

SEQUENCE IT RIGHT: *THE WASP'S PICNIC*

Reading: Sequencing

Read the story. Complete the graphic organizer that follows.

The Wasp's Picnic by Kay Haugaard | Art by Sara Palacios

My big brother is weird. He likes bugs. Whenever a bug comes into the house and Mom runs for a broom or bug spray, Stevie yells, "Don't, Mom, don't. Let me look at it."

Then he looks and gets excited. "A June bug? This early? They don't hurt anyone, Mom. I'll take him outside." Stevie reads tons of books about bugs. "Insects!" he corrects me when I say "bugs."

When our family went on a picnic at Fisherman's Lake last week, I sat and drew pictures while Stevie ran around with a net catching bugs and saying things like, "Wow! What a Coleoptera!" and "Boy! I've only seen him in books!"

Mom put a tablecloth on the picnic table. She set out fried chicken, biscuits, salad, and brownies, and we all dug in. Suddenly a big yellow-and-black bug flew around Mom's face while she was eating a chicken wing.



She jumped up and waved the chicken wing at it, shrieking, "Shoo, bee, shoo!" while it made angry buzzing sounds. "Help! Get this bee away!" she yelled. "It's going to sting me!" "Mom, stop waving your hands," Stevie said. "You're making it angrier. It really might sting if you do that. It isn't a bee, it's a yellow jacket who wants your chicken. Bees like sweet flowery smells, but wasps like meat!" Then he held his hand out. "Give me the chicken wing." "Gladly!" she whimpered.



Then Stevie did the coolest thing. He set a paper napkin and the chicken bone with bits of meat on it on the grass. The wasp went right to it. Mom was so happy to be safe and free, she laughed with relief. "That's wonderful, Stevie," she said. "Lady wasp is having a picnic too—on her own white tablecloth."

Think of the order of events from the story that you read. Fill the graphic organizer and summarize the story in the correct sequence.

First...

Next...

Then...

Finally...

