by the window for Tommy and Joe. When he saw them pull up on their bikes, he ran towards the door. "They're here, Dad. I'll be outside," he would holler.

Every day, his father's response was the same. "Have fun. Make sure to stay away from my garden." Jason's dad loved his garden. He called it "his baby."

One day, Jason was playing baseball with Tommy and Joe. Tommy was the pitcher and Jason was the hitter. Joe was in the outfield. "Crack a good one," Tommy yelled. "See how far you can hit it."

Tommy threw the ball. Jason swung. He really hit a good one. Joe ran to get under it. His eyes were glued to the baseball so he could catch it. He didn't notice he was heading toward the garden. The only thing he cared about was catching that ball.

Joe caught the ball just as his foot stepped in the garden. He couldn't stop himself. He fell right into the beans and then rolled into the cucumbers.

"Oh, no!" Jason yelled, looking at the broken and squished vegetables. "My dad is going to really mad."

The boys walked into Jason's house, trying to figure out how to tell his dad about the garden. He was still in the kitchen.

"I'm really sorry, Dad," Jason began. "Really, really sorry."

"What happened?" he asked. "Is everyone ok?"

"Yes, we're fine, but your garden isn't. I'm really sorry. We fell on them."
Jason’s dad looked outside and the flattened plants. “Was it an accident?” he finally asked.

“Yes,” the boys said in unison.

“Then it will be okay,” he said. “Accidents happen. I’m sure I can salvage them. Just make sure to stay FAR away from now on.”

The boys breathed a sigh of relief. “We will,” they said. The rest of the day, they played in the vacant lot next to the house.
Football and the Rose Bush Questions:

1. Name two things that are the same in each story:
   _____________________________________________________________________
   _____________________________________________________________________
   _____________________________________________________________________
   _____________________________________________________________________
   _____________________________________________________________________

2. Name two things that are the different in each story:
   1. _____________________________________________________________________
   2. _____________________________________________________________________